

A maniac runs loose in the city at night, rumored to be a woman wearing a white mask like Meyers, but a female version. The victims are all women, they are all missing, some were killed on the spot and abandoned. They may have tried to resist, for which they were killed. You are the female police officer who took the case.

You've been tracking possible crime scenes. And you've been trying to find leads on this mystery woman hunter. It was already night, but some women were still coming home alone.

But then you saw a suspicious cloaked figure emerge from a house that was under surveillance. You could not see the face, it was covered by a hat. The outfit is unusual for a night out, so you decided to follow her. You prepared a tranquilizer gun to knock out the maniac. You wanted him alive, and you were ready to face him in a direct confrontation.

You tried to keep your distance, but you were afraid you would lose sight of him. You followed him for a couple of streets as he turned into an alley. As you turned after him after a while, you lost sight of him. There were several branches here and you had to rely on your intuition. As you made your way through the dark alleys, you kept your hand on your gun to protect yourself.

As you wandered, a woman screamed. You rushed to the source of the sound to find as a young girl was trapped in a cul-de-sac. Standing with her back to you was a Stalker in a raincoat. You saw a knife in her hands.

"Hey! Don't touch that woman!" - you stood a little sideways without pulling your tranquilizer out. You had one charge, and you needed to hit exactly, preferably in an area not covered by clothing. The figure slowly turned toward you and you saw close enough this white face with black lips and black eyes. A copy of Myers, if he were a woman. Her coat was unbuttoned and underneath was a white tank top. On her feet were black slacks and simple boots.

"Great, just enough to hit the chest area" - you thought.

The figure was silent, she didn't even open her mouth. It just began to walk slowly toward you twirling the knife in its hand. You were deliberately dressed not as a cop, but as a civilian. You hoped you didn't arouse any suspicions.

The maniac moved sharply in your direction, you were not confused and when she ran up, quickly enough you pulled out your gun and almost at point-blank range shot her in the chest.

"Gotcha."

She flew past you, tearing your black sweatshirt a bit. Taking a few more steps, she fell to the damp ground. The woman who had been watching the whole time shouted.

"Miss, get out of here, I'm from the police department, I'll take care of this."

She ran out of the alley as quickly as possible in an unknown direction.

The figure tried to rise from the ground, but her strength was leaving her. You slowly approached the figure lying on the ground. You quickly kicked the knife away, and stepped on her back. Her resistance stopped. Then you slowly turned her over onto her back. You pulled the dart out of her cleavage and tossed it aside, and began to examine her. She had a good figure, big firm breasts, thin waist, hips, everything was in place. You examined her face carefully.

"Strange... doesn't look like makeup... is it really a Myers mask?"

You touched her face; it was indeed made of latex. There were holes in her nose for breathing.

"Huh... what a quality mask, it even has hair" - you fretted a little.

You tried to take it off, but noticed that her breasts were also white. You looked under her shirt, the skin of her belly was white.

"What...?" - Your pussy began to tingle at the thought of it being a one-piece suit. You looked around, no one was around. You decided to at least get her into the entryway. You wondered what it was all about. You slowly took off her coat. As you took off her boots, you noticed that she was wearing black socks. Pulling up her pant leg you realized that they were either stockings or pantyhose. You touched her toes, they were soft, and you could barely contain yourself from smelling them. Increasingly bewildered and burning with curiosity, you unzipped and pulled down her black pants.

"Still in pantyhose... I wasn't expecting that."

Without thinking long you began pulling down her pantyhose exposing her raggy black panties. Your hands touched her rubbery skin, you loved the feeling.

"What, she's wearing a suit anyway, why does she need underwear?"

Pulling down her black pantyhose, you couldn't help but hold them against your face.

"It smells like rubber..."

You saw that each of her fingers was also covered in rubber. And there were even black fingernails. You didn't pay attention and looked at her hands, there were false nails there too. But they were very firmly in place, as if they were glued on.

You touched her rubber fingers, and you were a bit uneasy about what you were doing, even though you should have reported it to the police a long time ago. But you couldn't leave it like that, you were too interested. Throwing your pantyhose on your boots, you pulled her top off, exposing her black bra.

