



The Gadget

By: Silk Savannah

Chris was an average kid. Not very athletic and a bit of a nerd. He liked to do all of the things boys his age typically enjoyed. Video games, table top role playing, collecting over priced action figures, and he loved to tinker with gadgets of all kinds. If there was some sort of weird and interesting electronic gadget available online, he would snatch it up obsessively whether he had a use for it or not.

“I’ll just figure out what to do with it later.” He would think.

Chris lives in your typically mid sized town. The kind of town large enough to provide most of the modern conveniences nearby but small enough to make it nearly impossible to avoid running into someone you know on any given day. He has 2 older sisters. Kristen his oldest sister is kinda of the black sheep of the family. Her relationship with their parents was always on the rocks. She would visit for holidays and things would remain peaceful at first. At least until Kristen decided to intentionally rock the boat and drop some outrageous bomb on their parents. The most recent one being announcing to their parents during Christmas dinner that she had started working as an exotic dancer at the town’s only gentleman’s club. June, their mother in her late 40s, nearly had a nervous breakdown at this news. It seems like Kristen gets a certain amount of enjoyment out of the distress she causes her parents. She just cracked a slight smile, wished everyone “Happy Holidays” and strolled out of the house with an aloof hint of righteous indignation in her overly sexual walk. A skill she has probably honed for her new chosen profession. Chris’ next to oldest sister, Sarah, is just a little over a year his senior. She is attending the local university and perusing a degree in political science. She lives on campus at the Delta Zeta sorority house. She was so happy the day she was accepted into the house. She went shopping all day,

blowing her entire savings she had accumulated working at a coffee shop on what she told Chris were “Tastefully slutty” outfits. Chris asked her why she needed all of that. Since he had very little understanding of how girls operate. Especially his sisters. Sarah told Chris that it was basically her new uniform that the other girls would be expecting her to wear. On a few occasions Chris had stopped by the Delta Zeta house to give his sister a lift to family events or to run various errands. He was never allowed in the house. He would watch the girls come and go, giggling and prattling to one another. Always showing as much skin as allowed. They would be dress in short pleated skirts with wedge heels. Tiny tube tops that form fit to their young body and exposed the bellies which as a rule always was adorned with a naval ring, a belly chain or both. Chris wondered what it was like inside. How many girls were in there? What were they doing? Was it like those 80s movies where they were all half dressed and having pillow fight in their bra and panties. “Probably not.” Chris thought. “But maybe.” He would try to pry details out of his sister without being overly obvious about his thirst to find out what went on behind those large fancy white doors with the imposing Greek letters for Delta Zeta affixed above the porch roof. Chris’ parents were your run of the mill middle class suburban professionals. His dad Jake, a ruggedly handsome man in his late 40s, was a corporate salesman. He had salt and pepper hair that was cut to a faded part. The kind of hair that looked like it never needed styling. It just stayed in a perpetual state of conservative professionalism. He was of average height and build with broad shoulders and a hint of a dad body. He was easy going and always had a “dad joke” handy for when he didn’t know what else to say. To Chris his dad always seemed to just be on autopilot, going through the tasks required of him like a content automaton. He was exactly subservient to

Chris' mother but he rarely met her demands with any protest. Usually just a flat "Yes dear." and he would perform whatever duty Chris' mom instructed. Jake's job kept him away from the house a lot of the time. He was always flying to some sales convention in some mid-western town that seemed to exist just for the purpose of hosting sales conventions. Chris' mom June, much to Chris' annoyance, was the type that got second and sometimes third glances from his overly sexed teenage friends. "Chris, your mom is fine." was the type of observation Chris was more than tired of hearing. Dana was also in her late 40's about five foot ten which made her taller than dad when she wore stiletto heels. Which she did often. She is curvy in all the right places with ample breasts that she would tease just the right amount of cleavage as to be provocative but not draw the ire of her conservative leaning coworkers. She worked as an executive assistant to some big shot lawyer downtown. She usually dress in professional attire, even around the house. A pencil skirt just above the knee, nylons with the seam running down the back, high heels just a tiny bit higher than seemed appropriate, a matching form fitting suit top with a satin blouse that dipped down at the neckline showcasing her womanly assets. She usually had an expensive looking pendant necklace dipping in between her breasts that served to immediately draw your eyes to where they shouldn't be. On a few occasions Chris caught himself transfixed, lost in the cavern of flesh that comprised his mother's bosom. He would snap out of this trance state hoping she hadn't noticed. If she had, she didn't let on. Chris finished high school last summer and was trying to figure out what he wanted to do now. Like all kids his age he was excited to be an adult and simultaneously terrified of the responsibilities that came with it. Chris' parents were typically supportive and encouraged him to follow his passions. His

mother was always the stricter one of the two. She wasn't mean exactly but she resembled that stern librarian that shushed you when you got a bit too loud with your friends.

