

"Honey, look what I brought!"

You were lying in bed, flipping through your phone, but your peace was interrupted by your favorite girl. It's Halloween, but you didn't feel like going anywhere, and it seemed like she was going to lure you out in some way. She plopped a small box on the bed in front of your feet and literally she was jumping for joy.

"I bought this on the way home since you don't want to go, I only bought the suit for myself and I'm not giving you anything humpf!" - she hummed and folded her arms across her chest.

"Okay-okay show me what's in there."

You loved her, her name was Kate, true she was a freak, but that's why you loved her. That made your sex life quite rich and varied. In particular, she liked cross-dressing, tight clothes, and lately you learned about some skinsuits. She was crazy about them. Thanks to them you could become a different person. Then she told you about the different offshoots of the genre, like assimilation, corruption, mind control, takeover and all that sort of thing. She was a complete fetishist... and you loved it.

"The salesman said it was a great Halloween costume, but warned me that one was cuuuuuuuursed. Boooooooo, hahaha scary?"

She opened the box and pulled out the skinsuit of a girl of about 25. She had black hair gathered in a ponytail and her face had scars under both eyes.

"Check this out" - she tossed the skin to you. Out of fear, you almost threw it to the other side of the room, but you held back. In the meantime, she started going through the clothes that were in the set.

"Wow...such a soft texture, breasts and ass like the real thing!" - you stuck your fingers in slit and pulled its labia apart - "Wow even the vagina feels real!"

"That's right, the salesman said everything is top notch" - Kate said as she took the black tights and panties out of the box.

You noticed that the scars were on her breasts, stomach and thighs. And yet it looked very sexy, the skinsuit was almost the same height as her, but the this one was kind of stronger.

"And how much did it cost?"

"Almost free" - Kate was already half undressed.

"Really?" - She tossed you some kind of sheet and took the skinsuit off your knees.

"What's that?" - you twirled the piece of paper she threw at you - "Instruction?"

"Pffff who needs instructions, I already know how to wear these things."

You decided to read it anyway while she was getting dressed. In the note, in red letters, as if by hand, was written:

"Whoever wears the skinsuit will be influenced by it. Wearers mind will be taken over by the skinsuit and all he will want to do is kill. It is not advisable to put on the skinsuit alone, as you will lose control and will not be able to get out. If you have someone with you, there is a chance. All you have to do is take the skinsuit off and the control effect is gone."

You sat and read this note to the moaning of your girlfriend. All the while she was putting the skinsuit on and somehow getting a high from it, as if she was close to orgasm. She was already halfway through putting the skinsuit on.

"Look...it says that this thing will take over you, is that okay?"

Her eyes glittered.

"Really?! Ahem, ahem... I mean, that's what I meant when I said it was cursed!" - and with even more excitement she began to run her hands through the sleeves still moaning.

"Said you'd try to kill me."

She froze for a second, then laughed.

"Oh, come on, believe everything it says... even if it does, can't you stop me? A man is always stronger than a girl, especially in bed..." - Kate had already zipped up her back.

You didn't even notice how you already had a boner in your pants when you looked at your girlfriend in her new look. From neck to toe she was encased in another girl's skin. Her lean beautiful body was now even more feminine and fleshy. Her legs and arms were a little bigger and stronger, her abs were visible on her stomach, and her breasts were just gorgeous.

"You're beautiful Kate..."

She became embarrassed and began to pose in front of you, only the head of her skinsuit hanging from her breasts. But first she decided to get dressed; she took on black lace panties and a bra. That sight almost made your nose bleed. Kate looked at you angrily.

"What? Am I hotter than usual now? Mmm?"

You were confused for a moment, but she answered herself.

"I know I am, don't say anything, and I like it...and you'll like it" - she licked her little pink lips.

Next she wore black tights for the image, they were almost a hundred DEN, they were opaque no matter how she stretched them out. And her beautiful legs were now enveloped in this magical material. As she put the tights on fully and began to play with her legs in the air she began to fidget.

"Hmphhhhhh...you should know how I feel right now... I'm so happy... I'm ready to cum right now... I'm so horny!" - she began to explore her legs and her body with her hands. You just sat there watching and your erection grew stronger and stronger.

"No... I have to finish my transformation."

She picked up a thigh-length black dress from the bed and threw it over herself. She pulled her dangling face out of her cleavage. Her face was all red and it was burning. She sat down closer to you, you couldn't help yourself and you began to explore her body. First her breasts, then you stroked her belly through her nylon dress. She tilted her head back and moaned. Your hands went down to her thighs encased in pantyhose. You stroked them from top to bottom, enjoying the friction of the tights, and she enjoyed your touch. When your hands reached for her crotch, she stopped you.

"Stop... I can't take it otherwise... I want to be completely her... and only then experience an orgasm."

You grabbed her face with your hands and gave her a deep kiss. She was ready to cum right there. Right now. You lifted the mask to the level of her face. Saliva flowed from the corners of her mouth and her eyes were frantic. You had already forgotten what the note said when such a beauty queen sat in front of you.

"Come on... put a mask on me... get rid of Kate... I'll be a different person... Hmppff... please! Put it on! I'm going to cum just thinking about it!!!!"

You pulled the mask over her face, which was contorted with arousal and lust. You quickly found the zipper under her dress, and once you aligned the eye holes and lips of the mask, you pulled it up sealing Kate inside.

She then touched her crotch and kissed you with her artificial lips. She began to shake, she sucked your lips like a vacuum cleaner and wouldn't let go. She orgasmed for about 30 seconds straight.

"Her lips are so soft... Her breasts are so firm... and What...?"

