

Escaping the Facility

(TG Gender Transformation Erotica)

By Nikki L. Falcon

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**This book is dedicated to the many TG caption creators out there
making captions and supporting the community.**

Final Notes from the Author

Thank you very much for downloading my book. I really want to be an amazing writer and give my readers an unforgettable, exciting experience as they dive into my stories. If you enjoyed my book, it would be greatly appreciated if you left a review so others can enjoy it too. Your review will also help me see what is and isn't working so my next story can become even better for you and all my readers. You may also contact me anytime by messaging me on Deviant Art. Link is below.

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Themes in this book include: gender transformation / TG / gender bender, transgender changes / gender swap, body morphing, body merging, and sexy body possession.

Check me out at...

- My Amazon Page: [**Nikki L. Falcon**](#)
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After committing a few minor crimes, I was sentenced to thirty years in the Erickson Penitentiary right outside of Miami, Florida. Let's just say I wasn't happy about going there. I lived a good life, I just made a few mistakes. Maybe a few too many.

They locked me up and I swear, they probably threw away the keys. By the time I leave here, I'll be a crippled, old man. I still can't believe I did what I did. Maybe my crimes weren't so minor, but it certainly felt that way. I got busted for selling drugs, starting a prostitution ring, and for being a little too violent at times. Nothing big.

Either way, it didn't matter what I did in the past. I was here now. In this lonely, dark, boring jail cell. Just me alone. No cell mate to bunk with.

I had very little to do since they locked me in here. It'd be a few more hours until lunch. I started doing sit-ups and push-ups and thinking about my life in general. I felt hopeless in here. There wasn't much for me to do.

I wanted some way out of here. Any way possible. I just didn't know how. This is one of the most secure penitentiaries in the world. Guards everywhere. Many of the bars are reinforced with steel. The cement is strong and they move inmates around all the time so we don't get too comfortable. There's no way out of here.

Days passed. Those days turned to weeks. Weeks into months. I felt like I was going crazy in this place I was in. There was little for me to do. The other inmates were just as much in a daze as I was. However, word finally got to me that there was one way to leave here. It wasn't going to be easy, but it would be possible.

I was later brought to the warden's office. He was a large, fat man with a balding head. He smoked his cigar as he talked to me in his rather hot, humid office. Two security guards were on both sides of me.

"So... you want to leave, Roland?" He said looking up at me with papers in his hand.

"Yes, sir, I would." I told him straight.

He looked at me for a good long while. Really inspecting me.

"Well... you can't just walk out of here. You have to serve your time. But, there is one way, actually."

I needed to find out what it was. I'd do anything. There had to be some way.

"Anything, please. I'm going crazy staying in here." I told him

He licked his lips and looked down at the ground, trying to avoid eye contact. He was withholding something from me, but he didn't say what. I was curious, but still, I ignored it.

“Well... the Valencia Medical Research Facility is... um, looking for volunteers.”

“I’ll take it!” I shouted, nearly getting out of my seat. The other security guards looked anxious. I think I was getting a little bit too jumpy.

“It’s not something you want. Let me tell you. Sometimes, their work can get very dangerous.”

“No, no. I want it. I want it and I’ll do it.”

He nodded solemnly.

“Very well, then. If you take part in some of their experiments, the State of Florida will cut your sentence in half.”

He pulled out some forms from his desk and handed them to me. They were very thick and it took a lot of work to sign them all. Once he had them, he double-checked them one more time, and then he nodded his head.

“Alright, you check out. Tomorrow morning, you’ll be brought there. Try to get a good night’s rest. You’ll need it.”

I was then escorted out of the office by the guards. I gave one last look to the warden. He could tell I was happy, but there was a look in his eye that said that where I was going was not going to be all peaches and rainbows.

I didn't care though. I wanted out of this prison. Any way possible, but I wanted to get out of here. It felt so important. I didn't even know what I'd do when I got out, but I just wanted it. It was like this red hot, raging fire burning in my heart. I couldn't forget it. Couldn't escape it. All I wanted was freedom. Unlucky for me, I was about to get it.

The next morning ran around. I couldn't get much sleep that night. I was so anxious and excited. This would cut my sentence down to nothing. I wondered if I could sign up for multiple tests, maybe my sentence would be done by the end of the next few months. It was certainly something to look forward to.

I was brought onto a gray prison bus and then they drove me out to the Valencia Facility. It was bigger than I imagined.

It was a large, colorful facility. Beautiful colors of red, yellow, and blue glimmered off the walls. I looked around. Today felt somewhat good. There was a large, bright blue sky with not a cloud in the sky. I saw a lot of cars in the parking lot. People were coming and going. There was a large, big-wheeler truck backing into a loading dock. We pulled around to the main entrance. I was the only inmate on the bus. Just me and two other guards. I could tell they looked rather sleepy. Definitely didn't have their morning coffee.

They slumped their way over to my seat and unhooked my chains from the side of the bus. Then, they personally escorted me off the bus. I was glad to have gotten off that rickety, old piece of crap. The air conditioner didn't even reach me and it squeaked all the way here.

The sun was beating down hard on me. Some sweat rolled down my forehead and down the side of my face. Expected out of one of the hotter days of spring here.

“Alright, let's go.” The guard said plainly.

I admit, for the past few months, my violent angry tendencies have been reduced. I guess you could say I was on good behavior. But when you're driven mad by the boring day-to-day routine of the prison. I still had a lot of anger bottled up in me. I felt the rage. I knew I could be thrown off the hammer at any moment. I had that problem. But at the prison, they taught me to keep my anger straight through breathing. So, that's what I've been doing lately.

