

a Gal-loween tale

FRANKENMILK

by Jessie Star



Art by Tail-Blazer

PART 1

I.

A chilly fall air permeated the parking garage of Uneek Technical Solutions Business Park, leaving the vehicles frosted with chilled humidity and their owners damp and huffing breath like dragon smoke. As the wide cavernous expanse thinned of cars, the echoes of engines and tire squeals and squeaks became less and less frequent. Victor, an intern-turned-new-hire, leaned against his minivan typing on his phone, waiting for his carpoolers. As per usual, they were late, and getting later every minute. Thunder echoed in the cement structure, bounding from one naked grey wall to the next. Victor furiously texted Albert, "If you don't hurry, we're going to be driving in the storm." Not that Albert or Dana cared much for his woes. They worked at the same company, but only knew each other through carpool, and neither seemed interested in anything about the young worker besides that they all saved on gas using him. Vick hit send, and a moment later heard Albert's phone's personalized sci-fi text alert go off - "Exterminate! Exterminate!" - the phone screamed in a high-pitched robotic twang. Moments later, a middle-aged man with a mustache and glasses appeared around the corner along with a thin woman who had her blonde hair pulled back incredibly tight (possibly in an effort to smooth out some early wrinkles). Albert and Dana arrived.

Albert let out a little *hmp* as he straightened his glasses, reading his phone. "Little patience Vince, we were on our way."

Victor flinched a little; it had been over a month of carpooling, and Albert still didn't get his name right. The young man, barely twenty, ignored it for now and opened the sliding rear and front passenger doors. "Well, it's just thirt minutes later than normal, and a big weather front is rolling in..."

"Yes, *mother*," Albert said in that voice he always used when making someone feel less than adequate, and always with a word choice that used the feminine as a slight. The balding mustached man grunted again as he climbed up into the back seat without even giving Victor eye contact.

"Would anyone like to ride in the fro-" Dana was also on her phone and climbed into the back seat with surprising ease for wearing heels and a skirt. Not a word from her either. "Front..." Victor mumbled as he closed the doors behind them. Long gone were the first few days of cordialness; now it was tired indifference. Victor climbed into the driver's seat and adjusted his mirrors. "Everyone buckled?" They did not answer so he just manually checked. The belt was visible against Albert's white shirt that bulged from his potbelly. It was harder to see if Dana was secure, with her extremely thin figure wrapped in a black jacket, black skirt and dark blouse; she must love dark colors, it followed through all the way down to her stockings and shiny heels. She caught him looking and he snapped his eyes forward: she was not a fan of being ogled and he was not a fan of being mistaken for ogling. So away they went.

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The downpour hit shortly after the van left the city. They took the exit off the highway into the scenic forested hills that sat on the edge of a mountain range where the three lived. It was as if the clouds purposefully waited for them to be away from consistent manmade light: the visibility from the headlight's effectiveness diminished by the deluge of rain drops constantly lighting up in their cones of light. This made Victor take the road even slower as he curved and wove through the low mountain pass. God, he hoped a deer wouldn't come bounding across the road, or worse, a boulder. Landslides were possible, though it was more likely to be a car driving around a giant chunk of mountain that had already fallen. That was one good thing about the van that he had begrudgingly inherited from his parents when they upgraded to their luxury cars. He should be grateful they gave him anything, most the time all they gave him was guilt and grief. On the plus side the van was very safe, with a low and wide design that made it less likely to roll. Even being safe, the possible threats that may yet lay on the dark, rain-pelted road ahead had him driving slower than normal, and that had given Albert and Dana an opportunity to start bickering.

"Al, you are wrong, you are so wrong!" Dana stated defiantly.

"I'm not though, Dana. Not every man's compliment is some secret attempt to belittle or objectify you." Albert rolled his eyes as she went on a familiar tirade, just in a new situation.

"He wanted me to know how good my figure looked in my outfit. And he used multiple sentences to do so." Her face was pretty even in a scowl, sharp features in contrast to Albert's rounded ones. Victor felt like screaming that he would turn the car right around if they didn't stop.

"It's a compliment. It's fine for you not to like it, but you don't have to project some... lewd creepiness on someone who's just trying to be nice." Albert broke eye contact as his blood pressure rose. Gender politics and debate by two very headstrong opinionated people trapped in a car next to each other, caught in a storm moving at a bicycle's pace, had to be the worst combination this night could have gifted.