One spring afternoon Chris was enthusiastically browsing through college promotional websites, professional training to be a truck driver or industrial welder websites, even a couple of military recruiting ones. He got a popup notification on his desktop computer. This is nothing unusual except for some reason this one was in a language Chris did not recognize and the entire notification flashed a hot pink color. "Oh dammit... Do I have a computer virus?" Chris thought as he inspected the unusual notification. Chris let his curiosity get the better of him and clicked the mysterious notification. His large gaming monitor went black. Black as if it had been turned off. "Oh no... It fried my machine..." Chris worried. About 2 minutes passed while Chris tried to figure out some way to fix whatever he had just done and suddenly the screen surged back to life. It looked like some spammy website straight out of 1995. Blocky text and images. Lots of flashing GIFs that said things like "Act Fast" and "Limited Time Offer" Chris was relieved that his computer seemed to be fine and assumed this website was a result of his less than careful internet browsing. He was always browsing some suspicious international website and ordering weird and mostly useless junk from the far corners of the world. Also, you couldn't get him to admit it but his daily porn habit had become more than a routine. Chris chocked this up to boredom and stress. The website seemed to only be selling one item and it was selling it hard. Like a cross between a digital carnival barker and a used car salesman on federal. There were about 10 different fonts at play. All of varying

sizes, color and flash rate. The item being hocked was represented in a low resolution image that seemed fitting for the rest of the website. It looked to be an electronic gadget about the size of a coffee can, it had exposed circuitry and randomly colored LED light scattered all over it. Nothing about the device's appearance hinted to it's true function. The website boasted "The groundbreaking gizmo that will change you and your life!" and "Be whatever, whoever you desire!". Chris scanned the entirety of the eyeball frying website and couldn't find a name for the device, just a part number ATR-001. "What the hell is this thing?" Chris thought. The bottom half of the web page appeared to be a long legal disclaimer but it was in the same indecipherable language as the initial notification. Chris attempted to translate the text using his browser's built in translator with zero success. The device being showcased on the screen in front of Chris, while abnormal, wouldn't be out of place on a shelf in Chris' bedroom. He had been collecting crap like this for years. Which, Chris decided, was why he had received this popup in the first place. He was definitely on a list of suckers that would buy any weird esoteric gadget you threw in front of him. So, as he had done hundreds of times before, he reflexively started to purchase this new and strange gadget. He didn't know what the hell it did. Probably nothing. But it looked very cool and that is all that Chris usually expected from these things. "Chris! Dinner is on the table!" Chris' mom Dana beckoned from the far end of the house. "Coming!" he replied. The new gadget was sort of expensive at \$100. He hadn't been employed since last fall but Chris had access to his parent's credit card and they didn't usually complain about his expenditures unless he got into the ridiculous amount. He might suffer some passive aggressive comment from his mother like "What are you wasting our money on now?" He completed the

purchase and another weird 90's style graphic appeared. "Get ready for your new life!" OK? Chris thought. These weird snake oil gadget usually made bold claims like this. The screen on his computer went black like before and returned to it's previous state. Chris shrugged and headed to dinner.

About a week later on a Tuesday afternoon, Chris returned home with his friend Zack in tow. Zack and he had been friends for as long as Chris could remember. Neither of them were very social and they had developed a quasi codependent friendship that annoyed Chris most of the time but he was glad to have someone to talk to now and then. The house was empty. Like Chris' dad was off on one of his frequent business trips to some no name town in middle America. His mom June usually didn't get home from work until after dark. Waiting for Chris on the doorstep to the house was a beat up brown package that looked like it had about two rolls of packing tape holding it shut.

"What's this?" Chris inquired while poking at the package cautiously with his foot.

"Looks like it could be a bomb." Zack joked.

"Says it's from Taiwan." said Chris.

"And it's address to me. What the hell did I order from Taiwan?"

After a moment a thin smile crawled across Chris' pale face.

"Oh.. It must be that stupid gadget I ordered last week."

"You and your weird gadgets." said Zack mockingly.

"Waste of money if you ask me. They never do anything."