We walked into the facility through the main entrance. The place was well decorated. The carpeting was near pristine and it all looked so beautiful. I walked to the main desk escorted by the two guards. The secretary looked at me and smiled.

“Welcome to the labs, Roland. We aim only to improve humanity. We’re so proud to have you here. Come, let me show you to the Director. He will give you a better tour of the place.”

And so I was led down the hall and to the Director’s office. The secretary stood next to me as the director then greeted me. The Director was a tall thin man with lots of gray hair. His teeth were a little yellow. Likely due to all that coffee he was drinking, which, by the way, he had a large cup of coffee he was drinking down. He seemed kind of frail and weak. I was intrigued to know more about this man.

“Hello.” He greeted me as he shook my hand. “I’m the Director of the Labs here. I see you’ve volunteered to do this state a great service. We thank you for your support.”

I looked at the secretary and I was impressed by her. Now that I had some time to check her out fully. She had long, beautiful legs and was wearing an office lady type of getup. She was thin, but had nice breasts. Her long, curly brunette hair flowed down her back. She looked young. I’d say only about 20 or 21. No doubt hired for her beauty rather than her brains.

“So, what kind of things will I be doing?” I asked curiously.

The warden clued me in that this kind of experiment wouldn't be easy. I knew that much at least. I had to find out though. There's no way this was just a simple experiment. There had to be more to it than that.

“Well... it's tough to explain. Let's get the doctors around and then we'll talk about it. First, we'll need to do some blood work, physical tests, and other various things. Follow me and we'll get started. You are, in fact, the first person to volunteer for this. We're so happy to have a human test subject. Things are going to go along well, I can assure you. Nothing bad will happen.”

He led me out of the room and down the hall and to an elevator. The secretary wished us well and went back to her desk. We headed to sublevel 10. I was amazed this thing went down so low. As we rode on the elevator he spoke more to me.

“Mainly, this Lab here is quite small compared to others around the world. You know, the Koreans have a far bigger one than this. Nearly a mile long. Facilities and departments up the wazoo. Truly spectacular to see what they're doing. We're just a small place. Not much. Very simple. The other floors are very empty. They house storage and generators. Various other things. It's the very bottom where the tests are run. The upper floors that go up a few more floors are all administrative offices. Our

Board of Directors loves to hang out up on the upper 12th floor.” He said to me.

The elevator went lower and lower. I could feel the pressure in my ears start to shift. A strange tinge of fear shot through my stomach. I could myself twisting inside. I knew something was wrong, but I didn't know what. There was something strange about this place. They weren't telling e anything. I doubt the doctors would tell us much more too.

The elevator came to a stop and I heard the ding.

“Well... here we are.” The director said.

The doors opened up and I saw white everywhere. It was a beautiful, pristine lab. I saw many different doctors and nurses of various ages all around the labs. There were many servers and large computers everywhere. The doctors and nurses would occasionally glance over to me and whisper things.

The Director looked at me and smiled.

“So, what do you think, huh?” He asked. He looked impressed with the place. His pride and joy.

“It's good.” I replied, still looking around.

He could tell I liked the labs here. It was rather impressive.

He led me down to one of the operating rooms. Over the next few hours, various nurses came in and took hair, blood, skin, and other tests on me. Checking just about everything. Strange, they still have yet to tell me about the procedure. Guess they don't care too much about me. I am just an inmate after all. Treating me like shit. My gut twisted. I could feel myself getting upset over this.

I don't like it when I'm left out of the loop. I want information. I want to know what's going on. I'm not just a thing. I'm a person. They take away the information, the knowledge, and they withhold it, it honestly feels like they're taking the power right from me. I want to know at least something. I demand it. I want to be in control. Fuck. I'd better remember my breathing or I'm likely to knock someone's lights out soon.

I concentrated on my breathing. I tried a little five minute meditation. Didn't help. Still, after some time, the doctors came in. There were three of them. One was rather old, the other two were middle aged and clearly looked Indian. They spoke to me, albeit hesitantly.

“Well, the procedure will be... interesting. You're the first person I know to have taken this. In fact, I'm amazed you even wanted it at all. It's quite interesting.” The older doctor said to me in a raspy voice.

“My name is Dr. Ganesh.” The taller, Indian man said to me. “The older man here is Dr. Wilkinson. And my younger colleague here, from the best school in New Delhi, is Dr. Rajiit. We’ll be in charge of your procedure.”

He pulled out a large amount of papers from his binder. Started sorting through them.

“Well, you’re going to be our first, actually. It’s the DNA splicing procedure that if successful, will allow people to recover from cuts, bruises, and other smaller damages 100% faster than normal human rate. We have a special chemical compound that should mix well with a person’s DNA. It’ll essentially make their bodies work over drive and help people to recover from minor injuries faster. If it works well, maybe even serious injuries too like people who got injured in car accidents and things, will be cured in no time at all. This’ll really change lives, so we’re so happy you’re a part of this exciting marvel of the modern world.”

It sounded fantastic. But I needed more than just a few wonderful ideas to make me jump on board here. What were the risks? Was I going to die or something. I might be getting older, but I’m still a strong man who wants to live his life.

“What are the risks?” I asked.

“To put it simply, you could go into cardiac arrest and die. In fact, there’s even more than that. But basically, you’ll die. There’s no other way around it. Either you live or you die. If you live, we have succeeded and you’ll see our face in TIME magazine very soon. If we fail... we’ll hold a nice funeral for you.”