"But why compliment the attractiveness of my body!? Why not my intelligent budget planning, or my courage when facing the board and getting us a time extension. Things at work I actually use!" She was not letting him have this one. Maybe speeding up a little wouldn't be the worst thing.

"Hey guys, mind if we settled down back there? I'm trying to concentrate." Victor pleaded, but neither one seemed to hear.

"HA! Like you've never used your attractiveness at work!?" Albert snorted.

“Excuse me!? When? When have I ever done that?” she nearly wailed.

“Anytime you want a male to do something for you, you get all sugary sweet and add an extra wiggle in your step. I bet it’s the same persona you use to get free drinks,” the programmer of fifteen years edged back.

“Fuck you, Albert! Take that back! Take that back right now!” And now Dana was cursing.

The fight was escalating and Victor wanted to be anywhere else. Anyone else. Like just damn, his life sucked so much. A nobody, bottom-level employee at a company that was trying to do the Google model in a half-assed fashion: they were a tech company with all the set-in-their-ways people who passed the areas with ping pong tables and bean bag chairs, acting offended the space had not been used for cubicles. Victor would have played ping pong. He would have made friends with the people trying to kill each other in the back of his mist blue minivan. He just wanted something so different than this.

Lightning illuminated the sky, backlighting the old mansion that looked down on the wooded mountain road. It was something to see in the daylight, but it was quite horrifying in the storm, lit up against a downpour his windshield wipers could barely keep up with. He must have sped up more than he realized to already be passing “Franc Manor,” a name that was about all anyone knew about it, hidden up on the hill behind its ever-closed gates. Though as they approached, Victor realized the gates were open. Lightning again turned everything ahead of him into shadows and white, the drone of the two behind him fighting like immature elementary children.

Victor’s eyes adjusted just in time to see a car flying out of the front gate of the old mansion. The roads were too wet to stop, and all he could do was speed up and hope the other car missed him. Vick thought he saw a woman in the driver’s seat, but there was no indication she saw him. “Everybody hang o-” His voice was cut off by the crunch and shatter of the oncoming vehicle clipping the back end of the van, sending them into a spin and a roll. Everything was in slow motion, arms floating off the wheel as if he was submerged underwater. His mind picked up some background noise: his passengers screaming, the windows smashing, the rain pouring in, the pain blooming from his head as it hit the steering wheel. Everything stopped as the underside of his car smashed into the cliff wall. And then there was only rain.

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Victor blinked, then blinked again. Water was falling on him from... the side? He looked to his right, and through his broken passenger window he saw storm-filled sky. It wasn’t raining sideways; the van was on it’s side and the window was smashed, letting the rain in. He turned to his left and found his left window was nothing but mud, oh... and it’s broken glass was sticking in his arm... great. He must be in shock. “E-everyone okay?” He looked into the rearview mirror and saw Dana had been shaken free of her seat and was laying on top of Albert. Neither answered. Victor tried to move, and that’s when he finally felt the pain: all over his body,

everywhere. “Aaaaah!” he first cried out and then wheezed. It hurt to take air in or out of his lungs too quickly. He looked at his steering wheel. No air bag had deployed. So much for safe.

Victor looked out of the windshield which had also been smashed open. Across the way was the other car, some sort of European sports model it seemed. It was wedged under a sideways pine tree, bigger around than a man. From the look of it, the tree hadn't fallen on the car, but rather she had driven right under it: the coniferous giant taking off the top of the car with ease. He doubted the woman was alive. Whatever she was speeding away from would never have her now. More rain. More throbbing pain, spreading through his body. A few groans in the back, but mostly the the never ending drum beat of rain. That's when Victor saw them.

