

The Baddest Girl In Town

Siggy Commission for Peji

The Devil's Highway; a long stretch of desert road far out in the arid wastes that borderijf a certain city. Unlike the well maintained main road that saw daily traffic from cargo transports to civilian vehicles going to and from the neon lit bastion that was the only hint of civilization for miles around. Unless one kept their company around roving bandits and the many conservative communities that knew their way around the wastes, people usually made sure to stick to the well populated and well defended roads that spread out from the main one.

But that didn't stop adventurous fools from testing the waters. Whether they really were stupid enough to cross into bandit territory or simply looking for a faster route back to town, it didn't change the fact that most of these individuals would never be seen again once they veered off onto the beaten path.

Add to all of the aforementioned dangers with reputed sightings of mutant creatures (no doubt from the radioactive and chemical waste runoff far underground), and you have yourself a recipe for certain death.

But what was so special about the Devil's Highway? So special that even the bandits themselves seemed unwilling to cross over that particular stretch.

Disappearances; people being whisked away into the dead of night without a sound. Sightings involving strange wisps of light that were almost always of an ominous crimson coloration. Some blamed extraterrestrials, others on the supernatural alongside more level headed ones suspecting a den or even a new breed of mutant creature setting up shop along the Devil's Highway, claiming any who drove by.

Whatever the case was, word of the cursed stretch of abandoned road where none dared tread was beginning to spread far and wide, past the vagrant communities, around the city walls and even all the way up to the ears of secretive government run groups, piquing interest into the matter from all over.

But despite widespread interest, no one ever seemed to take action. It wasn't because of a lack of results or the disappearances being a hoax. Rather, the site itself was proving highly...unusual...and very uncooperative to say the least.

A permanent blackout zone that couldn't be pierced by overhead satellites, cameras and other high tech monitoring devices shutting off or malfunctioning a few feet before even entering the highway proper, GPS either going haywire or stuck permanently pointing down the South pole, it seemed as if everything but vehicles would stop running the moment it entered the 'Dark Zone', another term coined for the Devil's Highway after the enormous black hole anyone could see if they had access to either a satellite display or an

overhead view from the skies above. Compared to images taken years ago when the arid wastes had been verdant grasslands and lush forests, it was evident that the Dark Zone was a recent occurrence with seemingly no point of origin, seemingly insignificant information gleaned from the brave few who had dared venture beyond the boundary and down the lengthy highway.

The heavy, cold atmosphere that hung over the entire place acted as both a filter and a warning; that you were now on the Devil's Highway and to turn back if you weren't feeling brave, a feeling convoys of scientists, soldiers and volunteers would have to bear with for the 14 minute trip to and fro with seemingly no results. Nothing springing forth from the sands or descending from the skies to take them away.

That is until the clock struck 6, signaling the passing of the afternoon sun as the chill of the evening begins to set in alongside the seeping purples of the chasing night pursuing the sun beyond the horizon. Shrouding the cars beneath them in complete darkness with only their headlights to illuminate the way forward.

When contact with the rear most vehicle had suddenly been cut alongside the next one ahead of it, the rapid response of the men and women filling the last two trucks at the front of the convoy was probably what had saved them from the unknown fate that had befallen the rest of them in the rearmost vehicles, it was as if something big had snuck up on them while they weren't looking, something fast that struck without warning as the horrified survivors stared flabbergasted at the empty stretch of road where three other vehicles stuffed with their colleagues should've been.

After further testing that bore no fruit, the place had been cordoned off by the authorities, even going so far as to setup an outpost far out in the arid plains to both monitor the Dark Zone and the people that fell victim to the strange phenomenon that always began when evening fell before lifting just before the crack of dawn.

But even with the threat of Devil's Highway supposedly contained, some would still stubbornly sneak past the guards and into the fabled Dark Zone. Either for fun, peer pressure or to solve the mystery behind what exactly was manifesting the Dark Zone. And many more in the public would outright ignore the government's warning about traveling down Devil's Highway once night had fallen, chalking it up to them attempting to force people under the surveillance of the many cameras lining the main roads with bandits as their excuse, fear mongering in essence.

And so the disappearances continued, ignored by the public as yet more innocents lost in bandit attacks and traffic accidents, unaware of the sinister truth behind it all.

One of these clueless individuals was a young man by the name of Nathan. Eldest son to a well off family from abroad that had traveled here to live in the city thanks to his father's business. Not long after settling in, getting to know the locals and taking in the sights, the curious young man would soon be graced by tales

of the Devil's Highway and its string of disappearances alongside the supposed government coverup a few years ago. This sounded like the perfect material for a personal blog he ran, his own digital diary of sorts.

