

Say Cheese and Die Part 1

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Taylor was your average kid. He got good grades in school, lived in a nice neighborhood, and did what he was told. He had a good friend named Jacob who was almost the literal opposite of him, and as far as Taylor's parents were concerned he was the world's worst influence for their son. Taylor didn't see things that way, and hung out with his good buddy day and night. Not once did it corrupt him like his parents predicted it would... rather, Taylor had much more of an influence on Jacob than the other way around, but that is neither here nor there.

This is a story about a certain camera with the power to change the world.

It happened on a cool Friday evening as Taylor was walking home from school, with Jacob running around beside him like the energizer bunny.

"... and then *whoosh!*, it swooped down and fired all its guns at once. Naturally after that there wasn't a body to be recovered so they presumed he died, but..."

And then Taylor's foot kicked something heavy and hard.

"Ow!" said Taylor calmly, grabbing hold of his foot and grimacing in pain. Then he looked down at what he had kicked. Jacob had stopped talking, and looked too.

"Cool!" yelled Jacob as Taylor picked it up. It was a very heavy, old-fashioned, camera. It was about the size of a small melon, box shaped, and felt like it was made of lead brick. No wonder Taylor hurt his toes kicking it. He turned it over in his hands looking at it.

"Hey! Is that some sort of camera? It looks expensive doesn't it! Does it have a name on it? Maybe we can get a reward!!"

"No," says Taylor, holding up his hand to try and quiet Jacob down. No such luck.

"No what? It's not expensive? But it *looks* expensive. I'd bet if we put it on ebay we could get soooo much-"

"There's no name," interrupted Taylor. "We'll ask around tomorrow to see if anyone's missing an old camera. Right now I need to get home. I'll see you tomorrow, 'kay?"

"Aw, man! Can I keep it until tomorrow then?"

"No, you'll break it."

"Then can we see if it has any film in it?"

"No. You'll break it."

"Then can you take my picture with it? One picture won't hurt anything!"

"Nope."

And so Taylor turned and kept walking, thinking that was the end of the conversation. He had forgotten who he was talking to.

"See you tomorrow-" he said, without turning around. He was interrupted as Jacob snuck up behind him in an attempt to steal the camera from his arms.

Jacob grabbed hold of the camera, but didn't realize how heavy it was. He managed to rip it out of Taylor's unsuspecting hands, but it fell straight to the pavement like a stone.

There was a loud crack, followed immediately by a flash and an intensely white light.

"DUDE!" shouted Taylor in irritation. Jacob was rubbing his eyes, having been blinded by the flash.

"That was wicked bright!"

Both boys were then distracted by a whirling, mechanical sound. It was the camera, and out the side a photo was being ejected. Taylor immediately picked the camera back up, once more surprised by the weight of it, and examined it for damage. He was looking at the bottom of the heavy thing and finding no trace of damage when Jacob snatched the picture from the side.

"Cool! It's one of those thingies! Let me look at it!"

And so Jacob turned the photo over in his hand. It was still developing, and Taylor's interest in

inspecting the camera waned as he looked over to see how the photo turned out.

As the grey haze cleared, Jacob could be seen standing over the camera, which took the shot from his feet. He had covered his eyes from the flash, and the flash made the shadows look weird, but one thing stood out above all else. Jacob had a raging erection straining down the inside of his jeans in the picture.

Jacob and Taylor's eyes met, and he immediately began to deny it.

"Dude! That isn't... I totally wasn't... This is... It's gotta be some trick of the light or something!"

And so Jacob tried to laugh it off, with Taylor giving him a stare of disapproval.

"Dude!!! Just look at me! I would never..."

And then Jacob shut his mouth. This was because he was indeed getting an erection exactly like the one in the photograph, sliding down his pants-leg with unstoppable, horrific slowness. Jacobs eyes went wide with disbelief as his face flushed red.

Taylor immediately looked away, but they both knew that he saw.

"U-u-um... I've gotta go. Mom wants me to, uh, fold things. Later!!"

And so Jacob turned on his heels and ran.

Taylor was left standing in the street, slightly stunned, as Jacob sprinted around the corner towards his house. After blinking a few times in confusion he too turned and walked the rest of the way to his own home down the street.

Once home Taylor nearly forgot about the camera. He put it in his room with his backpack, then went downstairs for dinner, watched a movie with his brothers and sisters, and ended up in the backyard to play a game of rugby. They all went inside when the sky started to get dark, and thus began the rotation for the shower. Taylor went to his room to do his homework while he waited.

