

Speed Trap

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This is a scene in a side line story, answering the question, what would Jason have been like if he didn't bring his 'mommy' along? Thus more likely to have indulged his every fantasy.

This is a work of erotic fiction. This is not for minors or those offended by such literature.

On an interstate stretch of lonely highway there was a curious sight. Speeding down a straightaway section was a convertible car with its top down. No one was at the wheel, and there was a lone passenger sitting in the back seat unbelted and laying sideways with a bottle of whiskey in hand. Quite enjoying the cloudless day the apparently inebriated passenger was listening to the radio blaring loudly.

Presently his car sped past a highway marker sign that had a patrol car hidden behind it, and wouldn't you know that patrol car went after the convertible. Behind the wheel of the patrol car was Alicia Chambers. This is her first day doing patrol duty alone, and she was into the thrill of the chase. She got on the radio and reported the license plate and requested backup because of the odd sight she was witnessing. No one would believe her if she'd just mentioned to her squad mates the fact that this car seemed driverless. She had called in her location, and which way she was headed. After a somewhat longer than usual delay, the dispatcher replied, 10-4, but nothing else. Which was unusual as to the lack of detail in the reply, normally a call sign of another squad car would be relayed to her, and where she would expect to meet with it.

About five more miles of no response from the speeding vehicle was enough to get Alicia annoyed, when suddenly, it pulled off to the side of the road and stopped. Alicia pulled up behind it, and reported that she'll be out of her vehicle, again receiving only a terse 10-4 after a short delay. Odd, she

never heard this dispatcher's voice before but she was too excited to continue down that chain of thought. Her attention was focused on the man, sitting in the back seat, waving his arms as if to invite her over. This was odd indeed, since from here she still can't see a driver at the wheel. She checked to be sure she had everything that she'll need and got out of the squad car.

As she approached the convertible, the music was getting way too loud for her. She approached the vehicle, and without any motion or indication of adjustment of the radio's volume by the male passenger, it suddenly was turned down. Alicia got a little spooked about that but continued on stoically and then was presently standing behind the man's head, as he was facing towards the side of the road, opposite from her.

"Hello officer, what can I do ya for?" said the man who was not even bothering to turn towards her.

"Well for starters where's the driver?"

"You're looking at him."

"Yeah right", Alicia said in response. "Let's see your name and registration then, and no funny business."

"I ain't got any, don't need them as I can do any darn thing I want," the man said rather jovially.

"I may have to put you under arrest then. Step out of the car please."

"No, why don't you step around to the other side where I can see you instead."

"No, tha..." Alicia was about to argue the finer points of just who is in charge of the situation, when her legs moved of their own volition. She marched around the convertible. When she got to the other side she then turned sharply to face the man, and snapped to attention. It was as if she was on the police academy's parade grounds. Her mind she screaming in fright, that '*something is seriously wrong here*'. Her heart was thumping like a jackhammer, as she tried to wrestle her body to move. But instead her head and eyes just moved on their own to lock onto the face of the man she was supposedly arresting.

The man looked at her assessing every detail like she was merchandise. Then he said, "Alicia Chambers, twenty-six years old, and a new member of your clan of highway patrollers. Pity it's your first day out alone, and then you have to run into the likes of me. My name is Jason, and I have omnipotent powers like that of a god. No one else knows this, but I created this world, it's my playground. I won't go over the details of that with you though, as soon, you won't even care to remember. I am in control here, not you. I have the booze, the music, and now the girl; I'm going to enjoy myself immensely.

Alicia was in a state of sheer panic by now, as the man continued talking.

"Your life as you know it is coming to an end right now. Now I know you're in a state of panic at this moment, and I like to start with a demonstration of just how much control I have over you. For one,

I like to see the emotions play over your face while I fuck with you. But on the other hand, I don't want to give you control of your voice and have you pleading for mercy with me. To wit, I'll release my hold on you facial muscles, yet deny you your voice for now."

