



Re:Write TV

-Caleb-

RE:WRITE III

Chapter 1

-Last Man Standing-



The last few weeks had been a surreal experience for Caleb Pendleton, but even then, 'surreal' was putting it lightly...for the events that had plagued the young university student were unlike anything he had ever experienced before in his short twenty or so years on Earth for it wasn't something as simple as a passing feeling of *deja vu* or falling ill with a virulent sickness...

Ever since he had been discharged from the university's medical ward about a week after that fateful day, Caleb had begun to feel strangely isolated...alone and with no one to call on for aid, as if there were supposed to be people he could rely on in this deteriorating mess of an educational institute after a certain two-bit thug had somehow managed to get past the review process to enroll in Pendleton University, a prestigious school whose barrier to entry kept out many people that would've qualified far better than that him, enforcing the rumors going around the student body about his father pulling

strings in an attempt to get his son to learn...except something had gone wrong along the way, with promised threats to follow up on expulsion and even disownment from the family never seeming to go through despite the hubbub about it. Especially when the activities Kevin engaged in both on and off of campus grounds could easily be used to incriminate him.

From bullying to harboring people who weren't students or part of the faculty, the rotten son of the university's Rector had started his own little network of sorts consisting entirely of bodacious women whose very existence was a stain on Pendleton University's reputation. Just as vindictive as their leader, the ladies (if one could even call them that judging from their attire...) were small-time bullies with little care for the people around them besides their one and only Kevin, each with a title of their own for what they did best.

Dani Willow, the longest acquaintance of Kevin, the brains of the operation and the only one who could actually justify her entry into the university based on smarts alone. The thing is, one didn't need to look very hard to realize that she might be more trouble than she was worth, a detraction she could hide very

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well behind the vapid mask of an unsuspecting bimbo...that is of course, whenever she wasn't with her boyfriend, becoming a truly deplorable monsteress who wouldn't hesitate to use her body as a shield to cover Kevin when it came to scuffles, especially when said opponents had a soft heart...too soft to lay their hands on a girl, even if they were degenerates like Dani.

Lexi Bradford on the other hand, could be considered a tonal opposite to Dani. Completely empty in the head as her constantly aloof expression suggested, the bodacious tomboy was neither a visitor or a part of the student body, but rather an illegal presence on campus. Hopping between Kevin and Dani's usually empty dorm rooms whenever she liked, the girl was shameless, selling herself to whoever had the cash to afford her services. And what did she do with the money she earned whoring herself out? It would go on to fund whatever it was Kevin busied himself with instead of furthering his studies with a meager amount set aside for herself since it seemed she took pleasure in the carnal pleasures of the flesh more than the money itself.

Except Lexi was the only groupie Caleb had a personal connection with...for he remembered a time when she had been a quiet maiden in highschool, a girl called Alex Bradford who did her best to excel in her studies despite the bullying she faced for her boyish name and the other interests she didn't want shared to the world...if Kevin hadn't found her...*twisted* her into an uncaring slut...then maybe she could've been studying in Pendleton University right now, working hard to earn the art degree she used to talk about all the time. It was a time they could never go back to though, for he knew her parents had already disowned her, cutting the final bridge for any help she might've needed, condemning her to her fate as Lexi...the stupid nickname Kevin had given her after taking her as his second girlfriend...the thought of which still left Caleb bitter to no end after coming across her corrupted self all these years later, and unlike him, she didn't seem to recognize Caleb anymore.

Moving on from that disheartening subject, there was one other individual Caleb had suspicions of being in cahoots with Kevin and his gang; a member of the faculty going by the name of Valentine...*Ms Valentine* to be exact. A teacher who barely made an effort to do her job, preferring to isolate herself to the confines of her office tucked away in the upper floors of the university.

On paper, she was supposed to be able to handle teaching a class a variety of literary subjects while playing the role of student counselor for those in need of it. But not once had Caleb ever seen her do anything related to that. And whenever he or anyone else did see her, she presented herself as a stern mistress who despised walking amongst the *lower caste*, treating both student and fellow teachers alike with disdain and contempt...a behavior she mysteriously lacked whenever it came to interactions with Kevin and his crew, treating him almost like a lover while Dani and Lexi flocked to her like a mother...and Caleb had seen the trio enter Ms Valentine's office on more than one occasion...certainly nothing implicating to take away from that...

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They were the worst of the worst, a despicable bunch with no redeeming qualities. But there was also something unusual that would strike Caleb whenever the thought of them passed his mind with the exception of Lexi. Brief flickers of different individuals, places he had never seen before yet felt close to his heart as if he'd seen it many times...and each time those visions appeared, a small smidgen, a yearning to investigate would take root in the man's heart, convincing Caleb that there was meaning to them in relation to Kevin and the women around him.

And so he had begun to explore the city, looking for the locations that matched the images seared into his brain by the constant dreams he suffered on a nightly basis. Coming upon an apartment building he had to explore floor by floor until coming upon the exact one that matched the exact layout of the one in his dream; a t-shaped landing with a bicycle leaning on the wall, pointing towards the flat with a mahogany door. Except the surroundings seemed barren unlike the image in his head; no shoe rack outside, no slippers on the floor...not even the speckled welcome mat that should've been on the floor right at the base of the ledge.

Ring the doorbell bore no fruit, knocking elicited no response either for there was no one to answer on the other side, news a kindly neighbor would impart to Caleb as an elderly woman exited from the flat directly opposite to check out what all the ruckus was about.

"No one's moved in there for years...though I hear we're getting some new folk next week so things might not be so quiet soon...you looking for someone?"

After thanking the lady for the valuable heads up, the time came to investigate the last few pieces of scenery, directing him this time to the farthest corners of the town where a homely little bungalow sits on the edge of a quiet street, shaded by tall trees and framed by an assortment of other buildings nearby that would've made it exceptionally hard to find if it weren't for the strangely accurate mental map that had Caleb convinced he was on to something even if he hadn't found anything substantial enough to form a concrete take away.