He was nearly done with a math assignment when he noticed the camera sitting on his dresser and remembered the earlier events regarding it. At first he tried not to think about it too much, but as he sat there and stared at his open notebook he couldn't help but remember something odd.

He could have sworn that Jacob didn't look like what the picture showed when it was taken... meaning he wasn't aroused in any way whatsoever. He felt sure he would have noticed that... but even more damning evidence of it was that his little problem definitely happened *after* the camera took that picture.

Taylor thought about it, and it couldn't have possibly been the result a delayed exposure. It definitely took the shot when the flash went off... and in any case it even produced the photo before anything happened.

Could the camera predict the future?

Well... there was only one way to test that now, wasn't there?

Taylor got off his bed and took the clunky camera off his dresser, then fiddled with it for the better part of five minutes trying to figure out where all the little buttons were. Once he felt confident that he knows how to operate it, (his grandfather owned a collection of antique cameras, and Taylor found that it operated very similar to some of the older ones), he held it up to his eye, pointed it at his bed with his math homework on it, and pressed a small button on the top.

A dull flash sound and a bright light told him that it was still working, and after a few seconds another photo slowly ejected from the side.

He waited patiently for it to develop, setting the heavy camera back down on his dresser before returning to his bed to sit and wait. It didn't take too long.

It was hard to make out at first as the greyness slowly faded away... but quickly Taylor was able to make out things... and what he saw shocked him thoroughly.

Taylor himself was on the bed, held down by his arms and legs, and was completely naked. Purple tentacles with suction cups lining the underside of them were violating his body. Those tentacles were not only holding him down by his arms and legs, but were also forcibly penetrating him. Now, Taylor didn't know much about sex or anything of that nature, but he did know what the female form looked like. It looked exactly like that. The person on the bed was unmistakably Taylor... but she was also getting her pussy spread wide by a very thick looking tentacle. She had very small breasts, barely A cup in fact, but they were unmistakably breasts. She had wide hips and a sultry body, long flowing hair, silky smooth skin... hell, she was sexy and beautiful and *extremely* fuckable. The only problem was... she had Taylor's face, minus his minute amount of facial hair. Her crotch and armpits were also, oddly, hairless.

Needless to say Taylor began to immediately freak out. He didn't know exactly what was going on yet,

but he had an inkling. He could figure things out when he was in the safety of the hallway rather than sitting on a mattress that seemed to have every intention of raping him in the near future.

He got about two feet before being yanked back onto his bed.

Suction cups attached themselves powerfully to his skin as giant purple tentacles wrapped themselves around his arms and legs, lifting him up into the air before pulling him down, spread eagle, onto his mattress in the exact position the photo showed.

Of course, Taylor immediately started to struggle, fighting against the tentacles with all of his strength. It was like trying to win an arm wrestling match with a silverback.

The tentacles might as well have been mechanical for all the power they had, and Taylor could offer up no resistance as his legs were spread wide and his clothes torn from his body.

But wait! The picture showed a female on the bed!! Sure, she had Taylors face and all... but maybe there was a mistake? Taylor actually laughed nervously, clinging to a thread of hope that the monster would let him go. An extra large purple tentacle raised itself between his legs and seemed to express confusion when presented by male equipment, which only bolstered Taylors fragile hope for release.

Needless to say, such hope was foolish.

A tentacle, thinner than the rest, appeared near his head and forced itself into his mouth. Taylor nearly choked as it slid halfway down the back his throat before stopping. It then proceeded to squirt a thick, cold liquid down his throat that he was forced to swallow over and over, gasping for air inbetween. The liquid quickly filled his stomach, and only when he began to fear it wouldn't stop until his belly burst did the squirts turn to trickles and the tentacle slowly removed itself.

Taylor immediately began spitting the sweet tasting liquid from his mouth, as the tentacle left a trail of it while it withdrew. The stuff glowed purple, and had the consistency of thin mucus. It was definitely very slippery. His stomach was starting to burn like fire as he spat and glared angrily at the tentacles.

The effects of his force-fed liquid meal were nearly instantaneous.

Taylor's entire body began to tingle, and suddenly he felt hot and flushed. His breathing became heavy, and his cheeks red, as he realized with a start that he was becoming aroused. What was that stuff, some sort of aphrodisiac?!

Well it was doing more than just getting him flustered. Taylor starred as his nipples hardened... and his dick didn't. His dick was doing the exact opposite of hardening. It was *melting*!

Suddenly Taylor could hardly breathe as he watched his dick literally melt into his ball-sack. His balls melted too. Everything down there turned into a virtual puddle of skin before his very eyes.... and then out of that puddle other things began to form.