Fuckers! How dare they do this to me! They just want me to die. They knew this test would be a damned joke. Just use a bunch of us ‘stupid’ inmates and make us do tests. If we die, who cares, they’re criminals. If we live, I won’t get anything but a pat on the back.

“What’s the chance of survival?” I asked curiously.

“Less than... 1%”. The older man said.

I knew it. They just want me to die. I might want to get the fuck out of prison, but there’s no way I’m going to die. Not me. Not this way. I had it all before I arrived in that damned prison. All. And now I’m fucked.

I thought about my life. Sure, I made mistakes. Hung out with the wrong crowd, but sooner or later, I started to rule. I had a big trade going, money flowing in, and the best cars... all of it. It was all mine. Then one rat. Just one rat! Ratted me out and I got fucked over. My life might be hit hard. I might not be the best person in the world – the pride of the

community, but I am a great man. I have plans for my life when I'm out of prison.

It sunk in now that I was in prison. Not only was I in prison, but I was essentially about to be executed for crimes that aren't even that bad. I never killed no one. I might've beat a few into the hospital, but that's about it. God damn it. No way was I going to die in here. No fucking way. I was going to make it out of here alive or dead, I knew that much. With the guards passively chatting behind e, half-asleep this would be the perfect time to get the hell out of here. I'd muscle my way out. Escape out the front door. They'd never catch me. This would be too easy.

"No way. I don't accept. Fuck this! I'm so out! I want out of here. No way I'm going to die here!" I started getting into a rage. I could feel the fire flowing through my veins. My heart pounding intensely. Sweat dripping down my forehead. I started breathing heavier. I could feel myself going crazy. I felt like a mad dog. I wanted to escape my chains. Break free. My head was pounding. It hurt. Everything. I felt both weak and strong at the same time.

I pushed the one doctor out of the way and then moved straight for the door. The two guard then ran at me with their nightsticks drawn.

"Stop him!" One of them yelled.

No use. With my massive strength, I picked him up by the throat and threw him on the ground. I stood over him like a mountain gorilla ready to do whatever it took to survive.

“No way I’m going to die. No way. No way.” I kept repeating out loud.

My nostrils flared out, my veins bulged. I was getting of here, no matter the cost.

“He’s running for the elevator!” One of them shouted

So much for volunteer experimentation. I doubt these guys would just let me walk out of here freely.

A few of their own security guards came through the fire escape stairwell. They wore white and blue and had black hats on, each carrying a stun baton. One hit with those and an ordinary person would just go straight to the floor. Not me.

They ran at me and began hitting me with their stun batons. It shocked like hell. The pulsing electricity flowing through my muscles, each hit made my muscles tense up and I grunted in pain.

I swatted them away, pushing them off me, but there were at least a half dozen of these guys here. I struggled and fought and did everything I could, but I just couldn’t get them away. Eventually, my legs began to sway

and my knees buckled under the shocks from their weapons. I fell to the ground. They shocked me a few more times and then one of them jabbed a needle right into my chest. It was a large needle and in went some kind of tan liquid. I tried to get up and resist, but my body was so dead. I couldn't move, I felt weak and tired. I'm guessing the needle was there to sedate me. Soon, I felt more and more sleepy and I just fell right to sleep.

Fuck, how could I fail like this? I thought I was unbeatable. No man can overpower me like this. Now I'm so dead. I doubt heaven will accept me now after what I've done. I'm going to have to enjoy this pain because I won't be alive much longer. After that, everything goes black.

The next thing I know, I'm waking up. Every part of my body hurts. My legs, arms, chest, neck, everything. This is horrible. They got the best of me. I hate them. I hate everything. Groggy, but still strong enough, I get up off the bed. Apparently, I was sleeping on some kind of operating table. The bed was certainly not comfortable. I had a bunch of wires and monitors on my chest and arms. Near me were computers that seemed to monitor just about everything.

I sat up on my bed. My eyes felt heavy. I must've been asleep for a long time. I couldn't see any clocks from where I was. I was definitely in some kind of operating room. I was surrounded by glass walls. There was

one door. Glass with a little steel handle. Outside my cell was a bunch of chairs circling all around me. This wasn't a normal hospital operating room. People were watching me as I was operated on.

I don't know if they even operated on me yet, to be honest. I just know that I'm here and my whole body hurts. I removed the various plugs and wire off my body. There was one needle stuck in my arm and I took it out. Whatever was in the IV bag was empty anyways. I tried getting onto my feet, but I had trouble standing. I had to grip the bed hard to stabilize myself. I held on and used every bit of my strength to keep myself up. With effort, I managed to stand back up properly again. I made my way towards the door.

I noticed I was in a green garb. The kind of things patients wear at hospitals. I had both pants and a shirt on. I also had these little yellow socks on. The bottoms of them had little rubber bits on them which helped me to walk. It wasn't easy, but I made my way to the door. I jiggled the handle, but it was locked up tight. There was no way to open it. It seemed like it was locked from the outside. A key lock. There's no way I could open it. Fuck. I was stuck in here.

I wasn't going to give up yet. I couldn't. There was no way I was going to let that happen. I started banging on the glass. Over and over.

Nobody was coming so I started screaming. I needed someone to hear me. Anyone. Please. There had to be someone. I wasn't going to let this happen to me.

“Help! Anyone! I need help!” I banged on the glass. Over and over. Harder and harder. There had to be someone.

