

TURNABOUT TERROR



THEY STARTED THE
DAY AS FEARLESS
MEN.

THEY ENDED IT AS
FRIGHTENED
WOMEN.

COOPER
&
KADEE

Turnabout Terror

By

TG Cooper

“Gimme a pumpkin coffee, a pumpkin cream, and a pumpkin frosted,” Barkley said, giving Ashanti, the cute little Indian girl behind the counter, a smile.

“Keep eating like that, and you’ll turn into a pumpkin,” Charles, his longtime partner said.

“Better than being a pumpkin head like you,” Barkley answered, and the both looked to the Ashanti for acknowledgment of their clever repartee, but she was too busy filling the order, and Barkley frowned a little at the realization that their amazing chemistry as partners was being ignored.

Barkley gave her a nice tip anyway, and then he and Charles went outside, got in their unmarked detective’s car and sipped their coffee while listening idly to the chatter coming in over the radio. “Wonder if it’ll be a quiet night tonight?” Charles said.

“I wouldn’t mind one last good call,” Barkley said, shoving the entire Pumpkin cream into his mouth, and then smiling to show Charles the mushed up mess. “One last good story to tell all the folks down in South Carolina when I retire.”

“Your last night on the job. Our last night together. What’s it been? 20 years?”

“Feels more like 200 with a glub like you.”

“You’re gonna miss me, Barks. You just wait and see.”

“Let’s save all that for the retirement party.”

Charles looked at the clock mounted on the dash. It read 11:59.

“One minute until the dead walk the earth.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Halloween. All Hallows Eve. You know?”

“It’s just kids and costumes. Candy.”

“Yeah, but it originally started as a pagan holiday. People believed that on this night, the spirits of the dead could walk the earth. They would set out places at the table so the dead would feel at home. They also thought eldritch spirits could enter our world.”

“Eldritch what?”

“Sprites. Elves. Fairies.”

“You sound like a fairy with all this spooky shit all of a sudden.”

The clock flickered, the numbers shifted, and it now read 12:00.

“Midnight!” Charles said with a smile.

“Did you hear that?” Barkley said in a half whisper.

“What?”

“That?”

Charles stopped, paused, listened. He heard the crackle of the radio, the voices of guys calling in—routine stuff—a cat yowled in the distance. Then, something touched him on the ear, and he jumped, bumping his head on the roof of the car and sending his steaming coffee splashing onto his groin. Barkley burst out laughing. “Got ya, sucker!”

“Asshole,” Charles said, pulling his pants away from his skin, writhing against the heat of the coffee.

Just then, they saw flashing lights behind them and a siren squawk. “You two stop kissing each other and get back to work!” A voice called over the loudspeaker.

“Oh, hell,” Barkley said as a squad car pulled up next to them.

“Hey, boys,” Janice Walker said leaning out her window. “Why are your windows all steamed up?”

“Shouldn’t you be home knitting?” Barkley answered.

“Is that the best you can do?” Carol Frost called from the driver’s side.

“I play to the level of my competition,” Barkley answered.

“We’ll see you girls later,” Carol said, putting the car into gear and pulling away.

“Idiots,” Barkley murmured, shoving another pumpkin pastry into his mouth.

“Is it weird that I have the hots for that Jan Walker?”

“Not for you it isn’t,” Barkley said. “Not for you.”

At the stroke of midnight, Mike sat on the couch, a sweaty can of Stroh's beer between his legs and a bowl of Doodads at his side, watching Captain America II: The Winter Soldier, when his cell phone began to play,

"Girls Just Wanna Have Fun." He picked it up and looked at it, his eyes narrowing suspiciously because that was not one of his ring tones.

One of my idiot roomies probably changed it as a prank he decided, wiping his orange fingers on his jeans and pushing "Answer."

"Turnabout," he heard what sounded like a hoarse girl's voice whisper.

"What?"

Then the line erupted with girl's laughter and went dead.

Mike looked at his phone, took a sip of his beer. It was the first crank call he'd gotten in years, but he found himself feeling a little excited.

A crank call from some girls? Maybe one of them liked him.

Probably not. But maybe?

He looked at his list of recent calls, but it was only listed as

"Unknown Number" so he couldn't call them back or do a search on the Internet.

So, he plopped the phone down on the couch again and started watching the movie, and of course just a few minutes later the phone rang again, again Girls Just Wanna Have Fun. He knew he shouldn't answer it, thought about declining the call, but hoping maybe it was some girl from one of his classes—maybe Gina? She'd been nice to him in Calculus, though he'd thought it was only to get help with the homework—but

maybe? So, he answered, and again the scratchy, hoarse sounding girl whispered, Turnabout, and this time she was echoed by other girls all whispering Turnabout... Turnabout... Turnabout...

Mike felt his skin crawl, it all now seemed very creepy, and he got a little angry and said, "Who is this?"

"Turnabout... turnabout... turnabout..."

And so, he shouted "Stop calling me!" and cut off the call, and again he heard girls laughing, but this time it sounded like the laughter was coming from outside the living room window.

Mike jumped, spilling his beer on his leg, and he crouched to pick up the beer can, peering over the edge of the couch to look at the wide, dark expanse of the living room window.

There were drapes, but they were half open, and since it was night, Mike now realized that anyone looking in could see him clearly. He didn't see anyone out there, just the uneven tops of the hedges that hadn't been trimmed all summer, but the house was elevated, and anyone could easily have been looking in on him and then crouched down when they saw him turning around.

He was sure he'd heard laughter coming from there, could practically picture whoever had been calling him crouching down there now, snickering. Why the hell can't people just leave me alone? He thought. Why are people always fucking with me?

He got up, intent on walking right out the door and telling the stupid girls off, just as he was heading towards the door, he heard a loud crashing noise coming from the back porch and more laughter.

Mike ran back to the kitchen and saw the shattered window, shards of broken glass scattered across the green kitchen floor, and a broken-up Jack-O-Lantern, its bright orange guts and seeds splashed over the wall.

"Fucking assholes," he yelled at the sound of retreating laughter. Without even thinking, he grabbed a wooden spoon from a rack on the wall, threw open the back door and ran down the stairs into the cool autumn night, and looked around to see... nothing. A gentle breeze shook a few red and brown leaves free and sent them drifting down into the leaf strewn yard. The air

had the faint scent of a distant fire, and somewhere far away he could hear a dog barking, but otherwise nothing.

He walked to the edge of the covered porch and looked at the lawn. No footprints. No sign anyone had stepped on the leaves at all.

It all seemed so peaceful and untouched, he wondered for a minute if he'd maybe imagined the whole thing, but then he looked back at the broken window, and he felt the anger rise again. "I know you're out there," he said. "Show yourself, and I won't call the cops."

