

I. Wardrobe Malfunctions

Figuring that pulling the trigger
was the least she could do
for the woman in the dumpster,
Alice scooped up the gun
and headed for the mouth
of the alley, bare-footed
holding the gun up like
some extraterrestrial visitor
come to wreak havoc
on the Earthlings
disobey the custom
of wearing shoes in public,
and jaywalk with a wad
of bubblegum in her cheek.

But she was all out of that†.



Before Alice cleared the mouth of the alley,
a wrinkled, old Chinese woman
who barely came up to the bottom of Alice's 36J's
even considering the breasts were sealed
airtight in Alice's purple latex suit,
raised a panicked cry, held her shopping bags high,
and barreled past the people, who weren't in any rush
to go anywhere, until they also spotted Alice, a barefoot
and latex clad vixen. Then they assumed the apeshit position,
hands above their heads hauling ass the hell out of there.

The cop across the street,
the one the Cunt had hidden her G-string from,
pulled his gun and headed for the curb.
It wasn't a proper standoff. The people
were streaming in front of Alice and the cop:
the traffic was still cruising at a business district pace,
making whoever dared to pull the trigger more deviant
than valiant. But, fuck it, what did Alice have to lose?
The Cunt was escaping. It wasn't a fair fight.

Alice's barrel glowed radioactive green.
Cop mistook it for a toy. A radioactive
green beam erupted from the barrel
and zipped across the street.
Pegged the cop between his pecs.
He looked down and panicked. Fearing
it was only a matter of time before the laser
melted through his stab proof vest,
his white T and matching undershirt, his rib cage,
and ultimately liquified his guts, the cop
fired back. His hand was shaking as he fired.
The Chinese supermarket's glass shattered
behind Alice, who had sensed the bullet
passing her and could have dodged
it if she needed to. The crowd shared a scream
and crouched but kept moving.
From the store window, a sign, "Want Gain
Two Cup Size Natural? Try Ancient Wonton Soup Recipe",
collapsed on the sidewalk. Alice's finger
didn't lay off the trigger. She was holding
on for dear life.

The cop lowered his weapon, afraid
of causing any more accidental damage.
With his free hand, he started scratching
furiously at the back of his head. He had
to be wondering how his stab proof vest
was withstanding extended exposure to
such extreme temperatures. Was he flexing
his pecs? How could he be flexing in
the midst of this crisis, with his elbow
cocked in the air in line with his pierced
ears, piercings which he did not have
when Alice and he had begun their
showdown? Down the short sleeve
of his white T-shirt, Alice spotted
tangled hairs disentangling and
disconnecting from his armpit.
A precipitate of shed armpit hairs
rained on the sidewalk.
His pec's wide orbs were undeniably
making their presence known. His stab
proof vest was warping at its center

like the laser was drawing mass out of him.
There was the distinct tang of General Tso's chicken.
Alice's heightened senses only made her feel more alien.

A giant shroom of blond hair
pushed the cop's cap up off his head.
The cop let go of the gun to, with both
hands now, search for the cap which he
didn't know was beyond his reach.
He looked a little crazy, a sufferer
of a terrifying dandruff episode,
with his two hands, fingers like spider
legs, frantically scrabbling past his ears
and scrubbing at the base of the tower of hair.
His mouth peeled open in a silent cry and
was promptly slicked in a sparkly lip gloss.
His fingertips disappeared in the mass
of blond hair and came back out extravagantly
long and pointed, dyed a smiley face yellow.

He continued to prick at the hair unawares of
these cosmetic changes. Whatever was holding
the shroom of blond hair together loosened and the
shroom's head split, spilling hair over the cop's hands,
ears, shoulders, and face. A half moon of blond hair
eclipsed his forehead. For the most part, the rest of the
hair was shoulder length. From the shining blond waves
of hair, delicate hands emerged. They moved gracefully
and steadily towards his eyebrows to brush away
the agitating tips. His cheeks were becoming fuller
and rounder. His black mustache, as if it were
a costume store novelty, peeled off his upper lip
and, joining in the general air of civilian panic,
sailed away, borne on the anxious winds.

Having freed his arched and thin eyebrows
from the frustrating blond tips, he slowly patted
over the spot where the mustache had been.
A layer of pink lipstick ringed his lips.
Ditto with his eyes with respect to eyeliner.
His larger and heavier pecs were balling up
in the center of his chest. He was taking deep,
slow breaths to stop from suffocating. The pecs

finally got heavy enough to crack the vest, first a little then tearing a line down the center. People screamed, supposing he had fired again but it was just the exoskeletal vest popping. His growing breasts flopped out through the opening and heaved the shattered vest to the sides. Would it be fair to start calling him her?



The female cop nonchalantly glanced downwards through the valley of cleavage toward her crotch. She shimmied her hips and her pants slumped to her ankles, exposing her hairless, slim legs and a pair of Hello Kitty panties to the passersby, who really had something else on their minds. Abandoning her loyalty to the badge and the protection of the people (in favor of what we should call loyalty to the vag), the cop popped her hand in between the panty fabric and her belly. People screamed, sensitive at the very hint of violence. But it was just the pop of her tight frilly panties. The cop masturbated furiously, unconscious of the absence of dick, working her hand in a globular clit-mashing fashion. The cop was attacking the vagina with such fury that with each passing revolution, it looked like something was emerging from her panties. These movements relaxed as her masculine biceps thinned. She held one of her breasts up to her mouth, oddly remaining careful of the radioactive green beam continuing to pelt her chest.

Alice was beginning to feel a bit more in control of the situation, even excited, so she eased off the trigger. The cop's breasts topped at a 45LL. Alice eyed her former assailant, now a gorgeous congregation of bustiness, blondness, and horniness.