Raised from birth to be an upstanding individual with a deep love for his parents and an equal amount of compassion for those around him, Nathan knew venturing all the way to the outskirts of the city was a risky thing, even though security along the roads had increased over the years, the Devil's Highway was still far out at the edge with only one seemingly random outpost placed there to guard it. And from the information gleaned from eavesdropping or participating in gossip told him that everything electronic short of a vehicle could remain operational within the highway's influence. Not like he had a car anyway.

So the plan was simple; hire a cab on a Saturday afternoon a little bit down the street out of sight from his house and then leave with his bicycle on pretense of exercise. Then when he was in the clear, pack it up in the trunk and hop on board for a two way trip back and forth to the Devil's Highway.

A sound idea on paper...if Nathan had taken into consideration that the anomalous effects of the Devil's Highway were just the prelude to the true dangers that awaited past 6.

None the wiser to what he was getting himself into, the naive young man burning with childish curiosity would soon find himself in a very different position in life once the day was over with, rushing down the road and into the automated cab waiting for him by the roadside...

Landing on the coarse, sand stricken road with a subtle cloud of dust shooting up around Nathan's sneakers, the excited young man wasted no time in getting a beading of his surroundings while unfolding his bike, squinting at the vast expanse of desert land scorched by the sun, the distant dots of moving vehicles along the main road, the enormous walls of the city behind him and finally; the lone complex the rumors said was supposed to be a government run security outpost.

"Huh...looks more like a rickety old outhouse than some top secret base...then again, it does make for some good cover I guess."

Moving down the road and away from the cab set to return in the evening, Nathan begins his short expedition in earnest while keeping a close eye out on the road ahead of him, marveling at how the well maintained material on the main road gave way to old world asphalt before eventually leading to cracked stone and ruined craters deep enough for him to land a foot in if he wasn't careful. A sign that he was beginning to enter Devil's Highway proper.

But the derelict road wasn't the only indicator, visuals aside, Nathan was beginning to feel a creeping chill crawl down his spine, like long skeletal fingers raking at his very essence, slipping through flesh and bone to get at his very soul with a deathly cold spell permeating his body wherever it touched.

There truly was something sinister afoot here, but after coming this far, leaving now would be a total waste of time. Not to mention an insult to his manliness. Gnashing at his lower lip in determined grit with his hands tightening over the handles of his bike till their whites showed clear through the tanned skin over his knuckles, the brave man pushed onward, keeping an eye over the road while taking in the sights around him. While many before him had tried and failed to find the source of whatever was fuelling the strange phenomenon that was the Dark Zone over Devil's Highway, Nathan didn't feel disheartened at trying.

Even if he wasn't able to find anything, at least he'd be able to sleep tonight knowing he was one of the very few to tread the path not many would dare to.

If only he knew what awaited those who overstayed their welcome...

After what felt like hours trudging through the sand beaten road, a beep from Nathan's watch signaled to him that it was time to head back, glancing down at the digital display that was, true to the tales, flickering like mad, jumping rapidly from number to number with occasional bouts of static. If the notification still worked, then that meant there was about 5 minutes left till 6pm, an hour or so till the evening when the sun would truly set over the skies.

Hopping onto his bicycle and maneuvering it over onto the side of the road where the cracks and indentations were least prominent, Nathan takes one final look down the Devil's Highway, sighing in a mix of wonder and disappointment. As much as he would've liked to finish his trek down the fabled road, the inquisitive man wasn't too eager to test the waters about the vanishings that occurred once the sun went down.

Putting the pedal to the metal as the invisible hand of time strikes 6 however, the otherworldly forces that govern the Highway tightens their hold, ensnaring the one human being stuck traveling midway down the length of it. Like the snap of a camera, the lone figure of Nathan cycling along the side of the road vanishes in an instant, leaving nothing but the tracks of his bicycle tires and his accompanying footsteps behind in the sand. Something the men and women in the outpost would immediately take note of after the constant monitoring they had to resort to using old world techniques to construct a modern telescope of sorts that had no reliance on technology.

An hour or so in the real world would soon pass, and with the automated cab's warnings going unheeded, would soon see it powering on before making a U-turn back to the bright neon bustle of the city with no one in the passenger seat with Nathan being none the wiser to the fate he had unknowingly consigned

himself to, cycling onward as the fiery red skies of a fading afternoon are quickly subsumed by the unnaturally quick approach of the obfuscating darkness of night, looking up in a mix of both awe and fear at the sight of the cosmos blinking rapidly into existence right above him.

'How is this happening...the sun shouldn't be setting that fast!'