Nothing.

"Okay, but you brought this shit on yourselves." He pulled the phone out of his pocket, and just then he heard giggling come from somewhere toward the back of the yard—it sounded like it came from the old tool shed. He crept toward it, gripping the wooden spoon, the muffled giggling continuing as the girls clearly didn't realize he could hear them. It was a super old metal shed, all splotchy with rust stains, slanting tiredly to the side, the roof buried under years of branches and leaves, a mass of rotting vegetation so thick that moss, mushrooms and even grass had started to grow from it.

Had he ever even looked inside there? He didn't remember.

Carlos the Eternal student, who was the primary renter of the house, had told him it was just full of old broken tools or something, and it had never seemed all that important to him to look. Well, now whatever stupid girls had decided to prank him were about to get it.

The leaves crackled under his step, and Mike slowed, wanting the element of surprise, but the giggling suddenly stopped. Was there a back door? Probably not. No. Those little brats were about to get the scare of their lives! Mike realized he was holding a wooden spoon, looked at it, tried to wield it like a sword, but finally realized it just looked ridiculous and tossed it aside, stepped up to the crumpled, dented metal door and paused, taking a deep breath, reaching out slowly, slowly... and just as he was about to grab the handle he heard a voice from inside the shed whisper,

“Go ahead. Open the can of worms”

It was the same voice from the phone, but now live is sounded so cold, so dead, so evil that Mike’s hand began to tremble, and he started to

pull away, but the door flung open and as he felt a bunch of small hands shove him forward from behind and into the icy white arms of the girl inside, he heard her whisper, “Turnabout.”

“When are you going to finally put me onto primetime?” Nick West asked while spraying down his perfectly sculpted hair with a can of hairspray. He was looking at himself in the mirror, grimacing at the sight of the crow’s feet at the corner of his eyes, the bruised bagginess developing under them. Thank God for make-up he thought, reaching for his concealer.

“When you finally earn it,” Abe Rubin answered around the unlit cigar he habitually chewed producing the midnight news segments for Predator News Channel. He felt a sharp pain in his stomach and smiled-- it was just the stress ulcers he’d been living with for the past 10 years. A sign he was doing his job.

“It’s hard to earn it when you keep assigning us to do shit human interest stories at 2 am,” Waverly Cross said, not bothering to look up from her cellphone.

“Find your own leads. Find your own stories. Stop waiting around for me to do your job for you,” Abe answered, one eye on the live feed from the studio while he idly scanned chat rooms on his computer, looking for any sudden trends that might get them something hot for the night shift.

“I’ve been trying to let me do my story on knockoff handbags for whatever forever!” Waverly said.

“Nobody cares,” Abe said. “Least of all me. Hey, do me a favor and put an ear to the Cop Calls.”

“Why do I have to do it?” Waverly said.

“Because you’re 12 years old,” Nick answered, carefully examining his glossy white veneers for any signs of yellowing.

“I happen to be 23,” Waverly said.

“If a hot story comes up, it’s yours,” Abe said flatly, wincing as the anchor butchered the name of a Russian Oligarch who’d been found dead after questioning Putin’s leadership on the Ukraine.

Waverly hopped to her feet and marched to the old, dusty, almost forgotten office where they had all their police monitoring gear set up.

“On it!” She said, giving Nick a sour glance as she strutted by him. No way in hell, she thought, looking at the leathery skinned old guy. No way in hell am I still going to be doing this shit work when I am OLD like him.

Waverly looked at the lopsided old office chair with a torn cushion, yellowed padding spilling out of the tear like puss from a wound, and she fished some tissues out of her purse and spread them on the seat, crinkling her nose against the gross smell of sweaty old man and then pausing to look at her cellphone one last time before shoving it purposefully into her purse, ambition winning out over habit.

“Oh my God!” Carlos said as he and Pearson walked out of the movie theater. “That evil doll totally gave me the creeps, man!” They got into their beat-up Green Pinto and sat for a moment, eyes glassy, mouths hanging slightly open.

“Horror movies and acid do not mix as well as I had hoped,”

Pearson said, staring straight ahead with wide, glassy eyes.

“Thank the good lord we have some weed to take the freaking edge off,” Carlos said, taking another toke and handing the tiny little roach to Pearson. “Careful. That shit will burn your lips.”

Pearson pinched the tiny little smoldering remains of the joint in his fingers, looked at it for a second and said, “Fuck it” and tossed the whole thing in his mouth, swallowing it while it was still burning.

“Did you just swallow a burning roach? Again?”

Pearson nodded, smiled and said, “Yes” and as he spoke smoke poured out of his mouth and nose.

Both of the guys started to laugh then, and their laughter led to more laughter, and they drove off heading home laughing-- high and happy.

“I wonder what Mike’s been up to all night?” Pearson said.

“Probably whacking off to his Princess Leia action figure,” Carlos said, and they both started laughing some more.

“That reminds me. I am starving for some pancakes.”

“Then to IHOP we must go,” Carlos said.

“I’m going to totally ask the waitress for some pancakes shaped like Princess Leia’s boobs,” Pearson said.

“Oh shit,” Carlos answered. “And sausage like Han Solo’s dick!”

The car was suddenly quiet as both of the young men squirmed under the weight of their shared insecurities, and then Carlos said, “Go ahead.”

And Pearson punched him hard on the arm three times. “You are duly punished for a violation of Bromarabi’s Code.”

“Making it awkward,” Carlos said. “I hate when I do that as much as I love....”

“Don’t ...”

“Han Solo’s..... blaster!”

“Reports of a disturbance at 666 Hollydale Drive....” The dispatcher called over the radio in a tired voice.

Barkley grabbed the microphone, pressed the button and said,

“We’ll take it.”

“And who are “we” the dispatcher said in an annoyed tone.

“DET 545.”

“All yours.”

“What the hell?” Charles said. “That shits for patrolmen.”

“I’m bored and it’s my last night. I don’t want to spend it sitting on my ass.”

“Shit.”

Barkley put the light on the dashboard and fired it up. “I just wish this thing had a siren so we could go in old school.”

“You’re an idiot.”

Barkley threw the car into gear and slammed the accelerator to the floor, sending the car lurching backwards into the street and almost hitting a parked van, and then he slammed on the brakes causing them both to whiplash and another splash of hot coffee to soak Charles’ lap.

“Fuuuuuccckkkkkkk!” Charles yelled, and as Barkley slammed the car into drive and once again stepped on gas, he finally gave up and tossed the cup and the rest of his coffee out the window as the car fishtailed down the street, smoke pouring from the tires.

“Yippee Yi Kai eh!” Barkley screamed. “The Dynamic Dou charges to the rescue!”