When you touched her crotch, she was wet. Even her thick pantyhose were soaking wet, you rubbed a little in that spot, she twitched a few more times and

seemed to pass out. You pulled away from her lips and looked at her face. You could clearly see her pass out with her eyes open. They were staring into the void, as if she had died.

"I love you also for those blue eyes baby..." - you stroked her cheek.

But suddenly you noticed that her eyes began to turn red.

"What? What's going on?" - You started shaking her by the shoulders but she didn't react.

Just as suddenly she pushed you away from her with one hard kick. You hit the headboard and groaned in pain.

She sat on the bed as if nothing had happened and then clenched and unclenched her hands.

"Where am I?" - she said in a deep, feminine voice, not at all like your girlfriend's.

She got out of bed and began to stretch.

"It doesn't matter... different places every time... It's been years since I killed anyone... you should know how great my bloodlust is, mortal" - her eyes glistened as she kneaded her hands.

"Ha-ha, very funny Kate... But that hurt a little... You're not serious now... Are you?"

She got into a fight stance. For some reason you got the impression that she was some kind of professional fighter or special forces. She was completely different from Kate, she was a fragile little girl, and this one was ready to grind you up and eat you alive.

"Are you confusing me with someone else? For some reason everyone doesn't call me by my name. Get up, I'm not going to say it a second time" - her words rang out like thunder from a clear sky. You began to think that you were about to die here.

You got out of bed as soon as possible not to make her nervous. And you got into a kind of fighting stance. You weren't as athletic as you would have liked, but you could stand up for yourself, at least you thought so. She looked intently at your trembling figure.

"I feel some strange feeling for you... but my bloodlust is much stronger."

You prepared yourself for the worst. She strode closer to you in an instant. You were struck in the stomach with the palm of her hand. You crouched, she lifted her leg above you and struck you on the back, you immediately fell to the floor. You started to choke, you weren't ready for that. She lifted you by the shoulders and

pushed you against the wall for some reason, she began to aim her palm at your chest area. She stood in the pose of a Chinese monk, her eyes sparkling so that they almost blinded you. But you immediately recognized this stance from the game.

"Did you..."

She began to give you swift blows with her hands to your chest area, hitting key points and disrupting the rhythm of your heart.

"Shit... this is the last blow coming right now."

She paused for a moment to gather all her strength into the next blow. You found the last of your strength to dodge slightly to the side. You jerked sharply to the side, and her punch went past you hitting the wall. She was shocked and stood like that for a few more seconds. During that time you tried to crawl as far away from her as possible, and crawled toward the bed.

"Usually people didn't survive after that... And you're worth something."

You crawled onto the bed and showed your hands crossed. You didn't want any more games and roleplays, it was too dangerous. She quickly walked over to the bed and jumped on top of you. Now she was sitting in a very indecent pose. You could even see her wet tights under her dress. When she started to lean toward you, you covered your face with your hands. She put her hands on your chest and leaned closer and whispered.

"My name is... Katya... now try to keep this secret as long as you can."

She took your hands away and grabbed your throat. You immediately lost the ability to breathe. You looked at her smiling face, such a beautiful face. You tried to reach for her face with your hands, but your arms were not long enough. Then you tried to take her hands off your throat, but they were like a monolith, and squeezed your windpipe even harder. Your vision began to blur, and you began to wave your hands haphazardly.

Your hands reached for her breasts in the unconsciousness. She moaned for some reason. She needed to free her hands to stop you, so she decided to immobilize you with her legs. You were able to draw in some air, and you could see that a blush had appeared on her face. She uncovered the area under her skirt again exposing her black tights and you didn't waste the opportunity and reached down there.

She shuddered and with anger began to squeeze your throat even harder. You massaged her erogenous zones like an animal to survive. You were reminded of Kate's words - "A man is always stronger than a woman, especially in bed...". You felt a chance to escape, she is, after all, a woman, which means she can be seduced.

"What are you doing... damn stop... No! why am I so horny... this has never happened before."

She began to rock from side to side, her grip began to loosen. You knew you couldn't spare her, she obviously wouldn't give you a second chance. You sharply rolled her horny body on its side, and now you were saddled with her beautiful body. Grabbing a pillow you looked at her dazed face.

"I'm sorry" - you covered her face with the pillow and piled your whole body on top of her. She started screaming into the pillow and wiggling her arms and legs. She was so damn bouncy it was like you were riding a bull. To tame her you started massaging her crotch again with one hand through her soaked tights and it was as if she had changed again, she was again a weak girl who, judging by the movements of her body, was feeling pleasure. You didn't want to kill her, you just needed her to pass out so you could get the damn skinsuit off her.

She slapped her hands on your back and you closed your eyes and pressed yourself harder against the pillow, enduring the pain. Her blows grew weaker and weaker, you could hear her whimpering into the pillow. You lost track of time, how long you had been in that position, it seemed like an eternity. From the sounds of it, it sounded like she was crying into the pillow, you already wanted to put the pillow away, but then you thought it might be a trick. You knew from playing with Kate that it's hard to suffocate a person with a pillow or a bag, a person doesn't die instantly, body will still struggle for a few minutes. You just waited for her to lose consciousness.

Another minute passed. Her hands were already moving lightly across your back, you didn't stop touching her crotch, which was getting even wetter. Her body was shaking slightly, you could feel it with your whole body. Until her body froze, and then it arched very hard, as if in a last-ditch effort to cling to life, liquid leaked from her pantyhose. You thought it was incontinence, but it was her juices. She had just finally experienced an orgasm. After a little convulsion, she collapsed on the bed.

"After the orgasm, she was definitely supposed to pass out... You and I have tested this many times before, haven't we Kate?"