Unlike the apartment however, the young man had an easier time scoping out the bungalow thanks to the straightforward nature of the path leading to it instead of having to search through floor after floor for his destination. And once he'd mustered up the confidence to go up and ring the bell, Caleb would be greeted by a middle aged man, wondering why a university student was knocking on his door.

Not one to shoo away company, Caleb would end up in an awkward situation; sipping tea in what should've been a stranger's home. But again that sensation of being 'at home' runs through his mind upon getting a better look at the place, something about the plain white decor, simplistic furniture and even the kind owner himself called out to him, trying to rouse memories that weren't there much to his disappointment. Leading Caleb to wonder if there was someone else here whose image would be able to

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resonate with him, bringing it up with the man, Mr Monroe after exchanging a few nonchalant words about his time at Pendleton University.

"Nope! It's just me that lives out here...although I did plan to confess to this one lady? I think she works at that school of yours now...Valery?"

"I think you mean...Ms Valentine? She's uhh...not the best sort of woman to look for if you're aiming for a romantic relationship sir...if you don't mind me saying..."

"Nah, I know exactly what you mean...back when I was working at a big banking firm, she was a snake...thought her to be some enchanting beauty who couldn't do wrong...until I found out about all the cheating...the laundering...and my word against hers? With all the menfolk she rounded up? Useless...ended leaving to go my own way...you be careful with that woman son..."

"Definitely sir...she hasn't changed since you last saw her...not one bit...although, you said she was called Valery? Was that a mistake or...?"

"Was the name she went by in the past, just as fake as her plastic mug I bet...Valery...Valentine...whatever name she goes by, doesn't change the fact that she's a vile viper!"

After spending a few more minutes closing off the conversation before thanking Mr Monroe for everything, Caleb's mind seemed to creep ever closer towards the possibility that maybe...what if *Kevin* had something to do with all this? It couldn't have been a coincidence after all, not when the visions he'd experienced had led him to two places, one cemented to have been a place of historical importance to one of his groupies. And since he already had a 'good idea' behind Lexi's history...that meant the vacant flat must've had something to do with Dani, but that was a dead end, leaving just the image of a fellow male student in Pendleton University as the only lead left to follow up on, one he wasn't confident in succeeding as he pulls out his half assed sketch of the individual's face; thin, skeletal even, with a face that would've been typical of the gamer nerd stereotype framed by a crop of black hair...how he was going to find him, Caleb had no idea...but still he would try, resolving to get to the bottom of all this if it was the last thing he did.

"My, my...young Caleb...whatever could that whippersnapper be up to..."

Unbeknownst to him however, another pair of eyes had caught sight of him, keeping watch on his back until he had vanished down the street as he turns the corner, leaving the woman in the upper floor of the empty building next to Mr Monroe's bungalow to contemplate what she had seen and heard to herself with a wry smile signed off with a titillating beauty mark on her gorgeous face, shaded by polished spectacles, caked in a thin layer of makeup and overshadowed by a sweeping fringe of azure blue hair

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done up into a prim bun. Beneath which sits a broad neck attached to the mature form of a well endowed lady, wrapped up tight in warm caramel, cotton with teasing glimpses offered to the curious through ample gaps in her shoulders and thighs, revealing the straps of a black lace bra and the flowery beginnings of a garter belt cinching rosy thighs...it was none other than Ms Valery in the flesh, wearing a casual getup she reserved for only a select few to witness her in.

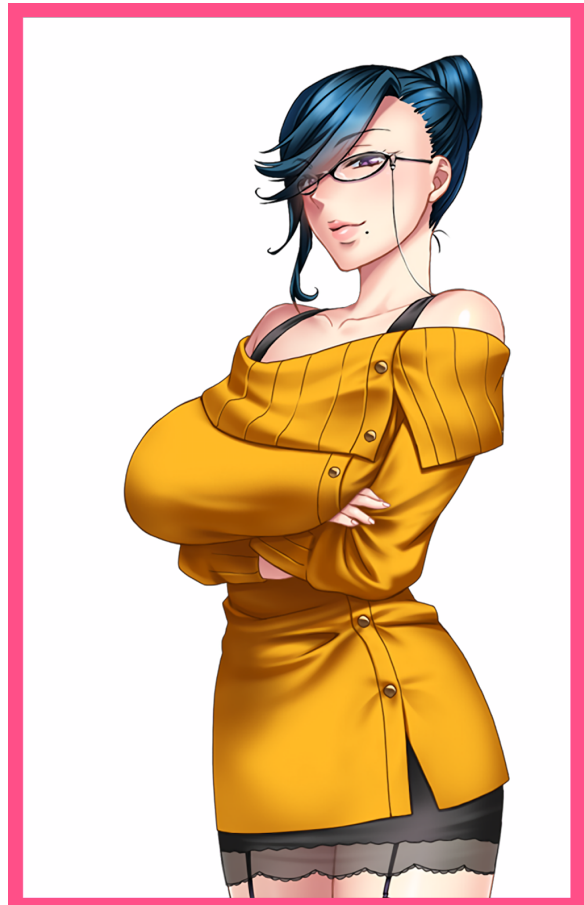
Despite their soiled relationship, Ms Valentine's confidence in her irrefutable charisma remained strong after she had managed to convince that dullard downstairs to loan the room they were in for her temporary weekend stay with her consort. She had overheard Mr Monroe's claims, about how she was a sly, vindictive monster who didn't care the least bit for those she used...how rude...

And directly behind her, sitting on the king sized bed while taking his clothes off was a rugged young man. The sole individual she adored who looked to be the same age as Caleb, with the exception of sporting a powerful physique with bulging muscle and a towering height. It was none other than the prime suspect of Caleb's investigation himself; *Kevin Pendleton...*

"What's up? See something interestin' outside?"