The car ride was, mercifully, brief, but when Charles finally stumbled out of the car at the address indicated his head swam and his legs wobbled from all the hairpin turns, sudden stops and fishtailing. A kid wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt that read “Keep Calm and Napalm” on his shirt nervously approached. “You the cops?”

“Officers of the law,” Barkley said, flashing his badge dramatically. “Barkley and Charles. What’s your name?”

“I’m... Edgar. Edgar Allen.”

“What seems to the problem, citizen?”

“I heard screams coming from the back of the house.”

Barkley and Charles looked at each other. “What kind of screams?”

“Loud screams? It sounded like a girl. Calling for help.”

“Shit,” Barkley said, suddenly getting serious. “Call it in.”

Charles got on the receiver while Barkley questioned the kid.

“What’s your name? You know who lives here?”

The kid answered, seemed nervous and genuine, so Barkley told him to head home and keep quiet until they had a chance to investigate.

“You post any of this shit on Facebook, and we could have a mob out here in no time.”

“Yes, sir.”

Once Charles finished calling in the report, the two men walked cautiously around the back of the house. Charles glanced over the hedge and into to the window, but it was all dark inside, no lights, and he couldn't see anything.

Barkley, meanwhile, pushed open the rusty old gate that led to the backyard, a high-pitched squeaking noise filling the air even as a breeze tossed leaves across the yard, and Barkley said, “The Fuck?”

Charles leaned to the side to see around his partner and get a sense of what had surprised him so, and the sight struck him as... The Fuck as well. At the back of the yard stood a crooked little shed on either side of which stood headless female manikins glowing iridescent green in the darkness. Each one wore a fancy, lacy corset, also glowing, with strings of glowing pearls around their necks. On top of the shed were hundreds and hundreds of dolls' heads, baby doll type doll's heads, their glass eyes glowing with the same eerie green light, and across the front of the shed had been written Turnabout in jagged letters, so sharp they almost looked like they'd been cut into the shed with a knife.

They could hear... breathing... coming from the shed. Quick, shallow breaths, like someone hyperventilating, and they crept forward, each reaching instinctively to put a hand on the butt of the pistol he carried at his side.

The leaves crunched beneath their black cop shoes, and at the sound they heard a catch in the breathing, and then a small, scared voice mumbled....”no... please.... No.... “

“Hello?” Barkley said. “Hello?”

The voice stopped, and the breathing returned. Panicked breathing.

“It's okay. We're the police. We're here to help.”

“Go away,” the voice hissed, now clearly terrified. “Go away!”

“I'm going to open the door on the count of three,” Barkley said, reaching out and taking the handle.

“No... please, no...”

“One. Two.”

“No.... don't do it...”

“Three.”

Barkley pulled open the door, and inside the shed, crouching, he saw a blonde girl looking up at him through her bangs, her arms wrapped across her full, pink breasts. She looked away in shame and Barkley shook his head even as Charles once again glanced around his partner.

“Why are you hiding in here? What seems to be the trouble, Miss...?”

“Miss?” The girl said, glancing at him angrily. “The trouble is that I’m a guy.”

“You? A guy?”

“They did this to me,” the girl said, pushing her hair out of her eyes with a dainty hand.

“Who? Did what?”

“Turnabout. They turned me into a girl?”

Barkley and Charles exchanged a glance. Over the years they’d learned to communicate with each other entirely in glances, and this glance said: nutcase.

“Why don’t you come with us, and we’ll see what we can do?”

“Okay?”

“Just come on out of the shed, miss. And we’ll get this all straightened away.”

“I’m a dude,” she said angrily. “My name is Mike.”

“Okay, then, dude. Get on out here, and let’s ...”

Just then there was a scream from the house, a desperate scream, as if someone were being stabbed, and then a strange, muffled voice calling,

“Help! Help! Fucking help me!”

“Fuck,” Charles said, drawing his gun.

“Okay,” Barkley said. “Stay right there. Go back in the shed and just stay put while we investigate.”

“No! No!” The girl cried, now throwing herself on Barkley, grabbing his arm. “Don’t go in there! It’s them! It’s them!”

But Barkley just pushed the girl back into the shed and slammed the door shut, shouting “Stay inside!”

Mike sighed, his breasts heaving, and then he shook his head and whispered, “Turnabout.”

Waverly heard the call. Screams. Backyard. Cries for help.

Could it be another kidnapping and imprisonment case? She leapt to her feet and hurried out to where Nick still sat staring intently at his face in the mirror and said, "I got one!"

"What is it?" Nick said, annoyed at the prospect of actually doing some work instead of just complaining.

"Nothing I can't handle alone," Waverly said. "Abe. I need a cameraman."

Abe shrugged. "I'll do it."

Nick stared. "You sure it's worth the effort."

"It's probably nothing," Waverly said. "I got it."

Nick shrugged and sat back. Five minutes after the other two left, he wandered into the police room and started to listen.

Charles and Barkley stood in the living room, checking the quadrants. They'd flipped on the light switch when they'd entered and found... nothing. Just a white cat sitting in the corner, idly licking its paws and looking at them with wide, unblinking eyes. Barkley moved into the room and to the corner of the opening to what looked like the kitchen, called out, "This is the police. Show yourself."

Nothing. He entered the kitchen, didn't see anything special, though the room smelled strongly of gingerbread, and his stomach rumbled

at the smell. He opened the stove and was disappointed to find nothing, certainly not any gingerbread.

"Smells like Peppermint in here," Charles said.

"Ginger."

"Ginger? You must be going deaf."

"Yeah. That's right," Barkley said, "because we smell with our ears."

"You what I mean."

"Let's check upstairs unless you're too deaf to see the way."

The two men moved to the stairs, and looking up they saw on the top of the stairs, mounted on the rails, two dolls' heads with glowing green eyes. "Whoever the fuck is up there, come on down and let's have a talk,"

Barkley called.

In answer, a thick, swirling smoke began to roll slowly down the stairs. "What the hell?" Charles said.

"Haunted House bullshit," Barkley answered, feeling annoyed and, though he wouldn't show it, a little unnerved.

Just then, they heard a thump, and then another, a rhythmic thumping that sounded a little like drumming, voodoo drumming, and just as Barkley set a foot on the first stair, a blood curdling scream... from beneath them.

"The basement!" Charles said, wheeling, and just as the two of them started off to search for the basement stairs, a second scream from above-- "Noooooooooo! God, nooooooooo!"

They stopped. "Shit. You take the basement," Barkley said.

"Procedure..." Charles started, but Barkley just said, "Fuck procedure. People are getting fucking tortured," and he started up the creaking stairs.

Charles hesitated. Truth was, he felt very nervous about it all, and didn't want to split up, but he couldn't say all that to Barkley, so he put his hand on his gun for courage and crept toward back into the house, looking for the basement.

