

Hidden Secrets
By
Jonathan Brothers

"She said what to him?" Asked a young woman playfully into her cell phone. Around her was a semi-lit New York City uptown side street. One that was barely busy at the midnight hour with only the occasional car zooming through. On either side of her were tall dark brownstone townhouses, trees, and parked dormant cars. Yet despite the quiet nature of the area, the constant city din easily pervaded the scene.

"No, really? What'd Clark say when he heard his little girl say that," the woman posed. She was semi tall, of light build, and looked like she was walking home after a party. Her tight black dress and hair accentuated her beautiful curves nicely.

"That must've been quite embarrassing!"

She paused as she leaned down to adjust a strap on her shoe. Afterword she stood up and continued on down the street. The woman briefly fumbled her phone before getting a good grip.

"What, oh sorry my shoe was slipping. Where? Oh, I'm near that gym Jack took me too a couple weeks ago. Oh, you know that one that had all that fighting. MMA? Oh yea that's the one!"

As the woman continued along the sidewalk, she passed a dark space between two buildings. While she crossed before it, she thought she heard the heavy metallic clatter of something being moved deep inside. She also thought she heard some sort of soft deep grunting and huffing sounds.

Peering worriedly at the dark space, the woman hurried to get away. Up ahead she knew was a busier street where she would be safe. Quickly she ended her conversation and fumbled to put her phone inside her purse.

Just as she began moving again, there came the sound of something running barefoot up behind her. It was accompanied by a animal like snuffling. With fear pushing her on, the woman tried to run away. Yet it overcame and slammed into her.

The woman began screaming as the thing dragged her back into the alleyway. Then once she was inside the dark space, her screams abruptly stopped. Afterword, her decapitated head rolled out, across the sidewalk, and thudded against a parked

car. Deep within the alley came the wet sound of something greedily feeding.

The following morning found the crime scene blanketed by a thick downpour. The street itself was mostly blocked off by numerous police and emergency vehicles. Their lights and sirens blared off the surrounding townhouses. Many of which had residents at their windows trying to see what was going on.

Off to one side, an unmarked police car drove past one barrier to park beside a crime scene truck. Despite not having any markings, numerous hidden emergency lights blared out of the vehicle before it shut down. Inside were two homicide detectives.

From the driver's side emerged a semi tall female who looked to be in her early thirties. She wore a conservative grey pantsuit with a plain button shirt under her jacket. Her frame was rather slim with only the barest hints of feminine curves. The woman's focused face was framed by her short cut light brown hair.

The other cop getting out of the car was a tall well muscled man. He wore a pair of silver slacks coupled with a navy blue polo shirt, a NYPD crest was emblazoned on his chest. Between his frame, short cut blond hair, and stance, the man gave off the air of someone who was a fighter.

"Another one Sarah," questioned the man as he pondered the scene before him. They gazed at a large awning placed over a car parked along the street. As they approached, each glanced another awning had been erected deep within an ally. "Looks that way Sam," replied the woman as she approached a uniformed cop.

"Morning boss," the uniformed man greeted her.

"What'd we got Ed?" Sarah inquired as she pondered the scene before her.

"It's similar to the others," the officer replied escorting the two detectives towards the scene. "A woman was attacked somewhere around here," he narrated gesturing to a spot by a brownstone. "The blood splatter indicated it attacked her there."

"Were your guys able to get photos before the rain?"

"Just barely. The thing then dragged her into the alley," Ed gestured to the tent. "There it ripped off her head. It then rolled out and impacted that car," he spoke pointing to the car with the awning over it.

"Who reported it," interjected Sam.

"An early morning jogger. Finally, Doc's already in there examining the body."

"Thank Ed," Sarah responded as she went over into the ally. Sam knelt down before the car to study the head. He had pulled out his small note book and jotted a few notes.

"What'cha got doc?" Sarah greeted the dark blue coverall covered man. He was peering intently at the body's torn stomach and abdomen.

"Similar to the others Sarah," Doc answered.

"Her innards were eaten?" The cop added while she squatted to peer closer at the main portion of the body.

"Yes, plus, I've got numerous deep bites here and here," he spoke gesturing to her limbs. One of which was barely hanging on to the body. "Like the five others, the bite patterns do not look human."

"What did you find out about the others?"

Doc stood up for a moment and pondered something. "The guys in the lab are having a hard time with them. Each doesn't conform to any sort of human bite pattern. Nor do they match up any known animals. Plus, what's even stranger is that nearly all of them was done by completely different set of teeth?"

"Huh?"