She didn't answer. You removed the pillow and looked at her pale, crying face. You checked her pulse, it was there, but very faint. In the fresh air she would come to her senses quickly. You would have been glad to play with her now, since she was hardly dangerous, but it was urgent that you take the skinsuit off. Or was it?

After all, her body looked very sexy, especially in that dress and black pantyhose. After stroking her cheek one more time and wiping away the tear marks,

you immediately ran to the closet and pulled out some of your girlfriend's tights and started tying her arms and legs to the bed.

You went over to her and patted her on the cheek to check her reaction. She seemed to twitch a little, then you gently placed your hands on her breasts and began massaging them.

"They're so much better than Kate's... ha-ha can she stay like that a little longer?"

While you were massaging her breasts through her dress her face had already come back to normal and even flushed.

"Mhmmmmmm" - she began to squirm and moan a little.

Your other hand went down to her already wet pussy and began massaging that area through her pantyhose.

"Aaaaah! Aaaaaah...what's going on! Aaaaah!" - She woke up and started shaking with excitement.

"Am I not dead? Where am I?" - she began frantically shaking her head until she stopped her gaze on you.

"You..." - she began to try to break free of her grip, but only tightened the knots, and you didn't slow down.

"What are you doing??? Aaaaahhhh..." - she stopped struggling, her face a mixture of excitement, anger, and slight lust.

"I ...just wanted to get to know you better, you're just so beautiful and sexy... and also dangerous" - She blushed and pouted her lips a little, apparently from the fact that you wouldn't stop masturbating her.

"Why did you jump on me right away?" - you asked - "Is that any way to introduce yourself?"

"Hmpff"-she snorted, closed her eyes and tried to look away- "It's a long story and I'm not going to tell it to you."

You stepped away from her and pretended to walk away.

"Hey! Where are you going?! Release me now you bastard!" - she started kicking so hard the bed was ready to break.

"Okay, okay," you went over to the dresser and pulled out a pink egg with a remote control from there. You went back to the bed where Katya was lying. She noticed your snide face and she immediately cringed a little.

"Hey, hey, what are you thinking... don't!"

You lifted up the hem of her dress and began to remove her soaked tights. She started kicking and screaming again like a hunted animal. You were able to pull her tights down, pushing her panties aside you slid the egg inside, it went in easily as her pussy was already wet. She squirmed and let out a loud moan. During this time you put her panties back on and put her pantyhose back on.

You kissed her soft cheek - "I want to get to know you better" - you looked into her red eyes, but she was no longer so aggressive. You turned on the first power, and the egg inside her pussy vibrated.

"Bluuuuuuaaaahhhhhhhhhhh..." - she moaned.

"You know my girlfriend and I love each other, but we love playing during sex even more, have you ever had sex?"

"Ahhhh...fuck you...I'll never believe you have a girlfriend" - she quipped.

"Huh, and I'll never believe a pretty girl like you doesn't have a boyfriend or a suitor" - you started rubbing her breasts again.

"So here's the thing about games" - you pulled out a bag, stockings and pantyhose from the bedside table - "playing with your breath is our favorite."

Her eyes rounded in horror. She began to breathe rapidly and her gaze became a little frantic.

"No... You can't kill me! I don't believe you!!! I'll break free and kill you I swear! Let me go!" - She started kicking around on the bed.

"Quiet, I don't want to kill you"-you started putting the bag over her head- "just play, you always liked it."

"Pervert! I've never..."

You turned on the vibrator's second power and she stuttered before she could speak. At this time you tied the stockings tighter around her neck to secure the sack. She started shaking her head and trying to chew on the bag.

"No need to try, you've tried this before and used up all your oxygen."

Not to be bored you began to explore her beautiful legs. They seemed even sexier to you than Kate's. Maybe you were aroused by the fact that it was actually Kate inside. You gently touched her thighs and calves, enjoying the rubbing of her black tights. She moaned at your every touch. You moved down from her thighs to her feet. Her toes wrapped in nylon aroused you terribly, she kept squeezing and unclenching her toes, you began to touch the soles of her feet, making her tickle, she began to kick like crazy. You pressed your face against her feet and enjoyed the



moment. As a minute passed, you decided to leave her feet alone and see how she felt. She was breathing heavily, the plastic already pressed against her face. She wasn't making any sudden movements anymore, she was just trying to breathe calmly.

Then you reduced the power by one and she whimpered a little and looked at you through the bag with a look of frustration and incomprehension. You moved closer to her and looked into her eyes. They were still as red as if you were looking at a lunar eclipse. You kissed her sharply on the lips through the bag. She started moaning, but to your surprise she didn't resist, but rather enjoyed it and even tried to respond to your kiss. Without wasting a moment you grabbed the black tights and put them over her head on top of the bag. The plastic immediately pressed against her face and there was less and less air left inside. You could see her facial features through the tights as she desperately tried to breathe in. Smiling and stroking her legs, you set the vibrator to maximum power.

She screamed and began to beat hysterically, you watched as she breathed very quickly. Deciding to help her, you started massaging her nipple through her dress with one hand, and you lowered the other to her clit, and then she exploded. Her muscles began to clench rhythmically, you could feel her pantyhose getting wet and dirtying the already "dirty" bed again. After about 10 seconds her body relaxed, her mouth stayed open trying to breathe in more air, her rib cage spasming. After waiting a little longer for her body to begin to relax, you began to untie her pantyhose. As you removed the tights from her head you saw that her eyes were staring into nothing and tears were streaming down her pale cheeks. You quickly removed the bag from her head and patted her cheeks.

"She'll be fine now, her head will really hurt, but that's okay. At least Kate liked it."

You turned off the vibrator and went to the kitchen and filled the glass with water, bringing it into the room. Katya was still unconscious. You put the glass on the bedside table and sat down next to her waiting for her to wake up. After a couple of minutes she began to shake her head in different directions.