Someone was out in the rain, short-statured and in some sort of a- trench coat? No, a lab coat? Who knows, at least it was someone that could give help. “Hel-p-” Victor wheezed, but it was barely audible. He cleared his throat and tried again. “He-elp!” It was more clear this time, but still very weak, especially with the rain. Couldn't they see him? Surely they noticed the van's head... lights... Victor's thoughts slowed down as his body filled with dread. Not like, “oh no, did I forget to lock the door when I left the house?” dread, but real, animal senses mortal danger and wants to bolt dread. There were things. Little twisted things out there by the person in the coat. The size of children, but not. They moved too swiftly and yet, awkwardly. Like the munchkins of munchkinville had a nuclear fallout and were now twisted and disproportionate hunchbacks, arms dragging behind their stubby bowlegged appendages with floppy feet on the ends. And he could hear them, grunting, so many of them, spreading out and towards the sports car. This had to be what she was running from: some horde of creatures made by this guy in the coat. Chasing after her. Holy hell, he was in some sort of a horror film. Could he turn off the lights without being noticed? Or maybe just sitting and letting them pass would be better? Or he could call 9-1-1, all he needed to do was find his phone and-

“Exterminate! Exterminate!” Albert's text message alert screeched out. The person in the coat slowly turned, as if their feet weren't even attached to the ground. Their features were obscured by the rain, eyes covered by green goggles that reflected green in the headlights. “Exterminate! Exterminate!” Another text, and all of the twisted little goblin-like creatures turned in unison to match their goggled... leader? They were coming, and quickly. He tried to shake himself free of his belt. Vick could feel a vibration, something massive and cracking like giant rock on rock. The mad scientist-looking leader screaming and pointing their black rubber-gloved hand at the van, screaming! Victor looked up to where the finger was pointing, just in time to see a lightning strike illuminate a boulder hurtling at the van and- *SMASH* Another impact, and the entire shape of the van changed in a blitz of white hot pain and crunching metal. The sound of his and his passengers screams fading into the rain and the dark.

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Victor thought he must have died. Drifting in and out of existence, always with a bright light ahead of him. *Yup, I'm dead. But why does heaven smell like latex?* He drifted in and out,

hearing odd noises as if the angels were refurbishing heaven. Saws, sewing machines, hisses and pumps, and always a green sea to fall back into... pleasant green... will come back when heaven... is built. He drifted off again into the green.

“Hallo! HALLO!? Can you hearez me?” Someone was talking to him. An angel with a German accent, was it? “Mein herr, are you wiz me or nien? Sheitza! E! Are vee losing him? E! Are you paying attention to me!?” The outline of a small face with a doctor’s mask and long black hair pulled back was hallowed by the light behind it, a high-pitched farcical German voice muffled by the mask. Victor squinted, trying to see their eyes... but they were blocked by green goggles. *Why would an angel need goggles?* As the masked person screaming in his face pulled away, his eyes were blasted again by the unabashed light. He took a minute to listen to the beeps and hisses of the room. He wiggled his toes and fingers, the soreness of his body coming back to him, though it felt very... off. He couldn’t be dead, there was too much pain; he must be in a hospital then. Well, at least he had survived. His mind tried to remember the details that had ended him up in the hospital, but his brain felt like mush. More physical awareness trickled through his flesh to his mind, like a leg that had fallen asleep, prickling with feeling as it woke up. He was strapped down with such force there was really no moving without help. Had he broken his back so they needed to stabilize him? Victor tried to speak, but all that came out was a wheeze. The young intern clenched his eyes shut to try and block the light out. He reached down with his mind... seeing if he felt anything horrible, maimed, or broken, but it was mostly just sore. There was an odd fullness, however. His body felt bloated, the straps that held him down squishing exceptionally deep into his flesh, and his breathing was labored like someone had left a weight on his chest. Was he having an allergic reaction to the meds?! He had to tell someone.

“H- hhhhheee” he wheezed, his vocal cords feeling exceptionally sore, along with a ring of pain around his neck that throbbed deep into muscle and bone. “Heey... h-hello?” Victor’s voice was high and strained, not himself at all. There was a clattering of metal on tile and then some cursing. No wonder, how could the doctor see with those big green... goggles? Green goggles! His heart rate spiked as his memory flashed back to the night of the accident. He wasn’t in a hospital at all!

“Hallo!” The doctor - no, scratch that, *mad scientist-looking character* - popped back into view. “You are okay? Zis is vunderful news! Are you feeling alright? Can I get you anyzing? A water? A coffee? Vee have zee individual serving little cupping zings. Zo... it might be too early for zee coffee. She just loved her coffee so I assume you would be craving some by now, ya? No?... Do you spechen sie English?”