"Well I know at least one person was eaten by something with jagged fanged teeth. Far more than what would be found in most animals. Yet even more puzzling, was that at least another seems to have been killed by a shark."

"A shark? None of the bodies were found in the water?"

"True."

"Each victim was within this ten block radius," Sarah gestured to her surroundings. "None of this makes any sense. Not only do they not conform to anything, but the zoo and animal handlers within the city report their wards are accounted for."

"Strange, you don't think?"

"What? You're not going about that again," sighed the detective.

"Well lizards are flushed down the drains nearly every day," suggested the coroner.

"True, but I don't think this is an alligator attack. I mean you just said the teeth marks don't conform to any known animal?"

"I know, but it could be a mutated beast," floated the educated man.

"Eh, just stick to the bodies doc," scoffed the detective patting the man on the shoulder.

"Ok," the medical examiner replied slightly dejectedly while gesturing to his assistants to help him with the body.

"What do you think Sam?" Sarah questioned as he walked up.

"It looks like something really strong had ripped the head off and chucked it out of the alley."

"Doc thinks a mutated alligator did it," she joked.

"Only he would!"

The two stood up for a moment and pondered the soggy crime scene. "So she was walking down the street," Sarah spoke while pondering the side walk. "The monster emerges out of the alley, grabs her, then drags her back in there. Then it rips into her while throwing the head out here."

"Seems like it?"

"Plus the only two things linking all the murders together were some sort of beasts involved. While the other is that they happened within this grouping of blocks. Beyond that, there seems to be no rhyme or reason behind them. No motive."

Just then Sam's cell phone began ringing. He pulled a smart phone out of his pocket and answered it. Briefly Sarah listened until she realized it was personal. Afterward he hung up.

"Mind if you solo this for a while," hopefully asked Sam.

"Why, what's up?"

"You forgot?"

"Huh?"

"Tonight's my bout against the City Brawlers," Sam explained.

"Oh yea! Sure, go and get ready."

"Thanks, you're going to be there right?"

"I wouldn't miss it," she bided the departing man. Sarah knew that Sam loved mixed martial arts fighting. She figured that he could go pro if he ever chose to leave the police. Yet

the senior detective hoped that was not for a long time. She enjoyed having him as her partner.

Later that night found Sarah among a crowd surrounding a fenced octagon ring. This was located within a large semi dark old open room. Its walls were painted bricks while the space's tall roof was held up by old green riveted iron girders. She stood in a row of bleachers with numerous other spectators all cheering on their fighter.

Within the ring, two men circled each other. One was Sam, he was clothed in a simple pair of tight black and white trunks. His muscled frame moved cautiously around the ring in a low guard stance.

The other man also had a similar physique and was a member of Brooklyn Fighters taking on Sam's Mid-Town Diablo Club. The fight between them had been relatively even. Both grappled and struck well.

Sam's opponent ducked and rushed in. He tried to pin Sarah's partner against the fence. As he did that, the man lanced out with a fist and threw a couple strikes against Sam's stomach.

Yet her friend did not wait long. With a burst of strength, Sam broke the hold and rushed his opponent. Then, with a flurry of grapples, he had his opponent down on the mat in a choke hold. The Brooklyn man could not hold out any longer and tapped out.

"Winner and still champion, Sam, the Tasmanian Devil, O'Neal," exclaimed the ring announcer. That caused everyone to cheer. Sarah watched the ring announcer come and hold Sam's arm high up. He had a pleased but feral aggressive look to his eyes showing he was still in the zone.

Sarah wanted to make her way back stage to congratulate her partner. Yet a guard kept her from coming any closer to the locker room. However, she did hear him urgently yell, "I'm still ready! I've got enough energy to go another round!"

"All in good time," soothed another man.

"But I got to now," pleaded Sam. His voice held a sort of untamed need. Yet before Sarah could hear anymore the guard

pushed her away. She shrugged and figured she would congratulate him tomorrow.

Hours later, the gym had fallen dark and quiet. Outside the old building, the city had settled down into another quiet summer evening. Striding through the spot was Neil Macney, a late night worker heading home after a long day at work. He and his newlywed wife were trying for their first child and he did not want to keep her waiting.

So focused on getting to the nearest subway entrance, Neil was not paying attention to his surroundings. Not that he cared as he was not expecting anything. The spot he crossed was typically dormant at night.

Within moments he crossed a yawning black opening between two tall brick office buildings. Within the darkness, a thick strangely clawed inhuman arm lanced out, grabbed Neil's arm, and yanked him hard. The power behind the tug was more than enough to rip his entire arm off his shoulder. Blood gushed out from the severed artery in his shoulder.