Try as he might to dissociate himself from the reality before him however, the surge of adrenaline within Nathan's body only serves to fuel the desires of the omnipotent being watching its latest catch, thinking of a fitting outcome for the naive human who had wandered into its domain.

And with its vision fresh in mind, ancient magics begin their work, dormant particles saturating the air in its pocket dimension activating into luminous orbs of scarlet red, showing up even in the real world as Nathan's legs speed up, attempting to out speed the red lights he could see at the corner of his eyes. Afraid that he would be the next one to go missing, sorely regretting his poor decision making that landed him here in the first place.

Unbeknownst to him however, the deed was already done and the spell had begun to show its effects. Encouraging growth in his hair as the once frayed tips of a crew cut hairstyle begin to blossom outward, lengthening down the stretch of his back, tempting maroon locks fluttering wildly in the wind like dark flames. Going unnoticed to Nathan's panic stricken mind even when his new head of silky smooth hair begins to drape over his fringe with a long obscuring bush covering his left eye as the rest of it pours downward, framing a face that was beginning to lose any hope of maturing into the hardened visage of a man at his peak; softening at the edges, gaining a healthy blush on rosy cheeks, slim lips bloating into kissable cushions with a natural pink gloss to its complexion, complete with large uncertain eyes narrowing into the foxy slits of a salacious minx, dull gray irises igniting into a brilliant effervescent mix of crimson purple.

Alongside the physical changes, the master of the highway was careful to shift Nathan's mindset along the new path it had laid out for him both literally and figuratively. Perusing memories of an innocent childhood before distorting it with its own drops of flavor and spice. Recollections of being coddled were warped into horrid moments of neglect, watching with envy as Nathan's parents poured all their love into his little brother while leaving none for him. Undoubtedly inciting conflict within the man's mind at the new memories inserting themselves to fill the empty spaces in his mind.

'That can't be true...mom and dad...they loved us both...they wouldn't...they'd never!'

But the more he denied these terrible lies, the stronger they became, growing more vivid as more drops of venom spill onto his essence, polluting it even further while driving the truth home with new memories giving rise to a split in Nathan's identity with the seeds of his alter ego now blooming into a healthy sapling

in tune with his body now following suit to match his womanly face, panting in exhaustion with fear being the only thing left keeping him going. Unaware of the oddly erotic expression his face was taking on with a lithe tongue lolling in the air, wanton eyes narrowed and slim brows curved upward to emphasize their need even further.

As his shoulders narrow inward, the excess mass, left with nowhere to go, presses outward against his hardened chest, forcing the once rigid pecs to lose all solidity as they sag downward, losing body hair while gaining a lovely peach coloration, subsuming the tan he once had as splotches of pale skin radiate outward from behind his areolae that had already taken on a bright pink hue, popping to life as erect nubs instead of the wrinkled mounds they once were, filling Nathan's mind with the unusual desire to have them played with, furthering the lustful ire within his heart as his panting soon grows to accommodate airy, effeminate sighs with the bulge in his neck receding while his new pert set of tits grow ever larger, stopping just at the threshold of ridiculous DD's yet remaining firm and soft to the touch, tenting his now loose fitting singlet before it morphs into a torn and tattered makeshift top that looked terribly insufficient in containing her jiggling jugs, serving more in the seduction department with no man besides the most devout amongst them being able to resist her creamy melons squeezed up tight in their prison.

By the time his stacked midriff falls to the spell as it loses almost all of his hard earned muscle before tightening into a compact tummy with a sexy belly button in the middle of all that soft, supple flesh, Nathan could no longer recall why he felt so scared, so conflicted about his memories with the haze in his mind tightening it's hold over him, doing as it's master willed, corrupting the rest of the changing man's past unimpeded, filling the new persona in on why he, or judging by the rapid conversion of the vessels that housed them, she felt the way she did now; angry, lustful, vindictive, a right and proper mix for a bitchy mood.

'Ah right...how the hell did I even think they'd give a shit about me in the first place?'

She remembered living in a household that neglected her in favor of the sole heir to inherit the father's business; her younger brother, she remembered venting her frustrations out on other kids in middle school, earning her a bad reputation and further souring relations between her and her parents. A good time with friends in highschool with a successful history of test scores and excellent exam results? No, she only remembered mixing with the 'bad' crowd, joining sororities, skipping school. And when she had made the 'mistake' of getting drunk at a mixer, that first time at the hands of some nameless jock would soon ignite her lust for carnal acts. Getting by each year in high school only because her teachers were 'kind' enough to pass her after a personal deed or two under the table.