"No, that's too much, maniacs are trendy these days" - but you couldn't hide the fact that it turned you on.

You were frightened by the face that was staring at you. Those black empty eye sockets, the little latex nose. And the lips, the black color contrasted with the color of your skin. You gently touched them and felt something soft inside.

"Maybe it's her lips... the real ones."

You palpated them some more, then leaned in and... gently kissed them. You felt it strange, but as if you were kissing a person on the lips, but through a tissue. Pulling away you looked into the eyes, but you saw nothing. When you touched them, you were sure they were black lenses.

You did not unhook her bra and just pulled the straps off her shoulders, exposing her white breasts, they were not nipples, and for some reason you were aroused. You put your hands on her big breasts and slowly squeezed.

"Mmmm how soft...maybe you have pads there?"

Your crotch tingled a little and you instinctively put your hand there and massaged it.

"F*ck... not now, I'm at work..."

You pulled down her black panties.

"Whoa...what have we here..." - you saw a white slit. No hair. You touched it. It were warm. You pulled labia apart a little. Inside the skin was white too, as if a hollow dildo had been

inserted. There was even a small anus hole just below.

"That's the design..."

You flipped her over onto her back and your eyes popped open when you saw the zipper on her back.

"It is a costume after all!" - you shouted in your head, and unable to keep your balance, your hands rested on her soft buttocks.

"Oh shit - it really is a costume, and I can take it off..." - Your hands slowly reached for the clasp. You pulled back her hair and found the zipper. You slowly began to lower it, exposing her fair skin and golden hair underneath.

"A woman? Blonde?"

You lowered the clasp to the base of the spine. It was a girl by structure, her skin was sticky with sweat. You decided to start with the head. The zipper ended at the base of the neck, and you had to make an effort to remove the mask. He sat tight enough on her, but you managed to remove the mask with a squelching sound, exposing her surprisingly beautiful face.

"Such a beauty and..." - you felt a little sorry for her.

Her face was as sticky as if she had really worn it for a long time. She was sleeping peacefully, you couldn't believe that she could be that maniac. You opened the slit on her back wider, continued to take off the suit, you exposed her middle chest and small stomach.

"Strangely, the breasts of the suit are a little bigger than hers, but they felt like real ..."

Trying to pull the suit down to the hips, you were prevented by dildos inserted into the pussy and anus.

"So my guesses were correct"

You slowly started pulling them out, they were wet.

"Apparently she enjoyed it" - you have a tingle from below again.

"Damn it! Not now!"

You forcefully pulled the dildo out of her holes, they were long enough, and from the fact that you pulled out the entire length at a time, she jerked violently.

"Hush, hush, sleep well, I'm sorry for disturbing..." - you stroked her stomach and continued to undress her. You started exposing her slender legs. First plump thighs, then calves. You freed each of her fingers from the latex shell. You were holding a full-length white suit in your hands, very sexy in your opinion. And there was a very beautiful girl lying in front of you. Her face seemed familiar to you, but you were too concerned.

You were now sitting in a stupor, and did not understand why you did it. You should have just handed her over to the police, and now you stripped her naked, and you held the main proof in your hands. But the police don't know anything about the costumes, and you probably left your fingerprints.

You couldn't just handcuff her and bring her in, you won't prove anything, and you let the witness go, and then she wouldn't help you in this situation.

You couldn't take her with you, you would have been noticed. It's a long way to run to the car. You could just leave it here with your coat, it won't freeze to death. Your strange curiosity has put you in front of a strange and difficult choice.

Having made a strange decision, but you decided to run home with the suit. You covered her with the coat she came in. Finding the bag in the trash, you put the suit and all the remaining clothes there, even the underwear you took, you wanted to try this suit, because you had a fetish about it, and you could not get over yourself.

You ran and ran with the bag, hiding it from prying eyes. When you got to your car you threw the package into the cabin, got behind the wheel and raced home. The excitement of anticipation possessed you, you were not thinking clearly, because you knew that what you did was wrong, and this made you feel even weirder. You hoped nothing would happen to the girl.

Closing the door behind you, you dumped the pile of clothes on the bed and hurriedly got rid of the filthy garbage bag. The white suit that lay on top of that pile drew your attention more and more.