"*Very...it seems we've got ourselves a tail...but we can leave that for later...we've other things to do, don't we
 Lover~*"

Rolling the 'R' around on her tongue as she strolls on over to join her man on the bed, Ms Valentine's slender arms fall to her side, swiftly closing the distance between herself and the fur coated bed until her knees brush against the well kept sheets, sliding on over toward Kevin in an opposing position parallel to his own, waving her cushioned ass around all the way until she hovers directly over him. Head over his crotch at a distance close enough for her nostrils to pick up on the scent of raw manhood emanating from the swollen rod before her eyes, offering her own in exchange as a barely hidden cameltoe, clothed by a thin veil of black, hangs in the air just inches away from Kevin's eager face, wasting no time in partaking of the bountiful meal in front of him as he takes hold of the sultry vixen's cheeks right as her cushioned palms and pillowy breasts do the same to his crotch, matching gazes for a moment before getting right into the thick of it as one. Sandwiching her partner's penis with eager licks delivered



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to its tip while she allows her rear to be ravished, relaxing her posture until her lower half laid comfortably over Kevin's chest, adoring the way tender hands gently peel apart the panties keeping her moist folds hidden instead of tearing them away like he used to before he had met her, pulling up the hem of her top in tandem to better expose firm buttocks to squeeze, enjoying their pillowy plumpness while his mouth busies itself with Ms Valentine's spasming flower, melting against his deft tongue as it ravishes her clitoris. Occasionally pushing its way into overly tight innards where his efforts would be rewarded with a deep, throaty sigh out of the motherly woman's vulgar mouth while she continues to fellate his throbbing member, completely oblivious to the thoughts running through Kevin's mind while she sees to his happiness...



Not too long ago, Ms Valentine, or rather Mrs Valery, had been one of the very best teachers in Pendleton University. Dutiful, kind and with a code to uphold righteous justice...that is, until she had the misfortune of ruining a moment between Kevin and Lexi after the two had snuck inside of the university on a weekend to 'enjoy' the private baths reserved for the prestigious sports teams, catching them red handed in the middle of the act. Promptly shooing Lexi away with the intent of rounding the foul man up, she had thought herself the victor, finally finding the last straw needed to break the camel's back that was his father's patience with his brash behavior and unwillingness to change. Blissfully ignorant to her prisoner's newfound power over the minds and bodies of those around him, and in so doing had found

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herself becoming the third soul to fall victim to Kevin's corrupting influence, molding the portly woman she once was into a sexualized caricature, a wet dream. Twisting her morals into the cold, unfeeling nature of a dominatrix who got her way through the toil and control of others...giving form to Ms Valentine who was currently burying her face into her own tits, unable to control the lustful whore beneath that calm, calculating exterior she liked to project, letting out satisfied groans and gargled chokes every time the head of her lover's pecker knocks against the back of her throat, counting the seconds until a white hot surge of bitter spunk shoots into her throat, climaxing in turn as she raises her bum just in time spray a transparent jet of fluids out of her well trained vagina. Ignorant and uncaring to the fact that she now derived pleasure from the very same man who had ruined her...just like he had done with Dani and Lexi before her.

"Earlier...you said you saw someone followin' us? Who was it?"

After a moment spent recuperating as the two clean themselves up as best they can before intending to resume their weekend date, Ms Valentine wipes away a sliver of spunk dripping down her lips before turning to face Kevin with that cool calmness once again reflected in those crystal clear eyes of hers, delivering news that puts a frown on the man's face.

"Caleb Pendleton...the student you recently put in the infirmary...I just saw him walking out through the front door, strange discussion, but from the sounds of it, he might be looking into your recent past...presumably to drag your name into the ground..."

"No wonder that voice downstairs sounded familiar...damn twerp couldn't sit still huh? Snooping around like some smartass just cuz hes got the same surname as the old man...fuckin' rat..."

"Now, now, there'll be plenty of time to deal with him...I doubt the boy will be able to do or say anything with what he currently has on us...that is to say; nothing at all."

"Meaning?"

"*Meaning*...we're free to do as we please until tomorrow, but until then...please remember, we're supposed to be enjoying each other's company...so be a dear and focus on me, okay Lover?"

"Humph, how can I not...whatever you say Val..."

Reciprocating Ms Valentine's plea with a wet kiss, Kevin's nerves relax for the moment, soothed by his mature partner, but once Monday came, he would most certainly be ready to 'deal' with Caleb the only way he knew how to when it came to thorns in his side...already planting the seeds for another insidious plan within that dastardly mind of his...

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If he had to guess what Caleb was looking for, it wouldn't be Ms Valentine's incriminating history, nor was it related to his recent tirade over the school...in the first place, his arrival here shouldn't here was an anomaly...for no one in Pendleton University besides himself and the seditious teacher should've known about this place.

...unless of course, they had come here in the past. From an erased timeline where this home had seen better times instead of the empty shell it now was with its sole owner held hostage by his former wife-turned-bitch...he had learned after dealing with Dani and Lexi that the seemingly omnipotent power he controlled did not come without its faults. But the one con that stood out to him was the possibility that Caleb not might've had his mind wiped as thoroughly as the others in the world had, which would definitely explain why he had come here; to pursue the vague memories that remained of the old world...and who his friends once were now that they were too busy spending their time bent over in front or on top of him instead of hanging out with him.

But like Ms Valentine had said; come tomorrow? Caleb wouldn't be alone for much longer once Kevin's plans were set in motion...

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Chapter 2

-Cornered-

"Kyahaha! Just a slap and you're already crying? How did you dweebs even get into uni?!"

Speeding down the hallway towards the echoing laughter of a familiar adversary, Caleb rounds the corner just in time to see Dani backhanding a student who had risen to defend another already lying on the floor with a hand over their face, taking delight in their suffering as she rears a leg in preparation to deliver a kick to the downed one on the floor.

