

Nightmare on Halloween the 13th (MtF & FtM TG)

From the twisted mind of director FoxFaceStories comes this new tale of horror!

Gregory Builder is an old horror director past his prime, with one last project in him, his most ambitious ever. With the help of dark magic, he is able to bring to life a real horror story, one in which his hired cast are physically transformed into classic slasher victim roles, all while a killer is unleashed into reality from the fiction of the script. These transformed and transgendered actors must escape before they are killed - because if you die in this movie, you're stuck in your new role for life!

Nightmare on Halloween the 13th

Scene 1: The Thirteenth Film

Janice screamed as the killer loomed closer, closer, *closer*. She held up her hands, her bosom half-exposed by her torn dress as she fell back against the dirt and leaves of the malignant forest. The dagger plunged down slowly, but when it did, her screams were punctuated by geysers of blood.

The blood splashed upon the leaves.

It splashed upon the dirt.

It splashed upon her dress and limbs.

It splashed, last of all, upon the killer's trademark gridiron facemask.

Janice gave one final shriek, and then her head lolled back, her life extinguished. The wind rustled ominously, and the killer stood over her corpse, silent as ever, his very presence a foulness in a foul place. He had won, there were no victims left to claim. At least . . . for now.

JACOB WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT . . . HORROR AT LAKE BLOOD

Gregory Builder watched silently and expressionless as laughter erupted in the cinema. Numerous young delinquents threw popcorn at the screen, while others were too busy talking to one another or making out, not even remotely terrified by the dread climax onscreen. This had been the case throughout much of the film, and the horror director felt humiliated and angry that his vision for this latest instalment had fallen so flat. *Horror at Lake Blood 8: Jacob Takes New Jersey* had received by far the worst reviews of the entire franchise. Gregory Builder had always despised critics and never listened to them. It was the

audience that mattered to him. A critic could go jaded from the brilliance of the silver screen, but not your average moviegoer. Which was why he always visited a cinema anonymously to see how a packed crowd perceived his film. And unfortunately for Gregory, this packed crowd was not impressed.

“Where have I gone wrong?” he muttered to himself as he left the cinema, trying to avoid anyone noticing that he was in fact the director of this future flop. “I was so certain I had the formula again. I was so certain!”

It was the question that followed him as he retreated back to his mansion. The interior was filled with props from the twelve horror films he’d created across his lifetime. Their titles were splashed across the enormous posters in his impressive hallway: *Halloween Horror Show*, *The Djinn Master*, *Horror at Lake Blood IV: The Final Bloodletting*, *Dreamkiller Chronicles*, and so on. He’d directed television episodes as well, tales of cannibalistic wendigos and torturer clowns, but it had always been his film work that made him proudest. There was something about making horror bigger than life-sized on that gigantic screen that just put a delightful shiver to his core. He’d been good at it too, a real horror master in his youth.

Now though? Now, he was a washed up director in his early seventies, his arthritis a damn pain, his muscles aching, his past a great stretch behind him, the future just a few short steps to a sudden and terrifying wall. His last few films were panned, but this one . . . this one threatened to be his last one, and what a shameful end to a once-great legacy it would be.

“I need to make just one last movie,” he said, reaching up to touch the one empty space of the wall where a final poster could be hung. “A film that can be my magnum opus. One that I’ll be remembered for, forever.”

It was at that very moment that a dread wind swept across the verdant trees in his front yard. It was dark outside, and with the lights beginning to flicker it almost made Gregory feel as if he himself was in one of his own horror films.

And then suddenly he was, because with a flash of terrifying lightning a woman was in the hallway, her outline framed by shadow, her figure witch-like with her rags and cruel face half-hidden in her cloak.

Gregory screamed, falling backwards and only barely managing to catch himself from smacking his head on the hard floor. His old body struggled to move as the figure advanced, a witch whose gurgling laugh sent chills through his body.

“Gregory Builder, master of horrors and weaver of terrifying dreams.”

Her voice was raspy and unnatural, seeming to come from several places at once.

“Who - who are you? What do you want?”

"I am the Witch. The one from which all myths and stories of witches come. I did so adore your depiction of my legend in The Hag of Blair Wood. The final cabin scene had even me trembling. And it is for that compliment, and the great service you have done to spread fear throughout this world, that I come to you now in your more dire hour."

Gregory trembled. What was this woman talking about?

"You can't be a witch. You're an intruder. Get out of here, before I call the -"

The woman raised her hand and threw back her hood. Then she lowered a hand to her jaw and . . . distended it. Stretched it. Lowered it like that of a python's jaw, well beyond the boundary of what was possible. It was a blackhole. It was a void. It was horror incarnate lurking within, the stuff from which his films were made of. This woman was a witch. The Witch, just as she had said. And strangely, something about that excited him.

"My God," he uttered. "You're magnificent."

She grinned, pulling her jaw back up, snapping it together with a horrid crunch. *"I am that, and so much more, and to answer your second question, I come to you with a proposal. One final film: your thirteenth. A horror greater than any other, and with mischievous magic to help fund and create it. A twisted tale that will leave even its creators enthralled in a horror, unfamiliar in their own bodies as they are chased and hunted, doomed to walk the earth in new lives if they fail. Real consequences for real horror. No one will laugh at this film, Gregory Builder, least of all your critics. Together, with me as your patron, you will have your magnum opus to terrify the world."*

A thunderous flash of lightning illuminated them rather dramatically, the gust slamming into the side of the house as if to emphasise her point. Gregory's stomach churned just to look at her, but he was not just a horror aficionado, he was also its master. Slowly he stood and straightened his shirt collar.

"I'm listening," the director said.

The Witch smiled.

The shooting location was remote, and Ruby couldn't stand it. She and the other main actors were hoping for a quick check to star in the latest piece of shit directed by this has-been director, the one whose last name gave the profession he probably *should* have been involved with instead.

"Someone doesn't look too excited," Sonny said, smirking at.

"Just want to get paid," the olive-skinned woman said. She and Sonny were definitely meant to be the leads, she was sure of it. She was an attractive woman with a Mediterranean complex and wavy dark hair. She had done modelling before, and with her

lovely C-cup bust and impressive rear, she knew she had the looks to make it through. Of course, she also knew she wasn't *that* good of an actress. Too flat, too wooden. It didn't matter, she just wanted to cash in on her looks, get some good cash, and hopefully feature in some better films before the public caught on. Really, she just wanted the good life.

Sonny, who chuckled as she brought her cigarette up to her lips, was also damn good looking. He was 6'1, broad-shouldered, and very muscled. The man was dark-skinned and handsome. With a leading man's face and a good dose of charisma to go with it. He was heading places and they both knew it, but for now the two were just cracking into the game, stuck in the middle of goddamn nowhere and trying to draw heat into their lungs through their cigarettes.

"Hey guys!" a voice called, walking from behind several sunlit forest trees behind them. "Mind if I join?"

Ruby gave a hard stare to the newcomer. His name was Timothy, and he *wasn't* going places. He had neither the looks - he was a pale-skinned, freckled young man with hair that was too curly and a gut that was a little too big - nor the talent to make it big. She had the looks, at least, and God knew that Sonny had both. Timothy was just aspiring. He'd be aspiring for a while, she figured. Still, that puppy dog smile was hard to ignore. She gave an exaggerated sigh.

"Sure," she said.

"Um, thanks!" he said, turning away an offered cigarette. "I hear Mr Builder will be starting the official production in a moment with some kind of creepy ritual. How psyched out is that?"

"Psychotic, more like," Sonny said, chuckling. "Do we even have a script? I barely understand my own role in this. I've never worked on a production this haphazard before. I swear, this better be the break I'm promised, because my agent said this would be a sure thing for me. I'm seriously meant to lead parts, I tell you."

Ruby rolled her eyes at this over-the-top machismo, but even she had to agree with him. "Well, no doubt I'll have to show my tits as I get ravaged and savaged by the monster. Should be enough to boost my social media numbers, especially if we have a sex scene."

Sonny grinned. "Here's hoping."

"They're not that sexy, trust me."

"Wow, you two have way more experience than me," Timothy said awkwardly. He scratched the back of his head, playing with the curly red hair there. "I just figured this could be a step up for me. I've auditioned so many times. I won't lie, I'm pretty desperate. Mr Builder is the only one that accepted me in casting."

"Probably because he's washed up," Ruby said, leaving Tim to be a bit crestfallen. "Easy kid, I'm just joking."

"I'm not . . . I'm not a kid."

"Look like one."

"Hey now," Sonny said. "He's trying. Don't pick on him so much. Besides, not everyone can be a star like I'll be. Bit parts and character actors are always needed. This guy looks like he could play a nerdy best friend or something."

Timothy sighed. "That's what I got typecast as on television."

Before anyone could add to the conversation, a new figure entered into their little forest area.

"Yes, yes, I'm telling you, this entire production is beneath me! For God's sake, Malcolm, I've played Lady Macbeth! I've done Ophelia! I've starred in *My Fair Lady* and it was *more* than well received! Yes . . . yes I understand funding is important but - but this!? This is utterly absurd! The conditions alone are - can you hear me? God, it's this damn reception again. I'll call you back, if I ever can. If I get murdered here I want you to know it's Gregory Builder who's responsible!"

The woman speaking was Anna-Lee. She was a gaunt, tall, librarian-looking woman who appeared a bit older than the others who were all in their early twenties. She was, in fact, thirty years old, and with her rectangular glasses, long nose, and straight hair, she had a rather severe look. They were all wearing warm jackets and trousers to account for the cold of the forest afternoon, but it was easy to see that she would likely wear austere and dark clothing otherwise. It would certainly suit her black hair.

"Not exactly excited for this piece of shit, are you Anna-Lee?" Ruby asked.

The woman sneered a little, though not at Ruby. "Not at all. Why is there no script? I have harangued everybody on set - if one can even call this a set - but there is nobody who can tell me what is going on."

"I figure it's just some of that horror master genius," Timothy suggested.

"Madness, more like," Anna-Lee said. "I'm only doing this for the paycheck. Once I have this, it's back to the delights of the theatre for me."

"Too bad," Sonny said. "I'm using this as a springboard to the big leagues. If it doesn't crater my career."

"Just show off those muscles and you'll be fine," joked Ruby.

Timothy just looked sadly at himself. He was starting to regret being hired on. At least the others all had some aspect of themselves to sell if this went wrong, or go back to in Anna-Lee's case. His own position as a future star had seemed bright up until this moment.

He was pulled from these sad thoughts by the voice of their shared director.

"We're ready to begin, everyone! The inauguration is about to commence! Come on, come on!"

Ruby sighed, took another drag on her cigarette, then flicked it into the woods. Sonny put on his best 'serious' face, then followed after her.

"I think you bet on the wrong horse, Tim," Anna-Lee said, exasperated. "But trust me, theatre is better."

Tim had no interest in theatre, so that only made him feel worse. He followed the others to a clearing in the dark inland forest they were filming at, and found the aged director Gregory Builder standing in front of a great chalk circle in the dirt, one that contained numerous strange and eldritch - perhaps even satanic - symbols. There was something rather creepy about the trees here: they were bereft of life, their limbs mangled and twisted, their upper reaches extending over them as if they were mighty undead claws ready to snatch them all to some dread underworld. Crows cawed in the distance, and a light wind was the only other sound. The place felt *wrong*. It actually made Timothy a little excited. Maybe the others were wrong, and Builder still had *it*.

The director turned to the assembled cast. There were others, of course. Mary and Dave and DeShawn and a collection of extras, not to mention the camera crew. Still no writer, though. Just the weird woman at his side wearing a costume of revolting rags, her face disguised beneath her wretched hood. Ruby cringed at the sight of her, though Sonny and Anna-Lee just felt she was tacky.

"Thank you all for being here for my final film," Builder said, voice croaky with age. "As you all know, this film is my passion project. Everything is secretive. Everything is under wraps. Even the title - *Obsession at Owl Creek* - that you have all been told, is wrong."

"What?" Anna-Lee said. "We don't even have a title! This is preposterous!"

"Oh, we have a title, my dear star. And you are the first to hear it out loud. We are about to begin filming one of the most titillating, entertaining, and downright terrifying cinema experiences ever made. There will be sex. There will be blood and gore. There will be darkness and fear. There will be scenes that will go down in infamy in the realm of all things horror. That will be the legacy of . . . *The Final Cut*."

Timothy grinned. He loved the title. Sonny nodded, a little more certain now, feeling the drama of it. Anna-Lee just extended a hand and took a cigarette from Ruby. The rest of the crew politely clapped, but Builder wasn't finished. He took a step back, motioning for all to gaze down at the strange chalk symbol before them.

"And now we begin filming," he said.

"Without a script!?" Anna-Lee reminded him.

"Oh, the script will be you. All you. But you'll understand in a moment. My darling *producer* here is quite the magic *witch* when it comes to inaugurating new films, and she has promised us a level of backing that will outstrip any other! You're all about to receive new,

ahem, costumes, that will help you not only play the perfect parts for this film, but also be believably terrified and uncertain in all the most convincing ways!”

The four main stars looked at each other, as did other members of the cast and crew. The witch-like woman stepped forward, and for a moment several of them saw part of her face. It was revolting, with warts, dead skin, wounds and even blood showing. Obviously, it was all fake, right? Ruby just rolled her eyes again, but Timothy felt something a little dreadful build inside of him.

“Now, my children, it is time to craft a horror worthy of Mr Builder’s talents and . . . sacrifices. Gaze upon the circle, gaze upon the flames that rise from it, and gaze upon the roles you shall play in this new wasteland of fear we craft tonight!”

Her voice was everywhere, hollow and full of dread. It made each of them - even Sonny - feel a bit freaked out. But that small nudging of fear was nothing compared to what came next. Suddenly, a great whoosh of flame erupted from the ground, the sigils and symbols lightning up in an unnatural fashion. A powerful wind stirred, and hundreds of birds shrieked in apparent discordant terror all at once. The air grew thick with a horrid thrum, like a dying heartbeat.

“What the fuck,” Sonny said flatly.

“That’s gotta be . . . this is all effect, right?” Ruby asked.

Anna-Lee stared in shock.

Timothy actually grinned.

“Ready!” Builder cried above the throng as the witch began a dread chant. “Three. Two. One. MARK!”

Energy shot forth from the eldritch markings, cascading out towards the crew and gripping them instantly. They all began to shriek and cry and try to run away, all to no avail. Not even Sonny could pull free. The witch raised her hood, and they all now saw her glowing green eyes and undead visage.

“Now,” she said. “Time to ready your new flesh for the horror to come!”

And that was when the scariest part of all occurred. As they all squirmed and fought, each of the cast members began to change.

The Final Cut was about to begin.