You never expected to find a one-piece Halloween costume, but this one was much more twisted. You immediately became interested in the mysterious woman with the white face, since you thought she wore a mask.

With trembling hands you take the costume in your hands. Your face turned red and you breathed nervously. You pressed it to your face and smelled the rubber.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, what a beautiful smell" - your panties were already getting a little wet.

You lifted that pale face and kissed it on your black lips. It was as if you were kissing a real woman, your lips were voluminous and firm. At the same time, you began to rub your crotch.

"Aaaaaaaaahhhh! I'm cumming!"

You managed to cum just from rubbing your pussy through your jeans. In fact, you rarely ever satisfy yourself, you just don't have enough time, and you often try to restrain yourself. That's why you were so horny.

You started slowly pulling off your wet jeans. They were tight and you with your trembling hands barely got them down. Then you took off your white socks and soaked black panties. Putting these in a separate pile on the floor you took off your torn black sweatshirt and T-shirt. The black bra went there as well.

You began to shiver, either from the cold, or from anticipation and excitement. Lowering your foot inside, the white latex immediately hugged your toes. You shuddered a little from the cold, but knowing that the latex would take your body

temperature you continued to lift the suit higher and higher. Your thighs barely fit inside until the two dildos rested against your crotch.

"Shit, I didn't even disinfect them..."

But you didn't care about hygiene and started to slowly push both rods inside. Your anus was slowly expanding to absorb this huge dildo, and the second smaller one slipped inside easily as your pussy was already wet. You almost cum again.

"It's been a long time since I've put anything in there... God, who would have thought my next time would be like this?"

The inside of the suit looked up at you and beckoned you inside. Exhaling deeply you lifted the top of the suit and immediately dipped your hands inside the dangling sleeves. It was a little problematic, you didn't even lubricate your body with oil or anything, but the sweat that broke out made putting it on somewhat easier. You carefully smoothed the fingers of your new hand, trying not to tear off the black fingernails of the suit. As you clasped your other hand, you pressed the suit's breasts against your small but native mounds. The suit pulled them tight, the feeling of pressure on your breasts and nipples excited you terribly. Without fastening the suit you ran your hands from your neck to your breasts and began to squeeze them in your latex hands.

"Why is it so good... I didn't think latex could be so... Mmmmmmm..."

Then you moved your hands lower and stroked your latex belly. You wriggled sensually in front of the mirror contemplating your reflection. When you ran your hands over your crotch you let out a small moan and flexed as the hollow dildo inserted inside moved a bit scrubbing against your inner walls. Restrained, you straightened up and looked at yourself again.

"Beautiful... this suit is beautiful. I can just wear it after work for my own pleasure... But I need to finish the look."

You gripped the mask. The light only came through the nostrils of the mask, you unfolded the mask and looked into her black eyes, which were most likely black opaque lenses. You ran your hand over her unopened mouth. Unable to withstand the temptation, you kissed the mask on those black lips.

"Here we go..."

You unfolded the mask and opened the seam wider, inhaling deeply you dived inside the mask pulling the edges as far away from yourself as possible, sinking as deeply as possible. Your entire head was completely engulfed in the white head of the maniacal woman, but you felt that it did not fit perfectly.

You began to smooth the mask over your face with your hands and adjusted the holes for your nose so that you could breathe. The whole time your eyes were closed. When you opened them you could see nothing through the lenses. A wave of claustrophobia came over you, but you calmed down, caught your breath, and decided to at least zipper up. With your new latex hands you could barely find the tongue of the zipper, and then you drove it to the top of your head. The suit began to tighten squeezing you even tighter, when the zipper tab disappeared behind your black hair you felt the mask press hard against your face.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmppfffffffff!"

You grabbed your hands over your face because the suit felt as if the whole thing began to squeeze tightly squeezing you inside it. Your hands darted to your chest and crotch on their own. You felt your whole body begin to burn. Your finger itself began to try to penetrate your artificial pussy and your other hand began to squeeze your new artificial breasts.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPPMPMPMPMPMPH!"

You could not speak, only make sounds. The mask hugged your face tightly, preventing you from opening your mouth. You were just frantically pulling air through your nose, feeling like you were short of air.