Victor’s head was spinning, his comprehension too slow to keep up, like trying to stay on your feet while falling down stairs. “W-wha-”

“Vater? You vant a drink? Vell zen, let’s get you up and check you out first, make sure you von’t spring a leak.” The scientist stared down at him, cheeks rising at what Victor could only assume

was a smile under that horrific mask and goggles get up. "Zat vuz joke. Ha! No vorries, we get you up and going in no time..." They disappeared again, only to pop back up. The figure came in and out of view more often than a whack-a-mole game. "Alzo... I ask you, please, do not freak out. I did za best I could, ya." And they were gone again. Victor tried not to hyperventilate. *Not freak out? What had they done?* The hum of a hydraulic lift buzzed under the table Victor was strapped to as it slowly rose up and tilt forward. As his angle changed so did his ability to see the room. Rusted pipes adorned a basement ceiling, a furnace glowed from behind multiple instruments and devices that looked like a mad scientist garage sale rather than a place to sew someone up. Everything looked like wires and tubes, some machine tentacles madness just beyond the halo of clear visible light the only thing that seemed slightly hospital was a roller cart of surgeons tools that rose into view of the tilting table. Apparently a sheet was on him, because he felt it fall off as he became upright, but the way in which it fell off his chest felt wrong. Very wrong. This was accentuated when the table rose upright and the weight on his ribs transferred to his shoulders via more straps. His pectorals felt flush and wobbly, his brain unable to connect why. The hum stopped, and Victor was now upright. "Tadah! Vat do you zink?" Victor looked back at the mad scientist, confused and fearful. "Oh, ze mirror! E! E, vere is zee damn mi- oh zere you are. Danke darling." A squat goblin creature just out of view moved a mirror into place, and then turned it around.

"Wha-" The first thing Victor saw was his own tired, pale face looking back from the full-length mirror. His eyes were bloodshot and wide; his eyebrows peeled back from either fear or the tightness of the strap on his forehead. But in his bravery, he peeked to see if he had been mutilated by the creeper in a lab coat. He blinked. And blinked again. *It had to be a trick of the light.* Even though he could feel those large green orbs squishing and heaving in their maroon lace encasements, it had to be some trick. In the mirror before him was the head of Victor Selesky, only attached to an extremely voluptuous middle-aged woman's body, in nothing but her lace underwear that was a deep bloody burgundy. "I grew tits. And fat... You mutated my body into a woman's! A...Green woman! Like an alien! How... How did you do this you my body!?"

"VUT?! Zat's crazy talk! Mutate... vut rubbish!" The scientist shook their head like that was the maddest thing they had ever heard. "I just simply sewed your head onto ze body of a 40-year-old voman." Victor's eyes could not blink, staring at the crazy person as they nodded at what they deemed was the most common sense answer in the world. "It vas a close vun too. When you finally pulled through I vas like Inga... you did zum mighty fine vurk right zere you did." She popped off her goggles, revealing soft feminine eyes, though still filled with this eccentric energy that seemed to bounce around the room like a cat chasing a laser dot on the floor. She was calling to someone, but Victor's eyes had gone back to the reflection that screamed Photoshop. The adrenaline pumping through his body had awoken each and every nerve, and try as he might to dismiss the plump, curvy, womanly form his neck now flowed into, he could feel it in its entirety. The bob and sway of his heavy tits, each large and green and firm like melons, holstered in a giant brassiere. He hoped it was padded for a moment, and that these tits that were each as big as his skull were somehow being accentuated by padding he

could not see. The thought evaporated like steam on the boilers in the back of the dark basement lab that was now becoming more and more clear, as a throbbing in the chest of the fat on his chest directed his eyes to two massive nubs going hard and showing through the bra cups. Oh hell, staring at this body was turning him on! Which in turn was making his now marble-sized nipples show through his bra. HIS bra! And that was turning him on even more. His pulse rose as his eyes drifted over his fluffy pooch of a belly, looking comfy on an otherwise trim waist that flared out into a massive pair of motherly hips, wide and cushioned to meld perfectly with thighs that looked as thick as his male waist used to be. This was a body like the women he used to gaze at as a young man, before they noticed and he quickly looked away. The body of what the boys around him called a MILF. With a giant ass smashed against the lab table creating a terrible wedgie back there, and friction on his- Oh god, he didn't have a dick! He was scared to look, but his libido climbed and climbed and climbed, and he felt that throb and heat between his legs. Instead of getting hard, he was getting wet! A grunt behind him and his head strap was taken off, mobility restored to his stiff neck. He looked down, trying to look at what he was dreading, but there was nothing but a sea of green tits. *Why were they green!?* *Why were there tits!?* He looked up into the mirror, heart pounding in his ears, and saw a wet spot forming on the camel toe pasted in the middle of his undies. It was too much. It was like watching a porno and being the subject matter at the same time. A feedback loop of arousal and intake. He screamed, and it was the shrill, high-pitched scream of a woman in a horror film.