And with the vivid scenes filling her head with men pressing her up against the wall, pushing her head down as she sat helpless under a desk or lying sprawled out on someone else's bed with gruff hands squeezing her child birthing hips hard as they forced their way inside of her, Nathan's member begins to fade, giving in to



the overwhelming sensation of sex on the other side of the fence, feeling those same sensations rocking her freshly widened innards, knocking against the opening to her heated baby maker flanked by former testicles that had now become a fresh set of ovaries pumping her full of estrogen and other hormones.

In place of the reserved young man that had once wandered the halls of his highschool with a mind looking forward to the future, there was now a delinquent girl, spending her time picking on the younger students with her clique of girls, dressed in a provocative manner far outside of the dress code. And when she wasn't striding around the place as if she owned it, one peek in the abandoned storage room and you'd find her there with a lucky stud whose face and build changed every time...

And forget about a life in college...for the girl that had taken over Nathan's mind and body barely had the wits and education needed to qualify for a spot. And even if she had, the minx had no intention of slogging through yet another educational

institute nor remain under the eyes of a family that never loved her in the first place. The tanned, muscular young man with a naive face? She could no longer place any familiarity in her mind, instead feeling a pang of need hitting her in the gut as her eyes scour the mental image of who she once was, unaware of the fate that had befallen her.

With a final hurrah in the form a trickle of now useless semen leaking down from the shrunken nub of a twitching clit over the puckered lips of a well used snatch grinding against the leather seat beneath her, Nathan's mind crashes, letting her old self go for good as her vapid eyes roll around in a heated daze, letting loose a vindictive giggle as her creator drapes her scantily clad body in new attire that matched up well with the dark, brooding slut produced after pumping a paragon of good full of corruptive juices; tight fitting hot shorts cinching her plump juicy thighs while giving her snatch a good rub with each movement, a long sleeved bikers jacket that left her sexy arched back and tight midriff exposed over the loose shredded top that could easily let fly her jiggling melons at any moment.

And with the formation of leather gloves around her slim, dainty hands, form fitting boots given form by loose sneakers and a stylish pair of shades nestled atop her head, the former man's portable bicycle shrouds itself in scarlet flame, joining its riders chorus of ecstatic laughter with the screams of creaking metal, bending parts and other tortured material forced to take on new shapes and function. Until the squeaking of the bicycle could no longer be heard under the thunderous road of a furious engine trailing neon purple lights like the trail of a ghost rider, dexterous hands swerving the freshly transmuted motorcycle back onto

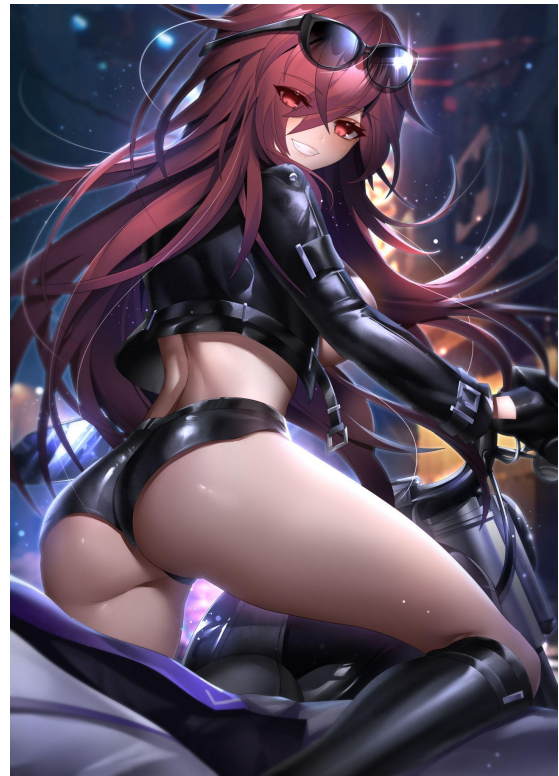
the bumpy road before it's rider grinds her bottom into the seat, loving the wind against her face, the vibrations across her body and the thrill of true freedom with no one to stop her. Echoing a sonorous war cry far into the night as the newborn Natalia speeds off back toward the city, licking her lips at the message notification on her mobile secured firmly to the handlebars, expertly maneuvering her trusty steed with one hand while typing a swift reply to her 'date' for the evening, picked from one of her many adoring fans chosen in a raffle held on her social media accounts, twiddling them around her fingers with a simple photo of her ass or boobs.

'On my way, love! C U Soon~'

With its latest work of art molded to perfection, the dark energies over the Devil's Highway recede, waiting patiently for the next unwary fool to wander into its grasp, waiting for the next lump of flesh to mold like clay into something more...