"Aaahhhh I'm going to cum! I've never felt so horny! Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh" - your thoughts were rushing around in your head forming a mess.

You stopped thinking coherently as your leg muscles contracted and the walls of your vagina began to contract. But they only squeezed the dildo that was inserted inside your holes, and that only made your feelings stronger. You fell to the floor with your back to the bed and for some time you shook in convulsions enjoying your orgasm.

Bathed in the afterglow after your orgasm, you couldn't even get up from the floor, it was such an intense experience. After a while, you could barely get up and lay down on the bed.

"Hahahaha I can't believe I did that! That I'm now carrying physical evidence of a crime... But it's so sexy."

These thoughts flashed through your mind like lightning as you began to explore your latex body again. First, you began massaging your two little girls. Then again your hands slipped into your pussy and you arched your back again in ecstasy.

Your gaze fell on your clothes, which were lying in a small pile on the bed. You casually pulled your panties out of this pile and pressed them to your face.

"I want a complete makeover..."

Your level of arousal rose to a new level again. You never even thought your mind could be so twisted - "Maybe it was all the effects of the costume?"

Soon you were already sitting on the bed dressed in simple black cloth panties and a bra. For some reason such simple underwear looked very sexy on you, simple but elegant and tasteful.

The next was pantyhose enough tights, so tight that your pale legs barely showed through them only when you bent your knees or sat down on a hard surface.

"Ahhhh that feeling of them hugging my legs is just beautiful!"

After patting yourself on the butt and running your hands to your toes you threw on a white T-shirt and put on your gray sweatpants.

You went to the mirror, breathing heavily, and froze. For in the mirror was reflected the maniac everyone has been looking for for a long time.

"I look like a maniac... No, I am a maniac... On the outside," you smiled under the mask.

You began to pose in front of the mirror, taking various poses. You stroked your imaginary partner with one hand and gave him pleasure with the other. You were bi, so in theory, you could have had an affair with either gender.

Then you started trying to kill the imaginary victim with your hands, you waved your hand in which you had a knife, then you strangled or drowned. Everything you had seen on your police work and the internet came out at that moment.

"No... What am I doing, I'm a cop... Stop it."

You immediately stopped doing such embarrassing things, but when you looked at your reflection again your hands started walking over your body on their own while you keep your eyes on your reflection.

"But I'm so beautiful in this costume... And no one will know it's me."

Your hand started trying to get into your pussy through your panties and pantyhose. It was as if the suit responded and it was as if you were even more sensitive underneath.

You began to back up against the bed so that you wouldn't end up on the floor again. Your feet rested against the bed and you flopped down on it.

"Aahahahaha I'm going to cum again! Aaaaahhhh aaaaaaaahhhhhh it is the best thing that ever happened to me!"

Your hand rubbed the area between your legs faster and faster until a white figure on the bed started mooing and thrashing in the room.

It was morning when you woke up. Only when you felt a little tightness in your movements did you realize that you fell asleep in the costume you stole yesterday.

Immediately your phone rang, and you automatically picked up the phone and tried to answer it, but the screen did not respond to your latex fingers.

"Damn, I can't talk anyway, good thing I couldn't pick up the phone."

While the phone was ringing you quickly took off all your outerwear, including your bra and panties. Your pussy was still piercing reminding you of the night's events, but you didn't want to be distracted.

You found the zipper tongue at the top of your head and lowered it enough to pull off your latex face. Your hair was wet and disheveled, and your face was red and sweaty. The phone had already stopped ringing, and soon you were receiving messages from Caid, your good friend. Zipping down to your waist you pulled at least one hand out and unlocked your phone.

"May! Is everything okay with you? I've been calling you all morning and you don't answer. We have a suspect in custody, the main evidence is the knife from the crime scene, it's the same knife that may have killed several people, come to our station right away."

Your heart goes a little in your heels.

"Although what did I expect, I left her alone in the entryway with the knife."

You quickly dialed Kyle's answer that you would be there soon.

When you pulled the suit down to your thighs, just then you could feel how much you stank, and the suit itself, too. You didn't even know how long that girl wore it, but it was made for long wear.