"Is everything okay?" - you asked sitting next to her on the bed.

"Asshole..." - she barely uttered.

You took the glass and held it up to her.

"Here, drink this, you've lost a lot of water now."

She hesitated, but she rose a little to drink from your hands. Putting the glass away you sat down and began to stare intently at her face. She couldn't help but notice it.

"What are you looking at?" - Katya asked absent-mindedly.

"Do you still want to kill me?" - you asked out of curiosity .

She was silent. Gathering her thoughts. You began to stroke her leg. She didn't mind, or she didn't have the strength to object.

"Why don't you tell your story?"

She looked at you neutrally, almost tiredly. You wanted to wipe away the tears on her cheeks, but she suddenly began.

"It's a strange feeling... I feel different now... I don't have that bloodlust anymore like when I woke up today... it's like it's gone."

You stroked her leg gently, listening intently.

"Earlier I was cursed by a damn old man, I was a crook and I cheated him out of a couple of trinkets from his store, and after that incident now I had to kill someone every day, otherwise I just lost control of myself. It wasn't my desire, my body moved on its own, I was out of control. I went back to the old man to fix it, but he did something to me and now I wake up in different places every time. And at this time my hunger was beginning to overwhelm me. I was being strangled and beaten, and I was doing the same thing in return. I don't understand what's going on..."

Her face became very sad, and she made a discontented face, as if she were about to cry. After looking at her carefully one more time you said:

"I have the answer to what has been done to you."

Her eyes lit up.

"What is it?"

"If I untie you do you promise not to attack me?"

"I repeat, I don't want it anymore, I'm like... satiated, like when I used to kill someone."

You got out of bed and began to untie the knots.

"Damn, you got them tight."

She just continued to lie there in silence and stare up at your gray ceiling. After untying her legs and taking her hands, she suddenly spoke.

"You're the first one who didn't start trying to rape me or kill me, and... gave me pleasure." - She blushed and tried to hide her face. You grinned. In response, she began to poke you with her soft foot.

"Why? Have you had to die often?"

"Enough, once I just had my neck snapped and then just a void... I thought that's what death looked like... but that was my next curse."

You felt a little creepy at the thought that apparently a real person was dying inside the skinsuit while she didn't understand anything. You untied her hands. She slowly got out of bed because she was dizzy. You picked her up and led her into the bathroom.

"And why did you bring me here?" - she said, looking around your large bathroom.

"Look" - you pointed your finger at the mirror.

You turned her back around, no zipper was visible, only a zipper tab dangling from the back of her neck, which you grabbed for.

"Can you feel it?" - you asked.

She tried to twist around to look at the back of her head. When she saw the tab, she cried out.

"What is it?!"

"That answers your question, you've been turned into a skinsuit..."

"N-no way... does that mean...?"

"Yes, inside you is my girlfriend, her name is Kate."

She grabbed her face and moved closer to the mirror. She started trying to stretch the skin on her face or arms, but her skin wouldn't stretch like it wasn't even a skinsuit.

"Y-you're kidding me? You're lying! I'm not..." - she was shaking her head to the sides.

"Let's see what happens if I put the zipper down."

She looked at herself again carefully in the mirror. She saw you standing behind her with your arms crossed over your chest, you didn't know what she saw in you, but apparently she trusted you. She closed her eyes and exhaled deeply.

"I have nothing to lose, go ahead."

"I'll get you back and we'll talk again, don't worry okay?" - she nodded and you tugged the zipper tab.

Her eyes turned crystal blue again, you lowered zipper to her shoulder blades, a slit appeared on her back from where you could see your girl's lighter skin. You

tried to remove the mask. When you succeeded, you saw that Kate's face was in a trance, and a blissful one at that. She began to fall; you caught her just in time and placed her on the floor in your lap.

"I feel so good..." - she reached out her hand to the light bulb and tried to grab it.

"Are you all right?" - you asked worriedly.

"I was in heaven..." - she kept trying to grab the light bulb - "Why did you take my mask off, give me back!" - she reached for the mask again, but you stopped her.

"W-Wait... How do you feel? What did you feel and see?"

"I... didn't see anything at all... but I felt so good... it was like I was having an uninterrupted orgasm until you interrupted it for me..."

She was silent for a while. Her voice was so calm and detached.

"Ahh... I remember when I started to gasp for some reason, but it didn't hurt... in fact, the orgasmic background got a lot brighter too..."

You began to worry, the prank had gone too far, even by her standards.

"Baby do you want to take the skinsuit off?"

She was dramatically quiet for a few seconds.

"N-nothing...give me back" - she jerked the mask back on her head, even faster she closed the zipper, you didn't even have time to react.

You did nothing and just waited. Her hands reached under her skirt and she began to masturbate through her pantyhose.

"Hey, what are you doing?!" - you shouted and grabbed her by the shoulders.

She didn't answer and just kept doing it.

"You asked for it."

You took the remote out of your pocket and turned the vibrator on full power. She opened her eyes and began to laugh, grabbing her crotch until she arched into an orgasm. You could tell by the fluid dripping down your pants. She froze in this strange pose, her eyes turning red again, and then after a few seconds she abruptly jumped off you, breathing heavily, leaning against the wall she rolled onto the tiled floor.

"What was that..." - Katya asked looking at the floor.

"You're back?" - you asked.

"You lowered the zipper, and again emptiness, then here I am again, but on the floor" - she clutched her head, tears began to stream down her cheeks again - "am I...now a skinsuit for the rest of my life?"

You crawled closer to her and hugged her. You decided to take a chance and stroked her head. She sniffed at your shoulder and hugged back.