But before she can do so, Caleb rushes in between them, catching the bully's foot mid swing with his heel before pushing her back, almost sending Dani crashing to the floor as she struggles to catch her balance, waving arms wildly in the air with a muttered curse of frustration before the burly hands of another individual catch her in the nick of time.

"Woah there...that jerkwad didn't hurt you, did he Dani? Might've to change up my plans if he did..."

"B-Babe! Where were you like, an hour ago?! You didn't show so I went ahead and had some fun on my own...until dickweed here showed up..."

"There, there...I'll handle him, you go have your fun...here that pipsqueak?!"

Turning a brow in confusion, Caleb moves forward, putting himself in between the two bullies and the other students, giving them time to escape while the odds continue to rise in their favor now that Kevin had joined the fray. He was confident in out maneuvering the lumbering brute but now that the two were together again, his hesitation to lay a hand on the opposite sex would no doubt be tested again after his recent trashing as a result of Dani's interference not too long ago.

Although this time, Kevin seemed indignant on confronting Caleb alone, shouting down the corridor at him before whispering something into his girlfriend's ears to placate her, finally giving in to his demands as she turns tail after a hesitant look, speeding off in the direction where the big bad himself had come from, leaving the two rivals alone as Kevin closes the distance until he stands at arms length away from Caleb, who seemed ready for a fight.

In a surprising turn of events however, Kevin would not be the first to strike, nor would he goad Caleb into doing so. Simply staring him down with a mocking grin before saying something that instantly catches the inquisitive young man's attention.

"I heard you've been snoopin' around...lookin' where you shouldn't be..."

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"What's my business got to do with you?"

"Stop talkin' like you know shit...you remember stuff right? Stuff you can't really get your head around? That's why you turned up at her house yesterday..."

"How did you even...wait...'her' house? What do you mean by that?!"

"Not so loud you idiot...follow me...I think I've got somethin' you're gonna wanna see~"

Hesitant to follow after the bully as he shoulders his way past him, Caleb weighs the options in the back of his mind. On one hand he'd be heading into the unknown if he chose to follow Kevin, possibly into a trap where no one could help him...and if recent activity was a good reference, the bully's heightened penchant for violence might well lead to a injuries far worse than a dislocated shoulder and a bruised face. But on the other, he knew he was more than capable of handling the imposing man if he was intent on luring him into a trap...willing to risk it all just to see what he had to show him after what little Kevin had said was enough to pique his interest.

Following a few minutes of walking silently down along a winding path of endless corridors, doorways and upwards travel through one of the towering spiral staircases located at either end of Pendleton University's structure, the pair would finally arrive in what looked to be a storage room with it's lock broken in (presumably by the very same man shoving his way inside)...isolated from the rest of the campus and located at the end of a sequestered hallway that didn't seem to be in use, heightening Caleb's awareness as he prepares himself for a backhanded move from the ruthless thug in front of him.

"C'mon in...don't mind the mess..."

No surprise attack, no traps laid out as far as the naked eye could tell...it all served to make Caleb more confused as he finally enters the room after Kevin, regretting that decision once his nostrils sour upon picking up the scent of something sour and rancid in the air...like a heaping mound of clothes soaked in sweat and other unmentionable fluids had been left to dry out in the sun without a proper wash before being thrown back into a cupboard to fester.

"Jesus...w-what the hell went on in here?!"

"You chicken? Then again you're just some wimpy virgin so that makes sense...protecting other dolts all the time you got no one to bang!"

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"You were gonna show me something, not make petty insults...now talk, how'd you know where I went yesterday?"

Instead of replying, Kevin would simply chuckle as he hops onto a toppled cabinet, using it like an impromptu chair of sorts as he reaches around his back to pull out a peculiar red tome, giving Caleb a brief glimpse of the words etched into the cover, forming the title of *Re:Write*...whatever that meant, probably a snazzy, meaningless word for a journal or something.

Pulling out a pen hidden away within the voluminous book's spine, Kevin leafs through the first handful of pages with sharp eyes keeping watch on Caleb, causing a chill to run down his spine as the normally irate bully's eyes glimmer not with animosity...but some sick form of excitement, as if something was about to happen that Caleb wasn't aware of...and not knowing something on unfamiliar turf only served to make him feel more tense as the silence continues for a good few seconds until Kevin finally decides to acknowledge his question after scribbling something onto a fresh page.

"You really wanna know? Alright then...I did say I was gonna show ya somethin' anyway...let's this show on the road then...first thing's first when you ask a question; you gotta answer one yourself...so tell me; do you think it's possible to...uhh...make people do stuff you tell them to? Even make em the way you want!"

"*Make them the way you want?* As in...like an overhaul? That's impossible...unless you think kidnap and intrusive surgery's an option...look, what's that even got to...to.."

Frowning at the boisterous laugh booming from Kevin as his vision begins to go lopsided, Caleb barely catches himself from falling over onto all fours after a sudden wave of exhaustion overcomes his very being, leaving his arms and legs heavy and numb, making the act of redirecting his gaze back from the floor over towards the smug man sitting in front of him a demanding task as his neck starts to droop. Could it have been a gas of sorts? Impossible, if it were then he too would've been affected...and for all he had done so far, resorting to chemicals just seemed way too much if he wanted to take him out alone. Didn't he have the least bit of worry for the other students? His own father was still in the building!

"Not feeling good are ya? Took a bit of studyin' but I found this really cool sickness...how's it feel to be sufferin' from *chronic anemia*?"

"A-Anemia? But that's not...I don't...I'm not anemic! Never was!"

"Cry all you want, you can check your records or somethin', it'll be there...which brings us back on topic; You really are a stubborn rat...thought no one could notice...but your head's clearly built different if the memory change isn't workin' anymore..."