You pinched your nose with your free hand, and with your other hand you abruptly pulled down the rest of the suit, forgetting about the inserts of the suit. When both intruders came out of your ass and pussy one moment at a time you shuddered and almost had a little orgasm again. Fluids poured out of your pussy and the rest flowed into the pants of the suit. Making a very lustful face you were still able to remove the entire suit and throw it on the floor.

"My God what a stench it is?"

You took the suit and a bunch of clothes and carried them into the bathroom. You threw the clothes in the machine and soaked the suit in the basin. You didn't

know how to take care of such expensive (probably) latex suit so you just intuitively did what you thought possible.

Turning on the machine, you immediately climbed into the shower and began to wash off the sweat, dirt, and remnants of last night's pleasure. You could barely restrain yourself from masturbating in the shower. But you decided to save the best for last. Considering that the suit was soaked enough with water to wash off the sweat and dirt from it, you pulled it out of the water and hung it to dry in the room so that no one would see it. You wanted to put it on again, but you restrained your impulse of lust.

"Work comes first."

You ran into the police station out of breath, your toilet routine taking longer than you expected to look decent after a crazy night. As soon as you entered the office you were greeted by Kyle.

"Thank God you're okay" - he ran up to you and looked at you softly.

You were a little embarrassed and muttered.

"Yes... thank you."

You liked him, but you weren't going to have a relationship yet, and with a co-worker. But you sensed that he liked you, a woman's intuition never fails in this.

After an awkward silence, you asked.

"Well, will you take me to the prisoner?"

Sneaking into the depths of the building, you walked into the suspect holding area. Kyle pointed you to the right cell, there were two doors, one had a prisoner sitting behind it, and the other had an observation room with a Gesell mirror. Once inside the second room, a policeman was sitting there boredly watching through the glass. At the same time, another Afro-American police officer was yelling at the suspect and apparently trying to put pressure on her. But he failed and walked out of the interrogation room.

"Our shift's here, you can rest now" - Kyle said.

"Yeah, you deal with that freak yourself."

The two cops got up and left.

"So, let me go to her you watch here."

You immediately grabbed his sleeve and said firmly.

"No I'll go this time, I'm sure I can do better than you this time. We are girls after all we will understand each other."

Kyle hummed and made way for you. Sitting comfortably in his chair he start to watched.

You walked into the interrogation room and sat across from the girl. She was dressed in the official prison clothes of orange color. Your guess was right, it was the same girl you disarmed yesterday and took off her suit. Just remembering that made you feel so good and pleasant, but quickly pulling yourself together you made a serious face.

"Good afternoon, what is your name and what do you think you were brought here for?"

She raised her exhausted gaze to you.

"Please let me go... I didn't do anything" - the girl said in a tired voice.

You exhaled loudly.

"Just for the record again, what's your name, and what did you do last night."

She began staring at the ceiling remembering past events.

"My name is Marina Williams, I'm a medical student, but I don't remember anything after I blacked out one day." - she paused for a moment.

"Ah... yesterday I woke up in the cold in a runny-nose entryway covered by a single cloak, when I covered myself with the cloak and went outside I found myself in an unfamiliar neighborhood. Then a man came up to me and said he had called the police because it was forbidden to sleep naked here."

You listened silently to her story with occasional nods, then it dawned on you.

"Wait a minute" - you said and quickly left the interrogation room to Kyle.

"Kyle! Did you hear that?"

"Well at least your conversation I recorded, why?"

"It was so obvious! Marina Williams, check that's one of the kidnapped girls!"

Kyle was a little surprised, but then he thought and his face seemed to brighten.

"That's right! I'll be right there, wait."

Kyle ran out of the room, apparently in search of documents. You walked up to the table, for some reason looked around in different directions and pressed the button under the table disabling video and sound recording. And then you quickly returned to Marina.

"So listen carefully, you don't know anything about the white bodysuit with the mask? That you wore it? Wore it?! Walked around in it?!"

She shrank a little from this pressure and shook her head. You pulled the photo out of the file folder that was on the table and showed it to Marina.

She shook her head.

"When and where did you "pass out"? I quote it verbatim."

"Then it was... April 23rd or 24th, I remember I was sitting in my house when suddenly my eyes went black, and then I woke up in the street."