Playing to her audience, the cop moaned, muffled by breast flesh, and leaned back on the red brick building, closing her eyes, really getting lost in the workings of her hand and only barely managing to multitask her tongue licking and her nipple sucking. The pitch of her cries, muffled as they were, was rising, indicating to the world that she was cumming out. Her legs stiffened. In a flash of X-ray

vision, Alice could see the cop's toes curling in the black mesh New Balance tennis shoes, which had somehow managed to not change. That was not acceptable. Alice experienced the next thirty seconds in slow motion. The crosshairs of Alice's gun zoomed past the woman's breasts - one falling slowly away from her opening mouth, the other nudging open the stab proof vest, ripped white T-shirt, and ripped white undershirt; past the folds of the woman's stomach clenching; past the woman's diamond studded belly button; past the woman's Hello Kitty panties, moving up, tented by the woman's knuckle, around, and down - the knuckle's impression disappearing on the pantie's thin surface as the finger plunges; and past the rigid thighs and calves to have the sights of the gun land on the black mesh tennis shoes. Alice clenched the trigger for a short blast. Afterwards ovular holes opened in the sides of the tennis shoes and the cotton socks, exposing feminine feet, and the holes lengthened and widened, melting away the mesh of the shoes and the cotton socks until only a floor and a thong, between her big toe and index toe that reached back to a strap around her ankle remained. The mesh crystalized to a sheeny black patent leather. Two stilettos burst from the floor of the heels and clacked on the concrete. People screamed and the cop joined them as Alice's slow motion vision ceased, and Alice came back to the regular speed of the people rushing by the blond, orgasming on the brick facade.

The face of Hello Kitty soiled, the cop yanked out her hand. The panties snapped on her waist. The people had given up on waiting for a reason to scream and were filling the streets with their cries. The cop trailed a sticky finger up her figure. When it reached her chin, she gave it a surprised look before she giddily deep-throated it. Alice thought how great another two cup sizes would look on the cop. Then she remembered what the Cunt had done. Alice didn't want to be heartless like the Cunt. But Alice had just ruined this cop's life. What if he had a wife and children? How would he explain these changes to them? From the looks of it, the cop was dipping hand to vagina for round two and Alice didn't think that the cop would be wanting to explain his changes to anyone for awhile.

She noted to herself to ask the woman in the dumpster
when this was all over what could be done.
Revenge on the Cunt had to be the immediate priority.



Alice snapped the hand holding the gun to her side.
She eyed the Cunt, who was on the other side of the street,
trying to wrest the plastic bags from the Chinese woman's hold.
The Chinese woman was animatedly tugging back, her face
contorted in a lion's mask. Alice hurried to the crime scene
waiting to happen. The sidewalk was clear of bipedal obstruction.
Two footsteps in front of her, however, Alice detected broken glass
by means of the sun glinting off it.
Alice, assuming her character of intergalactic invader,
spent more time mentally gloating at the pathetic humans' attempt
to protect one of their own than actually preparing
herself to avoid the broken glass.
One footfall from disaster, the latex suit sent
Alice flying hand over heels into a front flip.
She landed on the other side of the
glass and continued running to the crosswalk.
It was a green light.
Traffic only picked up speed when they saw her gun.

Everything slowed.
Did she do that?
The cars were eeking through time.
Alice jumped onto one car roof
and then another and then another
until she could enter one truly epic leap
that brought her down in front of the Chinese Cunt conflict.

Tiny fissures etched themselves into the sidewalk upon Alice's arrival.



Seeing Alice's gun, the Cunt
rather than tugging on the bag and
pulling away from the Chinese woman,
let herself be pulled forward until
she was right up next to the Chinese woman
and she could whip out her pocket knife,

hold it to the Chinese woman's throat and wrap herself behind her. The Chinese woman was so short that the Cunt had to cower behind her.

Alice held up her gun. She wasn't sure what a headshot would do. Time flowed at normal speed. Alice didn't know how to slow the time down but she didn't think she needed it. She pulled the trigger. The gun's barrel glowed. The laser beam erupted and hurtled towards the bridge of the Cunt's nose, then abruptly, millimeters from the target, splintered and zipped into the back of the Chinese woman's head.

Alice could see the majority of the beam was still hanging in the air, pointed at the Cunt's head; the beam had developed a mind of its own and veered. Or it had hit an invisible roadblock. The Cunt, fazed but relieved, unwound her arm from around the Chinese woman's throat. The Cunt drew back to take a wide step around the doomed Chinese woman who was speaking loud and hurriedly, hands clasped in the praying position. Alice let her finger off the trigger. The gun continued to stream its beam.

The Chinese woman's grayed hair blasted its bun open to become a teeming mass of sleek black tentacles which snapped at the sunlight. Some of the tentacles were longer than she. Her valleys of facial wrinkles widened until they were tight and devoid of valleys. Her slouched shoulders were thrown back like they were tacked into the background's sunny swirl of dust motes. The dark red robe containing her compact form rolled back off her, magically bunching up her body revealing her body one contradictory attribute at a time: a soiled diaper but smooth stomach, desert flat chest, complete with arid nipples, but a swan neck that had to have been beautiful before age had severely bent and made it submit.

Alice's mind reeled drunkenly from each of these revelations to the other.



It came out of nowhere. There were no hidden compartments on her. A footlong curtain of quality skin unfurled from the bottom of the Chinese woman's breasts. Its surface so perfect and flawless,

Alice expected black calligraphic sketches to bleed to its surface.
Instead remaining pale, it flipped up to hang horizontally
and flap like a hot western wind was blowing across it
or some sick ghost was blowing its nose with it.
Then the curtain curved and dove at the skin
below the Chinese woman's collarbones.

The curtain of skin was joined to her at
both ends but remained empty of flesh.
An open air cavity.
Was a magician,
throwing back his invisibility cloak
and emerging from the
street, going to place two gloved hands
on the Chinese woman's shoulders,
first turn the Chinese woman
so her left side was in profile,
then turn the Chinese woman
so her right side was in profile,
to confirm that, in fact, nothing was inside of this curtain of skin,
before he put his own blood red curtain in front of the gap
and whipped it away to show the audience the long-awaited, succulent 32GG's?
Alice shook her head.
What was she thinking,
situating this innocent woman
inside another of her fantasies?
She was as bad as the Cunt,
who was too horrified to move
from her position adjacent to the transformation.
The black tentacles were snapping
dangerously close to the Cunt's platinum blond wig.



Alice uncurled her hand from the gun,
but she already knew as she withdrew her hand,
the gun would remain hanging in the air.

Up and down,
up and down,
the curtain of flesh was beginning to slowly bounce
as if there was something inside of it other than emptiness.
The Chinese woman's face was slightly turned to the side.

She might have been blushing.
The curtain jumped and plummeted,
all of a sudden,
weighted down by six and a half
pounds of breast fat.
The ends of her 32GG's
settled just above her rib cage,
disappeared under a fatty flash flood.
Round, thick nipples
sprang from her breasts.
They promised milk.