Then, I heard something. It was faint, but it sounded like.... A door? Footsteps. When I looked over, I saw a door opening up. It was a woman. A young woman in her twenties. She ran over to me. She looked like a nurse. She had long, blonde hair, a nice pair of breasts, long legs, and a beautiful thin figure. She was hot.

“Please.” She said to me. “You have to keep quiet. The doctor will be with you shortly.”

I didn't stop banging. I kept going. This time, louder and harder. I wanted to get out. I needed to get out. There had to be some way.

“Stop it! Stop now! You'll hurt yourself. Get back to bed.”

“Fuck you!” I yelled at her. “Let me out!”

Hesitantly she ran around the side to the door. Alright, I'm coming in. You need to get back to your bed.” She said to me.

She seemed worried. Like I was going to hurt her. Thing is... she was probably right. Once she opened that door, I was going to push it open, out

of her way, and then get the fuck out of here. Right past her. No doubt about that. I wanted out. There had to be some way.

“I’m coming in. Step back.”

She pulled out a key from her lanyard which was around her neck. The key was dangling in between her breasts. She opened the door and tried to grab me. She tried to usher me back into my bed. All of a sudden, I felt all weird. It was strange. I had this weird tingly feeling washing over my body. She put her hand on me in an effort to usher me back onto the bed. I took her hand in my hand. I was trying to get her off me. I didn’t want her touching me. But when I took my bare hand and touched her, the tingly feeling significantly intensified.

My heart started to beat really fast. It almost hurt. Then, I noticed my body was slowly moving towards hers. No, it wasn’t moving, it was entering her. It was as I was not even there. I was lifted off my feet and moving right towards her. The tingly feeling intensified and I also felt really warm. The more I entered her, the warmer it felt.

“Holy fuck! What’s happening?” I said worried.

“Oh god! What’s going on? What’s...?” She said before she suddenly went quiet and my whole body then entered hers.

When the last of my body entered her, it felt different. The tingly feeling started to slowly fade and so did the warm feeling. When I gained consciousness and opened my eyes, I noticed that I could see again. Except this time, I was standing where the girl was. What happened?

I turned around and in the glass walls, I could see a reflection of myself. But I wasn't myself. Instead, I was her. Or, kind of.

I realized I kind of looked like her and in some ways, I kind of didn't. It was like a combo between myself and her. I was now a girl, but I had bright blonde hair. My breasts were bigger and I had wider hips. I also grew a few inches in height. My lips were more puffed out and my tummy was more toned. Even my arms were more muscular. I had become a sexier version of her. I couldn't believe I was saying this, but literally the two of us merged together. It was so interesting. I couldn't believe it.

I spoke out loud to myself.

"What the fuck happened?" I was surprised. Even my voice was different now. I sounded like her. I was now wearing the same clothes she had earlier – her nurse uniform. Of course, since my hips and breasts grew out a bit and so did my height the clothes felt a little bit tight in certain spots. It was rather interesting. I looked hot as fuck.

I took one hand and felt up my big, heavy, warm breasts. My boobs were so sexy and amazing. I was amazed at how great I looked. Then, I saw the door. I'd have plenty of time to enjoy my sexy new self when I'm out of this god damned facility. I needed to leave and fast.

The door was unlocked now. I got out of the operating room and went down the hall. There, I could see the elevator. It was not far from where I met the other scientists before I tried to get out of there. This time, I was going to be home free. I started walking towards the elevator. As I went there, I saw a few scientists by the sides. Most of them weren't here. I passed by a clock. No wonder. It was 1 in the morning. They all must've gone home.

One of the scientists saw me and walked over to me.

"Hey Samantha!" I tried to ignore him.

"Samantha, wait up." He said again.

I stopped for him. Hope to God this works. I'd better put on my best 'Samantha' impression. Whatever that's like.

"Hi." I said plainly in my new, cute, sing-song voice.

He stopped short, eyes wide.

"Samantha? You look different."

"Um.... How so?" I asked

He scanned my body up and down. Checking out my more enhanced cleavage and wider hips. If I saw a girl this hot walking around, fuck yes, I'd check her out.

“Um, nothing. Nothing.” He said.

What a wimp. If you like a girl, you should just say it. Fucking pussy little bitch.

I stood there waiting for him to say anything else out of his dumb, nerdy mouth. I think my impatience might've come out a bit too early.

“Fuck you want, bitch?” I told him

He was a bit taken aback by it all, but then he started talking to me again.

“Well, um, uh.... How's the patient. He was making noise earlier.”

“Sleeping now.”

“Good. Good. And, um, how are you? Did he hurt you?”

“Shit no. He's an angel. Anything else?”

“Well, you're free to go home now, by the way. It's past your work time. Thanks for watching him. But, um, if you're free maybe, um... this weekend, we could, um... catch a movie or something, y'know?” He asked nervously.

“If I’m going to be fucked, I want to be fucked well. Not by some pencil-necked piece of shit.” I told him angrily.

His eyes went wide and he just watched as I walked off to the elevator and rode it up. Maybe I’m not the most polite guy out there, but who the fuck cares.

I reached the ground floor. I couldn’t believe it, but I did it. I successfully did it. It was amazing! I walked out the front door like it was fucking nothing. Nobody knew a damn thing. Holy fucking shit. I looked down at myself. My girly hands, my big cleavage. I did it. Everything. I managed to get the fuck out of the facility. Impossible. All due to this? I didn’t even know where or what happened? I just touched her and then... we... merged or some shit. What the fuck.