"What's wrong with your girlfriend..?" - Katya asked quietly.

You paused for a moment.

"She... she refused to take you off."

"What? Why?" - Katya asked incomprehensibly, pulling away.

"She said that while she's carrying you, she has an unstoppable orgasm, all the time, and she doesn't want to take you off, and under no circumstances."

Katya still hugged you tightly.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to take your girlfriend away from you, I'm sorry, I'm sorry... what a fool I am... a fool."

As you stroked her head you noticed that she was a different, more feminine and fragile girl now.

"Your character...it has changed."

She hit you on the back.

"I...wasn't so violent before, circumstances made me that way...I'm more like what you see now...But don't you dare make me angry I can just as easily switch."

She was quiet for a while.

"I wish sometimes I could just be a normal, fragile girl..."

She relaxed into your arms, it had been a hard day for both of you. You laughed and hugged her again. After a moment's silence, she asked.

"What are we going to do now?"

Without thinking, you said.

"I want you to stay with me."

Her eyes widened in surprise, she couldn't believe her ears and moved away from you.

"Y-you... What?!"

"I like you, both internally and externally, you look like my girlfriend, but you're much prettier, she said so herself by the way."

"B-but-but... what about her?"

"She'll always be there for me, because I have you with me. I can take you off sometimes to set her free, and then she'll carry you again."

She sat there all flushed and didn't know what to say, you could see she wasn't sure if this was the right thing to do. You took her in your arms.

"Let's get some privacy, and you'll feel good and Kate too. We'll try to break your curse, and if we can't, we'll figure out how to live with it!"

She wept and snuggled closer to you.

"You know...I thought I was imagining things...but I feel something for you, too. Maybe it's because of Kate?"

"Maybe, who knows, but I'm glad you're with me."

You kissed her on the lips and carried her into the room where it all began.

Life took a very unexpected turn for you. After the incident when Katya passed out from suffocation, it was as if her curse had broken or jammed. She was now a completely normal girl. You had sex every day and breathplay just in case, because suddenly that was her panacea. You were both so happy, especially Katya, because she could live a quiet life of her own. She indulged your fetishes, and in general she was a lot like Kate. And you would have lived just happily-if only.

Kate refused to come out. It was her curse now. She couldn't give up her constant pleasure, she developed an addiction. You tried to take the skinsuit off her for a while, but she became aggressive and asked not to be pulled out of that dream world again. You and Katya didn't know what to do. She had to pretend to be Kate for her parents, to your surprise they didn't notice the difference but they did notice that she was pumped up.

It's been six months of your life together. Katya's love for you seemed to grow stronger every day, she was so devoted to you for saving her and just you yourself were just a good person. Your affection for her was also growing, but there was also a sense of guilt for Kate, you thought it was unfair, even though she claimed to be happy. But you thought it was too selfish of you. That she was willing to give up everything, for that skinsuit.

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"Are you sure you want it?" - Katya cautiously asks you.

"We need to do this one last time, if it doesn't work out, we'll leave it at that."

She nods and turns her back to you. The zipper tab was still flaunting around her neck. She have sitted You grabbed at it, gathering your thoughts and what you would say to her you lowered the zipper. The edges parted and the familiar color of her skin began to show.

"It's been a long time since I've seen your beautiful back, Kate."

You turned her face around and almost dropped her from your lap in fear. Her blue eyes no longer sparkled; they were dead and lifeless. Her eyes were also staring into nothing. With trembling hands, you removed the mask from her head. Tears began to come to your eyes. She was lying on her side on your lap, unmoving, her saliva beginning to run from her mouth to the linoleum floor. You finally figured out to check for a pulse. Feverishly, you began searching for the carotid artery on her neck.

"There is a pulse! But so faint..."

You had hope.

"But what happened to you! Kate what's wrong with you ?! Answer me!"

You shook her shoulder, but she didn't even move. You took her in your arms and held her close to you. She began to move her lips, but all you heard were incoherent sounds.

"God, no... Kate what happened to you."

You looked at her face again, though it made you very sick. Her lips continued to clench and unclench, her pupils dilated. She began to cling to you with her hands, she grabbed your collar and pulled you closer. She tried to kiss you on the cheek, but it came out very faintly, as if she were apologizing for something.

"Has ... her brain atrophied? No... it can't be... What if she dies!? She's like a vegetable now! And then what will happen to Katya if she dies? Oh God..."

At that moment she had already slid down from your lap and was lying on the floor. You just idly watched this picture with horror. These six months of your happy life with Katya have led to this outcome. You were torn with guilt and horror, you did not wish her such a fate. Like a naïve fool you thought that everything and everyone would be fine.

She grabbed the mask and threw it over her head.

"Apparently that was the last time... I'm sorry"

You walked over to her and helped her zipper it up. She was now lying on her back in the new snow-white lingerie that Katya had bought for you the other day. Usually it took stimulation for Katya to get her body again, but now it went by itself. After a couple of minutes, her eyes turned red again. She slowly stood up and looked

at you. You just dropped to your knees in front of Katya and couldn't hold back your tears.

"Oh my God, what happened!" - she ran up and hugged you. This time she had to reassure you for a long time.

---

It's been so long that you haven't noticed that Halloween has come. You tried not to think about Kate, and that there had ever been a skinsuit she'd brought for Halloween. But today's holiday has constantly reminded you of this. You were getting ready to get married soon and have children with Katya.

By the way, Katya was sitting on the couch in the living room watching TV while sipping juice through a straw. To please you she almost always wore tights and a light T-shirts.

"I'm home!" - you shouted from the threshold.