Natalia's parents in the meantime, would simply shake their heads upon their wayward daughter's failure to return home on time for dinner, splitting her share amongst each other while wondering just how things could've gone this way for their baby girl. Not even a week into their stay in this new city and already she had returned to her debauched habits. No doubt soliciting paid sexual favours in some random dump out in the city.

All of them would remain oblivious to the existence of Nathan, unable to recall anyone else besides Natalia, the baddest girl and most called escort in her hometown and now here, in a futuristic city out in the desert.



And as she leaps off her bike with the dexterous mobility of a nimble cat once she had arrived at some seedy bar downtown, strutting towards the gritty businessman leaning against the railing with his eyes wasting no time in undressing her nubile young body, she wouldn't have had it any other way, tracing her voluptuous body with an eager hand at the sight of the bulge in his pants. After an hour-long ride out in the desert, her throat was feeling mighty parched, and the feel of hot spunk straight from the source, sliding down her throat from a meaty rod jammed inside her mouth was a treat that just might be the thing to fill her thirst...

THE END

Dark Zone Report #079

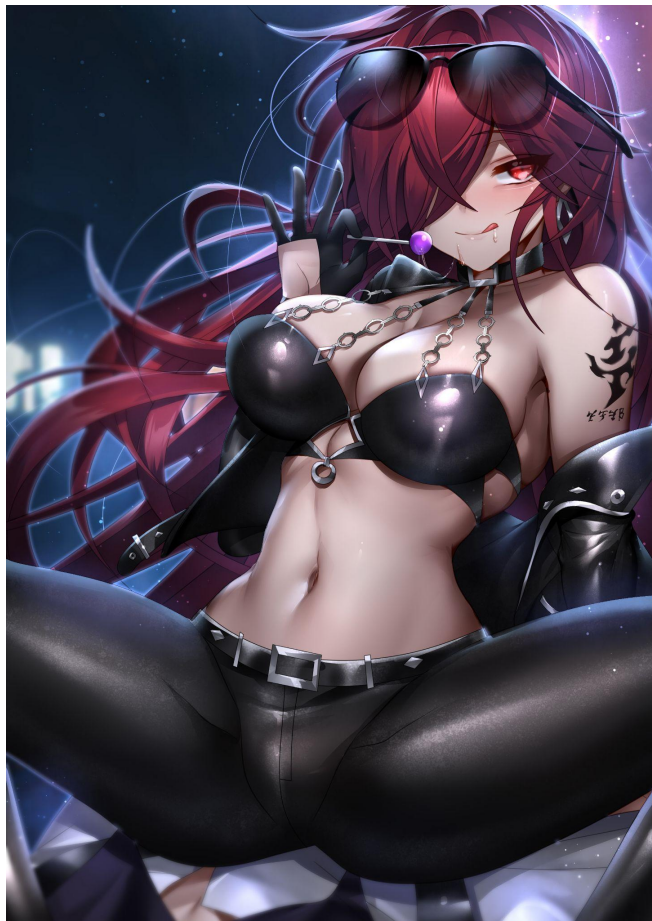
Subject : Natalia Denver (Formerly Nathan Denver)

Age : 29 (Same as previous identity)

Profession : Call Girl/Escort (Formerly raised to be next in line to inherit the father's business, succeeded by younger brother)

Personality : Slutty (insufficient data, assumed to be inverted like all other subjects)

Like every other case following the first massive loss suffered by the research team, Natalia appears to be the end result of the corrupting influence infesting Devil's Highway. Monitoring began minutes after the appropriate time when the anomalous effects of the Devil's Highway would take effect, by the time the telescope was used, Nathan Denver was no longer sighted anywhere across the length of the highway.



During the hour-long absence of the subject, red particles present in all cases were a constant sight, appearing for a second or so before fading. Occurrences kept going until a motorcycle engine could be heard. Observatories along the length of the road leading back to the city caught images of a redheaded woman on a motorcycle. Assumed to be the former Nathan when trace results on the license plate reveal it to be rented by a Natalia Denver.

And like all other cases, those who don't observe or have any knowledge about the effects of the Devil's Highway never realize anything has changed at all. Natalia shows no sign of mental relapses and seems content in being a prostitute (as seen here in an image provided by an agent), her family records show no changes and they've given up hope on their lost daughter. In essence, everything related to Nathan Denver has been changed accordingly to fit Natalia Denver into this

new reality. Only the people in this control room will ever know the truth.

As a test, the agent had thrown a random question on whether or not Natalia ever knew Nathan. The response acquired was a resounding no in the form of a vapid laugh, proceeded by her replacing the sweet treat in her mouth with...something all prostitutes like her keep their mouths busy with...

Continuing strict monitoring of the Dark Zone...report end.