I looked at her badge. It was on a lanyard around her neck. On her badge had a parking lot number on it. I walked over to her number in the employee parking lot up ahead. And there, I found it. The best car I’ve ever seen. A corvette. She owned a fucking corvette. Fuck. This chick was getting better and better. In her pocket was the car key and when I got in, fuck, this thing was a piece of beauty. She even had her purse in there too with all her belongings and money.

I rummaged through her wallet. This chick had loads of credit and debit cards. When I looked at them, really looked at them, weird images and thoughts came through my head. Almost like memories. It took me a second to realize it, but actually I was gaining her memories. I knew about the cards. |I knew the PIN numbers for these cards. My god. I was her. I had everything at her disposal. And, I was super hot too.

I thought about where she lived. It took me a few minutes, but I soon figured out where exactly she lived.

As I drove down the road to her house, I couldn't help but notice how beautiful I looked in the mirror. This body, plus combined with my own, was absolutely incredible. I was not only a 10, but an absolute 11. It was incredible. I could feel my power flowing through me. It coursed through me like electricity. It was faint, but it energized me. Filled me with energy. I could feel my strong, new muscles bulging out of my female form. My beautiful, long flowing hair. Long and blonde, just the way I liked it. I felt powerful and in control. It was incredible. What was interesting was I even had make-up and everything already on so I looked even better. I gained all of her abilities too. She could walk in high heels and even put on make-up. Now, so could I.

I soon got to her home. She lived alone in a nice, large home. It was cleaned by a few maids. She got it originally from her family. I was surprised this woman had so much money. She had several large TVs, beautiful furniture, and just about everything one could want. I headed up to her bedroom and now, at her place, I finally had some alone time.

I sat down on y bed and began to explore my sexy, beautiful body.

“God, this bitch is so sexy.” I said to myself as I began to feel myself up.

I had these large, beautiful, warm breasts on my chest. I slowly took off my clothes, admiring my sexy new self in the mirror. I looked drop dead gorgeous. I ran my hand down from the top of my shoulders down to my thin waist and my nice, wide hips. I then brought my hand up to my breasts. They were large and soft. I felt the weight of them in my hands. Then, I brought my light, delicate finger up to my nipple. It was hard like rubber. Soft and gentle. When I touched it with my finger, it felt great. A shock of pleasure ran through my body turning me on. I then pinched it with my thumb and index finger, rolling it around in my fingers. I let out a soft moan of pleasure. God, this all felt so good. I started making little circles with my delicate, pink nipples in my hand. The pleasure was light,

but strong. It felt so good. I never experienced pleasure from there before. It felt like something I've never felt before.

I then slowly let it my self go down towards my tight, toned tummy and towards my crotch. My panties were getting wet in anticipation.

I brought my hand into my nice warm slit. I could feel the sticky, wet liquids coming out of my pussy. I brought my finger gently deeper and deeper into my pussy. I tweaked and played with myself. I was so wet and inside. My eyes went almost half-closed as I felt the amazing, warm, sensuous, pulsing pleasure from massaging every gently inch of my pussy.

“Fuck this feels so good.” I said to myself.

I bit down on my lower lip and started fingering my pussy harder and harder. My breathing intensified. I felt so good.

I could feel my self getting warmer and warmer, more and more turned on. God, it felt so good. The pleasure was so much better than a man. It was intense and felt good.

Every bump and smooth piece of my pussy, I kept massaging and playing with. The liquids were dripping everywhere, all over my bed and on my hand.

Then a strange thought ran through my mind.

“Holy shit. This bitch has toys.”

I remembered she had a dildo under her bed. When I looked underneath, sure enough, there it was. This giant, white rubber dick. It was as big as my fist. I've never used one of these before. I looked around for the on switch. I soon found it on the underside of the dick. I flicked it on and it buzzed on a low setting in my hand.

“Oooh, this bitch is kinky.” I thought to myself.

There was also some lube in a nearby dresser drawer by the bed. I rubbed it gently onto the tip of the dick and onto my pussy. This was a warm, lubricating jelly that made my pussy even warmer and turned on as I rubbed it along the outer and inner lips of my pussy.

I then slowly brought it into my pussy.

The tingly feeling was so intense. It felt like my whole body was vibrating. It felt really strange. But the dildo was so big that it stretched out my pussy tremendously. It was so tight that even though I was able to fit it in, it was really tight and it kinda hurt. Soon, I stretched out a bit to accommodate its massive size. I put it in and out, in and out. My whole body felt like it was going crazy from the pleasure. My eyes nearly rolled into the back of my head. I felt like a crazy nympho slut like this. It was so intense. It tingled and stimulated my clit so well. I nearly died from it all.

Eventually, I could feel the pleasure growing and growing. I started rubbing it harder and harder into and out of my pussy. My legs were stretched apart. My body was vibrating.

“Oh shit. It feels so good. Fuck” I said as I was so enraptured by the pleasure. It felt so intense. I kept going in and out, in and out. Harder and harder more and more. It felt so good. The pressure was growing. I knew I couldn't hold it any longer. I didn't know I could cum this soon, but it was too much for me. Fuck.

And then, I felt a huge wave of pleasure wash over my body. It was so intense, it felt like my mind was melting and turning into complete mush. I felt so good. My pussy shot out a load of sticky cum all over my legs and onto the dildo. Much of it spread onto the bed where I was laying. It was warm and was everywhere. It felt so good. I never felt something this great before in my life.