Scene 2: Setting the Scene

The fire wreathed its way around the young actors, causing them to scream and yell and even bark demands that this special effect stop and *stop right now, damn it!* The only one that wasn't panicking was Timothy, because he assumed that this was probably just some stunt or amusing prank used to initiate the group into the shoot for the great horror director.

How wrong he would prove to be.

Even as Ruby cried out, trying to leave and banging on the invisible, fiery walls, she felt her skin begin to crawl. Groaning, she clutched her body.

"What are you d-doing to us!? Let us out!"

"Not until the change begins," the witch-like woman spoke. *"Which I imagine it will . . . right about NOW!"*

Ruby shuddered, another strange infusion of power coursing through her. A large pentagram burned at her feet, yet like the fire all around her she was only warmed, not burned. Except that was not true: *something* was being burned away, but it was not her flesh. It was her *form*.

"NGHHH!!" she grunted, gritting her teeth as the fire began to surge within her, bubbling and boiling and blistering her skin. There was pain, but it was only slight. Instead, there was an almost demonic pleasure to it, as if a terrible threshold had been crossed, or was about to be crossed.

Sonny was also experiencing this same arcane horror. His dark skin blistered and bubbled as much as Ruby's was. He groaned, punching away at the edges of the dread summoning circle where the points of the burning pentagram met. He could barely even see Gregory Builder and the Witch, but he knew they were there.

"You f-fucking freaks! You were meant to m-make me a star! Not kill me!"

"Not kill you," came the echo of that dreadful witch's voice. *"Simply sculpt you right for the role, dearie."*

Sonny went to say something very vulgar, but he was stopped as his fingers began to shrink and wane, and his overall stature too. He began to compress, though to his shock he saw that Ruby was going the other way, her spine extending with awful snaps and terrible clicks, a cacophony of torture that left her gasping.

"AAIIEEEE!!!" she screamed, the pain rising, the ecstasy of it even more.

Timothy was no longer smiling as he watched these two transform, their flesh pouring and altering like rivers of lava upon their bones. He could feel a heat rising within him as well. Without thinking he took Anna-Lee's hand. The slightly older and much more cynical woman was without words.

“This is - this is not like the stage!” she cried. “Is this just some special effect! It can’t be - Ohhhhh . . .”

She swayed on her feet as she began to feel hotter and hotter, sweat pouring from her skin. Timothy managed to catch her, but his own skin was starting to melt and pool and shift in a way that would have made the great director David Cronenberg proud.

“Oh God,” he muttered. “It’s - this can’t be right. We’re seeing this, right? We’re - UGH!”

His pudgy stomach pulled in suddenly, dispersing across his figure as if a candle flame had been applied to wax. He writhed, and so did Anna-Lee, and the pair of them clutched one another as the pentagram grew ever brighter, magnifying their changes. A dread chant filled the air, the very fires of hell at their feet, the void of a starless sky above blotting out any other light.

“Save us, damn it!” Anna-Lee screamed, even as her hair gained a wavy quality, even as it *burned* from its black colour to a surprising platinum blonde look. “I’m just doing this to support my theatre work! You can’t ch-change us!”

“Ah, but we have to!” Builder yelled over the blazing, hellish infernal ritual. “It’s part of my deal. To create the ultimate horror tale, we need the right parts. And we need you to be equally horrified!”

Horrified they were. Ruby screamed as her form grew ever taller, to the point where she was over six feet in height. Her muscles filled out, her attractive form gaining bulk in places it was never meant to be. Her clothing ripped apart as her shoulders creaked wider, as her bones extended, as flesh pulled and pushed, tugging against other flesh. It was maddening, it was agony beyond belief, but always there was the *want* to change more. Sonny could feel it too: even as his spine compressed down, causing rings of pain to ripple across him, he was awash in a terrible and borderline *Satanic* masochistic bliss.

“Mhmmm! S-stop it!” he cried, lowering a hand down to his now-fully erect cock, which was still quite large. “S-stop it! It’s m-making me feel-”

“Ohhhhh, mhmm, me too!” Ruby added.

“Aroused?” Anna-Lee said, her chest beginning to expand, her rear as well. Her face was shifting, her very *voice* taking on a lighter, more shallow quality. “It hurts s-so much, we have to stop it, but it’s t-turning me on! God, it’s t-turning me on!”

“Same!” Timothy added last, trying to fight the temptation to masturbate right then and there, despite the sheer shame of doing so. His figure was shrinking, and only his height remaining the same. His hair grew out, sliding out of his scalp as if it were being stabbed through with thousands of needles, and yet its new red colour and generous lushness pleased some strange instinct endowed upon him. He gasped, voice cracking with the

changes, and it meant that his own words sounded feminine in nature. “I c-can’t stop! Mr Builder, I looked up t-to you! You have to s-save us!”

“I’m saving all of us - our entire horror industry!” the mad director claimed. He turned, unseen to the changes, to the witch. “Turn up the juice! We’re getting the best footage of my life with this! Cronenberg, eat your heart out!”

The pentagram gleamed brighter, and the soaring flames pouring into the four victims, erasing their ability to speak as it was sucked into their mouths. Not just there, either; the flames and smoke tunnelled like miniature volcanic hurricanes, swirling into their now poorly-fitting clothing, and entering their lower orifices as well.

“N-NO!” Sonny screamed, grabbing his hard junk. But then the flames entered, and his very manhood began to burn and sizzle away, smoke rising. He cried out, but he would have preferred his screams be those of pain more than anything else. Instead, it was screams of purest *ecstasy*.

The same was true of his would-be co-stars. Ruby rubbed her body even as it began to look more like that of a horrific burn victim, albeit one with incredible strength and impressive height. Timothy and Anna-Lee moaned and swayed together, the optimist and the cynical caught in a strange dance that mingled pain and pleasure as if it were one of Gregory Builder’s *Hell Summoner* creatures, the one with all the nails jutting out from its scalp. Their clothes burned away, shredding to pieces and sundered by flame.

But the changes were only just beginning.

Timothy shuddered as his nipples grew, reforming and reshaping despite the burning skin and sloughing flesh. He gripped them with equally flayed hands, moaning as the flesh behind them pushed forward. Anna-Lee did the same: her own flat chest was pushing forward, just as her waist was burning way thinner, the muscles now visible as they became more athletic. Subcutaneous fat blistered and bubbled, sifting around to give her padding in her rear, upon her now-generous hips. She wailed in a shameful orgasm, and Ruby joined her, only the latter’s voice was now impressively deep. It lowered in registry, accompanied by other horrifying yet delicious changes: the sarcastic work-for-hire actress lost much of her hair, but she gained something else between her legs.

“Nooooo! That’s imp-possible! What the f-fuck! Oh GOD IT FEELS GOOOD!”

The witch cackled as, inch by terrible inch, a huge, throbbing, and soon very erect cock slid out from her tunnel, backfilling it entirely. A set of impressive testicles also pushed out, painful from the compression at first, then wonderful. Instantly, the new male began rubbing them, just as Timothy began to caress ‘his’ new equipment.

“Mhmmm! I’m ch-changing there! I’m b-becoming a woman! Ohhhhh . . .”

She new *she* moaned in a delightful chorus with Anna-Lee, despite their freakish, nightmarish appearances. Anna-Lee had become even more curvaceous and was still

changing. Sonny, on the other hand, was becoming a woman too, but one that was much flatter and more petite, and overall diminutive. He yelled and screamed curses, grunting and groaning and trying to hide how pleased he was. His penis erupted with a font of his seed from his ministrations regardless, and as if activated by this reluctant pleasure, it too retracted, burning further away as it had been before, until nothing remained. Nothing but a feminine slit that his fingers sunk into without thinking. *Her* fingers, really.

“Mhmmm! F-fuck! FUCK! FUCK THIS! OH GOD, FUCK ALL OF THISSSSSS!!”

Her voice was now whiny, high-pitched, with an almost nerdy cadence to it. Metal filled her mouth, giving a sharp sting. It was a new set of braces. A pair of glasses melted into existence over her eyes, adjusting them immediately.

“I won’t b-become some f-fucking nerd girl!” cried the new nerd girl. Her breasts were small but not too modest, and her figure was still lovely even if much more lithe, like that of a short gymnast. Of course, much of her skin was missing, but that problem was soon being taken care of; as each of their bodies settled, their surfaces began to knit back together again, the searing burns giving away to the sweet, delicious pain of renewal. Timothy tried to control his/her breathing as her skin formed without blemish, fine and beautiful and with no hairs other than above her new vagina and upon her head; long now, falling down to her shoulders.

“Holy moly,” Timothy said in her new voice. It sounded surprisingly confident, almost full of authority. The kind of woman who could take charge in a given situation, which was very unlike who she was meant to be. “I’m a woman. I’m a woman.”

“I’m not!” Sonny exclaimed, despite now being short - perhaps five foot three at most - and cute as hell, complete with braces and glasses and a curly loose afro. “I refuse to be this! I’m a leading man, for fuck’s sake!”

“Shut up, you moron!” Ruby spat, unused to his new, very deep voice. He had become a tall, six foot one footballer type, still with his olive skin and gorgeous dark hair, though that was shorter now. He looked like he would have been if he had a superstar brother. “We’ve got bigger things to be worried about!”

“That’s right!” Anna-Lee added. She folded her arms over her breasts - the same breasts which were now very quite large, the last of her skin reforming. “I look like a stupid dumb blonde bimbo and even sound like one too with this Southern twang in my voice, but there’s an actual factual witch out there that warrants much bigger concern!”

“*Exactly,*” came the witch’s voice as the flames began to fade. “*Let’s make you nice and presentable for me, shall we. This film is rated R, but it’s not a porno either. Have some clothes to fit your delectable new figures, my dearies.*”

Surging up from the ground came ribbons of fire. They wrapped around their naked bodies, searing them slightly, only for the wounds once more to heal over

near-instantaneously. Over the top of their newly-reformed flesh was proper fitting clothing for the new 'characters' they had been 'kindly bestowed' with by the witch and Builder. The last vestigial remains of the wall of fire fell, and in the calm that followed the stars emerged back into the sky, and the utterly bewildered and horrified camera crew and wider production team were just as silent.

"What. The. Fuck. Was. That!?" a woman asked from the crowd.

Builder clasped his hands together. "*That* was the magic of the original *witch*," he declared with a feisty grin on his aged face. "She has made our cast into the *perfect* stars for our horror-filled flick! *The Final Cut* is of such importance as my magnum opus, my final work, that only dark blood-magic from the most evil and demonic sources for me can attain the lofty goals I aim for! Behold, our new cast!"

"Fuck you!" Sonny spat, looking more petulant than intimidating giving her new female nerdy form.

"Yeah, fuck you!" Ruby added, sounding actually intimidating, given how much of a football linebacker *he* appeared to be now. "Turn us back or I'll crush your fucking skull with these new muscles!"

"I demand to talk to my agent!" Anna-Lee said, though her voice sounded far more sultry and haughty than cynical and intelligent. Her shoulders shook as she talked, making her large breasts jiggle too. "This is a breach of work conditions!"

Only Timothy seemed to recognise the true stakes. The woman held a few strands of her red hair and gazed at it, eyes wide.

"We can't do anything," she said, seeing the witch's cruel gaze. "Or all that burning will become real, won't it? Like, actually painful."

The witch nodded, and Builder stepped before her.

"Don't worry, you just have to play your parts and things will turn out well! Behold, your new characters!"

As he spoke and introduced them, each felt a strange mental change coming over them. The gift of a new name that overrode their own self-identity, and a sense of how their character was meant to be.

"Timothy has become Taylor, our attractive, stalwart, and resourceful female star! With her red hair and stylish sense of dress, she'll be able to fight the monster, out-think it, and maybe even escape it!"

Taylor looked at herself. She *was* attractive. She had a good, athletic figure, with breasts that were perhaps C-cups in size, contained within a smart blouse. She was wearing skinny jeans that emphasised her lovely legs, and in the mirror that Builder held up for emphasis, she was startled by her smart beauty and sharp, intelligent eyes and cheekbones.

“Ruby is now Rodney, our buff protector of the group! He isn’t the smartest, and can be quite the stereotypical jock, but he knows how to handle a weapon and can go toe to toe with almost any force. Almost any, at least!”

Indeed, Rodney now had a football insignia on his white singlet, and wore track pants that were dark in colour. His hair was styled and handsome, but not so styled that he gave the sense of having done it himself; movie magic right there. He flexed the muscles of his hands as he stared at his reflection. He looked like the kind of man he’d like to sleep with, if he were still a woman.

“Naturally, Sonny had to become Sabrina, the nerdy best friend to Taylor! She is short, weak, thought of course still pretty. She’ll have some funny one liners with that sharp wit, but even sharper is her intellect, which she’ll need to take on an implacable beast!”

“But - but,” mumbled Sabrina in her tinny voice. She was dressed in denim overalls over a bright pink shirt that had some kind of physics pun on it, something about noble gases entering a bar that she didn’t quite understand . . . yet. Her face in the mirror was cute as hell. Not beautiful or sexy, but the kind of cute that some guys went gaga for. It was disturbing.

“And lastly, but not least - at least not in terms of bodies - is our luscious sex appeal. Anna-Lee has become Scarlet, the gorgeous scream queen who loves to show off her body as much as her sexy voice. I broke the alliteration for the name just for this: the new name suits you. Scarlet can seduce and party with the best of them, but she better hope that her sex appeal will call others to protect her . . . such as Rodney.”

The new Scarlet was shocked. She had long, wavy platinum hair and perfect smokey makeup on. Her lips were luscious, her eyelashes long, her gaze alluring. More than that, her body was embarrassingly, humiliatingly, a total bombshell of a package. She had large breasts that were easily E-cups, if not larger, looking over twice as big as Taylor’s respectable pair, and generous hips and a curvy ass. It was anathema to the usually snobby woman, especially given that her body was barely contained within a hot red dress that showed off plenty of cleavage, and lots of thigh with its left leg slit.

“This is crazy,” she said. “This is just - crazy!”

“Crazy, yes!” Builder said. “But all horror is about insanity, when it comes down to it. And you’re all about to have your sanity tested, out here in the woods. Our entire production team will be following you - remember everyone, you’re on the line for this production too! - as you try to evade the hunt of a very real and deeply abominable monster. You see, we have just one part left to cast before we begin and set you loose, ready to be followed and filmed for the greatest horror flick ever made. My lovely new and transformed cast, please meet the Heavy of this film.”

He gestured back to the witch, who was already incanting a spell. The entire production team, terrified as they were, made room for her ministrations, not wanting to be burned or dragged to hell or whatever this woman was capable of. She spoke in a guttural, cruel, and forgotten ancient language as a pit of tar tore open in the ground, and echoes of screams erupted from the widening pit. Builder's eyes gleamed as he gestured to this unholy ceremony.