The effect of a guard standing at attention was in conflict with Alicia's look of absolute terror written on her face. It reminded Jason of a prisoner standing in front of a firing line. Jason wasn't amused for long by that so he said, "Oh come now, it won't be that bad, then again maybe it will, considering what I have in mind. I want you to be of two minds, like in the way a computer's hard drive is partitioned, I'm going to have the old you stored in the back. See, I like to change you mentally, but then I also want you to know just how much you've changed. Not much point changing a person if they don't know who they've been. Indeed, you'll be able to 'watch yourself' and your reactions from where you'll be seated in the back of your brain. We'll even start with a copy of your real self in the front partition, wouldn't that be nice. That way, you could feel and remember all the various ways I'll corrupt you every time. But the 'person' in front of your brain will be the one controlling your body. That is when I decide to give it control.

From that point on Alicia was feeling herself as if she was a duality. She was definitely beside herself within her own mind. Her 'other' self was just as scared of the proceedings, yet Alicia was somehow sure her 'other' self wasn't aware of her presence.

"Now that I've got you where I want you, I'll start with the outward appearances first. I'll start with the feet and work my way up. Since I don't want to move, just yet, be a dear and open the car door so that I can see more of your legs." Alicia's body complied automatically without any input from her. "That's so nice of you dear, thanks. Still too low for me to see your foot ware, but I can guess it's some sort of flat foot shoes. Let's raise your point of view shall we."

Alicia felt her feet being pushed up by her heels at first to a nearly vertical angle, but it didn't stop there. She felt the balls of her feet being pushed up as well for another five inches more. Then she felt the leather of her shoes start climbing up her legs under her troopers' pants till they felt like they stopped by her knees. Alicia was clearly terrified now at the monstrosity she's faced with and couldn't do a thing to escape her tormentor, and her tormentor knew it.

"Well I do want you to see my handy work after all, so you may look down at what I'm doing."

Alicia's head was unceremoniously shoved forward and her eyes forced to look down at her feet. At the moment she still had her full length troopers pants on, so all she could see was the fact that her feet appeared to be smaller. They were more vertical now in pointed toe of a platform boot, as all she could see peeking out from under her pants.

"Oh silly me, your ridiculously long pants is in the way, lets shorten those, shall we?"

Alicia's eyes grew wide as she saw for herself, how her troopers' pants retreated up her legs revealing the sexy platform leather boots which were laced all the way up the front. The boots being five inches at the balls of her feet to ten inches at the heels, they were definitely meant to be on a hooker or

exotic dancer, but not her. The pants continued on retreating upward revealing where the boots left off at the knees, then up to her crotch and high around the sides of her hips. It was so it was hard to tell whether they were really short shorts, or thongs. What was left tightened around her hips, which weren't much to speak of at the time.

"Tsk, Tsk, Tsk, you've never had great legs have you. I mean they're strong and sturdy, just good enough for your chosen profession, and that cellulite on those upper thighs. Nope, that won't do."

Alicia's legs grew longer and shapely and lost all traces of extra fat and cellulite, which showed off some nice lean muscle. Jason like the look of that so he had her body put on some more muscle along her calves and thighs. Then her hips flared out and her ass grew out to an apple shape, which her new thong/shorts grew along with to accommodate.

Alicia, both of her, was crying on the inside, since she wasn't able to get her body to respond in kind. Though the legs were nice by themselves, along with all the other effects on her person, she was feeling rather freakish, and knew that this was only the beginning. She still for instance, couldn't even raise her head as she was still forced to look all the way down her sexy legs. She noticed that all of the equipment on her belt was now much bigger than her thong like shorts, and by themselves were offering more coverage over her new assets. Indeed, Jason must've felt the same as he said, "Let's lose all that junk you're wearing, but keep the gun, can't have you looking like you're going to look without at least some protection." Like that everything except her holstered gun disappeared.

"Okay, so next comes the shirt, right now it looks ridiculously formal compared to the rest of your new uniform. All done up to your neck with a tie. Bet you even have a sturdy, business type bra on, well, we'll pop that bra off to start."

Alicia felt her bra disappear.

"Then we'll get rid of the tie and have no buttons till halfway down your chest. Shorten the shirt so we can see you belly button. Then shorten the sleeves to where they ought to be, up over the shoulders. Geesh, your body is just not helping any, you know that?"