"This one probably won't either but I like this kinda crap so shove it." Chris snapped back slightly annoyed.

Chris and Zack trudged into the foyer of the house. Took off their shoes. June was a stickler about that. And went to Chris' room to examine the newly arrived oddity.

On first inspection it looked like it might take a blow torch or a jackhammer to free the contents of the package. Chris hacked away at the tape and cardboard with a utility knife for five solid minutes. When he was finished the whole task had left a pile of packaging four times the size of the initial box. Now, lying on the end of Chris's bed was a small black box. About the size of a shoe box. It was one of those thick black plastic containers that people use to store fragile or expensive equipment. A small stainless steel plaque on the lid read "Mod# ATR-001 Okama Research Labs". Chris didn't remember the strange website, that had appeared on his computer screen last week, say anything about Okama.

"Oh well." Chris thought.

"What the hell is it? Open it up already." Zack squirmed in the chair near Chris' bed.

"I dunno. The website boasted something about changing your life or be whoever you want. Some nonsense like that."

"Ha ha ha. You are the most gullible twat." Zack chortled.

"Whatever." Chris was annoyed again.

"Open the damn thing up."

A small his released the air inside that had been trapped there for who knows how long. It smelled like ozone or ionized air. Inside an object was snugly nestled in black foam and appeared to be wrapped in a shiny anti static bag. A 3x4 black note card with "Instruction" written at the top was tossed aside as Chris carefully removed the contents of the box. He removed the protective bag and a cantaloupe

size object was revealed. The thing was mostly stainless steel with a black plastic base. It was cylindrical with an open top. It has a small round hatch on one side with the words “Sample Deposit” etched into it. Inside the device was jam packed full of circuitry. LED lights, wires, capacitors, resistors, diodes all formed into a mess that confused and fascinated the both of them. Chris noticed the look of astonishment on Zack’s face.

“See? You get it. It doesn’t matter if these things don’t really do anything. It’s art.”

“I guess.” Chris said begrudgingly.

How do you turn it on?

Chris looked around for the card he had hastily tossed aside.

“Let’s see. This doesn’t look too hard. Step one, plug the device in with provided power cord.” Chris read.

“Look in that box and see if there is a cable.” commanded Chris.

“Here ya go.” Zack snapped to the task eager to see what happens next.

“You want me to get the fire extinguisher before you plug that thing in?”

Chris rolled his eyes at Zack and walked over to his small computer desk in the corner of his bedroom. He spent a moment figuring out which nonessential item could be unplugged to make room for the new device. With anticipation and a tiny bit of anxiety Chris inserted the metal prongs into the power outlet and winced.

“Ha! Noth’n!” Zack teased.

Chris grabbed the instructions.

“Rotate knob at base of ATR-001 to the stand-by position.”

Chris rolled his eyes at Zack again and did as the instructions dictated. The device began to hum as a small cooling fan whirled into action. A short series of beeps

followed by one long tone whispered from some unknown place inside the device. A veritable light show commenced inside the electronic cavern on top. Blinking sporadically in green, red, yellow, white until they all settled down and on centrally located light glowed a soft green.

“Step three, insert DNA sample into Sample Deposit receptacle.” Chris read from the card.

“DNA sample?! What the hell is this thing?” Zack cried incredulously.

“Hang on. There’s more. Once sample is deposited, set the timer for the desired duration of occupation. Place device on a sturdy surface within four feet of the intended user. This device can occupy a target subject at a 20 mile range.” Chris became increasingly dubious.

“There is something written at the bottom in red lettering. Disclaimer – The ATR-001 is an experimental device and should only be used by trained Okama Research Labs personnel. Okama is not responsible for injuries suffered during the user’s idle state. Ensure that user is sitting or lying down and in a safe area during the duration of the occupation.”

“What the hell does all of that mean?” Zack, appearing to be losing interest, was leaning far back in the chair staring at the ceiling.

“Fuck if I know.” Chris said.

“What the hell do they mean by DNA sample. Where do we get a DNA sample?”

“Spit.” Zack blurted out.

“Huh?”

“You know, in your saliva. That’s what’s on all those cop shows. The coppers swab peoples mouth for DNA in their saliva. Spit.” Zack explained.

“That doesn’t sound right.” said Chris.

Zack stood up suddenly. Made a terrible noise with his throat as he spit into the palm of his hand. He walk over to the odd new device and flicked the door open with his thump. And wiped the palm of his hand on the other side of the door. His saliva ran down the edge of the device as he walked across the room back to his chair.