You figure in your head that yesterday was April 26.

"So she doesn't remember two days of her life? What kind of nonsense is that? Wait... what if there's a whole group that's recruiting kidnapped girls? It turns out... what if we've been watching different girls in bodysuits the whole time?"

You hit yourself on the forehead with the palm of your hand and started walking in circles around the room. Gathering your thoughts, you approached Marina and took hold of her shoulders.

"Marina Williams, thank you for the valuable information! We can't let you out yet, please don't worry, we will definitely prove that you are a victim."

Marina shuddered. But she didn't say anything, she just smiled and bowed her head, just at that time Kyle appeared in the doorway and called you to him with his hand. You left the room leaving Marina alone, Kyle stood tapping to the beat with his foot, after which he began:

"May! You were right, she's listed as missing! How did we not check that right away?"

Inspired by the fact that your guess was correct, you blurted out:

"I get it, there are several if not more maniacs in white latex bodysuits, but we just thought it was the same person!"

It was clear that now Kyle's face displayed a lot of thought processes.

"The bodysuit? The white figure in the pictures is the girl in the bodysuit you mean? Waaaaait... But...if she was a maniac, where is her bodysuit...?"

Realizing you'd blurted out a little too much, it made your heart go in your heels and sweat begin to appear on your forehead. Were you thinking of telling him about it, or not involve Kyle in this?

"Kyle..."

You were very confused, but you decided you needed his help. But you couldn't tell him that now and right there. He watched with interest as the expression on your

face changed. You noticed it and wanted to snap back, mostly out of sheer embarrassment, but you stopped yourself.

"Can you come over to my house tonight? I'll need your help with something."

Kyle was very surprised at such an offer, but you knew he couldn't refuse you.

"Of course I'll come, you can count on me."

To further energize him you hugged him, for the first time ever. He was numb and didn't know what to do, a hug back or something to say. But you pulled away from him first and blinked at him.

"You can question her again if you want, but she doesn't remember anything else. All right, I'll go continue working on this case, I've got a few leads."

After which you walked briskly back to your office. And Kyle was left standing there in a stupor, starting to blush slowly.

"She hugged me..." - Kyle mused, and turned to the panels with cameras. Not immediately, but he did notice that the sound and video recording was off.

"I don't remember that I..." - he hesitated and looked back through the doorway again.

"Apparently May found out something... okay, now's not a good time to ask"

Kyle turned on the cameras and sat back in his chair watching the imprisoned girl.

"I can't believe you could be a maniac... So shy, weak... and yet beautiful. I don't understand" - Kyle thought to himself as he spun around in the cameraman's chair.

Today the pieces of your puzzle began to come together.

"They must have noticed the disappearance of one of their recruits, which means it's dangerous to try to find the entrance to their hideout yourself. We'll have to find the other maniacs and see where they take the girls they didn't have to kill. I can't believe the police haven't even been able to trace their routes in all this time... I mean, they're just useless... At least Kyle's helping me out... Maybe I can get into their "secret" base in this bodysuit. But we need to find another one... But it seems to me that I felt much more excited inside this bodysuit than usual... or I imagine things"

With these thoughts you finally made it to your house. There was still time before Kyle arrived, so you decided to prepare to it. It was a dangerous venture after all, but you were sure he would understand.

Entering the room, the bodysuit was waiting for you, which you hung on a makeshift beam from a mop. The rubber itself had already dried, and its hair was even more lush after the water, as if it were real. You slapped yourself on the forehead when you realized you hadn't hung the laundry you had thrown in the wash. Very quickly you began to hang the laundry, of course it wouldn't be dry in time for Kyle's arrival, but at least it was something.

"I also have to figure out what to tell him. If he asks where I got it from? I'll tell him... did I buy it? No... Stole it? I don't know... Knocked the girl out, stripped her naked and left her on the street, taking her entire set of clothes? Yes!"

This kind of thinking cheered you up a lot, but it didn't make you feel any better. You took off the latex bodysuit and put it on the bed. The suit did look creepy from the outside - pale skin, black lips, zero emotion on its face. But if you look closely, and if you're that "type" of person then you might find it very sexy.