Alicia had watched as her trooper's uniform shirt was reduced to a sexy remnant of its former self. But as Jason had mentioned something about her body, as she saw her breast expand and keep expanding till she couldn't see her new legs anymore. And still they kept inflating, until she couldn't see her sides or arms, what with her head stuck facing downward, unmovable. She had to go by feel now as she felt her torso morph inward to what felt like a wasp like waist. As her breasts stopped growing, she guessed at around sixty-five inches. Her head snapped back up again automatically.

"Ah, I see it in your face now, fear was the first, but now I see anger starting up. Bet you'd like to kick me in the balls right now, eh. Well, as much as I like to wipe that defiant look off of your face with some mental gymnastics, I'm not finished with the physical shit yet. I'd say for the rest of that, you'll need a full length mirror to appreciate the work of art you're becoming."

To the right of Alicia a mirror popped out of nowhere, and Alicia head and eyes was now forced to be glued on the mirror. She now saw more completely than before, the effects Jason had on her body. As she saw her new body for the first time both of her selves thought the same thing. *"He's turning me into a hooker."* Indeed more than that, but a body a porn star would die for was looking back at her from the mirror, except that is, for the arms and head. She knew what was to come next.

Jason said, "Let's leave the head for last, shall we? We'll go next with the arms. Raise the arms straight out now. Alicia's arms shot straight out from her body of their own volition, hanging at shoulder height. "Okay, give them a twisting shake along your arms axis." As Alicia's body complied her upper arms starting to wobble more than even she liked. Jason replied, "Just as I thought, we have the start with getting rid of what I call 'bingo wings'. Don't know why, but women always have that extra fat around the triceps. Her arms stopped their shaking as she saw for herself, how they developed some muscle in place of body fat. Then they grew longer and shapelier, her wrists took on a more slender profile, then finally, her fingers grew long and tapered. As a final touch her fingernails grew out from being short and neatly trimmed, to inch long French cut nails with red nail polish. "Ah, now they match quite nicely, don't you think?"

If Alicia could tell him what she thought about this bodily rape he's putting her through, she probably get him angry. Then again, he'd probably enjoy such an outburst in the fact that he would still control the situation and likely make her do something she didn't like at all. Besides, she still was forced to look at the mirror, as if he didn't care what she really thought.

"Now we're on to the final event, yes, the face and head. I tell you, I bet you already can hardly tell who you were anymore. Why such a lovely body, with what is now a comically business like head, hairstyle and total lack of slutty makeup. I like inconsistencies like that; I gotta tell you they turn me on. Almost make me want to stop right there and start on the slutification of you mind.

Alicia's face had only a neutral colour of lipstick on it for makeup. She had no blemishes on her face either so its surface was 'uncluttered', one might say. Her nose stood out though, with a large bridge that ended with a rather fat tip. She had rather bushy eyebrows and had no eyelashes to speak of either. Her eye color being a dull and dark shade of brown, under heavy lids and is spaced way too far apart. The cheek bones were also too prominent and widely spaced. In fact, given her chosen profession, she looked appropriately butch enough for her job. Her plain brown hair was cropped closely to her head and over the ears even, mostly hidden under a wide rimmed peaked trooper's hat.

"Hmmm, I'd like you up closer to me, but at the same time, I like you to get to look at yourself really closely in the mirror at the same time. Ahh, I know, instead of that large full length mirror, I'll have a magical two way hand mirror floating just two feet away from the front of your face." And so it was, as Alicia's head was then forced to snap forward towards Jason. All Jason could see was a black frame suspended in front of Alicia's face. From her point of view, she could plainly see her own face, but not beyond it. Then her body moved again into the car and straddling the form of Jason, who still hasn't bothered moving from his recumbent position in the back seat. Then her body leaned forward till her face was about four feet away from where Jason face was.

“Good, this kind of work requires a more closer inspection,” he said. Alicia can now see the fear and anger that was playing across her face. Noting that her ‘other’ half was still reacting the same way as she was. Her eyebrows were first shifting lengthening and slimming. Then her cheekbones lost their wide prominence, going up as well giving well defined high cheeks. Her wide set eyes grew closer together along with the cheeks, which in turn affected her large nose bridge, and fat nose tip as they slimmed to feminine perfection. Her chin then came out to a fine little point. In the end her face was a radiant perfection that had taken a nice shield like shape.