Barkley climbed the stairs, the smoke swirling around his shoes.

Each scream sent a shiver down his spine and at the same time made his temples throb with rage. "Stop it, you mother fucker," he yelled. The answer was another scream, "Save me! Save me!!!!"

He hurried his steps, reaching the top of the stairs, he paused right at the threshold, looking to the left and right. The smoke was thicker, filling the hall and making it almost impossible to see, but to the left he could see the same eerie green light coming from a partially opened door, so he took a deep breath, stepped over the threshold and stumbled forward, almost falling down before bracing himself against the wall. He took a step, his legs and ankles wobbling, and he felt like he was walking on his toes. Confused, he put a hand against the wall to maintain his balance and lifting one foot he stared down to see... a stiletto heel.

"What the fuck?"

"Turnabout," a voice whispered from behind him, a voice that sounded so close he could almost feel the breath against his neck, and with a yelp he spun, lost his balance and fell hard to the floor, banging his head against the hard wood. He yanked his pistol from his

holster and looked about frantically, the smoke swirling around him, and blinking back the stars popping in his vision from hitting his head he saw... no one. Nothing.

Then, he suddenly realized he wasn't holding his pistol at all, but instead a tiny little clutch purse of sparkling sequins. "What the....?" He dropped the purse and reached to his holster, finding it empty.

"You are making a big mistake fucking with me," he bellowed angrily. Remaining on his back for a moment, struggling to get the heels off his feet, but due to being out of shape and inflexible, he struggled to tie his normal shoes, and now he found himself fumbling around with straps and buckles and couldn't get the damn shoes off his feet, so with a frustrated hiss he crawled back to the wall and managed to get back to his feet.

Instinct suggested he should pull back, call for backup, but just then he heard another scream, and so his head throbbing, and kept one hand on the

wall and wobbled ahead on his heels, determined to get the sick fucker who was torturing some poor innocent girl in the bedroom.

After the cops had left, Mike had just curled up in the shed. He heard the screams, the thumping, and peeking out the shed door, he saw green light glowing in the windows of one of the upstairs bedrooms as well as from some of the narrow, rectangular basement windows. Poor guys, he thought, conscious of the weight of his full breasts cradled in his corset.

They'll be like me soon.

I should help them. Do something! But what can I do? I'm just a girl now! Then he saw a flashing red light trailing against the slats of the fence, and he realized—cop car! He could sneak out there and call for help!

Okay. Okay. Okay. "Be a man!" He said out loud in his squeaky little girl's voice, and pushing the long blonde hair back from his face, he crept out of the shed, stood up uncertainly on his heels and like a newborn fawn just finding his feet, his arms out wide from his body for balance, Mike started to mince his way across the backyard and toward the front yard.

With each drumbeat, with each scream, he winced and hurried forward, his breasts bouncing with every step, and with each hurried step he felt stronger, more confident. Yes. Yes. He could save them from his fate!

And he would!

Edgar Allen had, after talking to the cops, gone back to his apartment and immediately posted to Twitter, Facebook, and Google Plus.

Then, he'd gotten out his camera and binoculars, climbed to the roof of his house and looked down first of all to see a freaky shrine of decapitated babies with glowing eyes, then strange green lights flickering from inside the house. Could it be some kind of Halloween prank, he wondered? He knew the guys who lived there- had tried to get them to join his Champions role-playing group a couple times, but they'd been dicks about it. The Mexican guy had even said he didn't like "analog gaming."

Could they be up to some stupid stoner prank? If so, they were going to be in sooooo much trouble because... What the hell?

Ed's meandering thoughts came to a screeching halt, and he felt himself get an instant boner as a super-hot girl with huge tits suddenly climbed out of the evil doll shed and started to wiggle and bounce her way across the backyard. Holy Jesus, he thought, watching those big, soft pink boobs jiggle, and then, his mouth hanging open, he did the only thing that made sense at the time, and he set down the binoculars and started taking pictures.

Charles stood in the basement staring as what looked like an empty wedding dress twirled around the center of the floor, smoke flowing and twisting around the train. It was an old-fashioned dress, all layers of lace and brocade, like a silken wedding cake, and a veil hung suspended in the air above the plunging neckline. Music played faintly, some sort of regal wedding march, the room reeked of peppermint so strong it stung his nose.

The center area of the room he stood in was open, though all around the edges of the basement masses of clutter stood in sloppy piles— boxes and lamps, wooden tennis rackets and board games. Behind the dancing dress, two doors in a wood paneled wall.

"Help me," he heard a small voice call from the area of one of the doors. "I'm bleeding."

Charles drew his gun. "Remain calm. Do not move," he said in his loud, commanding cop voice. "I am coming to you."

He moved nervously toward the left side of the room, as far as he could get from the swirling dress, but as soon as he moved forward, he heard a high-pitched giggling, and the dress danced playfully in front of him, spinning and spinning.

He tried to lunge past it to the right, but the dress moved quicker, again blocking his path, and this time a little of the lace from one of the princess sleeves brushed against his cheek, and he felt cold, colder than he'd ever felt, and he began to shiver. He pointed his gun at the frolicking dress, his hands shaking, and said, "Stay the fuck away from me!"

"Turnabout," he heard a voice whisper from behind him, and he spun, seeing nothing, but suddenly the sleeves of the dress wrapped around his waist and he felt that cold, deeper and stronger than ever, and with a scream he spun away from the dress, flailing wildly to knock it away, his ears popping as his accidentally fired his gun in his panic, his eyes blinded

by the flashing. Charles stumbled against an old, yellow upholstered chair and fell to the ground, his gun slipping from his fingers, and he struggled to get to his feet, spinning wildly, to see the dress there, about two feet away, twirling and twirling.

The smell of cordite filled the room, and as his hearing returned he heard the voices, they sounded like girls, whispering, "turnabout, turnabout, turnabout.." and then, gradually, some started to purr 'fraidy cat... fraidy cat... fraidy cat...."

"No," he murmured. "Shut up!" He'd been eight. There had been a smell, some sort of terrible smell, coming from the hatch in the Old Silo at the abandoned barn near his grandparent's place in upstate New York. The kids had all dared him to open it. To look, and he'd been afraid, and they'd chanted it, Fraidy Cat, Fraidy Cat... and then he'd opened it, and he'd seen...

"No. No," he said.

"Help me!" The voice called. "I'm so cold. So cold."

