

Illuminati

A TG CAPTION STORY

By Bewci

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Walter panted for breath as his steps got cumbersome through the busy streets of New York. "The Illuminati is real!" Walter whispered the words repeatedly, turning towards a secluded alley to hide his trail. Streaks of blood dribbled down from two poking holes in his neck. He pressed his palm against the wound, trying to stop the blood flow. His vision blurred, and his steps staggered, yet he continued to move. Then, only a few feet away from the other side of the block, his eyes widened, and he gasped in horror. A seductive redhead in a shimmering green dress walked out of a parked car, followed by two men in black suits. "No, please!" Walter pleaded. As they approached him, he blabbered, huffing and puffing in exhaustion, "I won't tell anybody!"

"Oh, you must be desperate," the lady spoke with a sultry smile, "You should have stopped poking your nose when you had the time. Now, Walter Batemen has to die."

Walter turned around to run, but instead, a strong pull overcame his body, compelling him to turn back and face the woman. "Wh-What are you doing to me?!" Walter muttered. "Oh, I'm so gorgeous! It's only natural for you to fall prey to my succubus charms!" She gazed at the wound in Walter's neck and licked her lips. "I'm pretty sure the poison has started affecting you." She smirked and ripped his shirt open with her bare hands. "Oh, wow!" she exclaimed with a bright smile. Walter looked down at himself and gaped in terror. His nipples were engorged like purple berries that would water the mouths of many men. His hairless chest was caked with a layer of subtle fat, making them droopy. "Oh my God! I'm growing tits!" screamed Walter.

“They barely count as tits, Walter, but yeah, they soon will be!” the lady said while sharp fangs grew out of the corners of her plump lips. Walter felt paralyzed, standing shocked like hopeless prey as she pricked her needle-like teeth into his left areola. A painful pang coursed through Walter’s chest, running back to his spine and shooting up into his brain. “Oh, shit!” he whimpered, sweating in fervor. He should have screamed for help, but his dry throat barely uttered a coherent word. “Mmm,” the seductive moans and her tongue flicking his nipple overwhelmed him with mixed emotions. Finally, she released his sore button with a sigh and said, “The poison always starts working at the nipple. You must be riddled with questions. I’ll let you know since you’ll soon be a part of the family!”

The seductress cupped Walter’s developing chest and started kneading them in circles. Her dainty digits brushing against his nipples made him throw his head back in pleasure. He mumbled and writhed in passion as a buzzing and tingling pressure soared underneath the stimulation. His paralyzed limbs shuddered in excitement. “Mmmph... Ngh... hhh,” Walter groaned and gasped like a mother in labor while his masculine physique bore fruits of femininity. The curves over his chest crescendoed as successive piles of flesh and fat entered the cups, turning into warm breasts. “I’m glad you like it, sister. My name is Katrina. I think I already have a name for you! What do you think, Wanda?!”

“Ah!” Walter yelled in a feminine voice as his limbs shrunk against his will. His shoes loosened up while his watch slipped out of his wrist. “Mmm... Why does it feel good?!” The callous soles turned pink and soft while his toes and

fingers became elegant. The lady whispered into Walter's ears as she eagerly fondled his growing breasts and flaccid penis. "Most men would cut their right foot for this, you know? I was one of those men. I was desperate for immortality and found not one but two solutions. The fiery succubus and the icy vampire!"

Walter had lost all ruggedness in his face and physique, leaving him with a woman's soft, supple curves. His penis rubbing up the inner thighs as it retracted into his abdomen sent shivers down his spine. "Looks like you've passed the point of no return. You are turning out to be more beautiful than I thought!"

Long voluminous locks sprouted out of Walter's scalp in unison. As they trickled down his shoulders to his back, they turned different shades of red, settling with a dark golden brown hue. Walter's face twitched and contorted into different shapes, leaning more feminine. Long eyelashes curtailed over his smoky eyes, and his nose puckered up. Walter scrunched his puffy lips and sighed out a feeble whisper. "It's not something I expected, but it was the only way I could attain immortality without tearing myself apart. The contrasting elements of a succubus and a vampire are in perfect harmony, conducive for a human. And now, you have it coursing your blood!" the lady spread her hands, releasing Walter from the invisible clutches.

Walter fell down on his knees in despair. His emotions overwhelmed him, and he poured into tears. His skin looked warm, yet it felt cold to touch. A throbbing ember in his loins constantly reminded him of his femininity. His mind swirled

as he looked down at his heaving boobs and wide hips. "I'm... a woman." The realization hit him so hard that Walter collapsed unconscious at Katrina's feet. She gestured for the two men to pick up Walter and usher him to the car.

"Wanda," a sweet voice echoing in Walter's ears woke him up. It was Katrina sitting beside her in a lavish bedroom. "Ugh," Walter grunted, rubbing his forehead as he pushed himself up from the soft pillow. "I killed Walter but also gave birth to Wanda. I think you know why," said Katrina, "Thousands of years later, I realized that being immortal is not something humans need. It's a curse that I cannot risk being unleashed to the world."

"So, you turned me into a freak like you?!" Walter bawled in tears. "No, I turned you into a goddess! You are blinded by your past, for now. But things will change. That body has its urges, you know," Katrina said with a sly smile. She lowered her gaze and sighed. "Listen, the Illuminati is not what you think. Sure, we worship Satan because we are partly succubi. And yes, we drink blood because," she pointed at her fangs, "but that doesn't mean we kill innocent people or sacrifice children!"

"What do you mean?" Walter listened with sparked curiosity. "Let's just say," Katrina leaned in to whisper, "Satan is not real."

She pulled back and continued to speak, "It's religion and tradition, just that. I am 8193 years old, alright? Never crossed paths with the deceiver, even if there are plenty in the flesh."

“What about the blood?” asked Walter. “Blood Banks. We have contracts with WHO itself. Now, we’re not stealing blood from patients. There’s plenty of blood that gets expired, you see. So we take that, also the common blood types only.”

Walter was having a change of heart listening to her. Finally, he couldn’t help but ask more about her. “The organization is responsible for safeguarding the world from absolute annihilation. When you live for so long, you start to see patterns. Patterns in wars, pandemic outbreaks, calamities. World leaders come to me for guidance on how to run the world. It’s a huge responsibility I bear, and one day, you can too.”

Walter was shocked beyond disbelief. He stood silent for a few moments before whispering, “I don’t know if I can do that.” Katrina busted out laughing and exclaimed, “Of course not! There’s a long life ahead of you, which, if you ask me, is the understatement of the millennia! You are a young girl who needs to enjoy her life! So let me handle it because I am not going anywhere!”

“Yeah, of course,” Walter mumbled. Katrina changed his perspective about himself and everything he believed in that day. As the days turned into months, years, and decades, Wanda lived as Katrina’s daughter, cherishing her eternal youth and beauty...