“Now we need some more color and highlights.” Her eyes received alluring red shadow that had brown highlights. Then her lashes grew long and full. Her lips had a deep shade of fire engine red applied to them with dark red lip liner around the outside. Her complexion then became perfect with an airbrushed quality, before a light shade of pink blush was applied. Finally her eye color was turned to a deep shade of green.”

“Man, that just makes me wanna smash your lips with mine. But we’re not really done yet.” Indeed so that Jason was only speaking to the ‘back of the brain’, Alicia, he thought out his next statement straight to her. *“Wonder what would be more mortifying to you. Having your body robotically fuck me now, or after I slutified your front side personality, getting ‘her’ to do so willingly with you watching.”* As he finished ‘thinking’ that out loud to her, her brown short cropped hair lengthened took on waves and became completely black. Then finally her trooper’s hat changed into a policeman’s cap.

“Let’s see, I think I’ll start with slutifying your mind next.” Both Alicia’s were terrified about that process, seeing what Jason had done so far. As he continued, “You were raised here in the mid-west in a mid-sized town. Unlike other kids with no parents to speak of that had gotten bored and rebelled. You had devoted parents, who taught you the values of right and wrong. With the proper discipline, you maintained good grades up through school and stayed out of trouble. High school came up and you managed to live a boring yet dedicated life scholastically. Avoiding the teenaged house parties that the bored yet somehow popular kids had, and proceeding into collage without a hiccup. You’ve took criminology and got a BA in law, before training in a police academy and returning to your home town of two hundred and fifty thousand people. Then working on the streets you find some of those former bored and rebellious teenagers that you’ve grown up with, had turned out to be prostitutes and/or druggies. Your reaction then was, ‘What would make people do things like that’? Despite your training in criminology, you’ve not learned any wisdom. You just look down your nose at them.”

“Well Alicia, I’m about to show you. Some people who’ve had it hard in their upbringing managed pretty well, just surviving and staying out of trouble. People from broken homes usually end up being the ‘working poor’. A rare few catches a break and make something of themselves. But the bigger majority just never had anyone around to teach them proper etiquette. Already put off by inattentive parents who’d otherwise abused them. They’re further put off by people making constant demands that they ‘behave’. They go to a library, and can’t seem to get the idea that a library is for reading, not for loitering and ‘chilling out’, for example. Eventually they find themselves on a ban list of practically every establishment in town. Civilization, it seems has frozen them out as well. So, they gravitate towards like minded people, who’re likely in a criminal mind set by the time they’re adults.”

“What ‘grinds my gears’ is people like you who are incapable of compassion for those who’re down and out. Sure, you’ve put in a great effort to be who you are now, but then you had great parents. Parents who’ve supported and encouraged you, you’re incapable of understanding the flip side of that coin. So, in your mind you ‘put them down’ to justify your attitude towards them. View them as lazy and deserving of their lot in life. Let me tell you Alicia, you’re not helping them as you’re a social snob. So, what say we rewrite the ‘software’ in your brain, and give you the alternate point of view.”

Jason’s next action was to think an aside out to the ‘back seat Alicia’. *“You would ask I suppose, how did I get to know you so well? Well, it’s easy for me, I managed to scope you out before I decided to get your attention. Suffice to say, you’ll get to actually see into your alternate’s mind just as clearly as I can see into your mind. See for yourself, as I adjust her memories that, by the end, instead of being horrified by what I’ve done to your body. She’ll appreciate it so much, she’ll gladly fuck me and follow me around like a lost puppy, supporting everything I do.”*

Alicia could feel Jason’s power grab hold of the ‘front seat Alicia’ and start re-writing everything she knew. Her parents were changed from upright hard working citizens to drug addicted felons. This version of Alicia was born after the fetus was exposed in the womb to repeated drug use. ‘Back seat’ Alicia can feel the ‘front seat’ Alicia’s intelligence drop dramatically. ‘Front seat’ Alicia now had attention deficit disorder through school, and was found by the authorities to be slightly retarded. Then there was the abuse from her father, and neglect from her mother. From that, ‘front seat’ Alicia became reclusive and distrusting. Her parents supported their drug habits by him selling drugs, and her mother prostituting herself, all within the home that was now a crack den. Molestation and rape followed by the time she had come of age. She ran away from home and dropped out of school, surviving by handouts, theft and prostitution in order to get her own drug fixes. She survived several attacks from other street rats, and verbal abuse by authorities such as security guards and police.