Charles lunged forward, but this time directly at the dress. He grabbed the silky shoulder straps, and the dress yanked backwards, almost pulling him off his feet, and he yanked against the cold, hateful force that seemed to animate the gown, and they spun and spun, Charles holding onto the dress with all his might, trying to pull it to him to he could ball it up, and he grew dizzy as they slammed against the junk around the corners of the room, and the smoke rose up around him and filled his head with the smell of peppermint, and suddenly it all stopped as he found himself standing in the center of the room, empty handed, the tendrils of smoke swirling around him like clutching hands, and his shoulders felt cold, and looking down past some sort of gauze he saw the full, diaphanous skirt spreading out from his waist, and he realized that he was now wearing the dress.

"What the hell?"

He shook his head. Shut his eyes and took a deep breath, but when he looked down, he saw it still... the same fancy wedding dress on his body?

"Turnabout," the voice said, now mocking.

"Help me...." Came from the room. "Help me."

Charles lifted his veil from his face and put it on top of his head, looked down uncertainly, took a small step. Then another. The layers of skirts around his legs made it hard to move his legs, and he felt a tightness around his waist and abdomen that made it hard to breath. His arms spread out for balance, he shuffled over to wear he thought he had dropped his gun, but it wasn't there, or he couldn't see it with the smoke swirling everywhere. His radio was gone as well. So, he turned and started to move daintily toward the doors. "I'm coming," he said. "I'm coming."

Barkley yanked open the door to the bedroom and saw... nothing.

Just a bed and a couple dressers. A flat screen television. He reached around the corner to flip on the light switch, but instead of the lights coming on a disco ball started to spin, tossing swirling patters of light around the room even as Aretha Franklin sang,

Looking out on the morning rain.

I used to feel so uninspired.

And when I knew I had to face another day

Lord it made me feel so tired

“This is so fucked up. Is there anyone here?”

“I’m in the closet,” a voice called.

“Come out where I can see you.”

“No. I’m scared.”

Barkley stepped uncertainly forward, perched on his heels. He had to let go of the wall and walk unassisted, and so he tottered a bit, his arms

stretched out at his sides, but then took a step and another step, and he smiled proudly.

“I’m doing it. I’m walking! I’m coming to save you!”

Showoop.

Before the day I met you, life was so unkind

But you’re the key to my peace of mind

“Hurry!”

Barkley reached the closet door and flung it open, the disco lights swirling all around him, and as he opened the door smoke poured out and he was surrounded by the powerful smell of ginger, a small that circled him, caressed him, almost seemed to enter his body.

“Come out!” Barkley said. “I’m here!”

“Come in,” the voice whispered, and Barkley felt small, cold hands shove him forward into the dark, smoke filled closet, and then it was like he was being smothered, choked, spun and spun and the closet door slammed shut as Barkley screamed, his voice rising from a deep baritone to an icy soprano:

Cause you make me feel

You make me feel

You make me feel like a natural woman

Mike heard the screams coming from upstairs and tears sprung to his eyes.

“I’m too late!” He mumbled, putting his soft little hands to his cheeks.

“No. No.” He stomped one of his little feet in frustration, but then he tossed his long hair angrily and started toward the nearby squad car. Sliding into the front seat, he nervously grabbed the receiver and pressed the button and said, “Um, hi?”

“This is an official police channel, miss. Get off the signal.”

Mike felt himself starting to hyper-ventilate. “Listen to me! The cops? The ones that came here? They’re being turned into girls right now!

I just, well, you have to do something, I mean it may already be too late and this morning I was a guy and now I have bigger boobs than my sister, and then they kept saying “turnabout... turnabout....”

“Miss? Miss! Slow down! Slow down. Now, where are you?”

“I’m all the way to girl now. I just told you...”

“What is your location?”

“Oh. Um, I thought you meant...”

“Location?”

Mike was loading the pictures he'd taken onto the Internet when he heard the screams, and he grabbed his video camera now and hurried back to the roof, eager for more footage. Meanwhile, the Predator 6000 news truck pulled up to the curb, heard the screams and saw the strange green lights flashing inside the house even as they spotted a really pretty, half-naked girl sitting in the cop car. "Get the camera," Waverly barked, grabbing her mic.

"Way ahead of you," Abe said, leaping out of the van, the camera on his shoulder, his heart racing with excitement, the kind of excitement he hadn't had since he'd been a newbie right out of college. A story. An honest to God story, and they were the first ones on the scene.

Back at the studio Nick West was sitting up, alert. Some girl was claiming she was a guy and that a couple cops were getting sex-changed?

And this was the story Waverly thought was going to make her?

He kicked back and chuckled, fishing a pack of Camels out of his pocket and lighting up, blowing a stream of smoke up at the ceiling and chuckling. He couldn't wait to see her face when she got back from this nothing story. What a dumb bitch!

As the last thought crossed his mind, Nick felt something itchy on his forearm and started to check on it idly with his teeth, then he sniffed the air suspiciously. Has some other dog been in here? He got down on all fours and started to pad around the room, sniffing and wagging his tail.

Charles swung open the first of the basement doors and looked into a small bathroom. A toilet. A sink. Dirty and disused. The faucet was running. Funny. He hadn't heard any water running when he'd open the door. As he looked at the sink, he saw his gun in the bowl of the sink, and he tilted his head to the side, thinking, "How?"

Losing his gun would probably be even worse than having his buddies find him wearing a wedding dress, and he struggled into the small space, his skirts being actually wider than the door, so he found himself pulling at the doorframe, struggling until he slipped into the space and plunged his hands into the sink to find... nothing. No gun. Nothing. He pulled his hands out, flicking the water away and then he stopped, staring at the long, red nails that now emerged from his slender, feminine hands.

"Impossible," he said, and then, catching a glance of his face in the mirror above the sink he saw that while his features were unchanged, his face was now covered in make-up--lipstick, mascara, eye shadow, and it looked impossibly like his eyebrows had been plucked into thin feminine arches.

"What the hell is happening?" He said, rubbing the back of his arm against his mouth, but it had no effect at all, so he splashed water on his face, and again it seemed to have no effect, like the make-up couldn't be washed off, and he glanced again at the glossy red fingernails

and shook his head, looking back at the mirror, at the delicate silk straps over his shoulders, the wedding dress, the string of pearls dangling loosely around his neck...

“Pearls?” He didn’t remember noticing them before. He plucked at them, then turned away from the mirror and dragged himself back out the door, his heart racing. This was all impossible. Impossible. Am I drugged? Am I hallucinating? It all seemed real, and yet it couldn’t be real. He thought about the girl—the blonde with the big breasts, claiming she was actually a guy. Was that going to happen to him now? He lifted his skirt and started to hurry toward the stairs, intent on getting out, getting away before she changed him more, turned him into a girl.

But, again, he heard the voice cry, “Help me! Help me!”

“It’s a trick!” Charles yelled through his crimson lips. “A trap!

Fuck you!”

“No! No! Don’t leave me here! Pleeeeaasseeeee don’t!