I laid there on my bed as the pleasure washed in and out of my like waves on the ocean. I felt so tired and drained. I didn't even want to get up. I just wanted to lay there and enjoy this wonderful feeling. It was so intense.

I nearly took a little nap right then and there and rested. I think the hormones from my male mind and my female body were mixing together.

It was driving me absolutely insane. I never knew sex could feel this good. I thought about the day. It was quite crazy. All the things that went on. So today, I got out of prison, went to the facility, and now, one thing leads to another and now... I don't know. I basically merged with this hot bitch right here. It was crazy. I couldn't understand it. It was too much. But perhaps, a part of me wanted to know more about it. More about my power. Maybe there's more to it than just this. Maybe I can take over other people. How many people can I merge with? What would it be like? How would it feel? I can only imagine the intense amount of pleasure and new lives I could undertake. Finally, I'd have my power back again.

I turned on the TV while laying on the bed. Turns out, the news got a hold of me. Even though it was late at night, the 24 hour news never sleeps. It was being covered through the TV. Turns out, they know that I escaped. They didn't know about this girl though. They didn't even mention her. I guess they assume I slipped out somehow. No doubt, they saw me with some kind of security camera and are totally on to me right now. They just aren't going to tell the media about me yet. That'd be dumb. No need to tell the public that there's a criminal out there who can possess and merge with other people's bodies. Hell, I'm surprised they

even told people that I was out there. A criminal on the loose. That'd cause all kinds of trouble.

After watching some more of the news, I eventually passed out right there on the bed. The day was that exhausting that I had to hit the bed sooner or later.

I woke up about six or seven hours later. It was about 11 am. Shaking myself awake, my head hurt. I felt all weird. I got up and head out to the bathroom. Yesterday all felt like a dream to me. I was sleepy, I didn't really look where I was going. I finally got to the bathroom and saw the bathroom mirror. Sure enough, I wasn't dreaming. I was still the woman. My breasts were hanging right out and were quite bare for the world to see. I liked it like that. My hips were wide. My face was cute. God, I was one sexy chick, I knew that.

I took a shower and got ready for my day. Today was a Saturday and wanted to go wherever I wanted to go. I took my shower and let the warm water drip down my back and chest. I loved it when the warm water ran right down my nipples, slightly tingling them and turning me on. It felt really good. I made me start to play with myself some more after that, actually. I even brought my hand down to my pussy as the warm water entered down and stimulated my pussy. It felt so good. God, I turned into

a complete little slut ever since I became a girl. I'm surprised girls don't just give in and masturbate all day long. It just feels so good. How could they resist the incredible pleasures of a woman?

After getting out of the shower, I looked at myself one last time in the fogged up mirror. I thought about my last hit before I landed in jail. It was fucking Leo. Little Leo was my second-in-command in my gang. He and I did everything together. He was a big help. Yet, right at the end, he fucking betrayed me. Fucking asshole. He sold me out to the cops and in exchange, the cops would let him get away scot-free. Fuck. I was so close to everything. In fact, no, I had everything. I was a dammed king. I lived like one too. And that fucker betrayed me. He's probably running the place right now. Right now as I speak, making tons of money, reaping the rewards, riding on the backs of those beneath him and those he destroyed.

Fuck that guy.

I decided to get right back at him. He always hung around the strip club. His favorite girl was a girl named Candy. In fact, Candy and I used to date a while back. She was stupid, but damn did she have one hot body. We were together for a while.... Until I cheated on her and she broke up with me. Probably Leo was jealous of my little relationship with her. If I

was going to hit him right where it hurt, I was going to hit him straight in the balls then get him good. I hatched the perfect plan.

I don't know how I'd do it again, but I was going to merge my body with Candy's and then I was going to go to him, let him have a little taste of her sexy body, then kill hi. It was going to be perfect. I'd have my revenge. I can't wait to see his stupid reaction when I get him good.

I looked through what she had and decided to wear something nice. I chose a tight, pink polo shirt that showed off my big breast. It was a big small and so you could get a good look at my midriff. Then I chose some very tight blue jeans that let people see y amazing legs. Pair it with equally sexy high heels and my god, I'm drop dead gorgeous. I loved my tight, strong abs. People could see them well with the look I sported. Plus my arms were nice and toned and I'm sure that made me look even better.

I took the corvette out to go meet her. She lived in a crappy apartment downtown. There was little parking because there were so many buildings and just no spots. Plus, with corvette like this, even I don't want to park this thing in the middle of the street. I eventually found a spot and walked out. As I walked down the street, a few local hoodlums were hollering out to me. Catcalling me.

“What up there, sugar plum.” Said one of them.

“Woo! What a hot thing we have here.” Another one said to me.

They were sitting on the sidewalk just watching as I went by. I kinda liked it, honestly. It made me feel sexier. I liked knowing I was sexy and desired by them. It made me feel good. I was happy to hear this from them.

One of them tried to get a little brave and he walked over to me.

“Where you going, sugar plum.” One of them said to me.

Great. This guy thinks he can pick me up. I’d love to see him try. He was a thin black guy with a shaved head, baggy jeans, and a large black shirt. No doubt he was around 20 or so. Thinking he was so cool approaching a girl like me.

“Fuck off, you piece of shit.” I told him and slammed my fist into his stomach. I knocked the wind straight out of him.

He gripped his chest and went down to the pavement. The other guys hollered and laughed at the poor guy who just went down with such a weak little hit. Even I smirked at him. Last time a little shit like that thinks he can get e. I’m not that easy. Fucking loser.