The Chinese woman held her hands out from her waist,
so her hands were making soft diagonals with her shoulder.
Her waist widened.
In the blink of an eye,
her diaper dilated to a micro G-string.
Her legs lengthened,
so the Chinese woman could come up
to the collar of Alice's latex suit.
Something ratcheted the Chinese woman's head back
and raised it, straightening out the neck one vertebra at a time.
The Chinese woman's eyes were level with Alice's.

The black tentacles settled,
straightening and streaming into a waterfall
of blacker than black hair
rolling past the Chinese woman's ass
and pooling on the sidewalk.

The laser beam disappeared.
Alice's gun fell.
The Chinese woman clasped her hands
and gave a long slow bow. Then,
betraying her new youthfulness, she
snapped back to her full height,
letting her ample bosom wobble.

What had Alice done to this woman's mind
to make her accept such a thorough transformation
so willingly? There is no way the woman
would stay with her husband. Or he could
stay with her and suffer the daily intimidation.

Alice's gun was taking sides in conflicts
and starting new ones. Alice had always
asserted to her children that she
would never take sides between them.

The Chinese woman's neglected plastic bag
caught the draft from a passing car to display
the ancient ingredients for Wonton Soup,
but Alice didn't know what that meant.
She was experiencing her second dark night
of the soul of the day.
And so didn't see the Cunt reaching for the gun.



A year,
four months,
three days later,
and she still couldn't forget
the malicious twist of the Cunt's smile.
She lay there panting on her side,
her breasts throbbing
into the soft white polar bear hairs.
She did not open her eyes yet.
She brought her hands up
and rubbed her eyelids,
bathing her eyes in a wash
of warm, dark colors.

The image,
she could remember it more than she could see it.
The right edge of the Cunt's blood red lips burying
its blade-sharp edge in the Cunt's cheek.
Raising the arm with the gun.
Steadying the upraised arm with the other.
Dex rolled over in his sleep.
Alice's eyes popped open,
assimilated the legs of the dresser
an arm's reach from her.
Dex's hot hairy ass cheeks
were pressing into hers.
He was shorter
than the Chinese woman pre-op.

He smacked his wet mouth.
She did not fight her sinking eyelids.

They sunk, clasped tight over the
treasure of her emerald eyes.

Could she have remembered her ultimatum earlier?

The Cunt had no face.

The Cunt's face was her cunt.

A trim triangle of blond hair
directing Alice down.

Pulsing bulge of engorged lips.

Wet.

Thrust aside to make
room for the clit.

The pearl.

Glistening in the moisture of the cavern.

Dex farted,

shot from his ass practically into hers.

She waited.

She waited for any further changes
in his nocturnal behavior. Nothing further.

She crept her hand down her belly and held
open her legs. Dex had given Alice a window
onto some long awaited privacy. She could not refuse.

Länsföräskreamgar HQ Stockholm Sweden 23:14 24 November 2012 (Military Time)

Void black to blend
with the encompassing void
of the seventh floor office interior,
where the dregs in the glass pitcher
of the coffee machine and the sealed little plastic tubs
of cream and milk and pink paper packets of sugar wait
for the next morning's zombified shift;
void black to blend
with the moonless, starless
black of the midnight outside,

broken
only by the clouded sky's shaken bag
of snowflakes,
spiraling out of control and careening
into the wall-length window, snowflakes
like strippers whisking
around their cold steel poles until
their asses press flat and round to
the glass stage and their legs
are flung up to either side of
the pole in a V, and when those strippers
finally do rise leave tiny fading
ass prints on the glass,
the HID torch,
wedged in between
Alice Martini's molars
and butted up against
her fake cyanic tooth,
roved a wobbling 2"
orangish circle of light
over the manilla and crimson folders
of the filing cabinet.

The filing cabinet's metal handle,
jabbing Alice's nipple, piercingly cold.
Her dark purple,
lustrously latex
spy suit
completely compromised by cold.

The economical sixth sense of Länsföräskreamgar security advisors was breathtaking.

She hadn't felt such sensation in her 36J's
since Dex had prodded her with the ice pick
that she had abandoned in the Alps,
which she blatantly admitted leaving had been her bad.
She had had to dispatch a big bellied henchman and
things got truly ugly and
she didn't want to have to lug that ice pick around
with his Anaconda-long guts twined round it and
she would be damned if she were going to disentangle
that in the middle of the nipple frosting Alps and
she knew agents aren't supposed to disobey orders

but it really was what just had to done.

It wasn't that bad
since the pick was equipped with a recall beacon
which she didn't know at the time
but she promptly learned
when Dex prodded her with the ice-cold pick,
while she was lounging languid
and defenseless on his polar bear rug,
her arms lovingly, warmly and fuzzily,
cupping her breasts,
freed from their latex dungeon
after seventy two unbudging hours of espionage,
the breasts rising and falling with her slow breaths.



The shadow of Dex's hand loomed large
over her pale chest and she knew,
her spy training told her she should
have side-rolled and kicked him in the nuts
but she was heading for the deep post-mission sleep
of M.O.O.D. agents,
delicately searching for the off switch,
a search which he snapped her right out of, with a
spine jolting metallic prod, in the boob,
on the nipple that he knew was sore,
since he had been teething on it
during their last round of log cabin sex,
and she squealed
and threw herself at the dresser

and if he hadn't pulled the ice pick away a
moment before he might have spilt her guts
and got her guts caught up in the pick
that still had the henchman's dried blood on it.

Scrounging the dresser's wooden top for her weapon,
Alice clenched her hands around what she supposed
was the .95 barrel of her Bazeeka Eledra.
She tossed it up in the air,
in an arc over her prone form,
so she could snap to her feet

and catch it in her hand
and level it at Dex's head.
Her lavender fingernail was just
twitching to pull the trigger
and gender switch
this ginger haired miscreant,
who had fucked with her too many times,
letting her land in drop zones,
hot with enemy fire,
with only a paperclip and a rubber band,
leaving her wondering if Dex had opted
last minute to replace the weaponry
that they had discussed back at base with
some newer model or he had sadistically packed
her office supplies instead of weapons.