"Ladies and gentlemen, cast and crew, get ready for scene one. Start filming, and capture from all angles, for we now witness the arrival of the monster, the slasher, at the heart of *The Final Cut*."

Something began to emerge from the pit of tar. Something large, and terrible, and shaped like a human without ever being one. Something wearing a dread *mask*.

"I give you our next scene: the arrival of . . . *LUKAS!*"

Appropriately enough, a woman screamed. Scarlet was astonished to realise it was her, making her debut cry just in time to witness a demon in human flesh rise before them.

Scene 3: The Party

Scarlet continued to scream, the new busty scream queen clutching the sides of her head in a melodramatic fashion as the monster rose into being. The figure was humanoid, male, and at least six-foot-three in height, if not taller. He was built too, with a wide set frame beneath his decomposing trench coat. He wore a 1940's style hat, one that was fraying along the edges, but his face was obscured by a featureless white mask with only eye slits upon it, the kind you might see at a discount masquerade ball or cheap Halloween store. At the edges it sunk into his flesh, as if fused with his skin, which was rotted and gangrenous. He wore thick gloves and heavy boots, but as he stepped forward, lumbering like a titan, his coat parted briefly, revealing a rib cage with bits of meat clinging to it, as if frozen in a state of decay.

Scarlet screamed again.

"What the hell is that?" Taylor said, still getting used to being a beautiful woman, let alone the rest of this insanity.

"It appears to be some kind of undead creature, likely born of voodoo practices connected to the witch!" Sabrina said. The nerdy black girl blinked behind her glasses, realising what she just said. "Um, how the hell did I figure that out?"

“Because you play the part of the comic relief nerd now,” her light-skinned peer said, stepping back in fear at the malevolent being in front of them. “Just like I’m the - the plucky girl, I guess. And Scarlet is our scream queen.”

Scarlet screamed again, annoyed at her own compulsions.

“And Rodney here has gone from a leading lady to the handsome and brave leading man.”

“I sure as shit don’t feel brave right now!” the new man exclaimed, shifting backwards.

All were prepared to break out and run, but the tall monster stopped, holding steady. Worms and insects crawled in and out of the flaps in his clothing where time had rotted them away. The director clapped his hands, standing beside Lukas - at a respectable distance - and looking more happy than he’d ever been in his life.

“My wonderful leading men and leading ladies, allow me to introduce you to what we in the show biz call ‘the heavy,’ our main antagonist role that will be giving you your run for fame, money, and your *lives*. Meet Lukas Voss! Born in nineteen thirty nine as the son of Dutch immigrants, Lukas always struggled to get along with others. There was something wrong with him, always too forceful and violent when he played with other children. Some . . . disappeared, but no one ever found evidence it was little, shy Lukas. When his parents passed away, more questions were raised, but by that point Lukas had already moved, taking to the road and hunting his victims along the highway. By day, he was a simple, shy, almost wordless merchant. But by night, he donned his white mask and hunted those he wanted to punish, namely the young, the beautiful, the happy, the extraverted, the sexually-active; all those who embodied the very qualities he could never have!

“This is all still being storyboarded. We might workshop it a little. Maybe add a psych ward into his past, cast a modern Donald Pleasance type. Or perhaps he died in an industrial fire set by the parents of his victims. Oooh, perhaps a deranged mother? She could be the surprise villain of the prequel, if another director dares make a masterpiece to rival this one, ha! Regardless, all that matters is that tonight, Lukas Voss is going to hunt you down across these dark woods. You have no choice but to try to work together to escape him, and play your roles while you’re at it. I’ve hidden cameras and crew all across the woods, and they’ll capture footage of your attempts. Of course, if he catches you . . .”

Lukas reached behind his back, and retrieved . . . a *chainsaw*.

“Well, let’s just say that this slasher film will get *bloody*.”

Taylor swallowed. Rodney grit his teeth. Sabrina bit her lip.

Scarlet screamed, which even through the horror managed to elicit some annoyance from everyone. Thankfully, Builder just chuckled and put up his hands in a calming gesture.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry, you won’t actually die, at least not fully. Though I suppose it is still death, in a sense. Of a sort. In terms of ‘saying goodbye to your old life for good’ sort of way,’ if you know what I mean.”

“We clearly don’t!” Rodney said, squeezing his fists tight. He was more muscled than ever, and male to boot, which meant testosterone was coursing through him, eager almost enough to fight the titan lurking before them.

Taylor was also befuddled, but she could feel some kind of twist coming. It was Sabrina, naturally, that put two and two together, something she never would have done as the brute Sonny.

“Oh. My. God. No. You can’t do that! This isn’t me! You can’t leave me as some nerd chick!”

Scarlet looked to her, hands on her wide hips. But only for a second; she was too terrified of the creature to let it out of her sight. “Like, what do you mean?”

Taylor realised in that instant, and it chilled her to the core as much as the undead Lukas in front of her. “Oh, that’s not good.”

“What is it? Somebody tell me!” Rodney demanded.

Sabrina explained. “If Lukas here kills us before the filming is over, then - then we’re stuck like this. That’s what the director is referring to. We’re going to be stuck in our bodies for life! I’m going to be this nerdy Sabrina with all these ridiculous science and math facts in my head! I’ll never be a tall, muscled man again. I’ll be a *girl!*”

“Got it in one!” Builder declared. “I’d never actually let an actor on my production come to harm, but the witch told me there had to be stakes, and this is what we agreed on. So, if you get chainsawed or macheted or killed in some ridiculous fashion by Lukas here, then that’s the breaks; you still get massive success as an actor and a nice big payment and probably a lucrative career; just not in the body or gender you expected! Fun, huh?”

No one agreed. In fact, Scarlet was busy clutching her tremendous bust in fury. She fumed, practically shaking, setting off jiggles across her new, revealing outfit.

And then, naturally, she screamed.

“Oh God, this is going to be a nightmare,” Rodney said.

Taylor cleared her throat. She was not used to her new voice, or her rather attractive and slim physique. “What are the rules? How do we get out of this?”

“It’s simple, we’re going to let you go. The magic will compel you to play your roles to a certain extent: Taylor the quick-witted, snarky girl; Rodney the brute-force alpha male; Sabrina the fragile genius; and Scarlet the sex appeal and scream queen who can always sense danger coming.”

Scarlet managed *not* to scream this time, but she did frown. It was utterly humiliating to go from a professional stage actress and well-educated woman to a busty bimbo type! It

didn't help that a small part of her was even proud of her new body, even among all the horror.

"But you will have the chance to make choices of your own," Builder continued. "But you must stay as in character as possible for the film to be made. Only when I have enough footage, scares, and fantastic kills on camera, will I be able to cut this into my masterpiece."

"Fantastic k-kills!?" Sabrina squeaked, her masculine bravery having fled her for now.

It was the witch that answered this one, giggling as she talked. "Oh yes, you will not be the only ones to be changed, dear ones. You are just the main event. I thank the rest of the extras today for their sacrifice; I hope they enjoy their new lives, because many of them will be establishing 'kills,' so to speak."

At this, a ripple passed through the crowd of confused attendants, extras, camera assistants, and many more.

"Oh, sorry, did I forget to mention this?" Builder asked them. "I really do thank you for the all the work you've done, but my lovely Witch is the only assistant I actually need from now on. Everything else is automated or dancing to her magical tune.

"S-sir, are you serious?" one asked.

"Screw this! I'm getting out of here!"

"I knew that extra paycheck wouldn't be worth it!"

Taylor's mind raced. There was an opportunity here. If she could rally the crowd, perhaps they could overpower the witch and force her to change them back. All she had to do was make a rousing speech just like her character would, and-

The witch clapped her hands together, and a dread silence fell that snuffed out all speech and sound. She gestured to the director, who smirked up at Lukas, then at the group, then at the crowd of extras and assistants who were already trying to make a move to get out of there.

"Lights, camera, *action.*"

The witch clapped her hands again, and everything was darkness.

It was a wild party out in the Cursemire Woods. It was Rodney's idea, of course. The man had never met a party he couldn't throw, especially not one as taboo and crazy as this. Lots of fellow college peers had warned him against throwing a big shindig in the Cursemire Woods, but Rodney didn't care, and neither, apparently, did most of the campus who had been invited along. There were dozens of them present, ranging from the highly attractive and popular all the way to the nerds and losers dweebs who had managed to find their way, but were constantly stuck in the outer circle. Lights and kegs had been arranged, along with

mattresses, seats, and, for those wanting some more tantalising experiences, tents for the lovers and users, or both.

“Fuck yeah, Rodney!” David called as the music raged and the party lights shone through the eerie clearing of the first. “This party is the bomb! Freaky in all the best ways!”

“Hell yeah it is!” Rodney replied, grinning.

“Man, have a look at that Scarlet. God, I’d love to have a go on those colossal tits. She’s the head cheerleader, you know?”

Rodney nodded, grinning as he watched her dance along so many others. She was, appropriately enough, in a tight red dress with a low cut and thigh slits, all the best to show off her ample curves.

“I’d love to get *head* from her, if you know what I mean,” Rodney said, moving over to the dance ‘floor’ in the centre of the clearing. He shoved a few losers out of the way and began to dance nearby. She smirked at his muscles, and drew closer as well.

“Like, what a great party, Rodney!” she exclaimed, thrusting her chest out in a suggestive manner. “This has gotta be top five!”

“Indeed,” he said, “particularly since you’re here, Scarlet. Out of everyone, I’d most hoped you would come. You look really fucking sexy, by the way.”

She drank down some half-spilled beer from her red cup and threw it into the forest, placing her arms over his strong shoulders.

“Mhmm, I feel sexy. Really sexy, in fact.”

They locked eyes, dancing against one another. The compulsions were strong, and they couldn’t quite remember how they’d gotten here, just that the witch had clapped her hands. But all of a sudden they were at the opening scene, the classic party about to be interrupted, and their bodies were running on autopilot.

“Damn right,” Rodney said, holding her as they swayed to the music. “You know, I might stay near you all night. You’ll need someone to protect you, just in case.”

“From what?” she asked, triggering the necessary cinematic exposition.

A sudden chill wind blew through the party, and the music dulled as Rodney talked. Several party goers gathered around - rather coincidentally, really - as he began to explain the story.

“Well, it all goes back to Lukas Voss, the crazy and silent killer who used to operate around here. He hated young people, hated party goers, hated fun-loving people because his mind was warped and twisted. He dressed like a gentleman but wore a white mask, and he always killed those he saw as better than him . . . especially the pretty ladies he could never have.”

Scarlet shivered, clutching herself. Gossip spread throughout the crowd.

“But - but Lukas Voss died!” a high-pitched voice whined. The crowd spread to reveal that it was a short black woman who had spoken, with thick glasses, braces, science-themed clothing, and a general nerdy look to her. She was, however, pretty damn cute. A sort of ‘Hollywood nerd’, really. Rodney and Scarlet recognised her immediately. She was meant to be Sonny, before all this insanity with the witch and the hell portal went down. And she looked pretty damn uncomfortable in her skin, too. Well, that, and still damn cute.

“He lives again!” Rodney said. “When he was killed by the families of his victims, they dumped his body in the swamps of this very wood. But this place was an ancient burial ground site, and the foulness of his spirit mingled with the energy there and stuff. So now he’s become an undead killer, hunting for people to punish, like all of you right here!”

Scarlet screamed.

“I don’t believe that,” Sabrina continued. “I don’t believe in anything that can’t be scientifically evaluated. Right Taylor?”

It was Taylor’s turn to enter the scene. The light seemed to funnel around her, as if to indicate to the crowd that this was a Very Important Character. Several people parted as she pushed through to stand alongside Sabrina.

“Oh, hey Taylor,” a man said nearby. Probably used to be a female cameraman or something, she supposed.

“Hey, Arnold. No, I’m not interested.”

“Naw.”

“Look, I don’t know Sabrina,” she said. “I heard some pretty funny stories about this place from my father. Strange voices in the night. Movements. Animals turning up, having been ripped open in violent ways. People disappearing.”

The build was there, and she’d delivered it with surprising drama. It was odd; she knew she was supposed to be Timothy, and the continual absence of a dick and presence of some rather lovely breasts against her tight top were only reminders of how weird things were, but she was oddly proud of how she’d delivered her lines. Builder had been right; she was forced to play a role, but she could make a choice. She’d chosen to fucking nail her dialogue.

Rodney smirked. “Exactly! The monster that is Lukas Voss may come this very night. So . . . we should party like there’s no tomorrow, because there might just not be! Party, and enjoy some naughty tent time with some sexy people!”

He clasped Scarlet on the butt by surprise.

Scarlet screamed. She really didn’t enjoy *that* particular compulsion.

They had blinked, and it was suddenly a later scene. The autopilot had continued, because things had changed considerably. For one, Sabrina was tossing and turning dramatically in her tent. This was partly genuine; she was trying to sleep her way out of this, hoping it was a bizarre nightmare and she'd be Sonny again. Taylor was reading a book containing legends of Lukas Voss, all while getting text messages from that cute boy Jared who wanted to make out by the lake. She smirked to herself, considering it. Well, the real her wasn't, but she got the feeling such an important scene was necessary to progress the scene.

But the real focus was on Scarlet and Rodney, who were lying down on the forest floor away from the party, making out beneath the light of the moon.

"Oh God, what the hell are we doing?" Scarlet managed. She already had her top off and her heavy tits out, and the formerly female Rodney was playing with them and trying - and failing - not to love it.

"We're having s-sex," he said, laying back as she spread her thighs over him and chucked her dress aside. She was only in her panties now, and her form was luscious beneath the full moon.

"Ohhhhh, but we sh-shouldn't!" she moaned. "I'm, like, not meant to be that kind of girl!"

"And I'm not meant to be that kind of guy!" he said. "Or any guy at all. Shit, my dick is hard. I've got a frickin' dick and it's hard. At least we can talk properly again."

Scarlet moaned as he pawed at her massive tits. They were far too sensitive, and it made her whimper, gyrating against his hardness with reluctant joy.

"Ohhhhhh, but f-for how long? Mhmmm, this is t-too weird. These tits are t-too sensitive, and my body far t-too curvy!"

"And this dick is - ahhh - way too interested in all of that! We have to find a way to escape!"

"I know! But I can't - I'm, like, so much dumber now, and -"

A twig snapped.

"What was that?"

They stopped making out, but only for a moment. The pleasure and desire was too much, as were the compulsions. She pressed his head against her breasts.

"Nevermind, I thought I heard something. It was just a squirrel or something, I bet."

"Yeah, exactly. Now let me feel those tits, babe. I mean - shit, sorry. I can't stop saying this atrocious dialogue."

"M-me either, sexy stud. Let's fuck right here in the forest. I want you bad, and-"

There was another sound.

"I really heard something that time, Rodney?"

“It was probably just Andrew. He said he’d go check out a sound earlier in case it was a bear.”