"Velp, it looks like her vocal chords took to you nicely," Inga chortled.

"Put me back! Put my head back on my fucking body, you insane bitch!" Now that his voice came back, he realized every word that bounced out of him sounded like a husky mature woman's voice.

"Um, ya... don't zink that's gonna happen." She hefted up a garbage bag that was full of lumps and bumps that squished and gurgled as the weight shifted. "Vat vas left von't be doing you any good, ya get me and my meaning ya?" *That... that was his body in the bag! What was left of it?*

"You destroyed my body!" Oh man, could he scream with these new womanly pipes.

"Um. Nooo, you did, ven you crashed your ass into a cliff and set off an avalanche. Dontcha get all pissy and blaming me for your unzafte driving. Zo now you got to be more careful zince you match the bad voman driver stereotype. Can't be giving us za bad name, you know. HEY! E-Gor, come get zis trash." His body... was trash. That was it. He was just going to scream until someone swept in and saved him from this B-rated horror plot. "Hey! HEY! You're gonna freak everyone out, stop zat. I said- You know vat." She grabbed a needle off a nearby table and stuck him in his thigh. The odd wobble was quickly replaced by pain, and then a slight dizziness as she pushed down on the plunger and sent the drug into his system.

"Wha- what was that?" His voice was breathy and light. A fact that did not help his auto-aroused state. "You can't just drug me!" His voice was passive, he felt like he was sinking into a cloud.

“As your doctor, iz mein job to take good care of you. A heightened heart rate thiz early in the recovery is no gud!” She tut-tutted him as she undid his straps and helped him off the table. If seeing the body strapped to the table had been weird, this was pure mind fuck.

“What the hell am I going to tell work?” he thought



Everything was in motion all of the time. Each step towards the mirror he could feel it, like someone had filled him with warm pudding. His pelvis was now tilted and rocked, making him sway his soft green hips when he walked and sending those tree trunk thighs wobbling. He could almost imagine his phantom penis, erect, throbbing and smothered by the wobbling swell that was his bottom half. People talked about thigh gaps; well, he didn't have one. He doubted a piece of paper could slide between his chubby thighs and not get stuck. Victor stopped close enough to look in the mirror properly, his swollen mammaries taking a few seconds to stop swaying after he planted his feet on the cold tile. This was his life, if he didn't figure out how to fix it. A body in motion five seconds after he stops moving - forget wanting to take up tennis.

God, how seamlessly his blood vessels and nerves were connected. It would truly be just like he always had this body if it weren't so foreign. His neck was not so seamless, however. Big clumsy stitches marked their way around in X's. It was hard to believe the person that had pulled off a scientific miracle was so bad at stitches. He had stitches on his shoulder and thigh too; it looked like a morbid version of a garter belt. He heard Inga calling for E-Gor again.

"You have an Igor?" he asked in his loopy voice. Reaching up to touch the seam of the two bodies, his left tit caught in the crook of his arm as his dainty fingers rose higher and higher. Upon feeling the squish of his chest he retracted and it came down with a heavy bounce.

"It iz pronounced az E-Gor," she *hmp*ed and handed the bag to one of those wobbly little creatures who could now be seen much better in the lab light. It had a pushed out jaw and face and long dragging arms, giving off the impression of a tiny cave man. His attire wasn't a sabertooth tiger skin though, but rather a black turtleneck, jeans and some hightops. The thing was as much mixed imagery as it was sewn together. He watched it shuffle off like a little garbage Santa, bag full of "surprises" over its shoulder.

"Is that... a chimpanzee?" Victor's voice quavered. He was bouncing up and down between anger, fear, high, and "What the literal fuck is happening?"

"Well ze duh! I couldn't start on humans, and vat would I do wiz mice? They couldn't lift for a crap. Zo I choze zee Pan troglodytes, or non scientifically... chimpz." His mad scientist host offered him a chair; he had been stumbling without even knowing it. He gently hovered his ginormous ass over it.