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"M-Memory...what the hell...are you going on about?"

"Seriously? I laid it all out, even gave ya a demonstration! Dumbass...no wonder Lexi left you..."

Growling in rage before launching himself forward upon hearing mention of Alex, Caleb leaps toward the cocky bastard scribbling away in that book of his, intending to tackle him off that lofty throne of his for insulting him and his once respected friend, only to feel himself fall flat on the floor as an unexpected weight pulls him downward, knocking the air out of his lungs once he makes impact, slamming his chest against the solid oak floor with a pained grimace on his face, gnashing molars together upon hearing that obnoxious laugh fill his ears once more as Kevin leers down at him from above with a victorious smile, shiny white teeth on show.

"The hell was that? Some sorta dance? Or were you actually tryin' somethin' else? God you really suck...not even your friend was this bad once I started workin' him..."

"Q-Quit your...bullshit! I don't...have any f-friends! And y-you...don't deserve...to say that...about Alex!"

"Sure you do...you just don't remember 'em is all...and please, Alex? That's old school...threw that crap out like the rest of the stupid gay love stuff once I was done remaking her...just like your friend, Daniel...though I think you know Dani more than that nerd now don't ya?"

Mentioning a nerd only makes Caleb think back to the sketch he'd made of the vision in his head. Someone from another module...someone familiar. Just like the house he'd visited yesterday...and after being reminded of Lexi...no, there was just no way something so sick and twisted could be real.

"I see that look...and I'm here to tell ya it's all real...like I said, I've given a real good demonstration...no point denying what's in front of your face pipsqueak!"

"You're...lying...it's just not...you can't just change people like that!"

"Who says I can't? And besides, I just did, take a good look at yourself...go on now, you'll like what I did for you, I promise..."

Not believing the words spewing out of Kevin's foul mouth, Caleb proceeds to struggle against the overwhelming feeling of lethargy screaming out across every inch of his body. The closest thing he could link this abnormal feeling to was running a marathon to its very end without slowing down for even a millisecond, but still, it was like all the strength he could ever call upon had been sapped directly from his

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body, leaving him helpless as he barely manages to lift a leg, wincing in pain as a stinging fire shoots up the heel from the application of pressure, bringing him face to face with a thigh that seemed far more slovenly than he remembered it to be.

In place of sturdy muscle and a linear frame, there laid a chubby layer of fat jutting out from the sides, looking like they might just spill down the sides of his trembling legs from the increased weight of his torso pressing down on them after a case of spontaneous obesity seemed to have struck Caleb in the span of a few seconds after the initial sapping of his strength, struggling to suck in a breath as his overly tight clothes cinch and squeeze at his now rotund form with layers of pudge threatening to send him collapsing back onto his front.

Exhaustion left Caleb unable to move any further and the added heft to his body had stripped him of the mobility he was counting on to beat Kevin back if he tried anything, leaving a cold out to build in the imperiled man's heart as his captor hops off his seat, strolling over towards him, book in hand and an evil grin on his face.

"See? Much better ain't it? Bein' all soft and fat?"

"H-How are you even...no...t-this has to be some trick...some hallucination...this is sick!"

"Others might say differently...Dani...Lexi...Ms Valentine...they all love what they've become, what I've given em...and now? So will-*gab!* You fuck!"

Recoiling from his prey after a smelly blob of spittle smears itself across his face, Kevin hurriedly swipes at the affected regions with the back of his hand and sleeves after managing to right himself from a perilous backward tumble, shooting a death stare over at a still defiant Caleb as he struggles to remain on two feet after successfully mustering the willpower to stand despite sweating profusely thanks to the combined negatives of being overweight with a weakened immune system. He looked like he could barely last a minute more without help. But that wouldn't stop a depowered Caleb from charging the vile man in front of him with a bellowing roar, aiming to tackle him to the floor and knock him out at least.

But alas, willpower would matter little when faced with overwhelming odds, only to delay the inevitable at best, and with his fattened form and sluggish movement, Caleb's lunges and punches had become predictable and easy to maneuver around, something Kevin would take advantage of as he easily side steps out of the way before swinging back, clocking Caleb in the noggin before locking arms around his neck, catching ahold of the discarded pen with his feet at the same time the red tome falls to the floor, giving the captured man one brief look at what Kevin had been writing all this time after his blurry eyes barely managed to capture the names of a few other people, some more familiar than others but enough to instill a pip of fear once he realized the implications behind it all. *Daniel Weller, Alex Bradford, Valery*

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*Holmes...*and as the fluttering pages come to a stop on the latest, his own name; *Caleb Pendleton*. Followed up by a few other words that cements Kevin's claims that he hadn't been lying, that he was indeed changing people against their will, or in his own words; *'Make em the way you want'...*

The Following Individual Shall Be Rewritten As Follows :

Caleb is Anemic...

Caleb has always been a fatass who barely works out...

Caleb has-

"The hell're you lookin' at fatso? No peekin'!"

Tightening his chokehold around Caleb's neck to draw his eyes away from what his surprisingly dexterous toes were beginning to scrawl over the yellowed paper, Kevin holds nicely against the futile resistance his prey was putting up, handling the pinprick stinging of nails as they dug and raked across his forearms thanks to the plentiful experience gleaned from 'training' with Dani, focusing his attention on the book lying on the ground now that he had Caleb pinned, barely able to reach around to target any of his vital spots now that his flabby arms were locked down by the girth of Kevin's muscular form, only able to move trembling arms around in a pathetic display while the lack of airflow does the rest, keeping him nice and twitchy in the face of the finale his bully had planned for him as his toes finally finish the first paragraph, beginning a series of changes he had been hoping to enjoy from a different perspective, but this in itself was its own reward, especially when Kevin realized he could get front row seats to the metamorphosis his victim was about to undergo with glee once he feels the flabby body of a rotund man begin to compact and crush in on itself, all while the coarse, sweat soaked fabric of an XL Pendleton University boy's uniform shifts in tune to their wearer's shrinking body.