“Oh, right. Where were we?”

Rodney was once more lost in the wonderful sensations of being a strong, masculine, big-dicked man with a voluptuous woman humping her body against him. She played with his belt, undoing it, desperately desiring his cock despite every instinct of hers trying to rail against her aching needs. But her dignity was gone, and that was the point; they were the stereotypical dumb lovers in the woods, which only meant-

Another twig snapped, and Rodney got up, pushing Scarlet gently off of him.

“For fuck’s sake, Andrew! I’m trying to score here! Stop freaking us out!”

A dark shadow stepped forward. It was huge, well over six feet. Far too big to be Andrew.

“Get the suit off!” Rodney called, though he shared a terrified look with Scarlet. The real them beneath the compulsions knew who this was.

“Fuck, it’s, like, him!” Scarlet declared, jumping the gun.

“It can’t be,” Rodney said, who knew it would be. “It’s just Andrew. Show us your face, dude!”

The shadow threw something. It rolled down the hill into their clearing, landing at their feet. It was the handsome, now-bloodied face of Andrew, attached to a head that was very much *not* attached to its body.

Scarlet screamed, and it was half-genuine this time.

“What the fuck!?” Rodney cried.

The head sighed. “How do you think I feel? I guess I’m stuck as a man when this finishes. That’s what I get for being a fucking coffee assistant. Goddamn it!”

Scarlet screamed, and, perhaps a little aggressively, kicked the living head away.

“It’s him! It’s Lukas Voss! We have to run!”

Rodney needed no time to make that decision. His limbs were suddenly his own again, as were Scarlet’s. He grabbed her hand and raced back towards the party. He needed to get the newly female Taylor and Sabrina. They were the main cast, and if they were to survive this, they were going to need each other.

He looked back, the music in the air beginning to strike the same chord of fear over and over again. Lukas Voss was advancing.

And if the slasher villain had his way, they’d never get back to their original bodies.

Scene 4: Lukas Voss

Rodney ran, dragging Scarlet with him and away from the advancing terror. His date screamed, annoyed at herself for doing so. When she'd been Anna-Lee she'd only cried out like that during the most intense part of a key performance, and all in service to a good script. Now, she was forced to be a total scream queen as she ran past numerous cameras, all of them glowing green with the witch's magic as they tracked her automatically. Her heavy breasts jiggled. She was completely topless, and no doubt her scenes would be among the great moments of terror *and* arousal if this accursed film was ever made. For Scarlet herself, it was an irritation: how could any woman stand to be so busty and bouncy?

It made her scream in frustration. But it was still a scream.

"Stop screaming and run!" Rodney yelled. He pulled her forward, the pair stumbling over even the smallest grassy bumps in the forest. The former female wanted nothing more than to be at home with a good smoke in her hand, but at least as a man he was strong. He managed to tuck his very impressive manhood back into his pants as he ran, but the branches ripped at his shirt, tearing a little at his skin but far more importantly revealing his appealing olive abs and powerful pecs.

"This is ridiculous!" he shouted. "We've got to get out of here! There's no way that guy is real!"

"He is! You saw him! It's Lukas Voss and he's going to kill us!"

The two managed to exchange a frustrated look as they stumbled through the dark woods. Was all their dialogue going to be this hokey? Half of what they were saying was apparently going to be 'in-character.'

"Let's just keep running!" Scarlet said as they approached the party beyond the treeline.

"No!" Rodney declared, suddenly puffing up his chest. "We need to warn everyone. *Lukas Voss is coming, and he wants blood!*"

Surely this was the time the title was meant to drop, because the pair paused a moment, awkwardly standing there in a dramatic position. Scarlet had fallen to one knee, curling up against Rodney's powerful leg, her massive chest practically spilling out of her top, her bosom barely concealed by the shadows as she looked up to him, yearning for protection. He was stalwart and staring out at the distance. A quick cursory glance confirmed that a looming shadow stood right behind them.

"Fuck," Rodney said.

A machete slashed out, and the pair regained movement just in time to dodge into the camp.

Scarlet, naturally, screamed.

Taylor heard something. It was like time had suddenly flashed, and she was standing in position, a drink in her hand, her mind slightly slurred by the consumption of alcohol she didn't remember drinking. Where was she?

Oh, that's right, in a demonic horror movie orchestrated by a witch in league with a washed up B-movie director. One she'd actually been *excited* to be in. One that she was, for reasons beyond her understanding, somehow *still* a little excited to be in.

"And the worst thing is," she mumbled to herself as she adjusted her hair behind her ears, "I'm playing the kind of character who runs *toward* screaming."

She did so, even as numerous other college peers ignored the sound of it, too drunk or too involved with sex and other antics to pay attention. Taylor picked up the pace even further when she realised that it was one of the cast. Scarlet? It had to be.

"Scarlet!" she cried. "I'm coming! Don't worry, I'm -"

She rounded the corner, only to find an entirely different scenario than she'd envisioned, albeit one just as terrifying: an incredibly beefy and muscular jock with a stupid-looking mullet was grinning as he held Sabrina's arm. The former jock-turned-adorable nerd gritted her teeth as she tried and failed to pull away. They were outside a tent, a nearby fire pit lighting them, casting ominous shadows upon her assailant's face.

"Awww, c'mon, Sabrina! You know I like the cute, nerdy types, especially black ones. Wouldn't you like to ride Kelly Mason?"

"Let go of me, jerkface!"

"My face isn't that bad, let me show you."

He pulled Sabrina closer, pressing her against him. The small nerd was horrified to find herself so weak and easily threatened by a large man.

"See?" he snarled. "I look pretty good up close. And you know what else'll be good up close?"

Taylor had to stop this, not just to end the terrible bully dialogue but also to save her friend - well, her character's friend, at least. She picked up a nearby rock and threw it, cracking him in the side.

"Hey!" she called, stepping forward into the perfect lighting just for the cameras and placing a hand on her impressive hip. "Try and pick on me, asshole!"

Kelly threw Sabrina aside and wiped his nose with his sleeve. "Yeah, I think I might. Taylor, right? The new girl? I hear you've got history. Didn't your parents both die mysteriously in these woods or something?"

Taylor almost vomited. *That* was how the exposition was being delivered? What the shit was this nonsense? How was *this* going to be Builder's magnum opus? He better have a god in the editing room.

"They did," she said, stepping back a little. "And they never found out who it was, leaving me to be forever a little frightened of these woods. But I'm not frightened of you, Kelly. One more step and you're *toast!*"

Sabrina cringed on the ground, not just from her inaction but from the dialogue too.

"Yeah, we'll see about that," Kelly said.

He stepped forward to try and grope her tits, a prospect that was very concerning for a new woman, but suddenly something very strange happened. Taylor's body operated on autopilot, leaping up and kicking out, then turning and dodging a blow, before delivering two more kicks, almost like she was on wires rather than obeying the laws of gravity.

"But after my parents' death, I found peace in tae-kwon-do!" she announced.

Kelly dropped to the ground, unconscious. Sabrina stood, running to embrace Taylor.

"Thank you! I was just trying to do some science extension homework before the fires died down, when suddenly he came onto me!"

"It'll be okay, Sabrina. I've got you. There's nothing that can hurt you now."

Was it dramatic irony if only their characters didn't know what was coming? Taylor wasn't sure. Regardless, her attention turned to what Sabrina was whispering in her ear as they embraced.

"That was really awesome, but even I can tell those lines were terrible."

"I know, right? Maybe Anna-Lee was onto something, back before she was-"

Scarlet screamed, and this time, *everyone* heard her.

"What was that?"

"Just Scarlet finding something scary," Taylor said, dipping back into her role.

"Sure, and I'm the Queen of Britain. The action is starting, isn't it? Shoot, and I'm stuck as total nerd girl - what use is that?"

Taylor gave her a comforting squeeze on the shoulder. The compulsion was there to play the role, but they were able to fight it. This was a little touch she added, to comfort her new friend, and maybe it would make its way into the film.

"We don't know that," she said. "It's probably just a raccoon or something."

But then the scream was closer, and more wild, and a male voice was yelling as well: Rodney! Taylor and Sabrina ran past Kelly's unconscious form just in time to hear him mumble:

"Really hope he kills me. Could get used to bein' a big strong dude. Sorry 'bout playing a douchebag Sabrina."

Sabrina could only sigh and keep running. A massive ring had formed around Scarlet, who was covering her otherwise totally bare chest, much to the appreciation of a lot of dudebros around her, and Rodney, who was looking cut up and desperate.

"I'm telling you, it was him! Lukas Voss! He attacked us out of nowhere, he ripped someone's head off!"

Scarlet screamed. "It's true!" she cried, moving in such a way as to threaten to reveal more breast than she already had, but not enough to scare off the film approval committee. "It was some big nightmare! He was so tall, and he wore a terrifying mask! He's risen from the dead and coming to kill all of us!"

The crowd wasn't so convinced. "Yeah, right!" someone called.

"As if!"

"This is just some hoax - are you high?"

"Show us your tits, Scarlet!"

"Nice going riding the hot babe, Rodney!"

"Do you want a go with someone else, sexy?"

More and more eyes and attention was paid to Scarlet, and for good reason: even the former Anna-Lee was starting to realise just how damn voluptuous she was, and beautiful to match.

"This role is so damn beneath me," she mumbled to herself, "but maybe this chest isn't all bad . . ."

Rodney, who had found Anna-Lee bloody irritating when he'd been Ruby, now felt a strange protective instinct towards the new scream queen. He stood in front of her, guarding her from much of the crowd.

"Leave her alone!" he yelled. "Seriously, can we get an intimacy coordinator or something?"

His metafictional line was ignored as the cheering continued, though some of the cast looked apologetic about their compulsions..

"Yeah!" Taylor said, running to the centre and dragging Sabrina with her. "Leave her alone! Listen to what they're saying - even if it's not Lukas Voss himself, what if there's someone in the woods!"

Sabrina added to this, though her voice was more drowned out. "Statistically speaking there are also many predators in the woods other than man who could be mistaken for one: bears, for instance. We should be wary of any-"

But one major loser rose from the crowd, a jock as big as Kelly.

"Tell the geek to shut her trap and get out of the way!" he called out. "We all just want to see Scarlet's tits! C'mon darling, why don't you give my eyes a real treat?"

Something soared through the sky, turning over on itself with a loud *whoosh* noise. A number of people looked up, but barely caught what it was . . .

. . . until it embedded horizontally in the jock's face. It was a machete, and it had sunk into the flesh what looked to be two hole inches deep: right into both eyes.

"Treat," came a low voice, booming and unnatural.

The crowd turned. Standing just beyond the crowd, lit by the firepits, was the looming, booming, walking corpse of Lukas Voss. His hand was still stretched outwards from having thrown his weapon, but as his mask turned to face the crowd of drunk college partygoers, he pulled out something from behind his back.

"Is that - is that a chainsaw!?" someone asked.

Taylor turned to the others. "I think we should run. I think this is the scene where we run *and figure out what to do later!*"

"You don't have to tell me twice!" Rodney said, grabbing Scarlet's hand and pulling her along while Taylor grabbed Sabrina. Naturally, the scream queen cried out, but she was far from the only one, because Lukas had pulled forth a freaking *chainsaw*, and the loud roar of it being started up made the crowd begin to run in every direction.

"Why the eyes, man?" the jock said, writhing on the ground as Lukas advanced. "Bad enough I'm stuck as a guy, but the director is totally paying for any trauma counselling! I'll sue the shit out of-"

He never finished the sentence: Lukas carved him up with the chainsaw and then turned on the crowd, rampaging through in a bloody scene of terror and geysers of fake blood and Wilhelm scream. It was movie magic, the kind that any audience would remember. The only problem was that scores of extras and cast members were now being stuck in new bodies and roles for life.

Taylor ran. She was surprised at how athletic her petite body was: a far cry from her original chubbiness. The former man looked behind her, only to witness a grisly sight: Lukas was holding an extra up in the air and readying to slam him down upon his knee.

"Oh my God," Sabrina said, "he's getting Bane'd. He's going to Bane that girl! From Batman!"

"I know who Batman is! And Bane!" Taylor replied.

"But I didn't know this shit before! This is nuts!"

Lukas brought the screaming figure - a half-clothed woman, no doubt for further viewer titillation - down upon his knee. There was a sickening snap as her spine was folded back on itself, and then the freshly murdered victim was thrown aside into a tent, making the occupants cry out and flee . . . straight into his path.

“Great!” exclaimed the bent ‘corpse’ in the tent. “Now I’m stuck with tits! How am I gonna explain this to Ma!? And can someone unbreak my spine for me? I *presume* that was my one and only scene! Do I get a pay bump for dialogue at least?”

But Lukas Voss was already advancing implacably forwards, smiting every partygoer in his way, no matter how much they tried to run, beg, or even fight back. Kelly woke up just in time to have a stake driven right through his stomach, before his body was hurled onto a group of nerds fleeing for the bushes. A girl ran past the terrified Sabrina (who screamed) and Rodney. She was on fire, her flame-covered limbs flailing about as she tried to find the nearby lake.

“Help me!” she said. “Help meeeee!”

She looked to be in terrible pain until the focus of the scene shifted back to Lukas’ rampage, at which point the woman groaned, still in flames.

“Help me find a new fucking agent! I was a goddamn sixty year old set designer and now I look like I belong in a freakin’ lingerie commercial!”

She pulled a cigarette from her pocket, pressed it against her still burning stomach, and puffed on it a few times.

“Yeah, you guys should run. The *really* ridiculous deaths are always saved for the main cast, y’know.”

“Goddamn it,” Rodney said. “You’re right. And I’m the jock. I need to try and not be a total knucklehead. C’mon, Sabrina. We’ll meet up with Taylor and Sabrina. They’re smart; they can help us plan to escape.”

“I’m smart too!” she cried, trying not to scream. “I’m just not feeling it right now. Stupid film!”

They ran to the edge of the party where the light was thinnest. In the background, Lukas was placing a trio of athletes onto a long stake before knocking it into the fire, making them sizzle like a spit roast. They weren’t a fan, especially given that two out of three of them had been women previously, though the third seemed pretty chuffed to have “sweet abs, when I’m not *being burned alive!*”

The pair were so distracted by this site that they didn’t see Taylor and Sabrina running towards them. The quarter collided, stumbling over themselves, with poor Sabrina at the very bottom of the pile.

“Please get off m-me!” she exclaimed. “I’m barely ninety pounds s-soaking wet here now!”

They extracted themselves, Taylor extending a hand to help her friend up. But that was when Sabrina and Scarlet both *squealed*. Rodney and Taylor both turned around and jumped in opposite directions, just in time to avoid the scything arc of Lukas’ chainsaw. The

enormous undead brute loomed over them, his rotten clothes exposing his undead nature, his mask unsympathetic.