Or, and this one wasn't much of a stretch,
he presumed she had a Macgyverish talent
for resource management,
a theory that could only stem from
Macgyver withdrawal on Dex's part.
A cold turkey interval
during which it was a
truly terrifying period
to be a M.O.O.D. agent
since Dex needed Macgyver so bad
that he would assemble your kit
to match the kit
from say the fifteenth episode of season three,
counter to any of Dex's knowledge of molecular chemistry,
counter to the flat-out common sense
America expected from all its citizens,
even those who sought asylum elsewhere.
Dex dogmatically believed that in being handed these objects
and handling these objects any agent could become a Macgyver.
He would hover over her shoulder and numerous others
watching them through his robotic floating eye,
a tool which he should have been performing reconnaissance with but
instead he was watching their sweaty latexed forms,
holding up the rubber band and paperclip,
awed as a Paleolithic cavewoman,
blood pulsing in their brains,
a nonverbal "Why God? Why?"

Dex had it coming for him,
and Dexie, as Alice would call him/her
after Alice pulled the trigger,
poor gender confused Dexie,
his/her eyes glazing over
at the sight of his/her shrinking cock
and not long after his/her eyes dropping tears at the sight of his/her shrinking cock,
trying to massage the clit-cock back
to its previous condition with his hands,
hands growing softer and more feminine by the second,
his palm's calluses and scars a memory quickly scrubbed away,
replaced by moisturized and cucumber perfumed flesh,
he/she biting her lips,
a signature sign of feminine distress,
ginger haired Dexie,
ginger haired curls spiraling down
past, definitely a woman's slim shoulders
by this point in time, could scream her lungs out,
grope her own breasts, finger her own cunt,
tease her own clit, plug her own ass,
as far as Alice was concerned
because Alice would be too engrossed
mercilessly grinding the frigid tip
of that ice pick on the nipple of one of Dexie's
swelling tits. The thought got Alice wet.

Dexie first wiggling then out-and-out
thrashing her breasts to escape
the nipple numbing pick.
Alice not moving a muscle.
Dexie scrunching her thighs
up around her crotch
like she were going to piss herself
and caving in, falling back onto the rug,
faking unconsciousness?
Alice training the gun on Dexie's breasts
which would have swelled to the size
of bean bags, spilling out
up and over Dexie's chest and arms,
practically pinning her to the polar bear rug,
and the breasts only getting bigger.
Alice, wondering whether Dexie
had actually blacked out,

trailing the frozen pick up Dexie's shin and thighs
and, before she passed over the crotch
hollering "crotch check",
Dexie's feet scrabbling
at the polar bear hairs
and polished wooden floor.



But now was not the time for fantasy.
There was live ammunition in the air.
Alice jumped to her feet.
The ends of her breasts smacked against her abs
and her bootie jiggled in her moving,
but she ignored these sensations.

The sensations rolled off her
Zen monkish concentration on the task
at hand. She assumed a stance
with both poise and style,
three feet of space between her feet,
entire body facing away from the bed
like she were about to deliver a tennis serve
into Dex's face.
Only twisting her head and neck enough
to acknowledge the gun's presence.

She held out her hand and made an O
so the grip would fall right into her hand
and she could bring her index finger up real
dramatic like and hold it over the trigger
and say something quotable like
"go fuck yourself, Dex".
No that wasn't right.
"Tell me how you like life on the other side" and pull.

But that whole plan fell apart
as Alice glimpsed the 12" translucent blue
dildo, burgeoning with veins,
instead of the .95 laser sight equipt Bazeeka Eledra,
sailing through the air,
catching the light from the cheap chandelier,
the bare bones type that belongs only in every log cabin;

dildo coming down,
the light and the dildo
mischievously painting Alice's face
a ghostly blue in the mean time.

At that sight,
Alice's pussy dried up,
no hint of wetness left behind,
something about
complete and utter destruction
of a Dex torturing fantasy,
and her face ranged hot
with embarrassment
in playful contradiction
with the blue light.

The dildo came down.
Hit and careened off of Alice's hand.
Landed on the bear skin rug.
Weighing down the polar bear hairs.
Parallel to Dex's penis,
which was presently pressing up
against his belly button.
Apparently ready for round two.
Definitely mocking her dildo.

Assuming his best evil genius impression,
Dex asked if Alice actually thought
that she could defeat him with his own weapon,
all the while easing his hand down
his red happy trail to clutch his throbbing dick.
Didn't she know every piece of her weaponry
was rigged so that the safety would engage
if she so much as raised it in the midst of a hateful mood?
Alice knew all too well.

This was the reason her gun became instantly useless to her
as soon as she touched down in the drop zone and popped
the case where she didn't know but maybe C4, grenades, or
something explosive should be.

The whole time she would be straightening out
the perpetual paperclip,

as bullets whizzed by
and poked holes in palm leaves,
as artillery shots kicked up dirt
and sent aftershocks hurtling through her 36J's
and Alice thought her jiggling breasts
might rupture her latex suit,
a show Dex was sure to enjoy,
Alice would be really thinking
about the different configurations
Dex's body would assume after
she broke every bone in it.
Fuck the rubber band.
She would show off her Macgyver skills
by making him into a rubber band.

Long ago, Alice's mistress had taught Alice to forget defusing anger.
The trouble with anger being that the more you thought about defusing anger
the more insistent its convoluted mass of wiring sounded off, beep beep, beep beep,
demanding your immediate attention.
So Alice, anger building, was readying herself
for a high kick at Dex's floating robotic eye.
Without dropping the paperclip, she whipped around,
hoisting up her leg,
her black stiletto boot at its end,
and impaled the eye.
Glass shell shattered,
the buzz and pop
of its electrical wiring
crackled and shocked the air.
When she withdrew her boot,
crumbled microchips poured out from the blow.

After that Alice had had the high tech
she needed to enhance her mangled paper clip.
Razor sharp microchips rubber bound to a straightened out paperclip?
Yes, please.

Alice lowered herself so her cleavage was dangling before Dex's face.
Composing her cutest face, widest smile, holding her hands,
one on top of the other over her crotch,
she explained that she had become incapable of hating him, so
incapable that she suspected there had to be some form of mind control at work.
Dex cleared his throat.

Alice hushed his lips and laid back down beside him, so his cock could nuzzle her ass crack.

As Dex thrust his cock between Alice's ass cheeks, she postponed her wish for revenge and returned to her previous closed eyed search for sleep.