You began to wonder if this bodysuit had any effect on the wearer. At the same time, you began to take off your police uniform and began to change into your home clothes. You chose not to take off your tights, as you enjoyed wearing this feminine attribute of clothing. You wore shorts and a light white top.

As you watched and thought about the bodysuit that was on the bed, for some reason your pussy began to tingle a little, even a little more than usual. You bit your lip and turned away.

"This has never happened before... Why do I feel like this..."

Your hands already seemed to be reaching for your sweet spot as the doorbell rang and you jumped up and down in fear raising your hands up.

"Oh, shit, that scared the hell out of me" - you patted yourself on the cheeks to come to your senses and headed for the door.

"Hi, I came as you asked" - Kyle smiled embarrassedly.

"Thanks, please come in" - you smiled back and invited him inside.

Kyle entered, and you closed the door behind him. Undressing, he entered the living room and began to look around.

"You're the same, and I don't even remember the last time I was at your place."

"Maybe when we were still at the academy?" - you asked with a chuckle.

Kyle wondered.

"Really, it's been a long time."

He kept looking around and you noticed that he often tried to take an extra look at you. Perhaps putting on tights and a light tank top wasn't the best way to have a

serious conversation with a man. To break the awkward pause you invited him for tea. You didn't immediately show him what was on your bed.

You could see that Kyle was a little nervous, and you couldn't believe you were the cause. As you sat him down at the table you poured the tea into mugs that hadn't changed since you were at the academy. Kyle put his palms around the mug and brought it to his mouth.

"Brings back memories... when we were kids" - Kyle dreamily stretched out and tried to take a sip.

"Pfft, you're still a kid yet" - you chuckled.

Kyle choked a little, but held the mug in his hand.

"And you! It's been years and you haven't grown an inch."

Now you gasped at this insolence and kicked him under the table with your foot. You both rolled with laughter, and it was as if you had returned briefly to the carefree past you had spent together. You had been good friends, and even after your studies, fate had brought you together in the same precinct.

After a warm discussion about stuff, and reminiscing about the past, you still had to come down from heaven to earth when Kyle asked.

"So, what did you call me over for? Not to have tea and cookies?" - Kyle purposely finished the rest of his tea loudly and tapped his cup on the table.

You exhaled languidly.

"It has to do with the maniac case I'm on. And I have a clue, and I have a plan... and I need your help. But I thought maybe you don't want to..."

Suddenly Kyle put his hand on yours.

"It's okay! I'll help you in any case!"

Whereupon you both blushed and simultaneously pulled your hands away.

"Sorry, I don't know what came over me..."

"Hahaha it's okay... We used to hold hands a lot when we were kids too."

But your heart began to beat too hard, some warm feeling began to rise from around your stomach reaching your brain.

"Maybe it's after recent events... I'm sure I've never felt anything like this about him before... We were just friends, but why do I feel so... happy? Maybe the bodysuit has that effect on me? Why do I want to wear this more every second..."

"May? Are you okay" - Kyle's voice brought you out of your trance.

"Ah! Ah... AH! Sorry just remembered something... Let's go to my bedroom, there's a clue in there, I'll tell you the plan later."

You got up and slowly walked to your room leading him. As you approached the door you grabbed the handle and stopped.

"Just don't be too surprised, okay? I think you'll understand."

"What are you hiding in there? A dead body?" - Kyle asked with a sneer.

"You'll see" - you hummed and opened the door.

The door swung open and you stepped inside. As soon as Kyle stepped over the threshold, he saw the white bodysuit lying on the bed. It made him stagger and lean against the wall.

"What is it?! May, don't tell me that it is..."

"Yes, it's the bodysuit one of the maniacs wore... and I have one" - you innocently sat down on the bed next to the suit.

"B-but where did you get it?"

You sighed heavily again.

"Sit down... anywhere you want and I'll tell you all about it."

A stunned Kyle found a chair and turning it with its back to you, he sat directly across from you. Too many thoughts were swirling around in his head right now, and you wanted to dispel his doubts.

A long detailed explanation of what happened that day and the day after, the details about masturbating in the bodysuit you omitted

You finished your story and Kyle sat there with his mouth hanging open. You lowered your gaze and waited for his reaction.