The attack was so sudden that it took Neal a moment to register he had no right arm anymore. However, before he could scream out, the monster jumped out of the alley. Yet, with the cloying darkness, not much could be seen of Neil's inhuman attacker. Just that it had a huge mouth. One that was large enough to nearly engulf the man's head. It bit down and ripped off most of his head leaving a bit of neck and jaws still attached to the body. Afterward the monster dragged its prize back inside the darkened space. Then a frenzied wet feeding sound escaped from the alley.

Sarah pondered her partner's fortune over a beer in her lonely apartment. She knew Sam had always been into MMA ever since she met him. He explained to her that he started it while working out in the precinct gym. Since then he had worked hard to build up his body for fighting. He even admitted he thought about leaving the police so he could pursue MMA fighting full time.

She remembered how he had been so pleased to be accepted to the Mid-Town Diablo Club. How it was a great stepping stone to the much bigger MMA scene. Plus, she noted that within a year of joining the club, Sam seemed like a different man. He was stronger, faster, and a bit more aggressive.

As she pondered her partner and his club, Sarah thought back to all those strange murders. She had known that Sam's gym was in the same area as all the attacks. Yet he assured her he kept his eyes open every time he was there. However, he mentioned he never saw anything strange.

On a whim, Sarah decided she wanted to take a look for herself. It was not so much that she doubted her partner as much as she wanted to see the area at night. She even hoped she might run into whatever was behind all the attacks.

With that in mind, she donned her gun and police badge. Afterward, Sarah hopped a subway heading downtown back to the area. Emerging back on the street, she peered around at the quiet neighborhood. Sarah was realistic enough to recognize she might not see anything. Yet, she still felt maybe she might catch a break.

For over an hour Sarah wandered around. The only activity she saw were the occasional car passing through the spot. Though, due to the lateness of the evening, even the amount of vehicles traveling through was rather light.

Crossing the street towards another side street, she came across a niche with a green dumpster in it. It was overflowing with trash with even more on the side. Along with that, the smell wafting from it lent a rotted food stench to the area.

Sarah instinctively wanted to move away from the rusted dumpster. Yet as she did, she heard a rustling sound coming behind the grimy box. Along with that came a thick heavy breath.

"Just my luck, a twofer tonight," ruefully commented a deep inhuman voice from behind the dumpster.

With a loud roar, something large, bestial, yet human shaped leaped over the garbage. Despite the darkness, Sarah glimpsed it was overly muscled, hunched back, nude, and had wickedly long claws and fingers. A long barbed lizard tail emerged from its rear. On top of that, she glanced its bald lumpy head. What stood out was that it had a wide fanged maw and a large single blood shot eye.

When it let out a loud challenging roar, Sarah instinctively whipped out her police issued gun. Rapidly she fired off two shots at its center mass. The bullets slammed into the inhuman thing just as it was about to strike her. The sudden injuries caused the monster to stagger back.

Whimpering, the thing peered at its wounds, glared at her, then ran away. Quickly Sarah took aim and fired a couple more shots at its back. The loud reports from her gun echoed off the surrounding buildings. Each shot slammed into the thing's back. Before long, its injuries became too much as it collapsed to the sidewalk.

Sarah hurried over to peer at what she had just killed. Yet as she got there, she noticed the monster seemed to be changing. Though it was more like reverting to a different form.

Before her disbelieving eyes, the detective witnessed the monster's oversized features begin to soften and shrink. Then before Sarah knew it, before her lay the nude body of a human man. Someone who was very physically fit.

Carefully, she kneeled and reached out to flip the body over. When she did that, she was shocked to see that he had been one of the fighters who fought in the matches Sarah witnessed earlier. If anything, he had been in the fight before Sam's which he won by knockout.

However, only moments before he had been some sort of monster trying to eat her? That realization caused Sarah to get up and cross back over to the dumpster. Carefully picking her way around, the detective discovered a heavily eaten female corpse. It looked like the man had tore out the woman's belly.

Grabbing her phone, Sarah called dispatch to report what happened. The officer in charge responded he would send officers over. Yet he also mentioned that someone else had reported another attack a few blocks from where she was. Sarah worked the scene where she shot the thing while Sam assured her that he would cover the other scene.

The victim behind the dumpster was identified as a local waitress who had gotten off work just before her death. Yet, it was the body she shot that was a mystery. He was soon discovered to be a Wall Street money manager.