Shit. Charles was 90% sure it was another trick. But that 10%

chance? It was too much to risk, and so he turned and minced back toward the second door as quickly as he could.

Upstairs, Barkley swung and spun, clawed and screamed all the while it felt like tiny hands were groping him, squeezing him, pushing and pulling at his flesh and brushing across his face. Finally, he stumbled out of the closet and collapsed onto the bed on his side, one wide, round hip in the air even as his thick red hair fell into his face and felt the soft pressure of his breasts squeezed between his soft, slender arms. Barkley pushed himself up on one little arm, his breasts shifting slightly and settling into the demi-cups of his corset, his hair tumbling down over his shoulders and his soft, smooth legs tucked under him. He looked down at his breasts, reached up with one small hand in a fishnet, elbow length glove and cupped the soft flesh, lifting it even as his new body tingled with pleasure.

“What the fuck?” He said in his small, pretty voice. His hand sliding to his slender neck even as his eyes went wide with the shock of his new voice. He sat there in total shock, cycling through his training, life experience, but nothing that he’d ever seen or done or read or imagined had prepared him to suddenly find himself wearing the body of a woman – a bombshell body all tits and ass, packed into a tight little corset. His lower lip started to tremble, and his big, wide emerald, green eyes filled with years, and he cried, shaking his head, mumbling, “What the fuck is this?”

What the fuck is this?”

“Turnabout,” he heard the voice whisper mockingly from the closet.

Barkley climbed off the bed and stood. Not even noticing he was wearing heels anymore, he strode angrily over to the closet door, his breasts bouncing, and he threw the door open only to see a giant of a man in a hockey mask standing there, holding a chain saw.

“Oh, shit,” Barkley gasped staring up at the big man. The man nodded slowly, three times, then grabbed the rip cord, yanked it and brought his saw to snarling life in a cloud of sparks and smoke.

Barkley screamed and pivoted in his heels, running toward the stairs as fast as he could waving his slender arms wildly, his wide, round hips and full breasts swaying in counterpoint.

Ed had started filming from the roof, the flashing of the lights at the house, the news van interviewing the hot little chick. He'd gotten some great shots of her boobs, and when she'd turned and started pointing back toward the house while talking to the reporters, he'd had a chance to celebrate that gorgeous ass of her as well. He'd continually uploaded the videos to YouTube with notes. The things seemed to be going viral, he already had over 1000 hits, and he decided to run downstairs and get more close-up shots of the whole thing, especially that hot chick.

There was a blooming noise. Email. He'd been getting a bunch of them since he'd started posting the pictures and videos, but staring at this particular email he felt compelled to check it for some reason, and so he clicked on the email and a shadowy video appeared with a fuzzy face very close to the camera and a kind muffled female voice whispered,

“Turnabout.”

“What the hell?” Mike thought, scratching his chest. He shrugged and gathered up his stuff, heading back down, stopping in his room for a moment as the annoying itch in his chest seemed to be getting worse and worse. With a grunt of frustration, he unbuttoned his shirt and looked down to see.... Breasts? They were small, but definitely soft little cones just like his sister had gotten when she first started to get her boobies. Impossible, he thought, impossible, but even as he thought it he gently scratched his soft little boobs, which were now really itch as hell, and then as it just got worse he grabbed the lotion from the end table next to his bed he usually used when he did himself and spraying it into his hands he lifted his palms to his breasts and started to work the lotion into the soft skin. Immediately, he felt a jolt of intense please so strong his knees got weak, and he fell back onto his bed, gasping with pleasure and rubbing, rubbing even as he could feel the soft flesh swelling, getting bigger and heavier, and he dropped his hands and looked down to see two perfectly shaped breasts with big, meaty pink

nipples and he shook his head, his new breasts swaying, and thought, “Holy shit. I need to film these puppies and put them on the Internet.”

No. No. Certainly not. Now way.

But even as he struggled against his thoughts, he found himself setting up his tripod and getting ready to shoot.

Waverly and Abe had the girl out in front of the cop car now, the single red light on the dash flashing ominously behind her, and they filmed as she talked about the two cops running into the house, the screams, the turnabouts, as she kept calling them. A squad car pulled up then, and the doors flew open, and Carol and Janice got out of their car and approached the scene. "Looks like Barkley and Charles got themselves into some trouble," Carol said.

"Bound to happen," Janice said. "It was his last night on the job, after all."

Charles stood in front of the second door in his wedding dress, reaching toward the handle with one small, trembling hand. "Help!" The voice called. "Help!" Finally, Charles worked up the courage to grab the cold, metal door handle, turn and pull the door open, revealing a small, finished room—a guest room—with a single bed, a dresser, and a small desk and chair. Standing in the middle of the room was a marionette wearing a wedding gown that matched Charles' own, its strings rising into the air to be held by a pair of floating lace gloves. "I knew it!" Charles said, but just as he was about to slam the door, he felt a pair of hands shove him forward and he stumbled, falling to his knees as the door slammed behind him.

"Turnabout," the puppet laughed, stomping slowly toward Charles, a scalpel flashing in its hands.

"No! No!" Charles hissed, crawling away from the puppet in terror. "Don't!"

"No need to be afraid of me," the puppet said, backing Charles into a corner until he found himself hugging his knees to his chest, his back against the wall. "No need to be afraid," the puppet repeated, reaching out with its little wooden hand to brush the hair out of Charles' eyes even as it waved the scalpel in the air with the other, making figure eight patterns.

"Who are you?" Charles said.

"Me?" The puppet answered, lifting its bridal veil to reveal a carved wooden face identical to Charles. "I'm you!"

"No. No."

"And now to finish you," the puppet whispered. "Forever."

The room went dark. Charles felt the cold of the scalpel against his cheek, and then he fainted.

Barkley ran down the hall as fast as he could, the madman with the chain saw stomping behind him, swinging the chain in great arcs and ripping holes in the wall. Barkley teetered at the top of the stairs for a second on his heels, felt a rising panic at the thought of trying to run down them in his heels and instead rushed through the door to what was a second bedroom and slammed the door. His corset was crushing his abdomen and he strained to breathe, his breasts heaving, and he hurried to the other side of a little dresser that stood next to the door and tried to push it but with his now tiny little arms it didn't move, so he planted his heels in the carpet, got low and used the strength in his long, tone legs to push it over and send it crashing to the floor.

There was a thud against the door, and then the sound of the chainsaw stopped, suddenly, and the whole house was silent.

Barkley backed away slowly, slowly, until he came to the window, and looking out he saw the shed in the backyard, the glowing doll's heads.

He looked down—a straight drop to the ground, but maybe it would be worth the risk, so biting his lip, he tried to open the window, but it only rose an inch and then jammed.

“Damn,” Barkley said in his pretty little voice.

There was another thud at the door, and it cracked open a little.