Indeed one of her last memories, was being insulted and lightly abused by an asshole of a female police officer she’s met with dozens of times before. She was sleeping off last night’s drug binge passed out in the doorway of a small business. When policewoman Chambers came by and kicked her lightly, telling her to “Get moving or get arrested for vagrancy, your choice”.

Back seat Alicia remembered doing just that to street walkers all the time. One in particular died three days later owing to poor health and exposure. This one person reminded her of the exact same instance this scene seems to stem from. But in this case, this person from her memories didn’t look like this drug addicted version of herself that she herself was now jabbing with the toe of her boot. She felt almost like she was seeing two realities at the same time, as her two alternate halves were now engaging one another. During the confrontation, an altercation nearly broke out, exactly as ‘back seat’ Alicia remembers it. Still, she found herself aghast at the sight of her drug addicted self. Pale, ashen complexion, skinny and with ‘track marks’ on her arms, her drug addict self was dressed in dirty clothes that haven’t been washed for a week.

Then it dawned on ‘back seat’ Alicia that this drug addict would be in control of her body once Jason releases his hold. This realization seemed to have alerted Jason to her thinking as he thought out

to her, *"This definitely was in your past, and I checked back along the time lines. It's that drug addict that died from exposure. In fact, just before her death, she was still really pissed off at you. At all police in general, but you in particular. It's her personality alright, but she'll share your soul now, as well as your body. I just need to write one final act before I set her loose."*

Jason continued her story after that fateful meeting, as the drug addicted 'front seat' Alicia was again half out of it on heroin sitting in a back alley behind a dumpster. While within the newly contrived memory/story, Jason had Alicia praying for some form of vengeance. Against all authority, or something more specifically against that 'bitch' cop that keeps harassing her. It was a cold night and it began to rain, but she was too sauced to care at this rate. She just kept nursing her hatred. Unnoticed by her she was slowly dying from exposure. Just as she was about to, Jason cut into the story.

Appearing to her out of nowhere he cleared Alicia's mind to crystal clarity and began to chat with her. "Hello Alicia, my name is Jason, and I'm an omnipotent and powerful person. I heard your plea's and have come to grant you your wish for vengeance."

"Oh yeah really, sure, and I'm a genie, HA. Bugger off you."

"Your body is dead. You've mistreated it and abused it in your life time. But in the spirit of vengeance I have a plan that I'm sure you will like very much."

"I said, 'BUG OFF', you crazy bastard, I ain't buying this bullshit from you."

"You don't believe me, look behind you and towards the ground."

The drug addict Alicia looked behind her and found her dead body lying there. She flew immediately into a fit. "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE..."

Jason applied his palm to the forehead of what is now the ghost of drug addicted Alicia and stopped her tirade immediately saying. "As I've told you, your current body is beyond help. But I have a plan for you, now listen and listen well. I can put your spirit in charge of your tormentor, with your tormentor forced into the 'back seat'. You are going to inhabit her body and be in control of it. A nice new twenty-six year old body, and you'll get to take her for a ride into whatever you like to do with a new body. So, you don't get annoyed by her sharing the same brain, you will only get to feel her emotions, not her thoughts. That way, whenever you get into whatever debauchery you like to do, you'll get to feel her anguish."

Jason continued, "Furthermore, you get to feel her anguish, when I change her body against her will to look like a top flight porn star. You've always wanted to have the 'easy life' just flirting for the cameras right? To top that all off, in a new body, you won't be addicted to drugs anymore. You can start new, as a porn star, or you can follow me around for awhile." He then released his hold on her.