Later, after Dex had pumped his seed up the slope of her back, Dex swept the sandy blonde hair from Alice's ear and drew close and whispered into her ear that she wouldn't need to worry about his hijinks, come Saturday she was getting her first silent mission, stealth number one priority, combat an impossibility, which would have made Alice wonder more about the effects of her mood on her present circumstances if she wasn't already in the process of laying off any nonessential limbic personnel.

Alice feverishly mumbled so close to sleep that she wasn't sure if what came out of her mouth wasn't virtual reality: "I suspect. Frequently, I suspect am being monitored more often by own agency than enemy. Restricted. Challenged. Bounded. Mission time. Ranking. Difficulty. Number of shots taken. Number of shots missed. Number of headshots. Kill count. Total accuracy. Next time, try completing the level an hour faster. Next time, unplug the computer mouse and turn it into half a nun-chuk or a strangulation device. Next time, crack the whip of the USB cord. Next time, pitch the monitor down a flight of stairs and bowl a bunch of thugs ass-over-head. Next time, be more Bond less Joanna. Next time." She wouldn't know until she woke up a couple hours later to the image of the Cunt, sweat pouring through the dried cum on Alice's back, that she had successfully flipped the off switch for a little while.

Länsföräskreamgar HQ Stockholm Sweden 23:20 24 November 2012

The latex was always getting in her way, especially here where she must be bent over the drawer, latex bunching up around her breasts, creaking, straining, calling up wincing that have to be choked back down. She leaned in to read off the years, printed on the folder's exposed nibs, the last thirty years of the earning reports of the bank contained therein. To all appearances the bank had been a

legitimate even charitable financial
organization until HIGH PRIESTESS
CLEARANCE interrogation reports,
rising up like yeast from the pan after the latest batch
of pastry poisoning terrorist incidents, suggested that
Länsföräskreamgar had their hands in a fearful,
militant cookie jar, the kind that bit the hand that
craved cookies, the kind that bared everything on stage,
even chuffed the Nazi SS hat, her last remaining
piece of stripper apparel at your easily missable 34A bosom,
but against all odds she made the shot,
the hat dangerously breast-dangling
but managing to stabilize and hang
from your bra cushioned 34A
cup breast as if your breast were part coat rack,
but when approached she wouldn't go for a measly lap dance.



Must have been before you arrived home it had to have been,
she phoned your husband and your children,
separately I might mind you, since your seven
year old daughter and ten year old son each
had their own individual cell phones, so
everyone at home knew
what a sugar craving whore you really were
before you had even walked through the door.

You found out that morning after staying up all
night pleading with your husband and children
to stay that your boss knew too, and
a few months down the jobless road, cold and alone,
the stripper who must have trained her nostrils
to sniff out unlucky cunts mashed
your cardboard box with you
in it with her sharp as knives,
but tough as nails stilettos
until the box and you were
a indistinguishable mess
of blood and pulp and swiss
cheese size holes, a cuntteasing,
sadistic cunt of a cookie jar.



As that cunt stalked off, stiff legged, sore, and stoic in her complete and utter destruction of your life, your M.O.O.D. appointed mistress popped her head up out of the nearby dumpster, her carmine red bun of hair doing most of the pushing and holding up of the dumpster's lid, and tossed the puddle that had been you, Alice Morton, soon to be Alice Martini, your signature dark purple latex spy suit and a gun, the gun some cross between a radar gun and a vintage science fiction ray gun.

The rubber sleeves of the latex suit, lying flat,
dumb on the concrete, splayed, lifeless,
like a chalk body outline,
a chalk outline being what you
rightfully deserved, but, no,
your mistress had other plans
for you
and the rubber sleeves trembled and surged
as if twelve or thirteen miniature fans,
stitched along the length of the sleeves,
their on switches engaged,
cranked and whipped at the air,
picking up speed and filling the alley
with the mammoth whoosh whoosh whoosh of helicopter blades.

The cunt did not bother to turn, perhaps registering the spreading noise as the business of some giant wall-mounted fan, cleansing the alley of trash.

Your box and clump of broken bones and pierced flesh flew to the sleeve's opening and struggled there for a second, its mass way more than the choke point of the sleeve could handle.

Then the sleeve opened up itself enough to accommodate you and gobbled, gobbled, garbage-disposal-guzzling your remains into a nasty reddish-brown slop.

The semi-liquified mass that was you whizzed all the way to the sleeves' base, the armpits, while you waited for the rest of the sleeves, jerking up off the concrete, like they were on marionette strings, the rubber surface bubbling and popping, like oil on a fry pan, as you waited for the armpits, to release you.

The howling of the fans was everything; the cunt did not turn.

Fully fluid,
the fans having beaten out all the lumps,
you were left to spread out inside the tunnel.

Rolling over the rubber plains that were devoid of breasts or
abs, you were both gondola and canal, alternately
gliding above and sloshing below.
Some of you split at the V, forking down into either leg.

Although you could not see or breath, you could touch and feel.

It was like being under the stack of blanket, comforter, and sheets that your marital bed was,
hot with your breath and his skin,
except tighter and more rubbery and you could surprisingly taste the rubber,
rubber being the only thing you could taste or smell, overwhelming,
overriding your sense of taste and smell, making you beg for unconsciousness.

It was like you were making your familiar 8 AM journey to your husband's
feet again. When he had,
just had to wake up,
a quick suck
of his big toe would do the trick.
These were some of your earliest experiences with calculated threat detection:
was he lying flat or on his side,
was he shirtless,
were his chest hairs in contact with the sheets,
was the air conditioner running,
was the fan,
were the kids asleep,
where was the squeaky spring again
(the geography of a bed being difficult to both chart and remember),
was the long pillow in place between his and your side?
Toe sucking had no effect if you spoiled the surprise.

Probing head first, holding your nose with one hand
in case your husband ripped one while you were under covers
and with the other hand slightly lifting the sheets up before you,
having reached your target, first
you pecked at his ankle with your tongue,
the only thing protruding from your closed lips, then pulled back and
waited for him to unclench his foot:

his toes usually curled into the balls of his feet
bird-of-preylike. Then you leaned forward
and then and only then engulfed the big toe.

Slowly he kicked his foot,
bicycling with your inescapable mouth.
You did not bite but you did not let go.
Sleeping Beauty, eventually figuring that no matter how hard he bicycled
he would not be able to escape, stirred
and without a thank you or a customary ass slap,
pitched the covers off him and, in one fluid motion, went from horizontal to vertical, heading for
the bathroom with his stubborn morning wood.
It was unlikely now that that bitch had the ability to wake up without one of your stealthy sucks.