Then another, and it pushed open some more. The masked face of the killer then peered into the room, and locked eyes with Barkley, sending a chill of pure terror down his spine.

Barkley screamed and turned back to the window, straining to lift it, to make it move.

The killer began to slam his shoulder against the door, forcing it open little by little, until the killer finally sent the dresser and the door crashing open and stood on the doorway, legs spread, huge, bulging arms raised above his head, fists clenched.

Barkley screamed again, tears flowing freely, and he grabbed a lamp from the bed table and holding it awkwardly in his small, soft hands, he swung it pathetically in front of him. “I’ll... Hit you with this!” He shrieked, but the killer just walked up to him, dwarfing the now slender little woman he’d become, and with absolute contempt he swung one meaty hand and batted the lamp from Barkley’s grasp. Barkley tried to dart past the man, but he grabbed him by the arm, and then wrapped one thick forearm around Barkley’s waist and lifted him off his feet, tossing him onto the bed and then pounding on top of the little man, pinning his arms and breathing into his face, hot, steamy breath that smelt like dog food.

Barkley felt the man getting hard against his soft thigh, and a jolt of pure terror shot through him as he struggled helplessly to get out from under the man, who was trying to force Barkley's legs apart. Barkley pressed his knees together and tried to bite the man on the shoulder, but the man grunted and punched Barkley hard in the gut, twice, and Barkley convulsed and felt the man push his body between Barkley's soft thighs, and he was so vulnerable and exposed, and part of him thought—just give up. Let him take you. It's over, but instead he bucked his hips, trying to throw the man off him, and the hockey masked freak raised a fist, getting ready to slam it into Barkley's face when—POP. POP. Muzzle flashes.

Gunfire. Hockey mask rolled off, and Barkley found himself in the arms of a tall, strong man wearing a NYPD uniform.

"Are you okay, miss?" The man asked.

"I am now," Barkley answered, hugging the man, feeling safe in his arms. "I am now."

"Turnabout," a voice whispered. "Turnabout."

Charles found himself standing in the middle of a circle of mirrors, staring at the woman he'd been made into. His wedding dress now cradled a pair of full, soft breasts, wide round hips, and perched above it all was now a sweetly girlish face—and lashes and lips and freckled innocence. He was holding the scalpel now, waving it idly in a figure eight pattern as he admired the gorgeous woman he'd made of himself, when one of the mirrors swung open and he saw the little puppet standing there, now dressed in a tuxedo but wearing a hockey mask and holding what looked like a miniature chainsaw.

"What?"

"I don't like any girl that's prettier than me," the puppet said, and it flipped a switch and the chainsaw roared to life. Charles backed away.

"Please don't kill me," he plead. "Please. I want to live."

"I'm not going to kill you," the puppet answered. "I'm just going to give you some scars."

Charles screamed, backing slowly away. "I'll cut you," he said, remembering the scalpel. "I'll cut your face!"

"Good!" The puppet said. "Then we'll both be freaks!"

And then the puppet's head exploded. Charles blinked and looked up to see a man with an incredible chest and the most handsome, square jawed face, and Charles mouth fell open and he knew at that moment, he knew, that the man was his future husband, so he did what any man would do in that situation: he put on hand on his hip, turned slightly to the side, threw his breasts out and smiled.

“Turnabout,” a voice whispered.

Carl and Jack led the two pretty, terrified women from the house, and the two of them smiled gratefully as the men draped blankets over their slender shoulders and had them join Mike in the back of the ambulance that had arrived during the rescue. Then, the two newly minted men proudly stood in front of the camera to be interviewed by Waverly, who glowed with excitement as a beaming Abe gave her a thumbs up for breaking her first big story.

Edgar, at the same time, writhed in humiliation as he cupped his Double D breasts and cooed at the camera, listening in horror as his wet, red-lipsticked mouth explained that he'd had a sex-change operation and would now be shooting his own porn movies. What the hell? He thought. This totally sucks!

He knew that it was forever.

Epilogue

Charles found that his name was now Peppermint Switch, though he and Officer Jack Walker were married within a month, and he quickly settled into his new life as Mrs. Peppermint Walker. He rapidly came to think of himself as a woman, and his previous life as a man seemed more and more like a bad dream.

Barkley did not have it so easy in his new life as Ginger Heaven.

He hated the shape of his new body, his breasts and voice, the slit between his legs, and he hated Carl Frost—or rather, he refused to admit how much he loved the man who'd saved him that strange, horrible night when he'd been transformed into a woman. And so he refused Carl's proposal and instead went to work on the vice squad where, with his pretty face and banging body, he'd been put on the street dressed as a hooker and spent all his time busting pervs looking for a good time. Trapped as a woman, it did give him some satisfaction to tease and then bust guys who still had the privilege of being guys, but he could never forget that he was the one in stiletto heels and a push up bra.

Waverly and Abe had returned triumphantly to the studio, and as they walked through the door a fuzzy little poodle rushed up and jumped into Waverly's arms. "Hey, Nicky," Waverly said. "Were you a good girl while I was gone?"

Nick West, trapped inside the body of a female dog, mentally frowned. Nicky? He thought? That's my name now? I'm stuck like this?

But then Waverly started to scratch his belly, and he licked her gratefully and wagged his tail, even as somewhere nearby a voice whispered

"Rrrrunarrout."

It couldn't be said that Nicky the Poodle ever accepted his new life as a bitch completely, but he really didn't have much choice, especially since Waverly had decided to make money by using him as a breeder and he was always pregnant and having puppies. It had also become a regular thing for her to bring him onto primetime with her whenever she did family segments, and so sometimes he sat there panting and wagging his tail thinking, It was a bitch, but I did finally make primetime!

Mike was now Minerva Gloss, and when his stoner roomies came home they had no recollection of any Mike ever having lived there but only their hot new roommate. Mike soon found that he had the two sad dorks wrapped around his little finger, and in addition to doing his laundry, cleaning his room and letting him live rent free, they also let him beat them at video games all the time, and all he had to do was wear a tight tank top and a pair

of short shorts around the apartment, which was no problemo since he loved showing off his tight, bouncy little body. He felt a little guilty given that he would never sleep with two flabby dorks like them, but on the flip side they'd always been a little dickish to him in the past, so having them drool over him seemed like karmic justice. Or, maybe, he sometimes thought touching up his lipstick and getting ready to borrow some more money from the little darlings, maybe it was a little bit of a turnabout.

The End

Unfinished Fragment

The following was found scrawled on the back of a large, paper bag from Macy's Department Store . The hand, crude and boyish at the beginning,

became more and more flowing and feminine as the writing progressed, and the nature of the story was such that it was felt worth publishing in case some reader should stumble upon it and be able to cast some light on its mysterious origins:

Jason screamed as the electric current shot through his body, arching his back and yanking so hard against the leather restraints on his wrists and ankles that his flesh tore and blood oozed onto the cold, steel table.

