

WHO ARE YOU REALLY?

“Whoa, hold your horses there, *buddy*...you don't just snoop around the Don's askin' questions and expectin' answers. You wanna talk? Let's see some cred first.”

Given a task by the Metropolis PD to track down a credible lead that could potentially unravel an entire crime syndicate's operations within the city. You knew there was little room for error and no excuse for failure. Unlike the boys in blue however, your skill set was geared towards the art of conversation. Coaxing whoever you might've been speaking with to divulge whatever juicy secrets they might be holding on to without their knowing through small talk or other unsuspecting methods. Even negotiation if necessary.

You had thought yourself a good judge of character. Enough for you to have approached a man who, from all appearances, looked like an ordinary wage earner out to grab some early evening dinner after a tiresome day in the office. A feeling you could empathize with and one you hoped to capitalize on if it came to it. Only for the smartly dressed man to begin talking in an unexpectedly crude manner as he nonchalantly name-drops the crime boss you hoped to see behind bars soon, cutting your opening words off the moment you mention the PD. Demanding to see 'cred' in a brusque request you gladly acquiesce to by pulling out your badge, earning nothing but a disheartening scoff that leaves a strange dent in your chest...almost as if you felt disappointed in yourself for some reason. Miring you in a brief haze of confusion that puts a stop to your plan to walk away, but not before leaving him with a brief warning now that you knew he was one of the Don's, actions that would never come to pass as your shoulders jitter to the sound of his grating voice reverberating within your eardrums, louder this time.

“Come on, wavin' that around here's not gonna get you anythin' besides some brass in your gut. And *that* doesn't tell me about *you*. Cred's somethin' that comes from the heart, so tell me about *yourself*.”

Although...if you're so gung-ho with that, you must be compensatin' huh? You police are all the same.”

Feeling insulted, you suck in a rush of air in preparation to deliver a scathing comeback. Only to come up short once all the bravado fades away and you're left with nothing. Struggling to put disjointed thoughts into words that refused to leave a half open mouth. Your mind stuck on the mocking retort the gangster had uttered. What were you compensating for? Were you even trying to make up for something? Why couldn't you just speak?

“Nothin' to say? So I guess that means you're either a rookie...or you're not even a cop at all...so which one are you?”

The urge to just turn and leave from the creepy man dampens once more as details of your life come to the forefront of your mind. You were an investigator, working for the Metropolis PD. A highly esteemed member of the force with a veritable history of interrogations, cracked cases and successful busts on a

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number of high profile gangbangers. With a degree in law, a straight laced life and a girlfriend to boot. Details you frustratingly couldn't make known thanks to the lingering ball of awkward hesitation building in your chest preventing you from doing so. This was bad...

"Need someone else to spell it all out for you don't you? Oh well, listen carefully then. You wouldn't wanna miss a single detail, cuz I got you all figured out..."

No matter how hard you tried to deny his words, the man's suave tone and harsh grammar washes down your ears like water flowing unimpeded through a funnel. And as it pools within your cranium to form an intoxicatingly malevolent froth, your last thoughts would be of regret as you feel yourself succumb to a renewed onslaught against body and mind. Helpless to resist the unnatural chill running down your spine, legs rooted to the ground as your malleable form complies with his every word. Shifting like ebbing waves on the coastline as flesh moves to accommodate altered bones and newly grown organs while coarse, hairy hide cleanses itself. Thinning all over until pale skin bereft of blemish hugs fine layers of pliable meat and rosy blubber. Painting the picture of someone who didn't look like they belonged in the force once the last ounce of pectoral muscles were drained to fuel the growth pushing the front of your trench coat into a slovenly tent, triggering a spike in panicked breaths as highly sensitive skin sends alarm signals racing into your addled brain as masculine nerves connect to impossible regions across a bastardized body. Shivering in ecstatic fright as the delectable sensation of glossy pink nozzles swelling to solid erection atop a pair of hefty heifers becomes known to you while an invasive breeze slips beneath your coat, caressing a void between naked thighs as invisible fingers poke at a second pair of lips instead of the subtle weight you could still remember. How it would shift and roll around in underwear that no longer existed as you felt your fedora shift to make way for a newly tied ponytail swaying gently in the evening breeze while an extended fringe of gaudy maroon dips low to frame an alluring visage that would certainly get any man talking as soon as they laid eyes on you...were it not contorted into an expression of sheer terror as you felt everything that made you the man you once were instantly drain out of your head like a wet sponge being crushed...leaving you blank for a moment before that titillating voice brings you back to reality.

"Now that we're all clear on things...let's try this again, what's your business here?"

Blinking away a brief haze of confusion, you shake your head from side to side before freezing at the sight of the handsome stud who must've mistaken you for someone else. You were only passing through after all, on your way to meet a certain client who had paid plenty for your presence tonight. But as you looked the well dressed man up and down, you discard the notion of passing him by with an excuse as you take a small step forward, high heels clacking against the pavement while gloved hands reach for the singular set of buttons holding the coat together. Unflinchingly peeling them away to reveal your naked body in all its glory. Heavy breasts dripping with sweat, begging to be milked. A motherly stomach laden with cushioned plumpness to rival an equally thick derriere. And of course, the mainstay attraction nestled

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tight and ready between a criss-crossed pair of legs you took pride in. The fat, juicy vagina that had all the



men raring to have a go with you ever since you had slept with those no-good jocks back in highschool. Building a reputation as you went about this depraved life of yours until you had ended up as a high class escort...really just an expensive prostitute who, like any other street walker, wouldn't say no to such a specimen like the one ogling your tits with his eyes while itchy hands made you moan in an airy tone as they run over the undulating folds of your tummy before settling over a tattooed paw...the Don's symbol and a mark that made you syndicate property if the slave choker around your pretty little neck wasn't evident enough.

And as you let the big man lead you down a dark alleyway where the two of you could conduct business without interference, there wasn't anything else that came to mind besides the little apology you would have to make up to the client for your tardiness...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image by ETT : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/33955881/artworks>