It parted down the middle, and his loose skin flowed into the crack formed in his groin until the skin on either side of the cleft was pulled taught. The flesh on either side of the partition became soft and poofy, flushing pink as blood rushed to fill the new sponge-like tissue around his groin . At the same time, the flesh inside the cleft moved around and solidified into soft folds and wrinkles of sensitive flesh. A hard nub formed at the top, and quickly was buried underneath a small hood of protective skin. His urethra was moved down and relocated to the middle of the thing, and at the very bottom....

At the very bottom a tunnel opened up deep into Taylor's body.

Meanwhile the rest of Taylor proceeded apace. His waist and belly thinned and flattened. His butt filled out with his widening hips. Soft mounds of fat padded his chest and raised his enlarging nipples slightly into the air. All of his body-hair had disappeared almost the moment everything had started. His recently cut hair flowed out of his head in waves until it was several feet long.

And so quite quickly Taylor was transformed into a woman. The whole process took only a minute... but to Taylor it felt like an eternity. Needless to say he was stunned speechless by the sudden turn of events... but found his voice when the rather large tentacle between his legs lifted itself once again, only now it seemed much more sure of itself and confident.

"No, please don't..." whispered Taylor, shaking his head and staring wide-eyed at the tentacle, knowing exactly where it intended to bury itself. He didn't dare raise his voice higher, though he probably wouldn't have been able to scream if he wanted to.

The tentacle wasted no time in locating the deepening red lips of Taylor's new womanhood... and yes indeed he was a fully-fledged woman in every physical respect, as he was about to find out in a very intrusive way.

The tip of the large tentacle sniffed around Taylor's tight, swollen, pink pussy. It's tip touched him gently, and felt around his virgin lips as if lost.

And Taylor found himself crooning softly as it touched him! It was so wrong, but he was horny as fuck! Whatever he now had down there in way of equipment felt so very strange... and that tentacle was making him feel even stranger... but he liked it!! His nipples were so hard it almost hurt, and that thing between his legs... he almost wanted what was about to happen. He definitely needed it... but he *almost* wanted it too.

He cringed as he prepared for it to do what it was destined to do, and it did not disappoint, but it did surprise.

Taylor expected it to thrust harshly and roughly into him and take his virginity in one fell swoop... but it didn't. It was gentle, and caressed his pussy gently once more before inserting its tip into him.

The tip was thin, and had only the smallest of suction cups. The tip oozed a trickling amount of that same glowing-purple secretion he was forced to guzzle, and he was already slick as hell down there, having nearly wet himself in anticipation.

The tip found the tiny hole at the bottom of his pussy and quested into it inch by inch, immediately stretching it as it went. Taylor flinched as it pushed more and more tentacle into him, and while the first few inches were easy the rest soon weren't.

"Stop stop stop!!" Taylor begged, but it paid his requests no heed and used his legs as leverage to force itself deeper into him.

Tears leaked from his eyes as his pussy was spread wider and wider. His virginity was taken painlessly, with Taylor hardly noticing when his hymen broke, but the sheer girth of the tentacle only became more and more unbearable as inch after inch was fed into him.

"Too big!" he whispered, begging silently for the tentacle monster to at least slow down. He huffed as quietly as he could, not wanting to alert his family to what was happening just inside his door.

"Oh God!" he said, just a little loudly, as one of the larger suction cups pushed past his nether lips and into the chasm his pussy was becoming. The questing tip of the tentacle went ever deeper by the second. He was pouring with sweat as heat flushed through him and he began to buck a little, his own body growing beyond his control as pleasure flooded from between his open thighs.

"AH!" he nearly shouted once again as yet another suction cup passed into him, ever larger than the last. This one flicked against the tiny nub of hard flesh at the top of his pussy. The tentacle was beginning to stretch him to his very limits, and tears were running down his face as he grabbed handfuls of his sheets and tried not to bite his tongue.

"Taylor!" shouted one of his younger sisters. "Are you in there? It's your turn to use the shower!!"

"AH! Yes! I'll be right out!!" Taylor managed to gasp as the monster forced more tentacle into his body. How much further was it going to go?? He was at his limit as it was!!

There was a pause outside his door.

“Are you okay?” asked his sister.

“I’m fine!” grunted Taylor. He was unable to keep himself from crying out a little as the tentacle monster tried to rhythmically pound more of itself into his body, and bit by bit more tentacle was stuffed into his impossibly stretched pussy.

“Okay then... hurry up, mom said we need to be in bed soon!”

Taylor didn’t even answer. He couldn’t. The tip of the monsters tentacle had found the end of his wet love-tunnel... and was still trying to force itself deeper.