"You just had to keep being a prick huh? Even when you're down on the ground...but now I get to enjoy what you're gonna become. You're what? Resistant to the changes, yeah? So put on a good one while I make you my bitch!"

"S...Screw...*agh!* Y-You!"

A scoffing laugh was all Caleb would get in response to his half stuttered retort as the man behind him continues to scrawl away with his feet at a distance too far behind for him to try and kick it out of the way as his legs lift away from the floor, shrinking ever smaller, unable to stop his body as it unwillingly bends to Kevin's will, a disgusting feeling that makes itself known amidst the suffocating pain of being choked as a sudden burst of electric pleasure shoots up through his spine after it snaps inward at the

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middle, forming a permanent arch that thrusts a pulsating stomach outward as its ugly mass recedes into a much more palatable sight. But instead of returning to its former glory, the beginnings of four pack abdominals would be replaced by a supple tummy signed with an alluring belly button in the middle, coated in a smooth layer of skin stripped of body hair and other such blemishes, a patch of warm yellowy beige that quickly spreads all across Caleb's thinning body just in time for flabby pectorals to fill with heft and flesh, turning obese man-boobs into genuine teats filled with revitalized nerves and glands specific to women as a thickening double layered top consisting of a newly formed, wooly cardigan to go with the semi transparent underlayer starts to tent once the mounds beneath surge past the C range, providing a notable increase in curvature once budding hips join the fray...

With Caleb gradually being forced over to the 'other side' as Kevin's rewrite continues, the thug takes pleasure in enjoying the undeniable feel of a female's hide as his unrelenting grip holds strong, uncaring of the fact that he would soon be choking out a member of the opposite sex, giving the feminizing man no quarter especially after his latest offense, even when the pain in his arms surge once Caleb's callous hands become dainty and slender, tipped with sharp pink shells of calcified skin that allows him to dig deeper into the thug's noncompliant arms, drawing a smidge of blood once they break skin.

"Lookin' good every second bitch..."

"I'm not...a b...a b-bi-ogh?!"

"I'm sorry, what was that? You're gonna have to speak louder."

Massaging a burgeoning breast with careless delight, Kevin grins at the sight of Caleb throwing his head back, no doubt experiencing his first go at the earthly pleasures of the flesh. But even that simple movement elicits much more in turn as a growing head of raven blue hair flies in the air before coming back down to frame the youthful face of a naive, young lady taking shape from the overly chubby face of a pimply pig once the last bits of bourgeois obesity fades from Caleb's now diminutive form, looking alot like a doll complete with long, slender legs that didn't look the least bit trained at all; consisting of marshmallow thighs that shook and jiggled with his momentum and toned calves clad in snow white stockings, tapering off into waifish tucked away inside polished sneakers, flailing in the air beneath a pleated skirt with an off putting bulge in the middle that were a nice fit for the broad hips that had since finalized their expansion while collared arms continued to drum away to no avail, beating softly against Caleb's iron arms in a futile attempt to free himself. Only managing to do the opposite once his hold tightens, forcing a girlish cry out of softening lips that had since been stripped of any hopes of adorning a stylish mustache. Set beneath a cute button nose between eyes that were gradually starting to slant downward at the sides to form oriental slits inlaid with blurry purple orbs diluted with trace flickers of brilliant amber that only grows stronger with each passing second, just like the thumping procession inside his head starting to become a full blown migraine, dulling the sensation of a gradually receding

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member between warm thighs. Spasming every so often as new cavities widen beneath an undulating surface of toned flesh and delicate skin while existing organs and biomass are reallocated elsewhere or dissolved entirely. Leaving Caleb a delusional mess, spouting hysterical words in a last ditch attempt at denying a dying will, to keep up the fight for as long as he could even if there was no point in doing so.

"-agh! N-No...not-bng! No...bitch!"

"No bitch? Hah! Dunno what you're on about, but you're lookin' pretty girly to me...after all, don't bitches have tits like yours? And that smell...mmm...much better than before isn't it?"

Unconsciously shaking a petite head in agreement while pretty amber eyes roll up into the back of his head upon heightened senses picking up the floral scent now wafting off of *her* body now that a devastated pecker had been reduced to a tiny nub of collected nerves set atop a puckered gash spewing out useless trails of creamy white spunk mixed in with female juices, Caleb's arms fall limp to her sides, twitching fingers occasionally jerking the unresponsive limb upward like a predatory fish leaping for prey. Ultimately unable to do anything more but flounder just like the unmoving legs down below, sapped of strength as they hung still, framing a soiled flower excreting fluids like a broken faucet, splattering onto the warm floorboards below in a puddle of shame drawn from clean shaven, labia lips barely hidden by the woefully short skirt fluttering with her body's instinctive thrusts as electrical signals shoot back and forth across a reforming nervous system, signs of the last confrontation as Caleb continues to battle valiantly in a transition to the mental world, gradually losing ground on all sides once the insidious force responsible for altering his body...and the few other innocents before him, finally encroaches upon what anyone would hold dear; the memories, thoughts and ideals that made him the person he was, all in accordance to Kevin's steady writing as the speed of his toes slow to a crawl.

Caleb has always been a girl. Shy, quiet, not too smart...

Struggling to deny the perverse deluge of alien memories and strange tingles stimulating her synapses, Caleb can do little but *try* her very best to remain herself, because fighting something intangible such as this with fists was an impossible task, made even harder when they were unavoidable visions that encased the entirety of her very being, refusing to vanish even if she closed the metaphorical eyes of her mind.