"You slaughtered a bunch of monkeys for your sick experiments?" he scowled. Both at that idea, and that his fat hips had caught in the arm rests of the chair. Victor bounced lightly to sink deeper into the leather office chair, sending his breasts bouncing again. Was there a movement that DIDN'T set off a breast-quake?

"Vat? I am not a monster. They vere all helpless cases about to die from animal testing... I saved zem! Alzo... Vee have a very bad zoo." Inga began to clean up her things and Victor changed his mind, wishing to stand. *Hmmf!* His bloated pear body (both in shape and color) was stuck. On the third try he popped free, stumbling out of control, while his body furiously bounced and jiggled in response. He caught himself and looked at the mirror now at a new angle, his ass, his glorious womanly ass that would have given him a boner if he still had one. It was like a piece of furniture, someone who was tired could stop and sit on it for a rest, it jutted out so far, like overripe pumpkins. No wonder it had gotten stuck!

"What the hell am I going to tell work?" Victor whined. He imagined returning to the company in a skirt and blouse, buttons creaking, trying not to pop and reveal his cleavage to the world. The eyes of the upper managers, following the sway and bounce of his bosom and rear, talking about him in the lewdest ways imaginable. He had heard them talk about the women so many

times and he had never said anything, for fear of drama. Dana had been so right! Now it would be *him* they would be snickering about, wanting to get into his panties. HA! Like there was room for anything else in them. Another image hit his mind, his boss unzipping his pants and Victor giving him a blow job with his plump, shiny, lipstick-covered lips. Another, of a hand down his top, groping his breast and twisting his nipple, and yet another of him bent over the CEO's desk with his face smooshed into his own tits, getting pounded from the rear as his titanic ass wobbled wildly to each slapping thrust. "No! NO what the hell!" He backed up and sat on a desk, taking note of how much desk space his new ass took as it spread out wider than his shoulders. It was just an image, but his pussy- yes HIS pussy- had clenched with each imagined thrust. "Why is this body... so ... so?"

"Ah.. yez well, zee mistress had quite zee um, appetite? Shall we say? Her constant libido and grumpiness from being unsatisfied was kinda a constant zeme between her and the master." Victor thought of the woman in the other car that had clipped his van. This was her body. And apparently her body had a constant hunger for dick. *Welp! Not while you're my body!* Victor chastised it, looking down at it like a bad puppy.

"How do I get it to stop?" he asked, fanning himself. Being turned on was all kinds of uncomfortable in his new form.

"Um, would you like to use her vibrator? She haz quite zee selection." Victor just stared. This was not happening. Not happening.

"Just because I have needs at the moment, doesn't mean I'll have her habits," he said indignantly, which came off pouty in his feminine voice. Inga just stared at him and then down to his leg. He had crossed it without even knowing, and his hand was fanning himself in a very feminine fashion. "Eeek! What is this!?"

"Muscle memory. Look, maybe you should go up to mistresses' room and get comfortable and dressed ya?" She tried to pat Victor on the shoulder but he recoiled, this time wrapping an arm around his tits to stop them from jiggling too much. He looked at her finger and followed it to the little ape butler.

"What, E-Gor will take me to my... her room?" He looked unsure if this was a good idea.

"Zat's C-Gor." She shook her head and went back to cleaning up her dank basement lab/operating room/health hazard.

"C.. what?" Vick's face contorted in confusion.

"C-Gor. Much older model than E-Gor, but definitely an upgrade on B-Gor." She dumped some scary operating tools in a soap-filled bucket, blades and saws and such. Victor was glad they had been out of sight earlier when he was full-blown panicked, but now he realized that maybe

this wasn't a person to come at head on. After all, she had sawed the head off her former employer and stitched on a stranger's. Who knew what other insane things she was capable of?

Victor's finger was taken by C-Gor and lead off only for him to stop his swinging hips and turn around. "Hey, was she always green?"

"No, zat's my special solution to make it all vork," she said, still not looking at him.

"What does it do?" He was getting a little edge back in his voice, the drugs starting their slow decline out of his system.

She turned to him as if that was the dumbest question there ever was "Vy, it helps zee body and head become one, of course." Victor nodded and left quickly, trying not to obsess on what the words "become one" could mean.

To be continued...