And Taylor actually needed to bite his tongue as the tip of the tentacle forced itself slowly past his tightly closed cervix and into his uterus.

And then it stopped.

Taylor laid there on his bed, panting and sweating, with an enormous tentacle stuffed up into his belly between his legs. On the one hand, he was happy it was over. He didn’t want any of this to happen. He wanted the tentacles to let him go and return him to normal. On the other hand, he was pretty damn close to orgasm.

Then he felt movement between his knees, and found the strength to lift his head. What he saw was a bulge traveling up the length of the tentacle that had embedded itself inside of him. His eyes widened with sudden understanding as it approached his already painfully stretched pussy lips.

“No. No no NO!” he begged. “*It won’t fit!*”

The tentacle ignored him, and with gut wrenching slowness that bulge *did* fit. It took some effort on the tentacles part, but it slowly forced its way into Taylor. The bulge was an egg. That egg was going to be implanted into Taylors uterus. There wasn’t really anything he could say about it.

Taylor screamed as quietly as he could to himself as his pussy stretched much wider than he would have ever believed possible as the egg traveled deep into his sensitive body, and then forced itself past the even tighter wall of his cervix to pop up into his belly and come to a rest within the walls of his womb. As it passed into said womb, Taylor climaxed.

He had never orgasmed before like he did right then. It was powerful and electric, as if his body had suddenly released a dam of something and the stress had finally caused it to break. He shook gently as

his muscles convulsed and his pussy squeezed tightly against the intruding tentacle, thin fluids gushing out of him and down the purple thing.

And it didn't stop nearly as soon as he expected. In fact, he was still orgasming when a second egg started to enter him, and he found that he was suddenly orgasming all over again, even more powerfully than before. He thrust his back into the air as he tried not to alert his family with his muffled cries of passion.

The eggs themselves were rather large, twice as big as a chicken's egg, and nestled together inside of him even as a third followed, and then a fourth. He couldn't stop climaxing as one after another entered him and was deposited. He was just starting to beg for mercy, swearing one thing after another in return for making it stop laying eggs in him, when the last egg was laid and the tentacle slowly began to withdraw.

The eggs left his stomach hugely swollen, much like a pregnant woman with twins.... but he had a full baker's dozen implanted within him. Quite a lot of bread in the oven.

And he got no relief as the tentacle slid from him either, the suction cups grabbing at his skin and popping roughly out of his abused and sensitive twat as slowly it was allowed to return to its original size and shape. He cried out in orgasm for the final time as the last of the tentacle was finally removed from his body, and the rest let go of his arms and legs to disappear back into his mattress.

Taylor immediately curled into a ball and rode his high slowly down back to earth, his body buzzing and electric, his belly filled with eggs, and his sex sensitive and abused but unhurt. He hugged his swollen stomach and could feel the eggs inside of him, his still hard nipples pressing against his own skin as he lay there doubled over in confusion and sexual afterglow.

His mom shouted 'lights out' somewhere down the hall, and his brothers and sisters complied.

"That means you too Taylor!" she continued. "Make sure to shower in the morning!!"

Taylor didn't say anything, but forced himself to get out of bed. His belly nearly threw him off balance, and the foreign lips between his legs were still sticky with glowing purple slime, the vacuum left by his missing dick and balls strange and alien. He walked numbly over to the light and turned it off before returning to bed, slid underneath the now dirty sheets, and passed out. Needless to say he had extremely fucked up dreams that night.

Taylor woke up before his alarm clock sounded. A full hour earlier in fact. At first he wasn't sure why he woke up so early, and in fact had forgotten about the previous night's events entirely.

He sat up in his bed, the extremely warm blankets spilling off his modest chest, his hand falling down onto his massive belly, and it immediately came back to him in a rush. Without thinking he leapt out of bed only to fall back onto it as a massive cramp gripped his stomach.

It was nearly crippling, and a gush of purple jelly flowed out from between Taylor's legs, reminding him that he no longer had his best buddies down there, but instead nothing but a wet pair of lips in place of them. Another muscle cramp made him grind his teeth as he felt his belly contract painfully, and life squirmed within. One started to move downward, and Taylor raised his knees and huffed as his body began to force it from him without regard to his own personal feelings about the matter.

A miniature octopus traveled slowly out of him, the size of soda can but thankfully extremely squishy and stretchy. It plopped out of him, radiant purple and cute as a kitten, before quickly scurrying into his mattress. He slowly birthed the rest of the octopus's, the act of which was mildly arousing (though also moderately painful and definitely uncomfortable), and as he did so his belly shrank bit by bit back to its former shape, which was flat and sexy, and showed no marks of the abuse it had only just recently received.