And the more she witnessed, the harder it became to focus, and whenever she did, old tidbits and experiences would be forever lost, crumbling away into the depths of her subconscious while seedier pieces forced themselves into the vacant spots left behind, further cementing the corruptive hold of Kevin's power as his words soon become reality, overcoming Caleb's resistance through the sheer intoxication of the vulgar memories seeping through the cracks, reminding Caleb of a new life he had yet to embrace, luring him into doing so through first hand experience as the confuddled soul of a man,

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struggling to remain himself despite the complete feminization of his body, is forced back in time to experience life anew...

Except he wasn't himself anymore, remembering a time when adoring parents she couldn't recognize had given her a different name instead of Caleb, reminiscing on a sheltered childhood where she was the princess of the household and her parents, the king and queen. Doing their best to pamper and raise their baby girl until she was ready to set foot in the outside world as a young student in middle school. A series of irksome changes to the life of a rowdy youngster Caleb vehemently tries to deny as his former self returns to take the place of the young half Asian girl that had almost consumed him, an attempt that would only end in failure once gaps in his memory begin to form alongside oddities in his mental image; such as his formerly spiked head of hair becoming silken and done up into a bob, lacking musculature in that slender frame of his...

'No...that can't be right...I'm...hub? My name...what was my name again?'

Caleb has always been a girl. Shy, quiet, not too smart but good in English with an accent...half-Asian and spoiled to death by her mixed parents. Calli Umihara loves...

Sighing with a quiet voice once a switch in her head clicks that turns off any concern she might have had about her change in heritage and blatant blow to her IQ, Calli continues on her trip down memory lane without worry, even as her mind grows dimmer with a worrying lack of concern that weakens her defense in turn, blasting through the mundane beginnings of a young girl's life in middle school until eventually reaching the pivotal moment in any young adult's life; choosing a college or university to attend.

No longer having the smarts she once had to pass the entrance test, Calli's parents had simply bought her ticket in through the usual channels beneath the nose of Pendleton University's Rector, particularly a stringent lady teacher with a sweeping fringe exuding as much authority as she did sexual appeal, instantly catching Calli's eye the first time they met at the general office. And from there, things would start to take on a downhill trend much to Caleb's dismay as his head resurfaces from the muck that was Calli's life, emerging not as himself but as a partial fusion of the girl he was soon to become; with a heavy right breast hanging off his chest alongside a reduced pecker that wasn't quite as large as he...could no longer remember...hanging like a pathetic sausage between smooth, hairless legs and leaking pale fluids of feminine origin now that his ability to procreate and pass on his genes to a potential wife had been snatched from him. Unable to recall the girl he once tried to care for like a little sister while consumed by a racking cough in the darkness of his mind, supporting himself on slender arms and trembling legs, all while the reflection of Calli stares back at him through the shimmering surface of the miasmatic bog, doll like face twisted with disdain and glee as creeping tendrils of much begin to surge over Caleb's limbs while a daring one works on his tiny member, giving him one last but of male ecstasy in the depths of his

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mind, eliciting yet another squirt of vaginal juices out of her physical form as Kevin snickers in excitement, lifting her skirt to expose her well oiled pussy after his attention had been taken by the sound of another orgasmic release hitting the floor.

"How's it lookin' in there Caleb? Can't hear me can ya? Just a lil more...and you'll be ready..."

Caleb has always been a girl. Shy, quiet, not too smart but good in English with an accent...half-Asian and spoiled to death by her mixed parents. Calli Umihara loves Kevin Pendleton. Loyal like a dog and treated like a sister by his other girlfriends...

Fueled by the sensation of Kevin's large digits fingering her sensitive folds before sliding inside to ravish her sopping wet cunt, Caleb can do little but moan like a bitch in heat once the tendrils of Calli's presence finish squeezing what remains of her manhood into nothingness, no longer jerking but instead, thrusting in tandem with *her boyfriend's* vigorous ministrations, shaking the immobilized form of Caleb's soul as her hermaphroditic form begins to develop and mature, gradually taking on the appearance of the voracious slut panting in the watery mirror in front of her dimming eyes, burning with amber virulence as she begins to match her movements with Calli; bucking her hips so the tentacle...no,

Kevin's fingers could fill her up more easily, loving the sensation of a hard nail grazing the door to her baby maker every so often before her fearful visage bends and contorts, raising eyebrows, narrowing eyes into gleeful slits, spreading her lips wide...until she looked just as blissful and ignorant as her mirror self...*until all that remained was Calli Umihara*, the newest into Kevin's harem after Ms Valentine, her mother away from home, had decided to introduce her to Kevin Pendleton, a man she once feared after hearing, and seeing what he had done to the other students in school. Too stupid and naive to realize then that her corrupt mentor was intent on gifting her as a pet to groom into her lover's fourth groupie.

Caleb has always been a girl. Shy, quiet, not too smart but good in English with an accent...half-Asian and spoiled to death by her mixed parents. Calli Umihara loves Kevin Pendleton. Loyal like a dog and treated like a sister by his other girlfriends, Calli does her best to give her boyfriend new ideas everyday on how to bully others after following Dani's example...and once she wakes up, she wants...



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Without anything to hold back against Kevin's debased directives and an equally tarnished soul believing itself to have always been a sultry little minx, Calli's brain tingles with a whole new slurry of memories gleaned from her former self's time with another man she could not give a rat's ass about, twisting it until it was no longer a cherished memory about two friends hanging out, but rather, a queen bee teaching her 'lil sis' about the ins and outs of how to flaunt her authority over others without a care in the world, or how best to hit someone in the mind without resorting to physical acts, all while new, raunchy experiences involving Dani, Lexi, Ms Valentine and herself as all four of them sought to please their shared lover however they could embeds themselves into her blackened heart. Giving rise to a vindictive monster masquerading as a quiet, Asian-American girl, only showing her true colors whenever she was alone with her man...like now for instance.