I kept walking. This time, I sauntered even more, really showing off my tight butt and nice tits. God I was one hot, sexy bitch!

I headed up to her apartment. She lived on the 4th floor, the top floor, and had an apartment off to the side. It was small, but still cozy enough for the poor girl. She had no idea what was coming to her.

I rang the doorbell.

Ding-dong.

It took a few seconds, but soon she came and answered the door.

She was shocked to see a woman there.

Candy was a young 20 year old girl with long brunette hair, medium sized breasts, and nice hips. She might not be as sexy as the girl I am now, but she had it where it count. She knew moves during sex that could make any man cum so easily. I was often the guy who came too fast. But she just felt so good. I couldn't stop her. It would always feel so good. I was excited to take over her body.

“Look.” She said frankly. “If you're interested in a job at the strip club, you should go see Jim, he handles all that stuff.”

She was about to close the door, but I put my foot in front of it, blocking it. She was shocked by this. I just stepped right in.

“What-What are you doing?” She asked shocked.

“I'm here for one thing. And one thing only. Your body.” I told her plainly.

I didn't care at all. I was driven mad with the power. I wanted her body and I was going to do anything to get it. I jumped at her and tackled her to the ground, holding onto her wrists. She struggled.

“Get off me, bitch!” she screamed

It was too late, though. I was already starting to merge into her. I could feel my body warming up and getting all tingly and nice. I could tell it was starting. It was my favorite part.

“Oh my god.” She started to moan out in pleasure. “Fuck this feels good. Oh my god, what are you doing!?” I slowly melded into her body. My vision went black as I went right into her. I couldn't see anything, but I could tell she just orgasmed. I could hear her moaning out in pleasure and the waves of pleasure coming in and out as my nerves and feelings were connecting with her own. It felt so good.

“Oh, shit. My head. What's going on? I feel... sleepy... where'd you go... fuck.” She said

Suddenly, I gained control. I could feel my own body again. When I got up, I looked down at my body. I now was a combination between the blonde girl and Candy. I now had brunette hair, but with little bits of blonde in it. My breasts increased significantly larger and so did my new juicier thighs. I was so hot. Incredible even. I was even a bit more

muscular now. God, I was amazing. I looked like Candy, but only 10x hotter. I was so horny and hot. I just couldn't stop thinking about dick and sex.

This must be my male emotions mixing now with two girls in the same body. It was too much. That and Candy was a total slut. She loved sex more than most men. I'm sure I was gaining her memories and mannerisms. Now, I was anchoring for some good sex. I just wanted a big, thick cock to penetrate my warm, soft, wet pussy. Fuck. It was driving me crazy.

No time to spare. I had to control myself and my urges. It was difficult, but I had to do it. Fuck this. I got back to my corvette and drove off to Leo's place. He lived not far from here in a nice home he purchased. Nothing as cool as the nurse's mansion I slept in last night, but damn, it's good. We used to hang out all the time and play pool and do other illegal things beyond that.

All the while during the drive I was fingering my pussy. It was intense. I know I shouldn't – especially where my corvette's windows aren't even tinted, but yes, I was masturbating as I drove. I was just so fucking horny. My pussy was so wet. It leaked out its wet, warm, sticky juices onto my panties and jeans and even onto the seat of the corvette. I'd rock my

hips as I drove, trying to get into their better, heightening the pleasure.

Fuck. This was too good. God damn, it felt good.

I soon arrived at Leo's place. It was a large blue house and it had a pool in the back. Very suburban looking. I liked it. I pulled in and ringed the doorbell. Leo answered a minute later.

"Whoa, fuck, Candy... did you get plastic surgery since the last time I saw you? Like... a few days ago? You look so hot!" He said to me surprised.

I pushed him into the house and slammed the door hard as I entered. Good thing he lived alone otherwise someone else would hear it and that'd cause all kinds of problems. He was on his butt, looking up at me.

"Shut the fuck up, bitch, and fuck me good. Or else." I told him

I couldn't believe I was saying this to the man who basically betrayed me and left me to rot in some prison. An asshole. A dick. The worse kind of sum in the fucking world. I hoped he'd die. Good news... he'd have his day. I knew he would. Sooner or later.

But being in Candy was driving me cray. I wanted to fuck so badly. I needed cock. I needed to have that release. Otherwise, I'm just going to sit here going insane. He was on the ground and I nearly jumped on top of him. I don't know why, but for some reason, when I touched him my

powers didn't activate. I was kinda happy. If I had merged with him too, I don't know if I would've been able to control my own sexual needs.

I ripped his jeans right off and his boxers too. His dick sprang to life. I looked at it hungrily. It was huge. Not as big as the dildo earlier, but it was just the perfect size for me. I took my soft, feminine, gentle hands and started pumping his shaft in my hands. I could feel its warmth in my palm. God, I wanted it so bad.

I started pumping it harder and harder. I could tell this was bringing him immense amounts of pleasure. He was twitching. No doubt I wanted him to cum, but first, I wanted to get myself off.

“Fuck, shit! I've never seen you like this before, Candy. He said to me

“Shut up. Just give me that big, thick cock of yours, Leo. I don't give a damn.”

I then went right down and shoved his cock in my mouth. I couldn't believe I was sucking him off. This fucker, of all people, and I had his cock in my mouth like I was some kind of little, sissy slut. I wanted him so bad. I needed his dick and I needed it now. I lost all ability to reason. I only thought about emotion and desire and the never ending craving for his big, thick, salty cock.