Even his pussy returned to its pristine shape after the last octopus was birthed, and suddenly it was as if he was never violated in the first place... excepting all the purple goo of course, *and the sudden sex change!*

The gears slowly turned inside Taylor's head as he sat there, bleary eyed, on his goo-stained mattress.

"Hey!" he suddenly whispered, "Turn me back! You got what you came for! Fix me back the way I was!!"

The monster in his mattress only gurgled at him, so he hit it.

"I said turn me back!" he continued to whisper angrily. "I've got school! This is so fucking wrong!! I don't want to be like this forever! I don't want to be like this *at all!!* Who the fuck do you think you are, doing this to me?"

A single tentacle raised itself out of the mattress.

"Well that's better!" is all Taylor was able to say before he was pushed out of his own room. The tentacle monster then shut and locked the door behind him.

Taylor stood in the hallway, confused, nude, and female, before he turned back to the door and tried to force his way back inside as quietly as he could.

“You bastard! Let me in!”

“Taylor? You’re up early.”

It was Taylor’s mom, and he had just seconds before she opened her bedroom door and saw him in all his naked glory. He immediately did a sprint for the bathroom and shut the door behind him.

“Just getting that shower!” he said back.

“Oh. Okay then. Don’t use all the hot water.”

“I won’t.”

And so, with a sigh of relief at avoiding detection, he turned and faced the mirror.

He was a mess... but he was a female mess. A pretty sexy mess really, even if he did have relatively small breasts. Taylor felt like he should hit himself for thinking about his own body like he was, but didn’t. Instead he grit his teeth.

That fucking camera! Why didn’t it have a warning or something on it? Caution: if you take pictures of things they will come to life and rape you!!

He yanked open the shower, stepped in, and turned the water on angrily. He immediately regretted the decision as ice cold water hit him full in the face, and he shouted out. Yells of ‘Quiet, it’s still night outside’ and ‘Shut the fuck up!!’ echoed down the hall, which Taylor ignored. He was too busy being furious.

There had to be a way to undo the camera’s magic. Every movie and every book in the world said as much, so why wouldn’t it be true? It apparently was easy enough to give him a pussy. Logic dictated that it must be equally easy to *ungive* him a pussy.

And so as the water heated up he washed his body. He took a wizz as the shower flowed over him and was mildly surprised by the sensation of peeing without a dick. He washed his hair, and found out that he didn’t like it long *at all* because it took so much shampoo and he just *knew* it was going to be all in the way wherever he went. He had some good fun playing with his tiny tits for a while though, especially finding that he liked squeezing his nipples, but otherwise was quickly done with his shower.

Thus Taylor ran into his inevitable problem: how to hide what had happened to him from his family.

Looking in the mirror naked, certain things about him were obviously different... but his tits were small enough to be hidden by a shirt, and as long as he wore baggy clothes he shouldn't look too different. Or at least, that was the theory.

His hair, however, was going to be a problem.

But first and foremost: getting back to his room unseen!

So Taylor dried off with a towel, wrapped it around his waist, covered his chest with his arms, and after listening to try and figure out if the coast was clear opened the bathroom door and sprinted back to his room only to find that it was still locked.

Panic!

Taylor heard movement from several of the rooms, and so made the command decision to run downstairs. His dad was already eating breakfast, and so with a mini heart attack he ducked back into the stairwell... then with ninja like timing ran across the hall as his dad was drinking from his mug. It was then only a matter of hurrying over to the laundry room to grab some clothes from his pile, all of which fit weird on him, before he was able to breathe a sigh of relief as he no longer was running around the house practically nude.

However... the disguise would absolutely not withstand close scrutiny.

Taylor underestimated the amount even his modest breasts would stand out under his shirt, and also miscalculated how well baggy clothes would hid his figure. He also completely forgot about his hair.

"Fuck..." he muttered to himself.

"What?" asked his dad in the kitchen.

"I said I'm gonna go head over to Jacob's! I might be there all day."

"Oh. I'll tell your mother then."

"Thanks!"

And so, after putting on a pair of flip flops, Taylor ran out the back door. He was cutting through his yard

when he heard the sound of a window opening, and turned around in time to see the camera being thrown out of his room by the tentacle monster. It landed in the yard with a solid thud.

“Screw you too!!” shouted Taylor back at the monster. It responded by shutting the window.

After a prolonged display of his middle finger, Taylor picked up the camera (because he absolutely did *not* want his family finding it), and ran over to Jacob’s house, letting his long wet hair dry in the warm summer’s wind.

(To be continued in part 2)