"Y-you for real? A real magic man? You can do all of that?"

"Yes, I can 'Do all of that', so what do you say?"

“Hell yeah, I’ve been kicked around enough times, and I’ve had it with that bitch. Though with this chance I’ll try to stay off drugs, but otherwise I’ll drag her body into some great fucking action if I can, just to feel her scream, HAHAHAA!!!”

“That’s my girl”.

With that, ‘back seat’ Alicia felt the transformation of her alternate self whose now in control of her body, that was last left leaning over Jason during the facial change. ‘Back seat’ Alicia also noted that ‘front seat’ Alicia’s memories was changed to have her being in control of her body since Jason’s first order to ‘Alicia’ to come around the car for him to see her. That’s why he was complementing her compliance with his orders. Even though she wasn’t in control.

“Ummmm, thank you master, this body looks and feels divine. It is okay to call you that is it, ‘cause I don’t know your name. I’d call you master anyways, because this is the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me.”

This elicited a cringe from her ‘back seat’ persona which encouraged her even more to pursue this avenue of appeasing her new benefactor. As Jason replied, “Sure, call me that if you’ll like, but within earshot of the general public, just call me Jason. Now, since I’m your ‘master’, and you’ve got an agenda to pursue with that persona in the back of your head. Show me some of that loyalty by giving me a good fuck, right here, right now. Don’t worry, I can make it so that no one can see us, or the cars. Also, along with flavouring our juices, I can make your tits and cunt more sensitive by a factor of twenty-five and ten, respectively. You’ll get a big boost in sexual enjoyment that way. So what do you say?”

Alicia, while she was removing her gun belt, shirt and shorts asked, “Flavouring?”

“Yes, another spell I came up with that, makes kisses taste like candy apple, jism to taste like banana cream and tit milk to taste like vanilla.”

“Oh, you mean this bitch’s body can even lactate now?”

“Yeah, when sexually excited. Which leaves me with a request, I have a spell that I call, ‘Hotwire’, you want to ride that? What it does is threefold, and sure to make your counterpart very depressed while you would really get to enjoy yourself. See, it feeds into you and your new body, the orgasms that at least five people throughout the world that is currently having one, along with the tit fucking and caresses. Then it also feeds in the sexual thoughts, one after another in perfect clarity of at least five people who are thinking about sex at the time. Then the last component wires that mental simulation in mnemonic/sympathetic fashion into your tits, labia, and clitoris, thus the name ‘hotwire’.

“Sounds perfectly corrupting, anything you want baby. As long as you take care of me I’ll stay by your side. It’s not every day one gets to ride shotgun with a magic man. As long as I’m with you, I’m sure she’ll feel downright miserable.”

Indeed, as they started the fuck session, the hotwire, turned up the heat on front seat Alicia, while leaving back seat Alicia with the increased sexual sensations. Front seat Alicia was indeed being

encouraged and corrupted by the hotwire spell, as the backseat Alicia, despite her despair, had no choice but to ride along. Crying to herself, "This unngg, is unnggg, not unnnnggg, fairrrrrr ahhhh," as multiple orgasms slammed repeatedly into her and the other's minds. "I uunngg, want uunngg, my unnnnggg, body uunngg, backkkkk."

But the front side Alicia was too far gone enjoying herself and her multiple orgasms to even care, what feelings she was getting from her alternate self. She was pumping Jason's one foot long shaft with complete abandon, revelling in the in the pure corruption of her AND her nemesis. It was at that point that her boobs started spouting milk. Even in her own orgasmic haze, back seat Alicia was beside herself, feeling her new bigger, more sensitive breast's expressing milk. She felt she was being completely used against her will and there was nothing she could do about it. She was a police officer, dammit, and someone else was molesting her own body voluntarily.

Jason could sense her, and that of the enjoyment of the Alicia that he had put in charge. The two differing points of view was an incongruency that turned him on. All in the same woman, the virtuous verses the corrupt. He didn't think he needed to much persuasion to have her come along with him for awhile.

Wonder what her virtuous side would feel like when I visit a nunnery...

Fini...