“What the fuck?” Taylor yelled. “How did he get here so fast? That’s literally impossible!”

Rodney pulled Scarlet back, the latter starting to really appreciate the former’s strength. “He seriously just teleported!”

“He must have *misty step!*” Sabrina cried, jumping backwards as the monster swung the ear-splitting chainsaw in a wide arc, nearly bisecting her. “It’s the only thing that makes sense!”

Luka raised his chainsaw once more. “*Pain,*” he said in a low, guttural whisper. Evidently, he wasn’t much of a talker, this one. The chainsaw roared as he advanced.

“And how come we didn’t hear the chainsaw until he was behind us?” Taylor added.

Scarlet had an answer for that one: “Because this movie is badly written! Let’s run!”

But Lukas had other ideas. With surprising speed he launched forward, grabbing Sabrina by the neck. The small, dark-skinned nerd was lifted up beside her pale-skinned friend, and Taylor could only watch as Lukas slowly brought the chainsaw closer to her neck.

“Leave her alone!” she cried, punching and kicking at him. “Take me instead!”

Where exactly this newfound courage was coming from, she wasn’t sure, but it was invigorating. Unfortunately, her efforts were doing nothing as the teeth of the saw got ever closer to her friend’s jugular.

Suddenly, a rock hit Lukas in the head, causing him to stumble back. He dropped Sabrina, and Taylor pulled her back in time. Rodney hurled another stone, this one crashing into Lukas’ shoulder.

“Everyone, run!” he shouted. “Unless you want to be stuck in your bodies - I for one would like to be a woman again, thank you very much!”

He threw one last rock, ducked a chainsaw swipe, and followed the others into the darkness of the woods, and away from any civilisation. Lukas pursued, but a drunk party goer who had no idea what was happening wandered his way instead.

“Heyyyyy, is this my big scene?” she asked as she accidentally collided into the monstrous fiend.

“*Cut,*” Lukas said

“Awww,” she said in a drunken manner. “I totes wanted to keep this body, even if I am, like, a total bimbo now. Are you telling me my scenes is, like, cut?”

Lukas dropped the chainsaw, letting it die, and raised his machete instead.

“*Cut,*” he repeated.

The quartet of heroes continued to flee into the woods and past many of the witch’s hidden cameras, even as the victim far behind them finally got her scene.

Scene 5: Cabin in the Woods

The old cabin was dilapidated and crumbling. Water leaked through the ceiling and down to the floor, and cockroaches scurried into dark nesting holes whenever a light was shined upon them. The windows were half-smashed, and numerous nails stuck out from planks of wood, threatening to infect the current denizens with tetanus. Not that any expected to last so long for *that* to be a particular threat.

“Seriously, what the actual fuck is this place?” Scarlet said. “It’s so creepy - ick!”

She literally jumped into Rodney’s arms, and he caught her instantly. Outside, the flicker of lens cameras taking footage of them could be seen.

“It’s defensible,” Rodney said, sure of himself.

“Defensible?” Taylor replied. “This place is falling apart! It’s a literal cliché - it’s *the* cabin in the woods, from just about every horror movie ever made!”

But Rodney was adamant. “Look, we’re all caught up playing these roles, right? Well, I’m stuck as the alpha male, and so I’m going with my gut. We can get some of these boards, stick them with nails, make this a place that we can trap and kill that creature in.”

“Do you even hear yourself?” Taylor asked. “Look, I get it. I can’t claim I was the most muscled man or anything, but I know what it’s like to have that testosterone flowing through my system. You’re not used to it. But this is *literally* the thing that the dumb jock suggests in a movie like this, and we all pay for it.”

“She’s right,” Scarlet said, clinging tightly to him, her overdeveloped bust rubbing against his chest. “This place is, like, a total death trap, Roddy!”

She was wearing a hoodie grabbed from a discarded pack from the massacre, but the zipper (conveniently) jammed halfway up, leaving her breasts constantly displayed, her nipples barely concealed, and she still didn’t have any pants - just bare feet and lovely-looking bare legs. It was a very attractive look that the former high-theatre actor *hated*, not that she could help but look like a gorgeous damsel in distress in every scene.

“*It’s gonna be okay, doll,*” he replied, a script line overtaking him. “*Just stick with me and you’ll be safe.*”

Even Rodney had to blink at that one. “Okay, that *did* sound a bit on the nose,” he admitted. “Maybe we should get the hell out of here.”

Taylor sighed in relief, but Sabrina then stuck up her hand.

“Um, before we go,” the nerdy dark-skinned girl said. “We should take an inventory. Gather weapons. Search everywhere we can to find anything of use in this place. It only makes sense, right?”

“Okay, that’s not a bad idea,” Taylor conceded. She actually smirked and punched her friend playfully on the arm. “Not so bad for a former jock, right?”

Sabrina couldn't help but grin, revealing her shining braces. "Well, might as well take care of all these smarts, right? Old cabins like this usually had hatches for a storage basement, and if it was used for hunting we might find some useful traps as well."

Scarlet got down from Rodney's arms - they were far too comfortable, but things were still weird between them after being compelled to have sex on the forest floor.

"We should stay together," she said.

The others all nodded, but then something came over her again - *The Narrative*.

"Actually, wait," she continued. "We haven't, like, got lots of time. We should totally split up."

Taylor was about to say 'What? That's a stupid idea!' when the Narrative hit her as well. "Good idea," she said. "But we should stay in pairs, just to be safe. Sabrina, you come with me, and you two lovebirds go together."

The four exchanged a set of glances. Even despite Rodney's new instincts, he could see what had just gone wrong. They weren't meant to be splitting up at all. Everyone knew that. Everyone! And yet he grabbed Scarlet's soft hand and led her down the hall of the wooden cabin, smirking confidently to keep her spirits up. Despite the chaos he still found his eye going to her fabulous cleavage.

"God," he whispered to himself. "I really am poorly fucking written."

"Like, how do you think I feel?" Scarlet asked.

They began their search of the cabin, with the alpha male and female searching the west of the house and Sabrina and Taylor taking the east. The former pair scoured, looking for weapons they could use. Rodney took the lead, relying on his new take-charge attitude to shine through, while Scarlet kept an eye out, though she was far more useless, much to her internal dismay, often clinging to Rodney from fright at the spiders and creepy pictures on the wall.

"Like, why are they all old creepy pilgrim types? And why are they dressed so weird?"

"No idea," Rodney said. "But check this out! Think we can use this?"

He raised an old machete, its edges a little rusty but still sharp enough, and gestured to a box full of hunting knives.

"Oh, you're such a man!" Scarlet swooned.

As this was happening, Taylor and Sabrina were looking for a hatch that could find further supplies.

"I still find this so utterly outside the barriers of probability," Sabrina noted. "Magic doesn't obey any known laws of physics, and now it's suddenly all around us? I'm still not convinced I'm dreaming."

"Could your dreams conjure up such big, nerdy words?" Taylor asked her.

"Hmm, I suppose my vocabulary has expanded significantly."

"You're also, no offence, not actually talking like a real smart person. You're more like a Hollywood writer's idea of a smart person. All big words and elongated sentences, but no actual, you know, conciseness."

"Hey!"

"Sorry. Shine your light over here, would you?"

They both looked at a creepy photo from the early 1900s. It had a dismal looking family in it in old-timey clothes.

"Are they pilgrims?" Taylor wondered aloud.

"Dutch methodists," Sabrina said, grinning sheepishly. "In this new life, I think I'm rather well-read in history on top of my other pursuits."

Taylor smirked. "Maybe being shanked by Lukas wouldn't be the worst thing for you, huh? You'd be stuck with enormous intelligence and academic gifts!"

Sabrina frowned, her shoulders sagging. "Please, don't even say that! I can't stand being a nerdy little girl. I've got braces! And thick glasses!"

"You do look cute. No offence, but when I was Timothy I would have had a huge crush on you."

Another frown, deeper. "You're straight for boys now, right? Yeah, me too. Ugh, this is completely immoral and not in keeping with the most tasteful direction filmmaking has gone in. I want - I want to write a letter of rebuke! And then, when I become my alpha male self again, I want to get a taste for violence again too."

Taylor smirked. "I don't know, this is going to sound crazy, but as scary as this situation is, being a girl isn't that bad. I mean, at the very least I look a lot better than I did before. I'm thinner but more athletic, I feel healthier, and I won't lie, it's kinda fun to feel what it's like to be a woman, right?"

Sabrina bit her lip. "I . . . I guess so. I did see myself in that cracked mirror and I actually smiled before. I think, if I was in a real movie, the audience would find me really cute. And knowing all this stuff is nice. I just wish I still had muscles to fight that thing!"

Taylor grinned, spotting something. "Lower your light, and muscles might not be necessary."

It was the hatch. It took a hard effort, but the two managed to get it open. It descended down into a yawning darkness.

"You first," Sabrina said.

Taylor chuckled. "That's the other thing, too. This new female me is a lot more brave than I used to be."

She began to descend down the ladder. Part of her couldn't help but think another, unvoiced opinion: her actions, demeanour and appearance made her seem like another stereotype. If Sabrina was the Nerdy One, and Scarlet the Bimbo Scream Queen, and Rodney the Jock, then she could well be the most important character of all.

The Final Girl.

She didn't quite know how to feel about that.

Scarlet cursed herself, but there was something so deeply, deeply sexy about watching a real man get ready to go to war. Rodney was searching through toolboxes and cupboards and under beds, and each time he emerged with something he could improvise into a weapon: a bat lined with sharpened nails, a chainsaw he could affix to one hand, a protective welder's mask that could stop a hit from a blade. As Ruby, he had been a fairly pragmatic person, but never a hands-on practical one. The attractive olive-skinned actress hated doing shoots in any conditions, let alone out in the wilderness. It was all about money to her. But now, stuck as the tall, attractive leading man Rodney, *he* was finding a new calling. He swung a hammer experimentally - it had a sharp knife strapped to the other side of it now. He called it his 'hammer-knife.'

"Mhmm, that's so hot for some reason," Scarlet said, grinning in a vixen-like manner. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Just keep boarding up the windows," he replied. "You're doing a good job of it, you just need a bit more force. Here, let me help you."

He shedded his protective equipment, and in doing so removed his newest shirt as well - he had become a little sweaty from recent efforts - then pressed himself behind Scarlet and took her hands.

"Just need to hit the nails in like this," he said, showing her.

"Wow, you really know your stuff," she replied, feeling a moistness between her thighs. Her Anna-Lee self cursed these sensations, but her body really did have a habit of getting horny at all the wrong times. It was so undignified compared to the theatre actress she was meant to be! Curse that Mr Builder!

"Believe it or not, this is the one practical thing I *do* know how to do," Rodney replied, helping her with another one and pressing his body against hers a bit more closely. "My dad was a carpenter. His name was John. He was big into renovation, and actually worked on some old films, like that alien in the snow one. It was through him that I got into acting, since

I hung around on sets, but he told me to always know how to bang a nail. I guess it's something I've forgotten."

Scarlet turned around and smiled, tracing a finger down his gorgeous muscles.

"That's so fascinating. When I was, like, a little girl, my parents always forced me to behave. To be proper. And to never be slutty or silly or let go and have fun in any way. Maybe . . . maybe before we finish up here, we should totally enjoy our new selves. *It's not just nails you could be banging, you know.*"

The last line was a compulsion, but Rodney couldn't help himself. He was already getting quite hard, and harder still when Scarlet lowered her zip so that her breasts hung down like overripe fruit, barely concealed by either side of the jacket. She grinned, giggling a little.

"If we're about to die or whatever, then shouldn't we have a bit of pleasure?"

Rodney looked at the window. It was boarded up. So many others were. This place was a lot more defensible now, *and* he had so many weapons. There was no sign of Lukas yet. But it would be stupid to have sex right now, wouldn't it?

Ah, but the Narrative was already taking over, urging him forth, his testosterone flowing, hormonal and lustful. This was *exactly* what the alpha male jock would do, and besides, the nearby bed was still together and not uncomfortable looking.

"Babe," he said, helping her slide out of her jacket and reveal her hot body. "Let's fuck each other's brains out before we fuck Lukas Voss' brains *up*."

They were immediately, passionately making out as they moved to the bed, Scarlet desperate to ride her lover despite all her better judgement. Rodney grasped and groped her breasts, and for once she was happy for them.

"Mhmm, I love having b-big, sensitive t-tits!"

"I love you having th-them. I never thought I'd be such a lesbian."

Scarlet purred, lowering a hand to rub her lover's bulge, making it harden more. She pulled back his pants, freeing his colossal cock. She had to lick her lips at the sight of it.

"Not, like, much of a lesbian now, not with that monster between your legs. Mhmm, I really wanna suck it before I ride you."

She lowered herself, planting her lips on him, and Rodney groaned, gripping her head lightly. The sensation was wonderful, and the new man couldn't deny that having a woman suck on his cock gave him feelings of immense pleasure and power. There was a raw dominance he'd never felt before, and being in a tough, manly body made him feel in charge, even in such a terrible situation.

"Y-yeah, keep it up, baby. Keep going," he grunted. "Might as well enjoy this while we're like this. I'll b-be Ruby again. But for now . . . ahhhh. Yeah. Now get on t-top, before it's t-too late!"

She did, grinning as she released his dick, then crawling on top of him. He raised her easily, holding her by the hips until he could lower her down upon his member. Once again she was penetrated, and once again she was reminded that while she was following a set of compulsions, damn if it didn't feel good to just let loose and stop being so uptight.

"Yesssss," she moaned. "F-fuck me, Rodney! Be my b-big man and I'll b-be your sexy damsel in distress!"

"I'll keep you s-safe!" he grunted, beginning to fuck her.

She bounced atop him, her enormous boobs bouncing rhythmically in such a way that she had begun to love it.

"Yes, keep m-me safe!"

She didn't even see a large, implacable figure slowly approaching from the distant treeline. But then again, how could she?

The windows were all boarded up.

Taylor could feel ethereal cameras recording her every movement as she investigated the creepy basement. It was much larger than she expected, with huge shelves making it quite the maze, and her torch occasionally flickered, adding to the creepy ambience. Sabrina clung to her, even more afraid, her mind buzzing with connections as she observed the equipment stored on the shelves.

"Crosses, items of worship, little figurines, woodcuts, spoiled ration supplies, shovels, jugs for carrying water, lengths of rope-

"Are you just going to list everything, Sabrina?"

"Sorry, this place has me creeped out! But it shows all the signs of an immigrant survivalist group. Look at the writing: it is indeed written in Dutch! This woodcut refers to *The Darkened Son*. It also talks about a weird swamp the family discovered."