"Honey, it's your favorite tobacco chicken for dinner tonight" - she stood up to greet you. She helped you undress and took you into the kitchen. After kissing her, you began to eat together. You heard something click as if it had fallen to the floor, but you were too tired to pay attention.

"The bone must have fallen" - you thought and continue to eat.

After a long dinner, suddenly Katya began to have a headache.

"I don't feel well" - she grabbed the table as she suddenly began to vomit. You immediately ran up to her to support.

"Something is going on... something inside me..."

You couldn't even imagine what she meant, and the symptoms were like she was pregnant. She clutched at your hand.

"Argh... I'm scared... everything went so fine... why..." - her voice began to weaken.

"No what are you talking about! It's going to be okay! Hang in there!" - you almost snapped into a scream from the stress.

"Something is tearing me up inside... help me... it hurts so much..." - her hands began to cling chaotically to you.

The first thing that came to your mind was to unzip her back. Without letting go of her hand, you went around her and took off her T-shirt and to your dismay you found no zipper there. You began to explore her back not hiding your excitement. Her back was smooth, the zipper had just disappeared somewhere. Your voice trembled as you wanted to report it, but her scream interrupted you.



"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Something's coming out!"

Her hand slipped off the table and she fell to the floor grabbing her stomach. She then began quickly trying to get her shorts off. You weren't confused and in one motion took off her homemade shorts leaving her in just black panties and black pantyhose. More than ever they were in the way now, and you with hatred began to almost tear the pantyhose. Then without hesitation you took off her panties as well. From what she said it looked like she was about to give birth, you had no experience with midwifery at all, all you knew was where the baby was coming out.

"It hurts! I'm going to die!"

You gripped her hand tightly.

"Don't you dare! I can't lose you two!"

She screamed loudly and she literally started bouncing on the cold floor. Your brain was completely out of whack. It was like you were watching from the sidelines as you held her hand and said something to her, but she couldn't hear you.

Something from her cervix began to push out. When you saw the familiar color of her skin it was as if a bucket of ice water had been poured on you. A deflated hand was slowly coming out of her pussy. Without letting go of her hand you touched the deflated skin.

"Is that... Kate?! No way... I've already accepted it..."

You had a bunch of questions in your head, but Katya's scream of agony kept your mind occupied. You decided to take on the role of midwife, and help her "give birth" putting your emotions aside.

"Hold on, I'll help!"

She couldn't hear you anyway. Without letting go of her hand, you gently grasped Kate's hand and slowly began to pull. You felt that Kate was in a lot of pain. You decided to go for broke, you let go of her hand and grabbed her clit. She started hitting the floor with her hands and then clawed at your clothes. She didn't have the air to say anything, but she was clearly shocked and confused.

You nonchalantly continued to stimulate her clitoris, it was something like anesthesia and a mild anesthetic for her, especially since you remembered that she feels everything much more acutely than the average person.

Not knowing how to react she didn't know where to put her hands, but at least it seemed to you that she wasn't in so much pain anymore. You pulled a little harder on the arm of the skinsuit, and pulled its arm out already up to your shoulder. Katya continued to kick a little. You didn't want to believe or think it was really HER skin,

you just kept pulling that foreign object out of her body. Soon a head with hair color familiar to you appeared.

"No..." - you muttered through your teeth.

Kate's skin was sticking out of her pussy up to her chest, her deflated face, covered in folds and wrinkles, looked frightening; you didn't want to look at your loved one, you didn't want to believe that was all that was left of her.

You increased the friction on her clit a little more, and you pulled even harder on the hand of the skinsuit as you couldn't look at it anymore. Katya hadn't made a sound in a long time, and she seemed about to pass out. She twitched one last time, and thanks to the juices from her pussy and perhaps her orgasm, the skinsuit almost completely flew out of there and landed on the floor.

Katya didn't move anymore. You sat up and looked at your wet hands, your peripheral vision seeing Kate's skin lying lifeless on the floor. You began to feel nauseous and turned away, but now your gaze fell on Katya, who was lying lifeless.

"Noooooooo!"

You jumped to her, you shook her by the shoulders, patted her cheeks - no reaction. You checked her pulse-you felt almost nothing. Impulsively you picked her up, forgetting the shell on the floor, pressing her forehead to your lips you carried her to the couch. Once you put her down you began to massage her heart, most likely incorrectly, because you had only seen it in the movies. This was followed by the same inept CPR.

"Come on, come on!"

You did this for five minutes until you were dizzy. You collapsed beside her and squeezed her cold hand.

There was no strength to call for an ambulance, you just sat on the floor next to the couch, head bowed, and soon just your eyes closed on their own, you held onto her hand until you lose conscience.

---

She slowly opened her eyes, carefully looking around she saw that you were asleep sitting on the floor, your head was on the couch, and your hand was clutching it tightly, even in your sleep. Katya cautiously lifted herself up so as not to wake you up. She had a lot of questions in her head, she clearly remembered the pain she had experienced literally just now, but she still didn't understand what the problem was.

You squeezed her hand tightly enough, but she managed to free herself from your grip. After looking at you asleep, she estimated her strength, and then carefully picked you up, laying you down on the couch where she herself had just been lying.

While she was looking for something to cover you with, she saw something on the floor that looked like a suit, but as if the skin had just been peeled off a person. She approached the skin with a little fear and disgust. Squatting down, she cautiously pulled it closer to her by the arm. As she touched the smooth skin a little, it hit her.

"Stop... Did I really look like that!? Just a shell?"

She looked back at you, but you were still asleep. Her hands trembled a little.

"Is that really you... his girlfriend?"

She asked a question to the skinsuit that she wouldn't get an answer to. She ran her hands over her face and brushed her bangs off her forehead.

"And you're quite pretty."