“That’s disgusting you fucking neanderthal.” Chris said repulsed by the display.

“Whatever man. That thing is nothing but more junk you through money away on. Let’s go find something to eat. I’m starving.” Zack said as he rubbed his belly.

“Well I guess we should see if it does anything first.”

Chirs sat in his computer desk chair and hunted down the timer knob. It was a small black dial near the base, that was marked off in 15 minute increments that terminated at two hours.

“15 minutes sounds good. 15 minutes of what? I don’t know.” Chris said as he set the dial.

“15 minutes until I get something to eat I guess.” Zack said in a snarky tone.

Chris clicked the small timer knob over to the 15 minute mark and carefully placed the device on his desk. Both Zack and he stared at the device for any signs of life. After what seemed like ages for the two impatient boys, the device hum turned into a loud buzz gradually increasing in intensity. The lights came alive again light a small frantic Christmas tree about to short circuit. It started beeping some alien song of different tones and volumes and Chris would swear he saw the entire object start to glow and vibrate. It vibrated so fast that it became blurry. As the buzz got to a level of almost unbearable volume suddenly a flash of bright white light filled the room. Only for a split second but it completely overloaded Chris’ senses. The beeping had stopped and the buss had settled down to the low

hum of the cooling fans. Chris could smell the same ozone smell from earlier as his vision slowly returned to him. Something wasn't right Chris thought.

"Zack, that was intense huh?" Chris inquired of his friend.

Zack was slowly coming back into Chris' stunned vision. All Chris could make out was a blurry outline of a person sitting across the room. Chris got up and fumbled his way to the bathroom sink. He blindly splashed some cold water on his face and grabbed a hand towel to wipe his face off and rub his eyes back into some working state. He walked back to his room while his vision slowly returned and the disorientation slowly waned.

"Hey Zack. What the hell huh? Maybe we should get that fire extinguisher after all." Chris nervously joked with his unusually silent friend.

"Holy fucking shit!" Chris screamed while stumbling back into his bedroom wall. His knees went weak and his head started spinning. A panic nausea rushed to the pit of his stomach. Sitting there in the computer chair occupied by Chris not 15 seconds ago was... Chris. Chris looked at himself across the room. The other Chris seemed to be frozen in time. Like he was about to get up or say something but became locked in that state. The other Chris' eyes stared blankly at the now quiet device sitting on the desk. A small LED display on the side of the device display a countdown timer 14:22, 14:21, 14:20, as it counted down the 15 minutes previously set by Chris.

"But where is Zack?" Chris questioned worriedly.

That's when Chris noticed the breeze on his upper arms. He looked down to see a black tank top with "Free Mars" written in blood red lettering.

"Wait a minute. This is Zack's shirt." Chris thought.

Then Chris took to inspecting the entire wardrobe he was now wearing. Baggy tan cargo shorts and green dollar store flip flops. His skin was greasy from funk that builds up after going a couple days without a shower. He smelled strongly of some cheap body spray for men and he felt like he might not be wearing any underwear.

“Gross.” Chris thought briefly.

Everything about the current situation had Chris disoriented and on the verge of fainting. He stumbled as he felt his way back to the bathroom again and sat on the edge of the bath tub.

“What the fuck just happened? Am I? Am I in Zack’s body? Where the hell is Zack? Is Zack in my body. If he is he isn’t moving much.” Chris thought as he stared back at himself through the bathroom door.

“There I am still sitting in that computer chair staring at the device waiting to see something that has already happened.”

After a few minutes Chris built up the courage to examine himself in the bathroom mirror.

“Oh my god!” Chris exclaimed quietly as he took in the image in front of him.

Staring back at him from the mirror was his lifelong friend Zack. A tall skinny 19 year old boy. Pale and greasy from the lack of appropriate hygiene and time outdoors. He was about three inches taller than Chris was. A fact Chris found amusing as he observed the world around him from his new vantage point.

“It’s only three inches more height but it seems like three feet.” Chris thought as he inspected his bedroom from this new, slightly higher angle.

Chris walked over to his former body. The panic he had experienced at first had calmed to a manageable anxiety.

“This is so weird.” Chris whispered as he observed his still and somewhat haunting body. Still sitting in the chair frozen in time. Chris could hear a very shallow breathing coming from his former body. Other than that, nothing. He poked at his old shoulder a few times. Nothing. Then he thumped his old forehead with a loud crack. Nothing again. The countdown timer on the strange new device now read 7:32, 7:31, 7:30.