Taylor furrowed her brow. Something was off here. There was a stench in the air, something like decay. Still, she pushed forward, giving over to the Narrative but also determined to find some damn bear traps or something. The air was thick with dust and mould and stale, trapped air. She coughed a few times, trying to ignore the strange, dark stains on the walls.

"I need a distraction," Sabrina said.

"Okay, um, what happens if we get, uh, 'killed.' How are you going to cope with being a woman for life?"

"Oh, I'm really not. But I'll have to, won't I? I don't know the first thing about bras, and dresses, and going to the toilet with other girls."

Taylor chuckled. "I'm pretty sure there's more to being a woman than that. Mind you, I'm not looking forward to periods."

"Ew, don't remind me!"

"Still, I won't lie, I'll miss the boobs."

Sabrina snorted. "That's because you've got nice 'jugs,' as my former self would refer to them rather crudely."

"They're not Scarlet big."

"Ha! Hers are positively pneumatic. I'm impressed at how she is able to keep herself up right given her redistributed mass, but I suppose that rear of hers allows for some gravitational adjustment."

Taylor actually found herself giggling. "You know, you're pretty hilarious, Sabrina. If we get stuck as women, maybe we can stay in touch, huh? Learn how to deal with long hair and idiots catcalling us and stuff."

Sabrina nodded. "Deal. But only *if* we get stuck."

They rounded a corner together, towards the source of the smell.

"I'm sure we'll find a way out of this. Rodney is doing well, and it's not like - aha! Check this out! A pair of bear traps! Give me a hand!"

Sabrina helped her pull the pair of chains, and the metallic devices pulled back out of the darkness. As they did so, a number of boards cracked and collapsed just behind them, revealing a revolting pit that had been covered over.

A pit filled with decomposing skeletons with festering bits of meat still clinging to their rib cages, and dark insects skittering about across their surface.

They both screamed, Sabrina especially. Taylor had to grip her friend.

"It's okay, it's okay! They're dead! It's okay!"

Sabrina calmed. "S-sorry. I didn't expect - God, I hate being such a scared little woman! What the hell happened here?"

Connections began to click in Taylor's mind as she looked into the pit. There were a number of bodies here, and the decaying clothing she could spy matched the paintings and photos upstairs. All at once, she realised something deeply terrible.

"Hang on, this is a Dutch cabin, right? Weren't Lukas Voss's parents Dutch? Didn't he kill them out in the woods according to the old legends, but no one could prove it because there were no bodies?"

They both surveyed said bodies. Even rotted away, their skulls were contorted into horrified screams, as if frozen in terror at the moment of their deaths.

Sabrina's eyes went wide. "Oh, shit! We've stumbled straight into the lion's den! We've got to warn Sabrina and Rodney!"

They began to move, Taylor slinging one of the bear traps over her shoulder, unprimed. But even as they reached for the ladder, they could hear a loud smashing echoing from above; a window and boards shattering, followed by a high-pitched Scream Queen wail.

“Fuck!” Taylor explained. “We need to get up there!”

She took one step up the ladder, only for it to snap along its midsection and collapse into sticks. More screams followed, and the sounds of violence with them. Something horrible was happening.

But Sabrina and Taylor could no longer help. They were trapped in place and, possibly, in their new bodies.

Right in Lukas Voss’ den.

Scene 6: Chainsaw Massacre

The lovers shifted positions as they really got going, Scarlet on Rodney’s lap, facing him as her back slid along the wall, her mighty breasts heaving in his face. Their skin was sweaty, almost unnaturally so, as if an oil had been applied offscreen to make their makeout session all the more attractive to a cinema audience.

“Ohhh, you’ll k-keep me safe!” she cried, “I know it!”

Her own words sent signals of immediate panic to the far more intelligent mind lurking beneath. What the hell kind of statement was that? She was practically begging Lukas Voss to kill her!

Rodney didn’t seem to notice this though, so lost was he in the bliss of sucking on her perfect tits. He’d never been attracted to girls as Ruby, but now he almost couldn’t imagine being into dicks, not with these perfect curves upon him. And in that sexual pleasure, neither Scarlet nor Rodney noticed or heard the heavy, zombified figure of Lukas Voss approach the cabin. The busty scream queen moaned as she writhed against Rodney’s figure, shifting a little so that her back was to the boarded window.

And that was when it happened.

One moment, Scarlet was climaxing as Rodney thrust his enormous cock into her, the next, something else was thrusting from behind, bursting through her stomach in a geyser of blood and impaling into Rodney as well. The pair of them screamed, she in her best performance yet as the machete retracted through her stomach, then thrust back again in a gory recreation of the sexual act.

Rodney leapt back, screaming just like his lover as she was butchered before him. Blood poured from her lips as she reached out for him, but he was already scrambling off of

the bed, horrified at the viscera that was now coating his form. More of the boards of the cabin broke, revealing the colossal form of Lukas Voss. He pulled back his machete and stabbed a third time, eliciting one last gasp from Scarlet. Her hands flew to her belly, and she slid down sideways along the wall. There was pain, but not nearly so much as she felt there should have been. Her vision began to dim, but she was conscious long enough to hear the earth-shattering sound of Lukas Voss smashing through the weak wall of the cabin, lurching forward towards a terrified Rodney.

“P-please,” she said, the narrative seizing control of her tongue to get . “S-save me! You can still-”

Lukas turned and rammed the machete in one last time, right through her throat. The poor woman made a horrid death rattle as she expired, leaving Rodney to leap out of the room and start running, his breath a ragged series of terrified gasps. Lukas slowly but implacably advanced, ducking his head beneath the top of the doorway as he moved through his childhood home, vengeance flooding through his rotting heart.

“Aaaaaaaaand SCENE!”

Scarlet blinked. Her body was covered in blood, but suddenly it smelled . . . sweet. The machete in her throat now looked like a prop affixed to it with cunning VFX magic, the kind she was well used to when it came to her far more elaborate stage plays, like the knives and swords from MacBeth. She looked up to her right, surprised to see the aged Gregory Builder with a camera on a tripod, peeking through the destroyed wall Lukas Voss had left in his wake. The witch was beside him, as odious as ever, but clearly enamoured with the technology, running her foul fingers over it.

“And this horror is all captured?” she said in her raspy voice. “It can be witnessed again and again in my hovel, on these televisions?”

“It can indeed!” Builder boasted. “This has to be one of the finest deaths yet. Magnificent performance, Scarlet!”

The witch grinned in her creepy manner. “I knew I made the right call, reaching out to you, Builder.”

Scarlet heard screams throughout the cabin, and further wakes of destruction. Several members of the surviving camera crew moved ahead into the cabin to start recording it. She also noticed that some cameras were rigged up in the cabin already, secretly hidden from sight until this moment. Clearly, the film was still occurring, and she hadn’t really died. She dipped her finger into the blood over stomach and tasted it.

“Dyed corn syrup,” she murmured.

“The best blood in the business! Real blood don’t look like blood on film.”

Scarlet grinned for a moment. She really had thought she was dead. In a sense, she had died: perhaps the single most magnificent performance of her career, even if it was

wasted on this schlocky film. But she *had* still died, in the narrative of the film, at least. And that meant . . .

Scarlet stood suddenly, her pendulous breasts wobbling, freed from any confinement and still covered in sticky red corn syrup. She imagined she was quite a sight.

“Wait, does that mean I’m, like, *stuck* like this!?” she practically squealed in her Valley Girl-like voice.

The witch grinned maliciously. “Oh yes, my dear. A pact is a pact, and you failed to get away. Looks like you’ll be living the life of a top-heavy cow for the rest of your life!”

Scarlet grimaced. “But - but that’s not fair! I’m, like, a classically trained theatre actor and stuff, not some sex-addicted big-boobied supermodel!”

There was a moment of silence from Gregory Builder, who seemed to be considering something.

“Well, have you thought about a new career as the new Hollywood scream queen? You are very marvellous at it, and no doubt the crowds will pack seats to see you!”

Scarlet pouted, annoyed that this was apparently the best her future could be, and even *more* annoyed at how oddly appealing such a career could be. Then she noticed that some of the film crew, most of whom had switched genders as well, were rather admiring her naked form, covered in fake blood as it was.

“Can someone, like, get me a fucking wash towel and some clothing already!?”

Sabrina and Taylor could hear the high-pitched wailing of Scarlet, followed by the slow advance of Lukas Voss.

“Holy shit, he’s here!” Sabrina said. “And it makes no sense!”

“It makes perfect sense,” Taylor said, brushing her long hair back and trying to keep her focus. She readied a sharpened stake in one hand. “It’s his childhood home.”

“No, I mean that it makes no sense based off of his walking speed compared to the geographical distance he’s covered. He *literally* couldn’t have gotten here so fast. Even at a running pace, presuming he was finishing up the various members of the party, it just doesn’t make sense! It’s a fucking plothole, Taylor! He would have to *misty step* or *dimension door* just to get here! Trust me, this silly nerdy version of me knows this stuff!”

Taylor grabbed her friend by the shoulders. “Just breathe, Sabrina. We’ll find a way out of here, I promise. We’ll focus on the metanarrative implications later, for now, we need to find a way to safety before-”

CH-CH-CH-CHK-CHK-CHK-RRRRRAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHH

Both of them stopped. Sabrina adjusted her glasses nervously.

“Was that a chainsaw?” she asked.

Rrrrrrrrr-RRAGGGGGHHH!

Taylor pulled her friend back just in time as a chainsaw descended through the floorboards above them, followed by another swipe. Both girls screamed, but Taylor was summoning her new athleticism and confidence, dragging Sabrina back to safety. Something was tussling with Voss above, and suddenly the floorboards *burst*. Rodney fell from above and collided into the dirty ground of the cabin basement, right on top of one of the splintered shards of a board. It went through his thigh, piercing deeply.

“NGH!” he groaned. “Agghh, fuck, my leg!!”

Above, Voss looked down upon them. His mask leered, the dead visage hidden behind. There was no doubt from Taylor that he was about to descend.

“We need to go!” she shouted. “Sabrina, help me drag him!”

Taylor may have had more endurance in her new body, but one major thing she lacked was that immediate masculine strength. It took her and Sabrina working together with Rodney to pull him back. It was good that they did, because Lukas dropped down with a sudden thud. He advanced towards them, and Taylor immediately realised they didn’t have enough manoeuvring space to get around the shelves of the cabin.

“Hurry!” Rodney cried.

“We need to rotate to get you around!” Sabrina yelled in reply.

But it was too late. Voss was trudging towards them. He reached out a desiccated hand, pulling the cord to start the chainsaw again . . .

. . . only for it not to work. Silently, he looked at the chainsaw, pulled the cord again. Nothing happened. He shook the machine, smashing it against a shelf, which wobbled heavily, disgorging some of its antique contents, which split apart at his heavy feet. Taylor leapt upon this gap.

“Sabrina, turn him sideways a little! Now’s our chance!”

Rodney grunted as they pulled him back. The piece of floorboard was still in his thigh, and he ripped it free in one motion.

“Fuck, that stings! How do we get out of here!”

“No idea,” Sabrina replied. “I might be able to find a way to escape if I can have some time!”

They were several shelves away from Voss now, who was being patient. He pulled the cord another time, his elbow crashing against one of the shelves, leaving it to wobble. The sight caught Taylor’s eye, and she took in row after row of the shelves in the dark basement area.

“I have an idea. Sabrina, pull him around here. Now find a space to escape!”

They eased Rodney onto the ground. “S-sorry. Tried to fight him. Stupid idea. Dumb stupid testosterone. Female me wouldn’t be s-so damn s-stupid.”

But Taylor could barely listen. The cord of the chainsaw was yanked by Voss again, and this time it roared to life like a beast howling out from the underworld.

CHK-CHK-CHK-RRRAAAAAGGGGHHHH!!!

Taylor moved before Voss could. He was four shelves away from them, and she jumped against the one beside her, pressing against it with all her might. It angled to one side, but began to right itself.

“No you DON’T!” she cried, leaping at it again, using the weight of the bear trap to help her. The shelf tipped over, collapsing against the next shelf, which collapsed against the next, which finally tipped the last shelf right on top of Lukas, pinning him down beneath their collective weight. He waved the chainsaw in the air, carving at the wood. His otherworldly strength was enough to already shift some of the weight, but it bought them further time.

“Just have to escape,” she said. “Escape, and we can go back to our bodies - wait, Rodney, where’s Scarlet?”

“He got her!” he announced. “Stuck a fucking machete in her! She’s either dead or stuck like that, if they were telling the truth. And I’d rather not spend the rest of my life with a goddamn cock, no matter how big it is, so let’s get moving!”

Sabrina returned at that exact moment. “I’ve found a way, but you won’t like it!”

She was right, they didn’t. The pit of corpses that had once been Voss’s family sagged down into the ground at the darkest corner of the basement, but it appeared like there was some kind of tunnel, perhaps a drainage pipe, that existed underneath their corpses. It was not a pretty looking sight.

“You’re fucking kidding me,” Rodney said.

“Hey, have you got a better idea?” Sabrina asked.

There was a low grunt as Voss began to clear away the shelves. He started the chainsaw again, carving through the woodwork to clear the way back up.

“Fine, fine!” Rodney said. “You girls go first. I’ve got a fucking chivalric complex now, goddamn being a guy.”

Taylor helped Sabrina through. Her friend, once proud and masculine, was a little shivering figure of fear as she army crawled her way through repulsive filth, discarded teeth, nests of spiders and other creepy crawlies that should be mentioned. There was the brief glint of a camera shot pre-prepared for, and it seemed to trigger her narrative ‘voice.’

“No SAT test prepared me for thissss!”

Taylor followed, and finally Rodney. He managed to pass through just in time before Voss’s chainsaw clipped at his boot. The pain in his thigh wasn’t as powerful as it rightly should have been - movie magic, right there - but it certainly debilitated him. He emerged out

of the side of the cavern, covered in as much dreck as possible. Oddly - perhaps *conveniently* - the two girls were dirtied but still looked rather beautiful, their hair messy but clearly not covered in cobwebs and slime. Almost as if the target audience still wanted their female sex appeal.

“You gotta be fucking kidding me,” Rodney said.

Taylor and Sabrina took to either side of him. “C’mon! We gotta go!”

They had been moving through the forest as quickly as they could, but their pace was slow due to Rodney’s injury, and slowing all the time. His leg was still bleeding, and the fall had damaged him somehow, making his breath ragged.

“Stop,” he finally said. “Need to . . . stop.”

“We can’t stop,” Taylor said. “Our only chance is surviving this and getting out, remember? That’s the deal.”

But Rodney just shook his head, pulling away from the girls and sitting on a large nearby rock. “We’re not gonna make it, at least with me in the group. Scarlet was taken by surprise, don’t want the s-same for you two.”

Taylor gaped. “We can’t stop now! Rodney, we’re not leaving you behind. You don’t want to stay a guy, remember?”