Your flowing mass came to the opening for feet,
and, although you could sense there was an opening you could not slip through it.
The same occurred at the holes for your head and arms.
A magical boundary?

At this point, the fluid that was you
was disseminated all across the rubber,
but more of you kept pumping out of the sleeves
and you rose and rose until you pressed against the rubber ceiling
and you prayed the suit would rupture so you could spill out
and die and the latex creaked,
giving you some hope,
but instead a terrific pressure pinched you up one fold at a time, up toward your chest.

Part of you was snatched away to hammer itself into a heart
and part of you for lungs and part for a ribcage and a spinal
column that was rising, twirling its nerves roundabout, rooting
for a brain past the magical boundary, and you pulsed up the veins
to beat blood into a gray mottled electromagnetic mass, which
from that superior station you could detect naked but gooey
hands and feet pop fully-formed from the suit's openings.



You blinked and the overcast sky was bright and the cunt,
with a hand behind her back, was mindlessly adjusting
her blood red G string, the jaunty pink fingernails of her index
and thumb clamped around the glittering fabric, tucking it beneath
the frayed band of her jean shorts, so the cop across the street

wouldn't peg her for indecent exposure.

You spun over on the concrete, strands of long sandy blonde hair twining into your mouth, and you spat and patoed them out from your mouth and blew them away from your face.

You pushed yourself up, the latex stretching taunt across your 32A cup chest as you got on your hands and knees,

the sandy blonde hair hanging over your eyes, still foreign to you considering your previous living arrangements

as far as hair cuts were concerned was neck-length steam-rolled curls, one set brushed off to the side of your left eye and the other brushed back cupping your right ear.

You threw your head back and tossed the insolent hair over onto your back where it thwacked and the strands slid apart but they stayed.

Who could explain what happened next?

Resurrected, yinked back from the sticky mono-cellular fringes of amoebic and viral life, mysteriously transmuted from blob to body, the last thing you expected was arousal but there it was in the diamond hard nipples, denting two pound round potholes in the latex.

There it was in the pleasant heat sweeping across your chest and nestling somewhere between your legs.

Your clit hardening and making the latex cling tighter to your crotch than it already did.

The band of latex, encircling your chest, at once becoming several sizes too small and then several sizes too large, the latex stretchy as spandex.

You tucking your head in so your line of sight was in line with your breasts, now swaying from your chest like twin teardrops, clinging perilously to your chest as if to the chin of some fifty foot tall woman,

before the latex hardened into a purple candy painted shell, tightening, bringing the breasts back to some semblance of order.

Afterwards it only looked like you were smuggling two polished bowling balls.



You sat back on your knees and clutched your cradled 36J's and ground your thighs against your clit and pumped your ass cheeks on and off on your bare feet and wondered whether you could get out of this latex and hold up your teetering breasts to your mouth and lick and suck and bite your diamond hard nipples.

You didn't even consider revenging yourself on the cunt, who was waving her hand in the air in a there-is-no-way-you-didn't-just-do-that-hun-snap-snap kind of way, completely out of place considering both the white color of her skin and her frail build, to signal to the honking Pakistani taxi driver that it was just as much of a struggle for him to get his next fare as it was for her to hightail this you-don't-even-know-how-pricey piece of ass across the crosswalk in pink platforms, the hairs of her ear-length platinum-blond wig sweeping all as one past her ears and back again in further confirmation of her point.

You just wanted, achingly, your clit burning rubber from all the chafing, to wrench off her wig and her pink flamingo boa and rip off her cherry sequin top as she pulled back to clutch her bare 34B chest, still pouting her lips and sniveling like the cunt she was.

To step forward, liquidating the distance between your bodies and take a knee as you yank down her jean shorts and she pathetically tries to shove you off.

To wrap your finger around that blood red G-string and tug on it until it digs a trench in her engorged pussy lips and the string snaps and you stand face to cunt with her and you send your five-fingered hand hauling across the cunt's cunt and curl up every finger in that hand except your index which you sway side to side in front of her cunt because this cunt's face is her cunt as you lie back on the crosswalk on your ass and elbows and demand this insubordinate cunt to take a bite of your cunt and, painfully, that's how slowly, spread your legs wide as she gets on her knees.

You demand her to present her cunt for your inspection and she swings her ass around.

Its warmth smothers you and as she begins to munch your latex-freed cunt you stuff your fist, cunt deep in that cookie jar and the two of you become a tightening wheel of cookie cunt munching and the traffic light cycles through its colors and the crosswalk fills and empties around you and passing schoolgirls whip out their smart-phones to get a mix of filmic and photographic evidence of you-won't-believe-what-happened-on-the-crosswalk-at-the-intersection-of-Oxford and-Regent-at-day's-dawn and the taxi driver has to peel into the other lane and burn rubber to make up for the time he lost.

You lap at the cunt's dark star.

The cunt jiggles her legs, the rigid toes stopping inches from the concrete, and you tell the cunt not yet.

Bring your legs

back and lock them
around the cunt's head
until she is so deep in your cunt
she can't breath and you scream
because you don't care if all of London
hears and your legs loosen.

The cunt comes gasping up for air
from her time spent in the cookie jar,
trailing your cum and her saliva.

Her spasming cunt splatters cum on your face
and fist, which you immediately order the cunt
to turn around and lap up. She swings around,
so the two of you are breast to breast as she laps at your
cum-wet face like a cat and you close your eyes as her tongue
wanders down your neck, halting at the collarbone before
continuing on down the pendulous breast and creeping down
and onto nipple as you pick up and drop a bunch of her caramel
brown hair, letting it roll off your fingertips as you plant a kiss on her forehead.

Oxford Street London England 07:40 21 June 2011

Selena Tequila threw back the dumpster lid with a fearsome thrust of her
carmine red bee hive of hair and cleared her throat.
Although fervent,
flushed, frustrated, and now, embarrassed,
Alice stopped running her hands against the squeaky
latex choking her cunt and chest, and turned to face
her benefactor, who menacingly lifted her arm up
from the dumpster and held a finger unwaveringly
straight on the neglected Bazeeka Eledra.
The Bazeeka Eledra?
Alice warily stared at the gun.
Did the answer really lie in its barrel?