But suddenly guilt and resentment came over her like a tsunami.

"Why am I just sitting here admiring the skin... It's my fault... It's all my fault... If I wasn't here now... I ruined his life... I ruined her life... I'd rather not be here... I don't deserve all this love... or maybe he was doing it out of pity?..."

All these thoughts swirled in her head in one moment, her gaze focused back on her face, and she dropped the skin from her hands in horror. Tears came out of her eyes on their own; she wasn't sobbing profusely, they were just streaming from her eyes. It was as if she no longer had the strength to cry, but her feelings sought an outlet.

She felt she had to do something, or she would never forgive herself. She looked back at you again, just for a moment. She could no longer look at you, let alone look into your eyes. Wiping away her tears, she stood up and mentally prepared herself for what was to come. Only now did she notice that her tights were torn and her panties weren't on at all, but lay somewhere across the room.

She took off her tank top and your favorite black bra, so simple, but just the kind you liked, uncomplicated, no patterns or frills, just a bra accentuating a woman's beauty.

She picked up her skin from the floor and she ran to the bathroom because you embarrassed her with your presence.

Resting her hands on the sink she stared at her reflection and then at the skinsuit she brought with her. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. A deep exhale followed, she opened her eyes determinedly, and nothing seemed to stop her anymore. She found a slit in the back of the skinsuit, but there was no zipper. Without thinking about how she was going to wear it, she inwardly apologized to Kate and began to slip her foot inside. Not to say she was directly surprised by anything, but it felt like she was wearing thick tights.

"I recall something about sexual stimulation, I haven't seen anything like that yet..."

She had already pulled the skinsuit up to her thighs, and matched the crotch of the suit with her own. Correcting her bottom as if she had misplaced her underwear, she lowered her hands into the dangling sleeves of the suit.

"It feels like the most normal suit. It's actually a good thing I don't feel anything, I'd hate to end up like her as well."

Katya adjusted her fingers on her hands, the suit squeezing her breasts a little like a vise. She fidgeted a little, and touched her new tits. Feeling them like baby balls, she sent her other hand lower.

"Weird... it's just like usual, even too usual."

Discarding unnecessary thoughts, her gaze fell on the dangling hood. She raised it to the level of her head.

"And we do look alike... we could have been great sisters."

She ran her hands wistfully down her cheeks. Her resolve faded away. She began to fear that if you caught her like this right now, she would just die of embarrassment, and misunderstood, could have driven her away or worse - you will hate her. These thoughts shook her confidence a little in what she was doing. Kate's skinsuit was beginning to feel kind of stuffy to her.

"For his sake..." - echoed in her head.

"For... him" - she repeated. Her hands gripped the mask.

"It's my fault that it turned out this way" - she began to bring the mask closer.

"Me and my curse" - she looked at herself in the mirror with her red eyes.

"Let me atone for my sins."

She pulled the mask over her face. Her eyes immediately went dark and the hole disappeared down her back. Katya leaned against the sink to keep from falling. Her head felt a little dizzy, and she struggled to open her eyes. Her eyes were still the same red-burgundy color. But her body had changed; it felt as if it were a little smaller.

"Is... everything... okay?" - she began to touch her face and body, looking for a catch.

"Oh my god, my voice" - she couldn't see that her voice had changed, had become higher.

"I thought it would take control like it did with me... strange, maybe it's different now."

At the mirror she jerked her face and breasts again.

"Ouch!"

She cried out as if she had pinched her real skin. You couldn't tell she was wearing a suit now, she was now Kate outwardly in every way, but could she internally replace her? Inwardly she was almost at peace with what she wanted to do.

For you, the whole time lasted a moment. You didn't even see sleep, you slowly opened your eyes, you stared at the ceiling.

"But how? I fell asleep on the..."

You jumped up abruptly and realized you were asleep on the couch. Looking around the room you saw Kate sitting in your spot on the floor and resting her head on the couch peacefully asleep.

"Wait what... Kate?"

You were startled on the couch so that it shook and she instantly woke up and it was like she was already ready to it. She pulled back a little, and bowed to her feet, bumping the floor with her forehead.

"Let me explain myself please!" - she shouted.

You sat in the same bewilderment and were not going to say anything at all. You looked around the room and didn't find Kate's skin that you had left on the floor. It only now began to dawn on you what had happened.

"Thank you for your time with me" - a shiver began to break through her voice.

"I don't deserve all this... because of me..." - she began to sob. You fidgeted a little on the couch.

"So please... I want to try to fix my mistakes!" - She threw her head up, her eyes glistening with an already familiar color; now you could tell exactly who was talking to you.

"Let me..." - she paused - "become her... for you..." - she said barely audible.

Events were unfolding too quickly and you didn't have time to digest them. You got up from the couch and sat closer to Katya on the floor. She was bowing her head and staring at the floor. You slowly brought your hand up to her face, then slowly ran your hand down her cheek until you were at her chin. Slowly you lifted her head by her chin, her eyes glistening with tears.

"You did such a brave thing... for me" - you hugged her.

"I loved... No, I love you both, so much. You would know" - she was just quietly lounging in your arms, but you could still feel a little tension, she still hadn't heard what she wanted to hear.

"So much has happened these days... and I'm so glad to see you again, Kate" - she hugged you tighter.

"But I'll miss Katya, too..." - her grip loosened now, as if she was hesitating, still undecided.

"I'll accept whatever choice you make, I care for both of you."

"But!" - Katya exclaimed, but misfired.

You yourself were confused about what you wanted, you loved them both. But to Kate indeed life has turned out unfairly, at least that's what you thought. But you had already grown accustomed to Katya, too. Once again, you were beginning to think that it was foolish to hope to sit on two chairs. You only now noticed that she was wearing the same clothes as before dinner, though without pantyhose.