“It’s not all b-bad, I guess, but yeah, I don’t. But I’m done already. I’ve seen a few of these shit horror flicks. The strong, admittedly attractive guy never makes it to the end, remember? It’s always the final girl. That’s one of you. I’m done. The best I can do is get my screen time in a heroic last stand and hope - heh - that it gives me a good movie career as a dude. Fuck, this is not how I expected my first day of filming this flick to go.”

Taylor went to say something, but it was Sabrina who put her hand on his shoulder.

“He’s right,” she whispered. “I’d normally stay and fight, if I were the old me, but nerdy girl me has all this math in my head, and no amount of running the numbers gives me a scenario where we can save him and survive. We’ve got to find a place to draw him to us and trap him.”

Taylor swallowed, trying to hold back tears. Sabrina was the same. They looked back to Rodney.

“I’m sorry, Rod,” she said.

He waved a hand. “It’s okay. If it’s any consolation to me, you make a really fucking hot chick, Taylor. You too, Sabrina. So, you know, if we get stuck like this and don’t *die* die, we should totally shack up and have a threesome later.”

The two girls screwed up their faces.

“Heh, I’m just being an asshole. Easy to appreciate a good pair of tits when I don’t have mine anymore. Besides, having sex is what got me into this mess.”

“Is there anything you can do for me?”

“Yeah, pass me one of those weapons. Any of you got a cigarette.”

Surprisingly, Taylor actually did. She passed it to him, and helped light it.

“Anything else?”

There was a slow trudge from the distant forest line, almost imperceptible. Sabrina grabbed Taylor’s arm, willing to pull her away.

“Yeah,” Rodney said, taking a deep breath of relieving tobacco. “You might want to run now. I’ll hold him off as long as I can. Now fucking run.”

They did, pelting away into the darkness to areas unknown. Rodney took another drag of his cigarette as the beast approached. Voss was like a demon now, moving through the darkness like a living shadow.

“Come on, you bastard!” Rodney shouted, standing shakily on his legs. “I’m getting stuck as a guy for the rest of my life, so why don’t you come over here and let me fuck you with this stick of mine!”

He waved his weapon, which was a long spear for fishing. As if taking on the challenge, Voss stepped out from the shadow, his body caked in the blood of Rodney’s former lover. He extended out the chainsaw, letting it rattle in a low hum before making it roar to life. To his credit, and for all the hidden cameras around him, Rodney laughed.

“Bring it, you fucking drowned creep! I’ll drag you back to the swamp you rose from!”

Voss’ mask turned, almost as if simply impressed by his bravery. Then, with a sudden lurch forward, he swung his chainsaw. Rodney roared, readying his weapon to greet the fiend.

Scene 7: Final Girls

Rodney coughed up blood, practically puking it in an orgy of nightmarish special effects. He had done his best to hold off Voss, and despite his injuries had indeed bought Taylor and Sabrina precious minutes. But for all that he managed to stab and wound the undead nightmare, even causing the nightmarish creature to audibly gurgle beneath its mask, there was no stopping it. For each cut and slice he delivered, the creature toyed with him, nicking a tendon here, and artery there.

“F-fuck you,” Rodney managed, even as his hand was battered to the side, his weapon flung to the dirt several feet away.

In what would surely be the most memorable kill of the film, Voss raised his buzzing chainsaw far over his head, pausing dramatically as Rodney took in the sight. The former woman raised his hands to try and futilely block the attack that was coming.

“Shit,” he said.

It was his very last word, because Voss crashed the active chainsaw down upon his head. What followed was a positive *geyser* of blood, followed by a series of sickening crunches. A shockingly realistic bisection split Rodney in half, his screams echoing out across the dark forest until they became little more than half-dead gurgles. His body fell into two halves upon the ground, and Voss, also caked in crimson, simply regarded the bloody art he had created, cocking his masked head to one side. Then, after a few moment’s pause, he raised his head and continued to pursue his final two victims.

“CUT!”

Rodney got up, flinging his hands to his head. He had weird green tape on one side of his body, as well as little sticky grey balls like . . . like he was doing motion capture.

“What the fuck!?”

Various members of the film crew were around him, all of them looking rather attractive and certainly many of them still annoyed at being genderswapped. Gregory Builder stepped forward, the old hag beside him who had used her dark magic to make this mess, and clasped Rodney on the shoulder.

“Well done, my boy! That will be the most well done kill scene in the film! Just bloody mayhem, I tell you!”

Rodney went to shove him backwards and begin furiously punching away at the sick man’s skull, but a mere gesture from the witch halted his fist.

“Uh uh,” she taunted, waving a decrepit finger. “We’re not done yet, Rodney. We need our fine director in good shape to make his finest work yet.”

“And besides!” Builder said, recovering from the shock of nearly being attacked. “Your acting was exquisite! Don’t be surprised if you get some big budget leading role offers after this.”

Rodney balled his fists. He was meant to be a woman. He didn’t want to have this cumbersome dick between his legs, nor to be attracted to women, or have such a strong thing for Scarlet. He was meant to be a pretty woman who paid the bills with acting and knew how to use her body to be the best part of all the pieces of shit she starred in. And now, thanks to this man, it had all been stolen away.

“You bastard,” he spat. “You - wait, did you say a big budget leading role?”

Voss was getting closer and closer. His shadows moved through the trees, and always it seemed like he was teleporting between them while in shadow, despite that not being remotely part of his backstory or urban mythology. Obviously it made for a scarier presentation though, because he was catching up, *fast*.

"We just have to make it to dawn!" Taylor cried, still gripping Sabrina's hand as they raced through the darkness of the forest.

"We won't make it!" Sabrina replied, looking back to see that horrible mask in the moonlight. "I've done the calculations! We won't make another half-hour! We have to ditch the traps!"

"We can't! It's our only advantage! We just need to find the perfect place where - there!"

They had just burst from the treeline, the gnarled tree limbs scratching at their limbs and drawing blood (the movie convenient blood though, the kind that showed damage but never seemed to reduce their physical beauty). Now there was a long slope of muddy terrain that led right down to the forest lake. It was more like a swamp in many ways; shrouded in fog and with dirty waters, but of particular interest to Taylor was the boatshed with several rafts tethered by the dock.

"That's how we survive," she said. "We get to the swampy lake. Remember the legend of Voss? The parents of the teens he killed caught up with him, and they dumped his body in there. It's all coming full circle! *To Lake Blood!*"

The pair almost rolled their eyes, and would have if not for the compulsions to stay in character for this 'shot.' Clearly, this was a damn *crossover reference*. Builder had already directed a slew of Lake Blood films, but this reference was just plain egregious.

"It could work," Sabrina said, but only if - watch out!"

She pushed Taylor forward and jumped with her, just in time to miss Voss' machete, which sliced the air around them, accompanied by a scare chord that seemed to come from nowhere. The two former men screamed as they bounced and rolled and crashed down the slope, caked in mud. Sabrina dashed her arm against a rock, and there was a sickening crunch as part of the bone broke. She landed at the bottom of the hill with a cry, and Taylor right beside her, injured and bleeding but not having broken anything, at least. She was, however, unconscious.

Sabrina groaned in pain as she shuffled to Taylor's side. They had dropped the traps somewhere, where had they dropped them?

"Wake up, Taylor!" she said, shaking her friend. She looked up the slope: Voss was descending, his figure blurred as if through a distant camera focus. But he was coming.

“Taylor! You have to hear me! You’ve got to wake up! I am *not* getting stuck as a cute little nerd, okay? I’m meant to be a footballer! I’m meant to be a male model! I’m a goddamn star! I don’t care if you have a concussion, get up!”

Taylor’s eyes opened, and she saw the blurry figure of Sabrina. “Wha-”

“He’s coming! He’s coming and we need to make a plan, quick!”

Taylor got up. Her head was ringing with pain, but she was far more concerned about where the traps had fallen. She scanned the slope even as Voss continued to slowly yet implacably advance, only to see the slight shine of metal in the moonlight.

“There! We need the trap! We can set it in the boathouse and then get to the boats!”

“We need to run!”

Taylor did exactly that, but in the wrong direction. She raced back up the slope, sliding on the mud. Voss was getting closer, and she was losing ground to him. She grabbed the buried edge of the heavy trap and pulled with all of her might. It wasn’t enough. For all that she was more athletic now, she lacked a male strength. Her shirt, caked in water and mud, clung to her form, and she had a real impression that the camera would be lingering on two spots in particular. She didn’t even care anymore, not about staying a girl. She just needed to not let Voss and Builder *win*, or that bloody witch.

And still, Lukas Voss came closer.

“NGHH!! NNYARRGGH!!”

It began to shift, but not fast enough. The mud was gripping the trap too tightly, threatening to swallow it. It wasn’t fair. She had a plan! It would work!

Voss drew to a stop, only twenty feet from her. He drew out his machete and, in a fit of drama, very slowly slid it against his jacket, removing all blood. Tears leaked from Taylor’s eyes. She was running out of time.

And then two more hands gripped the trap.

“Sabrina!”

“You’re right!” the nerdy girl exclaimed, the trap now pulling out from the mud. “We do need this! But your plan won’t work. Quickly!”

The trap pulled free with a liquid squelch, and once more the girls ran down the slope only seconds before Voss was set to reach them.

“What do you mean it won’t work?” Taylor huffed as they reached the boathouse.

“It’s not cinematic enough. We need something to satisfy the narrative. If we do that, we can both be final girls and then get the fuck back to our regular bodies and personalities. What we need to do is . . .”

She whispered a plan in Taylor’s ear, recognising the importance of this dramatic hook - the audience didn’t have the right to know it yet, after all. Taylor slowly nodded. “

“God, yes. Sabrina, you’re a fucking genius!”

Sabrina smirked. "Almost enough to stay in this body, right?"

"Seriously? Because I was thinking-"

"Obviously not!"

Sabrina pulled on the boathouse door, only for the rusty chain to hold.

"You're fucking kidding me? What the hell!"

Taylor snarled. "Narrative tension, remember? Quick, find something to jimmy it! We need to get in there!"

Once more, Voss was drawing near, but this time they acted much more quickly. Sabrina found a thin metal pipe, and the two wedged it against the chain and gripped tightly before pulling down.

"Come on, you f-fucking chain!" Taylor spat. "Break already!"

"The tension should be enough for it to give out under sustained - there!"

It snapped, the two falling back. Voss was still forty feet away, and for once there was a feeling that they were slightly ahead of the worst possible scenario. Taylor pulled up the bear trap and advanced into the doorway, already thinking about how to pull off this next step. She found a good spot and began setting the trap: the amount of force needed to do so was unbelievable, and once more Sabrina had to help her. Lukas was still far enough away as far as the nerd could see that they still had perhaps a minute to set it. When the click came, both women breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's a good thing we had enough time for-"

THUNK!

For the briefest of moments, Taylor could have sworn she could see stunt action wires from Sabrina's shoulders leading up to the ceiling, because the nerdy girl was suddenly flung across the room and pinned to a tall shelf full of rusted and forgotten fishing implements. Her feet dangled inches above the floor, and long streams of blood began to trail down her leg to her shoe before dripping onto the ground. Taylor's mouth hung open, and everything fell into slow motion . . . literally. Her gaze rose up as if it was the camera itself, taking in the source of the injury: an enormous fishing spear had pierced right through Sabrina's sternum, pinning her to the shelf. Gallons of blood spilled from the wound, and her breath was ragged.

"I think that's more than j-just a f-flesh wound, in my medical exper-"

She expired, her head hanging and lolling for a moment, like a ragdoll after rough play. A last ragged gasp escaped her throat, and Taylor realised in that moment that her new friend was gone.

"NOOOOOOOOO!!!" she screamed. "NO NO NO NO! SABRINA NO!!!"

Tears flooded her eyes. She shook her friend, but to no avail, she was gone. Gone. And it was just her.

Her and Voss.

Slowly, having wiped her tears, the woman turned. Voss was right in the doorway, his machete out once more. He was so close to her that she could almost feel his rancid, undead breath through the mask, right upon her face.

“Fuck you!” she shouted.

He swung his weapon, and she dodged to the side. He splintered the end of the fishing spear, then swung again at Taylor. Out of horrifying necessity she gripped Sabrina’s body and swung it to the side. She was just fast enough for it to absorb the blow of the machete. As one final act of undead revenge, the blade began lodged under Sabrina’s ribs, stuck there. Voss pulled several times, and Taylor took the moment to act, gripping her own blade as well as grabbing the shattered timber of the spear and stabbing into Voss’s face with both hands.

“I’ll kill you! I’ll kill you kill you kill you!”

Lukas reeled at this, taking several steps back.

click

SNAP

Lukas made no sound but for a guttural grunt, dropping the machete entirely as he stepped onto the bear trap’s trigger plate. The trap bit through his rotten flesh, snapping bone. He made another move towards Taylor only to halt: the trap was chained loosely to a section of the wall.

“KILL YOU!” Taylor screamed, jabbing at his face again. This time, the mask came loose, and a moment of *narrative* followed. The young man-turned-babe backed away, horror upon her face as she beheld for the first time the true visage of Lukas Voss.

It was a man in a prosthetic mask.

It was a good mask. All gnarled and gross, with one deformed eye and rotting flesh and a misshapen jaw, but it was seriously just a mask at the end of the day. She was pretty sure she could spot some of the seam lines from where it had been applied over the actor’s face, in fact. Was he an actor? Or a demon playing a role? It didn’t really matter, only that the reveal wasn’t actually all that impressive.

Sadly, for Taylor *the character*, it was, because she now conveniently dropped her weapon too, backing away into another shelf as Lukas Voss.

“Oh God, it’s horrible!” she cried, losing control of her voice. “You’re - you’re a monster!”

Of course, what she was actually thinking was: what the hell is this dialogue and why can’t I be spending this time stabbing him in the fucking face for killing my friend!?

But it was too late. Lukas advanced, the undead slasher stepping past Sabrina’s body and straight towards her. Taylor got control of herself just in time, ducking one machete

stub and then pulling away from a slash. She stumbled backwards, crawling for a moment and just managing to evade yet another strike. Voss was a little slower, the trap was still affixed to his leg just as the pair of them had hoped. But it wasn't enough to stop him, and she was running out of places to be.

Taylor took one last look at Sabrina's corpse, hoping that her friend was really alive once the scene was 'cut.'

"I really hope your plan works, Sabrina," she said. "For all our sakes!"

She got to her feet and ran to the nearest boat, a dinghy that had seen much better days. She used her blade to cut the rotten rope. She quickly took a heavy toolkit from the nearest shelf and shoved it into the raft with all her strength. Then, even with Voss so near, she jumped into the raft, pushing it away from its mooring. It began to slowly exit the boathouse, floating out into swampy waters of Lake Blood. Lukas paused at the edge of the platform, staring at her, his head cocked almost as if in disappointment. The light was getting slowly brighter: dusk was so, so damn close, she just knew it.