Chris walked to the other side of his bedroom and sat down where Zack had been sitting.

“So the device transports you somehow into someone else’s body...” Chris thought as he tried to make sense of the current situation.

“But where is Zack. And why is my body sitting there frozen in time?”

“How could this even be possible?”

Chris sat there for a short while trying to make sense of everything but with little success. Suddenly a loud series of four beeps came from the device on the desk and it buzzed and flashed back to life. The noise and light once again rose to a crescendo with a flash of unimaginably bright white light. Chris was ready for it this time and squeezed his eyes shut just in the nick of time. He opened them again a few seconds later when he was reasonably sure the danger had passed. The device had settled back into a soft whirl of fans and the small green light glowing softly on the top.

“Fuck this man! Let’s go get something to eat.”

Chris was startled and jumped slightly at the voice of Zack from across the room. He looked around and realized he was back at the computer desk sitting facing the strange new device.

“Come on. That thing is junk. It isn’t gonna do anything but make a bunch of noise and a little light show.” Zack complained from across the room.

“But you didn’t see? I mean... Do you feel OK?”

“I feel fine. Why do you ask. You worried about me Mom?” Zack teased.

“But it worked. The thing actually worked!” Chris said trying to control his rising excitement.

“Yeah it worked alright. It made sounds and lights then went off. Bid deal.”

“No seriously. I was just in your body. For like 15 minutes. I was... You.” Chris said nervously.

“Uh huh. What the hell are you talking about? Are you high? You aren’t holding out on me are you?”

“So you don’t remember anything from the last 15 minutes?” Chris questioned Zack.

“Of course I do. We came in your room. Unwrapped that stupid gadget. Plugged it in. It farted out a few sounds and lights and now we are having this stupid conversation.”

“He doesn’t seem to think any time has passed since I was in his body. Good thing I was sitting in the same chair he was in when it started or this conversation would be going differently.” Chris thought.

Chris decided not to push the issue with Zack. The whole event was very strange and he didn’t think any amount of explaining or pleading with his meathead friend would convince him that he had just had his body hijacked for 15 minutes.

“Are we gonna get something to eat or do I have to start chewing on my arm?” Chris moaned.

“Fine. Let’s go raid the kitchen before my mom gets home.”

“Yeah when does your mom get home Chris? She’s hot.” Zack teased.

“Shut up shithead.” replied Chris.

Chris carefully grabbed the new device, unplugged it from the wall, wrapped it neatly back in it’s original static proof bag and placed it back in it’s protective case. As he slid the case as far back under his bed as he could reach, Chris felt a slight sting on his forehead.

“Oh... That’s where I thumped myself.”

“Come on man. Let’s go.” Zack was urging Chris from outside the bedroom door.

“Alright. Hold up fro fuck’s sake.”

The two boys left the room.

Later that evening, after Zack had gone home completely unaware of the strange events that took place, Chris sat at the dinner table with his mother June. It was just her and him in the house this evening. Chris’ dad would be away on business for the next few days. Dinner was the usual. Some take out Chinese affair from the local hot spot. Chris’ mother liked to cook but rarely found the time. She was still dressed in her business attire from work. A dark green satin blouse done up tightly at the neck. A big bow of matching color and material draped from her neckline. She wore a black pencil skirt that was form fitting and came to just above her knees. Her long nails were a shiny bright red that matched her plump lips. She was wearing black silk stockings with a line up the back and four inch black velvet high heels with a small strap buckled across the top of her exposed foot. She wasn’t skinny but not overweight either. She was curvy in a good way. Her legs were slender and defined but rose to a curvy round behind. Her ample hips narrowed at the waste and big breasts pulled at the button on her blouse that

was struggling to contain them. Her hairs was a should length silky black that curled inwards at the bottom and bangs trimmed neatly just above her eyebrows. She looked alluring and provocative yet conservative and stern.

“How was your day hun?” asked his mom seemingly uninterested in the answer. Chris thought about everything that went on a few hours earlier and replied sheepishly.

“Oh, you know. Same old.”

“Did you apply to any schools? A job maybe?” Asked his mother with a shift in tone to an almost scolding nature.

“Uh yeah. Sure.”

“Oh really? Which ones?”

Knowing he had been caught in a lie Chris tried to run damage control.

“Well I was going to but Zack needed my help with something and I lost track of time.”