She had been drawn to the cunt's illicit devil-may-care attitude, mainly
because it wasn't hers.

Each morning, Alice had laid out her husband's clothes, laid out the children's, made a breakfast
of bacon, eggs, even sausage, packed her husband's lunch, packed the children's, kissed husband

goodbye, drove the kids to school, kissed kids goodbye, cleaned, picked the kids up, hurried home to catch husband at the door with a kiss, readied dinner, washed dishes, sucked husband to snoring.

She had been one of those hip Reddit mothers who bought their kids Bento boxes, Japanese lunch boxes, to store the kid's red grapes, pan-fried risotto cakes, pan-fried zucchini, steamed broccoli, teriyaki & pineapple chicken meatballs.

If there had been an afterlife for caring mothers, Alice had to have been a shoe in. So what if Alice had attended a strip club once a month?

That night, Alice's particular time of the month to slink out of the house and into neon Oxford, the cunt, the topless Cunt in her Nazi SS hat, short black button up skirt, and red fuck you heels, had embodied and presented Alice with the realization of the destructive fantasies that Alice never knew she had had. While she watched the Cunt strut, throwing the fuck you heels at the stage, Alice felt the need to run home and pack her children's Bento boxes just so she could hurry back to the Metropolis Gentleman's Club, toss the Bento boxes up on stage, and gawk at the Cunt strut, skewer, and splatter teriyaki & pineapple meatball and steamed broccoli all over her and the audience's faces. Such was the Cunt's power.

Alice, however, was at least telling herself that she was now immune to such power, considering she had let the Cunt stiletto her into an early grave. But she wasn't too sure she could trust herself, since five minutes ago she could have never considered her life, held together by postal tape and cardboard, could be so fragile, easily eradicated by a pair of heels and an ill will, not too mention the whole developing reincarnation / transformation / masturbation story.

What else could she have been brought back to possibly do?

Masturbate?

No, Emphatic Head Shake.

Settling the score had to be the present order of business.

The Cunt turned to flip the receding taxi driver the bird.

Alice remembered the cunt twirling the Nazi SS hat on her finger like the Harlem Globetrotter of strippers.

What of the woman sticking her head out of the dumpster, tossing the suit, and quietly directing her to pick up the gun?

More than likely the dumpster woman had been watching Alice and waiting for her obliteration / resurrection.

But if that was true, could the dumpster woman be leading Alice down a path of destruction and hatefulness, tangential to the Cunt's?

There seemed to always be a higher power i.e. the Cunt wrenching Alice from her heavenly housewife trajectory and condemning her to certain death or the woman in the dumpster wrenching Alice from her heavenly housewife trajectory and forcing her into certain allegiance to a dark and unholy power, which may turn out less dark and unholy than the Cunt's heart, but at this point in time is looking pretty damn dark in this constricting latex. Where did they get this suit from? The Hell hole store?

Länsföräskreamgar HQ Stockholm Sweden 23:30 24 November 2012

Latex was her second skin.

When there was a clinking in the vents. Alice wanted to jump out of her second skin. But she stayed in control, keeping her legs where they were, twined under the filing cabinet drawer, and only swinging at the hip to ascertain that it was just the ceiling vent about to spring to life.

Rubber squeak squeaking on rubber.

She waited.

The 2" light from her HID torch, lodged in her mouth, was spotlighting the A/C's entrance. If this mission were silent, why did she have to wear latex? Couldn't she just go naked? Her hip was going numb from the latex's proximity.

Whooooooosh went the vent.

She returned to her itemization of the years which were not in in any semblance of order. Seesawing from 1997 to 1984 to 2006 to 1989. She didn't think it should be so hard to find 2011. It was only last year. There were only thirty years in this drawer. Whoever administered to this cabinet must practice divination or some other dark art.

An icy cold stream picked this moment to swoop down, strafe Alice's spine and wrack her with a ridiculous chill. She shivered.

Her nipples pounded lumps in the latex and thrust their tips further into the already chilly handle. She rose from the drawer and ran her hands fast over her breasts,

trying to warm them.

The latex resisted her movements and squeak,
squeak, squeaked the whole way.

Her straightened spine caught an even more
potent blast of A/C and Alice finally

just said fuck it and bent at her waist,
thrusting her ass high out behind her

and whisked through the folders as quick

as she was able. What was the latex for if it couldn't keep her warm?

What was the latex for if it was ping ponging her between frosty and frostier places?



Alice would never wear the suit on a commercial airliner again.

MISSION PRIORITIES had demanded Alice to fly commercial and coach.

She had said yeah right. But Dex dropped her off at the airport,

handed her a ticket to Stockholm, Sweden through the lowered window,

and there was really no question about it.

She was just beginning to process her civilian confinement, you know, storing her luggage in an already packed overhead apartment, when a business man, sunglassed behind those dark and round lenses that one suspected hid alien eyes, sharp coffee colored suit practically cutting the air, yeah, that type of jazzed up businessman, passed a couldn't give a fuck about whoever is standing here, follow me to the john so I can drop trough and piss on you, mid-fucking-aisle, with a four year old girl coloring a picture of a Brontosaurus, Mom looking on approvingly, the two of them sitting in the aisle behind Alice's bum, the businessman wriggling past Alice, his bum eclipsing Alice's bum out of the corner of the four year old girl's vision, rubbing his erect penis at the crest of Alice's ass cheeks, threatening to slip in if Alice were careless or looking to get fucked mid-aisle but she wasn't and she pulled back quickly and whipped around to face him, only to catch the four year old girl's eyes before the girl returned to her coloring and Alice swung her head to the side where the perpetrator / possible penetrator was already down the aisle, heading for the lavatory, an unsettling spring to his step.



Navigating a corridor of laser tripwires was tough enough with an ass that projects out in the air behind Alice.

She had had to hoist-hold her black stiletto boot high,
knee almost fetal,

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Craning, yeah,

put that leg over the phantom red beam, then,

straddling the faint pole of light that she could only detect by the passage of motes of dust and fittingly enough had the power to summon the thirty on-duty security officers from their nightly Fattigman break;

had lifted the other foot, from its starting position on the lacquered wooden floor to about an inch off the floor.

Here's where the fun part came.

Wait twenty seconds for her ass cheeks to catch the drift and rise.

Pull the elevated leg over the beam and put it next to her first.