"I can beat you," she whispered. "Come on. Come on in. I know you want to. Come on in, you fucker."

Lukas stepped forward, landing into the waters so that only his shoulders and head were visible. He advanced once more, moving faster than the raft could, the waters shallow but getting deeper. The final confrontation was set in the dark waters of the forest lake from which the fiend had first risen back from the dead.

"You better have your fucking cameras ready, Builder" Taylor said, readying herself. "Because whether I'm stuck as a girl or go back to being a guy, I'm winning this thing."

Scene 8: Final Girl

Lukas stepped further into the muck. His advance was stunted somewhat by the heavy trap around his leg, but he was still moving forward, and he had his machete in hand, waving it in the heavily misted air. Taylor's heart beat at a tremendous pace, thudding dramatically in her chest. Her clothes were ripped, her hair frayed, but somehow she knew she would still look conveniently attractive on the silver screen; what a coincidence, for example, that the rip in her clothing exposed part of her bra and some attractive cleavage, or that her legs were quite on display.

She ignored all of it. She could feel the cameras upon her form, all trained upon her, goading towards this climax. The deformed gaze of the rotting Lukas Voss was likewise fixed

on her, but she simply focused on rowing her boat further into the lake's waters from which the monstrous slasher had first risen from.

"That's right, you ugly fucker!" she shouted. "Come and get me! C'mon! Come and get me! You're too slow, aren't you!"

Lukas rasped, still silent on words, but something like a snarl appeared on his revolting features, and he began to push faster. His head was almost sunk down out of the water, and Taylor knew she had to time this carefully. It was the only way she could become a man again.

"C'mon! I'm the final girl, don't you know that!? We've got a fifty percent survival rate! Half the time we die, the other half we live. Are you going to tolerate that? You know, I've had sex before? That's right, I've had sex as a party girl, Lukas! And I enjoyed it? All you slashers look to punish that, am I wrong?"

She was lying a bit; she had experienced sex, but not as a woman, though part of her less panicked mind was a little curious on that point.

This seemed to give Lukas the last shred of hate he needed to launch forward and grip the edge of the boat. It rocked, nearly spilling her out. In a haste, she began to try and row away, putting on a performance for camera and monster alike. The fog thickened around them, heightening the dramatic moment: it was as if the boat, the swamp, and them were the only things that now existed. She let loose an appropriate squeal, drawing upon not only her acting skills but her new female manner, and kicked at him futilely. The boat continued to careen into the centre of the lake, towards its deepest point.

Lukas rose, pulling himself up into the boat and slashing out with his machete. It hit her in the leg, causing heavy bleeding. She sobbed, but managed to raise an oar and catch the next blow, twisting it so that Lukas fell forwards.

"Mother fucker!" she screamed, punching and kicking at him. She grabbed the chain from his bear trap, and at that moment he hit her, batting the young woman into the back of the boat. A rib gave way, causing her to wheeze in agony. Lukas rose, standing still in the boat, and raising his machete. His victory was at hand.

But then Taylor held up the chain, catching his attention. His gaze followed her gesture, where the chain had been wrapped around the heavy toolbox's hand and then linked to the anchor.

"Sink or swim, you rotten piece of shit!" she declared, and then Taylor launched to the side, tipping the boat over. It careened, and Lukas tried to steady it, but it only caused him to stumble and drop the machete. Taylor reached to grab it, and the movement caused both of them to splash into the water as the boat overturned. She flailed within the swamp's revolting green mass before swimming upwards. She was free, she was so nearly free.

But then a hand grasped her ankle.

Her breath caught, and then she coughed out half of her oxygen in a blind panic. Looking down, she could just make out the dread face of Lukas, still clinging on. She kicked at him, but he wouldn't let go. She was going to die. After all this, he would drag her down with him. She reached out, clinging for the dawn light that was just beginning to rise. But she didn't find a safe purchase. She did, however, find a machete. With one slice, two slices, then a dramatic third, Lukas' hand was severed at the forearm. He sank down, falling into the impossible black depths for good.

After one final look to confirm he was gone, Taylor turned her attention back up, and swam to freedom. Her first gasp of air was like being reborn.

She was a free woman.

There was something quite special about that.

Taylor made it to the bank, crawling up, her legs slick with mud, her breath heavy. She laid it on pretty thick, making sure that her wet top was positioned in all the right places to show off her bust and figure. She was no Scarlet, but she had a feeling she possessed the particular kind of attractiveness needed for the Final Girl, and for perhaps spot in the inevitable sequel.

"Finally," she said, voice shaky. "The nightmare, it's over."

She turned, looking up the bank, and began to ascend away from the swamp. She didn't need to know that, after ten to twenty seconds, there would be a dread hand rising from the watery depths. Builder was cliché enough to do it, and sure enough the watery burst echoed across the swamp, followed by:

"AAAAAAND CUT! That's a wrap, people!"

The forest was suddenly illuminated, numerous light fixtures and cameras that had been invisible or hidden by magic now perfectly visible. Gregory Builder was in his director's chair, a blue-billed cap on his white-haired head, grinning happily. The witch was beside him, looking just as proud.

"We did it, crew!" he announced. "My magnum opus! This will go down as the best horror film of all time, and it's all thanks to you!"

Some cheered. A much larger group looked distinctly unhappy.

"Does that mean I can be a woman again?" a burly man said.

"Yeah, I don't want to be stuck as a chick!" another whined, a cute Asian woman.

"I've got a wife and kids, damn it!"

The witch just giggled maliciously. "Only those who weren't killed as extras can turn back. Sorry, but that's part of the dark magic, dearies!"

There was a chorus of protestation and anger, and Carpenter was too distracted by it to even talk to her. Instead, Taylor turned her focus to Scarlet, Sabrina, and Rodney, all of whom were running towards her from the sidelines, having been freshly clothed. Sabrina got to her first.

“You did it!” she declared. “I can’t believe it wasn’t me! I’m meant to be a powerful jock.”

“You helped, Sabrina,” Scarlet said. “Unlike me. I just screamed and then died with these ridiculously big tits out.”

“I at least had a badass moment,” Rodney said. “Though yours is better.”

“We all did it, helping one another,” Taylor said. “To think, this morning we were just an embittered group of actors who could barely stand one another.”

Scarlet had to wipe some tears away, as did Sabrina.

“Darn female hormones,” the latter said. “I’m still so happy, even if, you know . . .”

The four of them were silent a moment.

“I’m so sorry,” Taylor said. “Are you really stuck like this?”

Rodney nodded. “The witch confirmed it, that horrible damn hag. I’m stuck like this, now. I would much prefer to be a woman. At least I can get leading male roles. Besides, when I get older I’ll still have lots of casting opportunities. In ten years as a woman I would have aged out.”

Scarlet also sighed, cupping her large breasts in her top. “Meanwhile, I’m still a woman at least, but I have this bimbo body for good! And that scream!”

Rodney held her hand, and she gripped it back. There was certainly a connection between the two now, Taylor considered.

“At least you’ve got a body built for some very famous roles. I’m sure you’ll land on your feet.”

“I can’t even see my own feet! But . . . you’re not wrong. I’ll just have to perform extra well to make people take this new look of mine seriously, I guess.”

That left Sabrina. She shrugged, putting a hand around Taylor. “Guess that leaves me a nerd. At least I can be smart for once, right? I’m sure that’ll help me out.”

“And you’re still a great actor, and a damn good looker,” Taylor said.

“What about you? Happy to be a man again?”

Taylor hesitated. Thankfully or not, Builder arrived behind to interrupt. Scarlet screamed, again, not having seen him creep up.

“Taylor, your performance was amazing!” he cried, leaping forward to hug her. She stopped him flat with a swift punch straight across the jaw that sent the old man sprawling.

“No violence against the director now, dearie!” the witch announced, drawing closer. Taylor rubbed her fist. She was still covered in gore and matted in sweat.

“Just wanted one punch in,” she said.

Scarlet and Sabrina cheered in the background as the director got back up, one hand raised in placation. “It’s okay, perfectly okay! Consider it a continuation of your perfect performance. I really must thank you all. With the witch’s curse and your own life-like roles, not to mention the reanimation of Lukas Voss from the pit of Hell itself, my ultimate film can finally come together. *The Final Cut* will be ready after just a few editing sessions, and all of you made it possible.”

“You’ve left us permanently changed, you asshole!” Rodney yelled.

“My bust is ridiculous!” Scarlet added.

“And I’m tiny!” Sabrina finished.

But the director’s dismissed their concerns with a gesture. Please, you were all just pontificating on how to adjust to your new lives and genders, not to mention new talents. The same is true of my wider cast and crew, and besides, it’s not a horror film without proper consequences. Once this film becomes a critical darling and you are all launched to stardom, you’ll be thanking me.”

Taylor gritted her teeth, wanting to punch the man. She didn’t dare do so while the witch was present.

“But we’re free? We don’t have to do another one?”

Builder looked to the witch, who smiled warmly and coldly, somehow both at once. “Oh course, dearies, it was just this night, unless you volunteer for another. The curse is upon you all to remain in your new selves, but for you, Taylor. Well done, you survived my darkest magic. Gregory Builder here did not even see it coming, and certainly not I. Which means you may now return to your body.”

Taylor continued to grit her teeth. “I . . . I’d rather not, actually.”

That surprised just about everyone, including Builder and the Witch all over again. Sabrina’s eyes practically bulged, as did Rodney’s. But Taylor just grinned at them, gesturing to herself.

“I mean, c’mon guys. You saw me before. Wipe off all this gore and viscera and get me cleaned up in my trailer, and I’m practically a star now, right?”

No one could really argue the point. The witch just cackled.

Taylor indeed looked like a star as she walked the red carpet. She was wearing a chic green dress that fit her lovely figure, and her hair had been expertly styled. She’d even gotten used to wearing heels, though having to talk about fashion was still something she was very much naive at.

“Taylor! Taylor, would you just pose this way? Fantastic, thank you!”

She beamed. Becoming a woman had certainly given her a great deal of confidence, and after her debut performance in *The Final Cut*, the calls were already flooding in for other roles. Evidently, people liked her tough-as-nails performance and she'd been called ‘the most memorable final girl in over a decade’ by *Empire Magazine*. Of course, Scarlet had been called the ‘most captivating Scream Queen’, too, and for good reason.

“This feels, like, very odd,” she murmured to Taylor, taking her place beside her and putting an arm around her waist. She was in a much more revealing red dress with plunging neckline to show off her ample assets; she still couldn't *not* show them off, these days, much to her embarrassment.

“Try being male before,” Taylor whispered, causing them both to giggle.

“Please, you chose to stay like this. It suits you, though.”

Another camera flash. Rodney and Sabrina were now approaching. It was the unveiling of the UK screening, and both were a little jetlagged.

“Suits you as well, Scarlet,” she said. “I know being a bombshell scream queen wasn't what you imagined for a career, but you're damn good at it.”

Scarlet blushed. “I think so too. I think . . . I might splash around in horror a little longer. It, like, pays the bills, right? Besides, everyone's already seen my assets, so what's the harm?”

She was acutely aware, as was Taylor, that her bust was now quite the internet sensation.

“There's my girl!”

Rodney came over and embraced her, kissing her on the cheek. Their agents had advised them not to be too close to emphasise their sex appeal for a few years, but they didn't care: the two were rampant lovers. The witch's magic had left Rodney's body as a very virile one, and thankfully Scarlet was up to the task. No more fucking in the woods these days, though.

“Taylor! Fancy meeting you here?”

That was Sabrina, who likewise embraced Taylor. She was wearing a cute black women's pantsuit with light jewellery. The adorable dark-skinned woman adjusted her glasses as several pictures were taken.

“It's so good to see you, Sabrina.”

“Please, it's been like a week.”

“Well, that's a long time for my best friend.”

Sabrina grinned. “You're not wrong. What do you think they'll say about this piece of shit?”

Taylor has to try hard not to cackle. While Sabrina was indeed having good roles thrown her way as well, she was still up front about her anger at being turned into a woman, even as she adjusted. It gave her the time of her life to know that despite the incredible box office numbers already happening at the domestic box office, the Rotten Tomatoes score was not kind.

“I don’t know,” Taylor replied, posing for another photo before the paparazzi and daring to stick her lovely leg out from the slit in her dress. “Maybe you should ask Mr Builder over there?”

The quartet relished the sight of Gregory Builder caught in the middle of an argument with a British film magazine representative.

“Excuse me!? It’s a great film! I don’t know what the critics are talking about! Cliche? Horror thrives on cliché! By-the-numbers? What’s wrong with numbers? I was promised - I mean, I made sure to make the best film of my career. Screw the critics! It’s a good film! It’s a good film . . .”

The old man was utterly dejected. Only fifty two percent on *Rotten Tomatoes*. Technically a fresh rating, but only barely. The performances were, of course, all incredibly acclaimed, but the script and direction were hackneyed and played out. Somewhere, they all suspected, a witch was cackling like mad.

“Serves him right,” Rodney said. “Next time he can get his gender switched and then go get fucked.”

“Next time?” Scarlet said, adjusting her top and showing off more cleavage. Even Taylor had to smirk at that; she was enjoying her new looks more than she let on. She already had a number of modelling jobs lined up as well.

“Haven’t you seen those box office numbers?” Sabrina said. “They’ll be making a whole franchise now. There’s already talks about spinoffs, prequels, remakes, reboots.”

“A reboot already?” Taylor asked.

“Ask Builder.”

Indeed, the aging director approached the quartet, something like desperation in his eyes. “Guys! My stars, my lovely stars! How are you all doing? I’m so glad I was able to rocket you to fame. I always meant for that, you know. In a way, you’ve got me to thank for all this glam, right?”

Taylor folded her arms and cocked an eyebrow. “Right?”

“So, anyway, a lot of people aren’t appreciating *The Final Cut*. I’ve got a new take on Lukas Voss and the night of blood that might just get them to understand. A true director’s cut, you might say.”

Taylor looked to the group. They all shared the same notion, she could tell, but as the final girl, it fell to her to put it into words.

“Mr Builder,” she said, fluttering her eyelashes a little.

“Yes, Taylor?” he said, hopefully.

“With the greatest of respect to one of cinema’s finest horror aficionados, I think I speak for all my fellow actors and myself when I say . . .”

She paused, wringing the dramatic attention in a way the director would be proud of.

“ . . . frankly, my dear, we don’t give a damn. Have fun with your next flick. Hope it’s better than the last one. But thanks for the careers!”

The four of them turned and continued down the red carpet, three gorgeous women and a handsome hunk, all destined for great roles in the future. Builder was left standing by himself, a little flustered.

“Maybe I still have time to make a comedy,” he said.

The End