"But... Why would you do that? You could have just called the police station and called in a squad for a cordon."

Kyle stood up abruptly from his chair.

"Or at least tell me! I would have helped you! But there's nothing we can do now, the suspect denies her involvement in this, the main evidence is in your room and your fingerprints are on it, you let the witness go! May, what was your motivation in taking this on?"

Kyle looked at you, not with anger, but with sadness and incomprehension.

You looked down at the floor and said quietly.

"I don't know..."

You began to fidget a little on the bed.

"I... I'm so... I don't..."

Kyle came over and sat down on the floor in front of you, taking your hands.

"It's okay, I'm sorry I got a little testy, take it easy, I'm not pushing you May."

Your heart started to open up to Kyle a little bit, you wanted his protection and support in the moment. Even the fact that he was holding your hand didn't seem strange to you anymore, you wanted him to hold you. But it wouldn't be right to dump everything on him, so you started from afar.

"Remember Halloween when we were kids?" - you asked quietly.

Kyle chuckled and turned away to sneer.

"Yeah I remember, you were just fancy dressed then. You decided to dress up as a wicked witch, and you were wearing latex gloves, boots and dress. And it's unclear where you got a cheap latex mask. What's your point?"

Your lips trembled a little, your heart began to beat again. You wanted to tell him, you wanted to open up a little, but you were afraid he wouldn't understand, would run away, turn you in to the police, and more. But somewhere in the back of your mind you hoped that he understood you, or at least tried to understand you. You grabbed the sleeve of his turtleneck with one hand.

"Please don't laugh."

He looked at you intently.

"Of course."

"I then wore that mask and clothes a few more times when my parents weren't home, and... I think it became my fetish."

You sat in complete silence, an awkward pause hanging between you.

"..."

It was killing you, it was choking you, you wondered why you said that, you wanted to disappear if it had lasted another second longer. But then Kyle tugged at your sleeve. He rubbed his nose a little and said.

"I thought you were very beautiful and... se... *cough* sexy in a special way then, too..." - Kyle turned away a little, the last words he said very quietly.

Life was beginning to come back to you.

"I'd even like to see you again... well... like I did then."

It was like you dropped off the world. You blurted out a wide grateful smile and tears came to your eyes a little.

"Kyle... I... thank you."

You hugged him first, and he reciprocated. You just quietly enjoyed the moment. Until Kyle did ask.

"Does this have anything to do with THIS?"

"Yes..." - you whispered softly in his ear.

"I couldn't help myself when I realized what they were wearing... And because of that, I'm totally screwed right now. But I have a plan," you pulled away from him.

"I plan to infiltrate their territory by dressing as one of them!"

Kyle grabbed you by the shoulders in shock.

"May, what are you doing? Don't! That's dangerous! Just get rid of that thing and we'll get on with the investigation."

You puffed out your cheeks.

"Sounds like a good plan to me, these girls are being brainwashed somehow, and it's probably happening at some base, in an abandoned hangar or wherever these factions usually congregate. You come with me and back me up, then nothing will happen to me" - you smiled broadly and patted him on the shoulder.

"We have to figure out how they do it, break things down if possible and get back in, but the police can't know about it! That's why I'm turning to you, I could have gone alone, but I thought it was too dangerous."

Kyle stood up, walked around the room then sat down in his chair with a thoughtful look.

"Don't tell me you just want to wear that bodysuit again?"

Your eyes flickered.

"N-no! Work first! It just seemed like a great opportunity to me... yeah, and a secret mission, it all sounds cool and adventurous, just thinking about it gives me the creeps" - you wrapped your arms around yourself and swayed a little.

Kyle burst into laughter.

"There's my young May from my childhood! I thought you'd changed, all serious and busy with your work.

You just smiled sadly at his words.

"You know, even though I don't like this idea, in the past wherever I went with you it worked out... I guess we could try it."

You jumped off the bed with joy.

"I knew you'd understand me! Thank you!"

"..."

An awkward pause hung in the room again. But another desire began to grow, and in that excited state you asked him out loud.

"Uh... Mmm... do you want me to try it on now?"

Kyle looked up at you with his keen gaze and was a little confused.

"Right now...?"