I licked it all over. It was warm and tasted a little salty. I licked it all around. Every inch of his dick. Harder and harder, faster and faster. I sucked and licked and massaged his dick better than any woman ever could. He was squirming around now. He especially liked it when I licked right under the head of his shaft. It made him go absolutely crazy.

“Shit! If you keep this up I’m going to cum.” He said.

“Good. Hurry up, you little fuck. Cum already. All of it!” I yelled at him, cock shoved into my mouth.

I threw off my own shirt and managed to get my pants off too. I went right down and started massaging my pussy as I had his dick in my mouth. Harder and harder, faster and faster. I kept sucking on his dick. I wanted him to cum so bad. Right now. More and more. It felt so good to know I was pleasing him. But better yet, I was pleasing myself. His cock was my salvation. The thing that kept me from going insane. Having it in me kept me relaxed and happy. I really enjoyed.

Harder and harder, more and more. I sucked, licked, and massaged every part of his dick. It was so good. I could feel it getting warmer and warmer. The pressure was building.

I didn’t want him cumming yet. I wanted to make him suffer a bit. I grabbed his cock and squeezed hard preventing him from cumming.

“Fuck, shit! You’re horrible. I can’t believe you won’t let me cum, you fucking witch!” He yelled at me, still wreathing from the pleasure.

“More. I’m not done with you yet.” I told him hungrily

I kept pleasuring his cock. More and more. Every time he got close to cumming, I stopped him and he would go crazy. After a few times of this, I finally let the poor shit cum for me. He came a giant load right then and there into my little, feminine, moist mouth. It was a huge load and all sticky and salty too. It went everywhere and dripped down my chin. I swallowed much of it. Fuck me. I couldn’t believe I just swallowed this asshole’s cum. I really turned into a fucking slut.

I wasn’t done yet. He thought it was finally over. Maybe now he could rest. Not a chance. Not if there was anything I could do.

While he laid on his back, I hopped on his dick. Slowly inserting his big, thick rod right into my wet, moist pussy. I let a big moan of pleasure as soon as I put it in.

“Fuck, you’re so big.” It kinda hurt when I put it in, even after experimenting with that girls’ big dildo earlier.

But his unprotected dick just felt so good. Much better than a vibrating dildo. It was just perfect. My pussy lit up. Every touch and bump of his big, thick, hard dick just sent me over the edge. I started bouncing on

his dick, rocking it inside my pussy. Letting it touch deep inside me. It was so intense. Fuck. I couldn't contain myself.

I tried to milk his dick of his semen. I let it slowly go in and out of my pussy. I wanted to feel every bit of him. It was incredible. Like heaven. Fuck. I shouldn't be doing this raw like this.

My pussy juices were shooting out everywhere, coating his dick, crotch, and the floor. I kept moaning out. I let my hair go back as I stayed in this sex-crazed daze of mine. It was just too good.

I bounced on his dick, harder and harder, more and more. It was too good. I could feel the pressure and pleasure building and building.

"Fuck. Fuck me. I'm going to cum. Shit." I said as I felt myself cum a huge load of my own sticky, girl stuff all over him, it rushed out and everywhere. I nearly collapsed backwards onto the ground. The pleasure was intense. I felt so good. Oh my god. I never had an orgasm that good in my entire life. I felt like a total nympho. God!

After a minute of laying there, I finally got up. Even though it felt like my mind was going, I had to get a hold of myself. I wasn't going to give up. I had a mission to complete. To get back at this fucker to messed up my life for life. God damn him.

He soon got up and went to take a shower and clean himself up. I know his house. I had to get him. The best way, if my info was still correct, then the perfect way would be the pistol he kept up in his room under the blanket box. While he took his shower, I put my clothes back on, went up to his room, grabbed the gun, and confronted him in the shower.

He was shocked when he saw his favorite, sexy girl, Miss Candy, with his own gun pointed right at him.

“Remember Roland? Yeah? I’m him, you little shit. And now, you’re going to pay.”

But right as I do that, I hear a loud crash downstairs. There’s multiple people here.

“Police! Surrender!” They shouted

“Fuck!” I looked downstairs. Bad move. Leo tried to hit me with a nearby wooden broom handle. It hurt, but I was able to push him back. He fell on the wet floor of the bathroom and hit his head. He looked unconscious.

“Shit, got to get the fuck out of here.” I said. I dropped the pistol and made a break for a nearby window.

Thankfully, the cops weren’t on this side of the house and I was able to climb out and run down the street. With the cops all around, there’d be

no way back to my car. I'm fucked. This isn't good. I ran down the street. It isn't easy doing it in high heels, but I had to it.

Eventually, I made my way a bit down the street and onto a nearby city bus. I sat down in the back seat of the empty bus and rested my head. I might be safe, but I wasn't going to be safe for long.

I had no idea who or how they found me. I can't let them get me though. They'll catch me and experiment on me and then I'll be right back to prison. No way out. I did have one idea though. It couldn't have been Leo. They're not keeping tabs on him that easily. It's definitely got to be the Director of that fucking facility. I think they're tracking me. No doubt with the help of Chief Fitzgerald. That Chief has been after me since he first found out about y escapes. I'm sure he's onto my abilities. I can certainly recreate my criminal empire again. I just have to take him and the Director out of the picture. Once they're gone, nothing will be able to stop me.

Little did I know that I was falling right into a trap.

Continued in Part 2...