“Well. I see. I don’t want to pressure you too much but you need to start planning for your future. You need to figure out what you are going to do.” His mom scolded slightly.

“I know, I know. I will get on it tomorrow. I saw an advertisement for a welding apprenticeship.”

“A welding apprenticeship?” She inquired incredulously.

“Well I suppose that is something. You could at least learn some responsibility while you look for something more professional.”

Chris didn’t like this reply. His mother was always a bit too arrogant for her station in life. Someone that liked to delude herself that she was royalty or some heiress to a vast fortune when in reality she was just another working stiff like

everyone else. She did dress and act the part though. Chris figured she was trying the “Fake it until you make it approach.” But she was approaching her mid 40s and Chris figured that ship had sailed a decade or two ago.

“I guess so mom.” Chris acquiesced.

The rest of the dinner went by in relative silence. June scrolled through her iPad looking at news or her social media for validation that she was an attractive and desirable woman. Chris was consumed with the events from earlier.

“How is that possible? Was I really in Zack’s body? Was it just my imagination. Zack didn’t think anything had happened. No, it was too real. It happened. But how?” Chris’ mind raced.

After dinner Chris’ mom went to her bedroom to clean up and probably sit down with one of her novels and a glass of red wine Chris assumed. This seemed to be her nightly routine these days. Chris returned to his bedroom and sat for a while staring at the foot of his bed. He knew what thought was lurking just outside of being an actual idea and it made him nervous.

“Nah, I can’t. I mean... It would be fun but no. She might find out.” Chris struggled with this persistent thought.

“I would need her DNA. She’s not gonna come in here and spit on my latest gadget for me. Ha.” Chris bemused.

“I don’t know if it will even work this far. Her bedroom is like 30 feet away.”

“The instruction card did say it had a 20 mile range. That’s nuts.” Chris thought about all the possibilities.

“She never washed the silverware we used from dinner. Maybe that has some DNA on it. Am I really going to do this?” Chris’ apprehension was slowly morphing into anticipation.

Chris went to the kitchen and retrieved the fork his mother had used earlier and returned to his bedroom. He pulled the device from its hiding spot beneath his bed and placed it back on his desk.

“Ok how do I do this?” Chris wondered.

He went to his bathroom and got one square of toilet paper. He wiped down the business end of the fork thoroughly and carefully placed the folded piece of tissue into the device's compartment labeled “Sample Deposit” and closed the hatch.

“Ok ok... You can do this. It'll be fun.” Chris tried to psych himself up.

“What if she finds out?”

“How would she know. Zack didn't seem to think any time had passed at all.”

“She won't know.”

Chris reached for the timer at the base of the device.

“Wait, how long. 15 minutes seemed to go by so fast earlier.”

“Let's try 30 minutes this time. She won't notice 30 minutes missing while she's lost in one of her romance novels.”

Chris set the dial to 30 minutes and like before, the device did its symphony of lights and sounds. Chris shut his eyes tightly in anticipation of the impending flash. Then music. Soft instrumental music.

He was sitting in an over-sized plush chair in the corner of his mother's bedroom. The music was coming from a small bluetooth speaker on the table next to him. On it was a small brass lamp that glowed with a soft amber light and a glass of red wine mostly empty. Chris could feel the slight buzz from the alcohol his mother had already consumed. This was strange because Chris had never drank alcohol before. It felt relaxing he thought. He looked down at his lap. He could barely

see the book past his now feminine hand was holding. The large soft mounds of his mother's breasts were obscuring his view. She was still wearing her work out fit from earlier. The green satin blouse was snug around Chris's new heavy breasts. He could feel his large nipples, slightly erect being constrained by the other object of clothing underneath.

"A bra." He thought.

"It feels so weird. But soft and a little sexy."

His legs were elevated onto a footstool in front of the chair. His mother's silk clad shapely legs were crossed and still wearing the high heels from work. He could smell a faint sent of lilac from his mother's perfume and his senses were becoming overwhelmed.

"I need to take a look at myself."

Chris clumsily got up from the chair. Forgetting about the 4 inch high heels he now was wearing. After a brief stumble from the new shoes or the alcohol his mother had already ingested, Chris walked slowly over to his mother's large oak dresser. There was a large mirror hanging on the wall directly behind a dresser covered in various perfumes, makeup, jewelry and some things Chris could not identify.

"Oh wow!" Chris exclaimed while peering into the eyes of his mother staring back at him from the mirror.