From the other side of the beam, turn back and watch her mass of ass take an additional minute to clear the finish line. Now imagine if she had done that while wearing her latex suit.



Everywhere in the office at once, ricocheting off the porcelain coffee mugs with #1 Dad stenciled on them: “Were rav da cookie jar drag rav hugh!!?”

The words tightened around Alice, collapsing the ordinary distance between the molecules in the air. Being in that room was now like being in a sauna, the air as thick as melting cheese. And it only got worse.

She was forced by the increasing weight to fall headfirst into the folders. But it would take more than a shove into a drawer to knock Alice out of a fight. She was formulating a plan when the words arose again: “Stav pol mach cookie jar!!!”

The words tore down the ass crack of Alice's suit. Heat swept across the gap where her vagina and asshole were breathing latex free.

Alice's head and breasts were in the drawer, the HID torch dangerously close to triggering Alice's cyanic tooth, her belly was on the corner of the drawer, her legs were raised off the carpet.

She could not pull herself up due to the increased gravity of the room. Alice bent her knees and turned them laterally in, knee cap to knee cap, to protect herself.

Cookie jar, Alice thought. That's what he wants to know about.

“Rit unh unh unh it’s good for you!!!”

She heard a spoon clanking in a glass jar.
Moistened lips mashing baby food or mayonnaise.
A mouth spitting.

Hot thick fluid dropped onto her ass with a SPLAT and
ran down into her asshole and vagina.

Alice blindly kicked at the area behind her.
Her ass cheeks smacked on her thighs.
Nothing was there to hit.
Constricted by the HID torch, Alice mouthed gobbly gook.



NOT IMPORTANT! FEEL FREE TO SKIP!

(She wanted to say the cookie jar was a reclusive tycoon,
referred to in his inner circle fearfully as the HOST.
Like the bank, the HOST was just another intermediary.
Unlike the bank he was more legend than anything, supposedly raping
housewives and wrecking the kitchens of Sweden for nigh twenty years.
So when the cookie crumbs, recent destructions of pastry shops, had
led back to a legitimate bank, M.O.O.D. had to bite.

The location of the HOST had been a top priority since the inception of Real
Old Savage Meat Tricks in 2011. They had gotten famous online, filming the
animosity they claimed the HOST brought to kitchens in their parent country.
Many Swedish youth rallied behind this self destructive banner. Kitchens across
the country exploded as the youth put the legendary animosity of the HOST into
practice. This was fine enough for M.O.O.D. Let the Swedes wipe themselves off
the map.

What really scrunched up the collective latex of M.O.O.D. agents
everywhere was the disconcerting connection between Real Old Savage Meat
Tricks and the Canadian Extreme Mess Team, a group that had sprung up around
the same time and had recently immigrated to France, a hop and a skip across a
channel away from the M.O.O.D. agency. The fear began to rise. Both of these
organizations were getting famous off the savage showman spirit of drunk men and
their meat. If that decadent passion spread, who knew how much of the traditional
culinary craft would last? American and Canadian teenagers were already
defecting from the televised food networks to the no-holds-barred Internet.)



“Jag ret were cookie jar.”

Alice officially had no clue what the voice wanted.



She hadn't had any clue what the Chinese woman wanted either when she clasped Alice's hand after her black hair had hoisted the Cunt up in the air, turned her upside down, and tentacle fucked the Cunt's asshole, vagina, and mouth.

Above the Chinese woman's head, the Cunt resembled Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man flipped on its head, gender reversed. There were strands of black hair wrapped tight around the Cunt's breasts. The Cunt was gagging. Her eyes getting weepy and red. The platinum blond wig was clinging to her head.

Alice did not believe it when the tentacles actually pumped out semen. But who could argue with the three matching streams pouring gelatinous from the Cunt's asshole, vagina, and mouth. When the semen hit the Chinese woman's head, Alice thought she saw tiny mouths open up and gobble the fluid. The face of the Chinese woman carried no expression throughout the scene. Alice picked up her gun, which the Cunt had tried to fire but then her body had been wrenched up where it was being tentacle fucked. She considered the fucking, punishment enough for the Cunt's crime.



Back in the office, Alice was flirting with the idea of popping the cyanic tooth. She had properly atoned for the Chinese and policewoman.

Selena Tequila, Alice's mistress, had explained that it wasn't really a question of atonement at all. The Bazeeka Eledra altered the structure of their reality, so there really was nothing to worry about their changes, since their changes constructed whatever changed reality was needed. Alice had not cared to reflect on what sort of repercussions the changes in their realities could have on hers.

A cock plunged into Alice's lubricated asshole.

This was all the incentive she needed to bite down on the tooth.

The hissing gas quickly made her delirious and she thought her consciousness was coming to an end as her eyes fluttered and the bottom of the cabinet that her HID torch lit grew dark.

But consciousness did
not end.

Alice was pulled back.
Her head and her breasts were out of the cabinet.
Her back was arched as if someone were driving a boot into it.

The cock went deeper.
She started feeling funny.
Like, like really happy funny.
Her tits were ballooning,
ballooning, ballooning and
bursting, bursting, bursting her top.

Her cheerleading top.
Latex was for witches and spies, not gorgeous teens.

She was fondling her freed tits with her hands.
How much bigger would they get?

Whatever.
That pink nail polish Dex had given her was amazing.
She had to stop fondling just to hold her hand up and stare at her fingertips.
Her eyes got that dazed look in them.
She excitedly clapped her hands together.
Her breasts were the size of bathtubs. She needed her ducky.

Bubbly and in the bimbo tone, Alice chanted, "Go cock. Go cock. Deeper,
deeper. Get down in that cunt wunty. Get down in that cunt wunty."

The cock drew out of Alice and she was tossed,
flipped like a pancake, so her bare stomach was facing her assailant and her cheerleading skirt
was hiked up over her cunt which smelled icky like mayonnaise.

She thought she might have seen a flash of a gas mask at the top of the shadow fucking her but
that was probably just a trick of the light.

Alice got really happy.
So happy that she thought she was going to rise up out of her body.
The cock got really happy too.
It made her warm and wet.
When it left, Alice felt empty.
Wetness was rushing out of her.

She pleaded for it to cum back.

“Rawr war blarg”.

Another funny gas smell.

Her head fell over onto her shoulder.

Her perfect breasts rivaled the size of the office cubicle.