"I'll be..." - she said, you pulled away to look at her face.

"I have no loved ones, no relatives... just you anyway. And she had everything. I must at least do something good in this life!"

You kissed her unexpectedly on the lips. Even the taste of those lips belonged to her, outwardly she really had completely become Kate. You plopped her down on the couch and began to undress her. Her cheeks lit up as if she hadn't even worn any skinsuit. You had the whole night ahead of you. And many more like it. You were sure of that.

---

The usual Kate was cheerful, perky, and very energetic. The new Kate was a little stiff and cautious, but she was good at behaving like a normal girl in public. It was the only thing that allowed you to somehow understand that this was Katya in a Kate skinsuit. Occasionally you would ask her to take off her skinsuit, she reluctantly agreed. There was no zipper on her back like last time, the slit would open itself when she started to think about getting out of the suit. You spent some time together with Katya, but while you slept she would put it back on at night, and she was less and less willing to get out of character.

Everything went on as it was until after a hot night, one morning after waking up, you noticed something strange.

"Sunshine wake up" - you shook her by the shoulder.

She turned to you, yawning slightly.

"Good morning, sweetie."

At first you didn't suspect anything, writing it off as just waking up, but when she stared at you intently with her big eyes, the heterochromia you couldn't help but notice. Her right eye turned blue.

"What's wrong with you...? There's something wrong with your eye" - you murmured.

"Eh?" - She stood up slightly, the blanket sliding down exposing her breasts.

"You have... ehh... you should look in the mirror."

She reluctantly got up, still yawning, and walked over to the mirror. She was a little surprised, but she wasn't the least bit alarmed.

"It's true... the color has changed" - she stretched out, continuing to admire herself.

"Well, it's no big deal! I've heard it happens, by the way it's not fatal. And even more so..." - she jumped up to you and bent over - "It's much prettier that way, isn't it?" - she smiled.

You couldn't resist that smile. So you just smiled and grabbed her cheeks and gently started rubbing them. She started giggling and fighting you off, but it soon ended with morning sex, which for some reason was hotter than usual.

---

Her stiffness and cautiousness gave way to cheerfulness and activity with each passing day. She looked more and more like the Kate from the past you knew. You praised her every time for the diligence she put into it. She would only look at you like you were a fool and then sincerely thank you. The sincerity you read in her eyes, one red the other blue. So different, but both so dear and beloved.

In the evenings she began to complain of headaches. When you asked to take off her skinsuit, she would say - "Don't be silly" - and things like that. Her behavior began to change a bit. You began to feel more and more like it was really Kate next to you.

Now that Kate was around you, your longing for her was replaced by your longing for Katya. You yourself were annoyed by your uncertainty. Why can't you just love one person? You did, though, until life put you in front of the fact. You began to fear that you would never see Katya again, that she might forget herself,

that she might lose herself. You began to wonder if this was really the only solution. Maybe things could have turned out differently.

---

Accidentally one day you found folded many times piece of paper in pocket of your jeans.

It was wrinkled and as if it had been crumpled to begin with. Kate wasn't home and you were about to leave for work, but decided to unwrap it and see what it was. Initially you thought it was a check from the store or your old draft. But it was a note. Not from Kate, but from the one hiding inside her.

"It's a little hard for me to write... My head's all jumbled up, memories jumbled up. Only one thing stays the same. I love you!"

The note cuts off then as if writing a sequel but on a different day.

"I... I'll stay inside, and if anything happens to me, don't try to bring me back... I made my choice. I hope you will respect it. It's my redemption..."

Your heart began to ache a little. The note continues again, but in a slightly different handwriting.

"Ah... I... don't know what's going on... But please don't show me this note... what if I break down? I want to make you happy... I think I'm doing the right thing... I'm making the right choice..."

Then the note breaks off again and at the end only was written in Kate's already familiar handwriting.

"The time spent with you was the best in my life... Thank you. I will always love you. Even if I'm gone..."

Your legs buckled and you collapsed to the floor.

"Katya... When did you want me to read it? You and I are getting married soon..."

Tears came to your eyes a little by themselves. You began to doubt again that you were doing the right thing.

---

The wedding went great, Kate's family was very happy that the wedding took place. Your parents came too and blessed you with a happy life. Many people appreciated her heterochromia and really acknowledged that she looked very cute that way, but they still recommended that she see a doctor.



A lot of effort and money went into the preparation. Everything went so fast, here you are holding hands. Here you are putting on the rings. You're kissing in front of everybody, screaming with joy. And now you're in your bedroom carrying her in your arms. She was lying on the bed, happy and dangling her legs.

"The ceremony was amazing..." - you said tiredly.

"Ha-ha truly, it took so much effort... but we're finally together! Officially! My dream finally came true!"

She was buoyant and energetic, she was charging you and you could feel yourself getting better. You stood over her and looked at her with your arms crossed over your chest. She blinked a few times and looked at you with her sweet eyes. But then you noticed something again that began to alarm you, that long-standing feeling you had when you woke her up that morning. The color of her other eye slowly began to change to blue, the native color of Kate's eyes.

Your eyes rounded, your lips quivered, and you wanted to say something. She blinked a few times, looking at you strangely. There were no more of her red eyes. Crystal-clear, cold lake-colored eyes were looking at you.

"Did you see a ghost?" - She asked smirking.

Having lost hope, you still decided to ask.

"Kate, would you... would you take off your skin...suit? I'm worried..." - you almost whispered last words.

She patted her slightly surprised eyes. On her sweet, almost childlike face you could trace the incomprehension changing to a thoughtfulness that didn't last long at all. After which she frankly asked.

"What suit?"