June was a very attractive middle aged woman. Elegant and graceful. Chris turned from side to side. Admiring his new profile with his large new breasts and round bottom balancing each other out. The pencil skirt kept his legs together as he pivoted slowly on the velvet high heels. Chris noticed that his mother had laid out an out fit on the bed. Probably what she normally wore to sleep in. It was a

black silk negligee with black lace wear your breast would be. With small thin shoulder strap. Next to it was a matching pair of silk panties.

“Oh wait. Am I wearing panties now?” The idea had just occurred to Chris.

Chris slowly prodded at the waistline of his mother’s pencil skirt with his long polished nails. He squeezed his new slender hand between his soft flat stomach and the tight skirt all the way down until he felt the silky fabric of his mother’s panties.

“Oh shit!” Chris quickly retracted his hand.

Intrigued and slightly aroused Chris slid his hand back down. Exploring further this time. All the way down to the warm, soft, silky area wear his penis used to be. He could feel his mother bulging labia underneath the silk fabric. The sensation of tingling pleasure surged through his body as his long red fingernail brushed the small bump near the top.

“Is that? Is that my clit? My mom’s clit?” Chris grew ever more excited.

He slowly rubbed it through the panties. Getting lost in the waves of pleasure coursing through his new body. He noticed the fabric start to get hot and damp.

“Shit!” Chris snapped out of the pleasure daze.

“She might notice her damp panties when she returns to her body.”

Not knowing how much time had passed Chris was getting nervous.

“I set the timer for half an hour. I think I have about 20 minutes left.” Chris thought apprehensively.

Chris couldn’t take his eyes off of the lingerie laying on the bed. He wanted to know what they felt like. He loved the way his mother’s work outfit made him feel and he wanted more.

“I have time. I’m sure.”

“But how do I get out of this thing.” Chris thought as he explored the tight pencil skirt that encased his mother’s hips and plump bottom. He found the zipper at the back and pulled it down. The skirt dropped to the floor around his high heels. He carefully stepped out of it. He looked down to see his mother was wearing green satin panties with black lace. They matched her blouse. They rode high on his hips and squeezed into the cleft of his mother’s big soft butt.

“What is this?” Chris thought as he examined the black lace belt that was concealed by the skirt. It has silk straps that attached to the lace top of his silk stockings.

“This looks complicated. I better not mess with this. I’ll never get it back on.”

“Now for the blouse.” Chris thought.

He reached up with his new slender hands and untied the satin bow at his neck. His new long red nails made it difficult to undo the buttons on the blouse but one by one he managed to free the present they concealed. Chris stared in the mirror in awe. Under the blouse was two large perky breasts. His mother was wear a matching green satin bra with black lace. The top of her milky breasts bulged in the middle. The bra fighting to contain them. Chris could feel the weight of his new breasts. They were heavy in a comforting way. He could feel the silk fabric of the bra that contained them. Soft and alluring. He noticed his new large nipple had become very erect. Poking into little mounds in the center of each cup of the bra.

“Ok, ok. How do I get this off?” Chris asked himself barely able to contain his excitement of seeing his new breasts.

“Don’t they usually unhook in the back?” Chris wondered as he tried to reach around behind him. He noticed he was much more flexible in his mother’s body

than he was in his own. As he bent and twisted. Trying not to fall over in the 4 inch heels he was unaccustomed to wearing. He noticed a small clasp in between his breasts.

“Shit. Is that it?”

Chris reach for the clasp and fumbled as he still tried to master his dexterity while having long feminine nails.

“How does mom get anything done with these?” He wondered.

“Click”

A soft sound came from the clasp as his breast lunged away from one another. He held the bra in place with his hands. Wanting to savor this moment as long as possible. He felt the soft pillowy mounds of his mother’s breast as he pressed the silk bra to them. Slowly he pulled away the bra and let it slide down his slender arms to the floor.

“Oh wow...”

Chris stood looking into the mirror. Transfixed at the sight before him. It was his mothers body. Black velvet heels, silk stocking with a lace garter belt, green silk panties trimmed with black lace and two perfectly round large breast hung down gracefully. The areolas were a dark tan color the size of a half dollar and his large erect nipples taunted him from the center. The tingle from his new vagina surged through his body again as he admired his new form. He lifted his new breasts and let them fall gently back down to his chest. He squeezed then until the long nails from his new slender hand dug into the flesh. He rubbed the palm of his soft hand in circles around the large nipple of each breast. He played with them like this for a while. Then he remember the negligee on the bed. Chris walked carefully over to his mother’s large oak four post bed. His heels click clacking on the hardwood

floor. He grabbed the black silk negligee from the white comforter on the bed and walked back to the mirror. He raised his new slender arms above his head and let the silk wash over his soft skin. Brushing his already erect nipples on the way down. His mother's large breasts need help coming to rest in the black lace net that the negligee provided. Once he had them squeezed into place he stepped back and admired the garment.