Katrina cowered away from her boyfriend's body, afraid that she would be electrocuted as well, covering her eyes and screaming, "Stop it!"

Jason suddenly went limp, breathing hard. "Thank God," he mumbled, "thank god."

"Only you can make it stop," a thin, electronic voice called from over the intercom. "Lock the heels on his feet."

"No," Katrina said, looking at the sparkling pink stiletto boots that rested at the foot of the operating table. "No."

She and Jason both tensed as the sound of the generator powering up filled the room, and a shower of sparks erupted from the old style machinery. "Then he will suffer," the voice said.

“Fuck you,” Jason said, and the electric current surged. He screamed, his now raw wrists and ankles tearing and bleeding more.

“Stop it! Stop it!” Katrina picked up a chair and swung it against the machine, but it shattered in her hands and fell to the floor in pieces, the wood dry and rotted.

Jason screamed, the noises coming from him like an animal, and Katrina wiped at her tears even as she looked around desperately for some way to smash the machine, to stop the current, to stop their tormentor from torturing her fiancé any further.

The surge went on, longer than before, and Jason started to froth at the mouth, bubbly pink blood pouring from his split, bleeding lips. “He will die soon,” the voice said. “I will bury him.”

“No!” Katrina said. “No!” She picked up the shoes. “I’ll fucking do it, okay? Okay, you sick fuck?”

The current stopped. Katrina rushed to Jason’s side, wiped the bloody foam from his mouth. His eyes were glassy and rolled senselessly in his head. “Oh my god, he’s dying. He’s dying.”

“Put the shoes on his feet!” The voice shouted angrily. “Put the shoes on his goddamned feet!”

“Okay... Okay...” Katrina pulled the sparkling pink shoes onto Jason’s feet, crinkling her nose against the smell of piss and shit. They were knee high boots and a little tight. She struggled to get them all the way up, but finally she managed, and as soon as the second boot was fully on, squeezing Jason’s calves into a slender, feminine shape, the voice cooed, “yes... yes... so perfect for him... yes this is pretty wonderful.

Lock them on.”

Katrina hesitated, just a moment, and the generator started to hum, so she flinched and locked the locks at the top of the boots, locks that would hold the tops tightly shut and make it impossible to remove them without breaking the lock or cutting them off.

“Good. Good. Now, give him his breasts.”

“Why are you doing this?” Katrina asked looking at the grotesque breast forms sitting on a silk cloth on a nearby table. The sight of them made her sick, and the thought of putting them on Jason struck her as... as obscene and insulting and terrible.

“Give him his breasts,” the voice almost sang now. “Give him his breasts. Give him his breasts or we’ll make him feel distress. Hehehehe.

Did you like my rhyme?”

“No,” Katrina said.

The generator started to hum. “Dissssssssssstreeeeeeeeeeess.”

“No. No. Okay. Okay. What am I supposed to do? Just put them on him?”

“Take the glue. Put it on his chest. Then, press the breast to his chest and you will have success.”

Katrina got the jar of glue and gripped the lid, twisting it off. Just as she was about to remove the lid, she got the image of paper snakes popping out, and as she opened the lid and smelled the pungent smell of glue, she started to giggle.

Mike had gotten waxed a few days ago. He’d started doing it after she’s pestered him for months, gradually overcoming his objections to the idea that it was a girly thing to do. Now, as she spread the glue over his smooth, flat chest, feeling sick to her stomach, she thought about the irony of what she was about to do now—fix a large pair of female breasts to his chest to go with his stiletto boots. “I’m so sorry,” she said. “I don’t want to do this, I don’t, but if I don’t, he’ll kill you. He’ll kill you, Jason.”

Jason moaned and took her hand, giving it a squeeze. “It’s okay,”

he whispered. “It’s okay.”

Katrina smiled, crying, and gave his hand a pat. Then, she took the breast forms and pressed them to her boyfriend’s chest.

“Step away,” the voice said. “I want to see.”

Katrina stepped away, looking at Jason there on his back, the huge breasts now pooled on his chest, firm and gravity defying like only a pair of fake breasts could be.

“And thus, and thus, and thus we increase his bust!” The voice sang to the old song. “And thus, and thus, and thus we increase his bust.”

“Are you done? Can you please let us get the hell out of here now, you freak?”

“Katrina,” Jason whispered. “Don’t make him mad.”

Katrina clenched her fist and tossed her hair, looking up at the camera, waiting for an answer.

“Now, his vagina.”

“No,” Katrina said. “Fuck you.”

The generator started to hum, the sparks flew, but Katrina put her hands on her hips and said, "Fuck YOU! I won't do it!"

"Kat," Mike said, panic giving him the strength to speak louder than a whisper. "Kat! I can't take anymore!"

"Listen to him," the voice said. "He's begging you!"

"Goddamn it," Katrina said. "Goddamn it. You asshole," and she wasn't sure if she was talking to the voice or Jason now. "I can't believe you're making me do this."

"Please," Jason said. "Please."

"Please," the voice said, echoing Jason. "Please, please."

Katrina got the glue, but the voice said, "First tuck him up" and started to explain to Katrina just what she needed to do.

Jason sighed with relief as the hum of the generator died down and passed into a semi-conscious state. Katrina, too, felt herself pass into a trance-like state, robotically following the instructions from the voice, performing the tasks she was asked to do almost clinically, and when she was done she looked down at Jason, with his huge breasts and the hairy slit between his legs, and she turned and fell to her knees, vomiting in the corner, holding her back as the puke splashed onto the floor—blood red from the pasta sauce they'd eaten in candle light only a few hours before.

"Thank you," Jason whispered softly. "Thank you for saving my life."

Katrina dug her fingernails into her palms, shook her head and in a gruff voice, said, "Would you please just shut the fuck up?" He'd begged her to give him tits, pleaded for a vagina, and she knew she would never look at him as a man again.

For Jason, though he thought the torture had ended, it had really just begun.

There ended the mysterious fragment, though later, on the inside of the bag was a scrap of paper on which, in an entirely different hand, had been written the following verse:

In the mirror the man stares in shame

at his willowy, girlish frame

full round breasts and wide soft hips
curling lashes and pillowy lips
a waspish waist and golden hair
Smooth porcelain skin so very fair
tiny doll hands rise to soft cheeks
and the man turned girl silently weeps
the man turned girl silently weeps

While some have suggested that the entire thing may be part of some strange hoax, it should be noted that the bag was found in the women's changing room at Macy's, and that next to the bag had been found a neatly folded pile of men's clothing.

Thanks so much for reading.

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