And as Kevin gently lays the stirring young lady onto the floor, Calli Umihara would open her glowing eyes, creasing not in anger, but endearing love for her boyfriend, for how else could she feel for the one who had enlightened her? For the handsome man who had raised her out of the reclusive shell she had hid inside of for years. For introducing her to the girls she wouldn't be ashamed to call her bestest friends no matter what anyone else said...

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Gone was the stringent defender of the downtrodden in Pendleton University. Instead, all that remained was the corrupt form of its true tormentor; the mastermind who took glee in the suffering wrought by all the obscene acts Kevin, Dani and the others carried out, watching on with a faux act of innocence, all while she got off to the idea of weaklings being bullied as memories of masturbating in class with a stealthy pen rubbing at her perpetually exposed cunt comes to mind just in time for a pale headband to clip itself into place atop her flowery head of hair alongside a comically large ribbon over her breasts, swollen nipples pushing hard against even the cardigan itself as her libido begins to skyrocket at the sight of Kevin kneeling over her with his dick hanging out, prompting her to immediately lift and spread her legs without hesitation, knowing exactly what it was he wanted her to do as her trembling hands move to spread her folds apart, giving the man a good show of her pulsating innards as vaginal muscles squeezed and clenched for his girth while a urethral opening continues to release a gratuitous shower of slick lubricant, sending trails of shimmering liquid sliding down the smooth contours of her pillowy buttocks...

"Good afternoon *Calli*...everythin' alright in there?"

...and as her soft spoken lips peel open to deliver her first words into the world in a serene voice laced heavily with sexual tension and a titillating accent, Kevin knew right then and there that there was no one left who could pose a threat to him...

"I'm...fine...although, I do feel...weird in my head...it'd be great if Daddy could...*help me out a lil~*"

Wasting no time in acquiescing to his newest girlfriend's request for 'healing' once his aching toes discard the pen they were holding on to for a while now. Kevin hustles forward on his knees, grabbing ahold of Calli's petite hips before lifting her up until her snatch kisses his weiner, adoring the way her high pitched whine turns into a squeal once he finally gets to insert his entire length into her unbelievably warm insides, grunting to match his lover's wanton moans as he begins to get into a rhythm, thrusting and rearing with his hips, massaging her belly with firm firm thumbs, eyes entranced by her gelatinous tummy throbbing and pulsing everytime the head of his dick pushes against her walls...forgetting all about the Re:Write as it's pages flutter before the sturdy leather cover slams shut on its own, giving one last glimpse at the closing sentence that composed the wordy story that had sealed Caleb forevermore into the mind and body of Calli, to serve as Kevin's most loyal and cockhungry toadie for the rest of her days, escalating her meek moans into ecstatic screaming accompanied by a look of animalistic pleasure...

Caleb has always been a girl. Shy, quiet, not too smart but good in English with an accent...half-Asian and spoiled to death by her mixed parents. Calli Umihara loves Kevin Pendleton. Loyal like a dog and treated like a sister by his other girlfriends, Calli does her best to give her boyfriend new ideas everyday on how to bully others after following Dani's example...and once she wakes up, she wants her boyfriend to fill her up with enough cum to keep everyone happy...

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Epilogue

-Cleanup Duty-

"H-Holy hell...could hear this shit from a block away...you guys totally wrecked the place...fucked like rabbits too huh? Missed the party like always..."

"Heya Dani..."

"Big Sis Dani! Welcome back! How did things go with the boys from Engineering?"

"Totes awesome girl...it was like ya said; once I mentioned their little escapade in the bathroom, I didn't even need to hit em or anything! The looks on their faces while everyone just stared at em, you should've been there~ Was like someone told em their mommy or daddy died!"

"Mmm, I think I already have a...*good idea* of what *that* expression looks like~"

Giggling to herself with a tongue running over cum soaked lips, Calli makes room for her Big Sister to enter as she circles around a limp, panting Kevin leaning back against the mattress and makeshift headboard that was their usual rutting spot, evidently tuckered out after having emptied quite a hefty load into Calli's tight little body if the oozing spurt of thick, pale cream leaking out of her vagina was anything to go by...or how soaked her naked body was in their boyfriend's juices. But something was wrong, enough for Dani's analytical face to break into a smile as she smothers Kevin's face with her voluminous ass, sliding herself over his body until her mischievous face laid right up against his still erect pecker and Calli's adorable face.

"Is something wrong?"

"Hehe...you might've gotten good at taking dick lil sis...but there's one totally important thing you haven't learned just yet!"

Grabbing Kevin's pecker with a firm, manicured hand whose painted nails never failed to grab Calli's attention, Dani proceeds to exhale a spout of piping hot air over the tip, biting down on her lower lips upon the feel of her boyfriend's nose rubbing against her dampening crotch in surprise.

"See? Look at it...so wet...all that delicious pizza, wasted. You haven't *cleaned* it up yet Calli dear...and for the man we love...that's a big no-no~"

Not even waiting for directions once her keen mind realizes just what it was Dani had meant, Calli joins her fellow lover in tending to Kevin's pecker, rousing it to full mast once again while his grunts and sighs

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go muffled under the tanned gal's body as she grinds her loins against his face, all while 'educating' the lovely little girl she, like everyone else in the world, would never realize had been someone else altogether save for the sole man in the room whose protests grow quiet upon the reminder of his victory over those who once sought to put him down as two of their number ravish his dick like a holy treasure...eliciting a raunchy giggle from Dani and a surprised squeal from Calli as a fresh load of spunk rains down over her head



“Aww...we have to start all over again...”

“Too eager gurl, too eager...you gotta show some restraint with this stuff Calli~ Now c'mon, let's do it right this time. I've got cheer practice comin' up!”

With his victory assured, Kevin could only look forward to what the future held for him and his gaggle of bodacious girls...all while the dull crimson tome pulses with a life of its own as if in resonance with its master's happiness...

To Be Continued