"Oh..." Chris was mesmerized.

He stared at his mother's body that he now occupied. The snugness of his four velvet high heels. The soft and tight black silk see thru fabric that enshrouded his milky white legs. The bottom of the negligee started just above the lace top of his stockings. It flared out slightly at the bottom and fit snug under his large heavy breast. The slim sill shoulder straps dug into his shoulders slightly trying to support the weight. The cups of the negligee were black lace and slightly see thru. Chris could see his new large finger tipped sized nipples poking out. His long black silk hair that his mother took meticulous care of brushed against his bare shoulders and the faint smell of lilac returned to his nose. Lost in this new experience Chris reached up and began to fondle his right breast with one hand while reaching down to his green silk panties and slightly teasing his new clit with the tip of his long red nail. The waves of pleasure surged again. Stronger this time. He had never felt anything like it. He had masturbated plenty of times before but it didn't feel anything like this. The build up was so intense. Chris squeezed his knees together trying to stay standing on his high heels. He could feel a tightening in his vagina as the pleasure increased. And then wave after wave of intense pleasure surged through his body. Exploding from his groin and intensifying until it reached every nerve ending in his mother's body. The crotch of

his green silk panties was soaked and dripping sightly with the result of this ecstasy. Everything went dark.

Almost instantly Chris found himself sitting at his desk in his room staring at the timer on the strange new device. It read 00:00.

“Oh shit. I lost track of time.”

Chris jumped as he heard a muffled scream coming from the other side of the house.

“Oh no. One moment she was sitting in her chair still in her work outfit. Drinking wine and reading. And to her, she instantly found herself standing front of her mirror wearing different clothes, after an intense orgasm.” Chris was mortified, but still slightly dazed from the overwhelming pleasure of the orgasm he had just experienced.

“I guess I’ll just have to leave her alone. God knows what’s running through her head. She probably thinks she is going crazy. Anyway, I better be more careful next time. Wait... Will there be a next time?” Chris wondered as he walked over to his bed, laid down and closed his eyes.

The next morning Chris awoke feeling better than he had ever felt before. He was preoccupied from the events of the night before and all the possibilities the ATR-001 device from Okama Research Labs would provide him.

“I have to be careful.” he thought.

“I could get in a lot of trouble. But who would believe such a crazy story?”

The clock on his nightstand read 9:03am. He could smell bacon frying from the kitchen of the house.

“That’s odd. The house is usually empty this time of morning.”

Chris’ mother usually leaves for work before eight. Chris got up and wiped the sleep from his crusty eyes. He left his bedroom and made his way to the large open kitchen. His mother was at the stove. She was wearing red flannel pajamas. Unusual for her. She usual wore something appealing. Even when she was just lounging around the house.

“What’s up mom? Why aren’t you at work” Chris inquired concerned.

“Oh. I just feel a little... Off today deer.” His mom said in an unusually passive tone.

“Off? Are you ill?” Chris asked but he knew what was troubling his mother.

“Yes deer. Just off. I don’t want to talk about it.” his mother snapped.

“I’m taking a sick day. Would you like some bacon?”

“Sure.” Chris replied not about to miss an opportunity for bacon.

“I need you to do me a favor.” Chris’ mother started.

“Your sister Sarah needs you to give her a ride back from class today. I told her I would yesterday but I am going to stay in today. Can you do that for me?”

“Uh, sure.” he replied.

Chris was excited at the opportunity to visit his sister’s sorority house. It hadn’t occurred to him what his new device would allow him to do until now.

“Ok she needs picked up from her lecture hall at 2:30pm. You can take the Lexus.” Chris’ mom said as she continued to robotically poke at the bacon in the skillet.

“Sounds good mom. I will be there when she gets out.”

Chris snatched a few pieces of bacon from the plate next to the stove and rushed back to his room. An action his mother usually would have scoffed at but she was

very preoccupied herself today. He could barely contain his excitement as he tried to formulate a plan.

“I can finally get into Sarah’s sorority house.” Chris said gleefully.

“And as a girl.”

To be continued...