The other cops were not buying her story that the man had been some kind of monster who had attacked the girl. Many

looked at Sarah with questioning eyes. Yet when the medical examiner later inspected his mouth, he found bits of un-chewed human meat. Plus, the blood around his mouth and neck turned out to be the victims.

Satisfied she was cleared from the shooting, Sarah made her way over to the other crime scene. There she found a similarly attacked man. On the other hand, this victim was heavily mauled, limbs were ripped apart, and even his head had been chewed off.

Sarah found Sam dutifully working the scene. Yet he looked like he had just come from the gym. He wore a pair of gym shorts and a shirt. Also, his hair was still slicked back from the shower he took. The only odd thing was that he was wearing a pair of dark sunglasses in the early morning light. When she offhandedly inquired, he said that his last opponent must have knocked him hard enough to make him light sensitive but he assured her he was good to go.

When she told him who she shot, Sarah briefly saw Sam looking at her a bit funny. Then he focused on the picture of the man on her phone. "Hey, isn't that Mikey," He explained peering at the photo through his sunglasses.

"Who?"

"Yea, he's one of the regulars in the gym."

"But he was a monster before I shot him?"

"Huh, can't be? He's a stand up guy?"

"Who knows, but his actions creates more questions than answers." Sarah paused to ponder something. "With these murders happening near your gym, I want to poke around there."

"Why? I don't think the gym is involved," Sam defensively responded.

"I don't know, but it seems like a likely point that should be investigated within this case."

"Then if that's the case, why don't I do it myself?"

"I'd like to tag along. Bring a fresh pair of eyes to the gym."

Sam lightly chuckled as he relented. "Alright, if you insist. The place will open in a few hours."

"Good, get changed and I'll meet you there," she ordered walking away. He stood there silently watching her leave.

A few hours later found Sarah approaching the gym. Only this time it was relatively dormant with only a simple paper sign indicating the place was alive. Coming from the opposite direction was Sam. He now wore his typical business suit. Yet he still had on those same dark sunglasses.

"Ready," she inquired.

"Sure, but I've been here countless times and I've never seen anything remotely monstrous like you described."

"I know, but this is nearly the center of where all the murders are occurring. Plus, the man I shot worked out here as well. That's too many coincidences for me not to check it out."

"Alright lead the way," Sam spoke graciously gesturing for her to lead. As she passed him, she missed his soft leering smile. Then as she surmounted the building's front steps, Sam withdrew his gun. Flipping it around, he slammed it into the back of Sarah's head. Suddenly she crumpled down to the ground unconscious.

"I wish it had never come to this," he murmured to no one. With that, he reached down, effortlessly picked her up, and slung her limp body over his shoulder. Finally he carried her the rest of the way up into the gym.

Sarah painfully awoke on what felt like a hard tiled floor. Opening her eyes revealed painfully bright overhead lights. Moving her throbbing head caused her to realize that she was laying on a locker room shower floor. On top of that, she had been stripped down to her bra and panties.

Behind a half wall full of showerheads came the sound of her partner chuckling. "Normally I don't get this hungry during the day," admitted Sam from within the room. His voice echoed about the large empty room.

"Sam, what's going on here?"

"You just had to poke your nose into my gym?"

"I was just following a lead, you know that?"

"You were always a great detective. Yet, you could not leave this place alone. You should've left me and the other fighters alone," Sam softly pleaded with her. Then he paused to ponder something, "Typically, it's only after a bout that I

truly get hungry. It's after feeding that I can calm down and go back to normal," he admitted walking into her view. She witnessed how he had discarded his clothes and wore only a pair of blue boxer-briefs. Yet, despite being indoors, he still wore those sun glasses.

"Yet more and more I've been feeling hungry during the week. It's been getting much harder to control. Then after last night's feeding, I couldn't completely revert back to normal," Sam casually gossiped.

"Huh, what do you mean last night's feeding and back to normal," Sarah urgently asked while fidgeting on the floor. "Why am I here on the floor nude? Please Sam, please let me go!"

"No, sorry I can't Sarah. I'm truly sorry for this," Sam carefully responded as he kneeled before her. "The reason is because seeing you like that makes things much easier."

"Easier?"

"Like I said, I'm still hungry." With that, Sam reached up and removed his sun glasses. Her partner uncovered something that stunned her.

Sarah remembered Sam's bright green eyes. She always thought they were one of his best features. Yet he now revealed that he had no eyes anymore. Despite that, he was looking straight at her. Where his eyes had been was flat skin with barely a hint of eye sockets.

"Sam, what's happened to you!"

"I'm getting stronger and faster! Soon I'll be good enough to fight at the top level and win."

"But, but you don't have any eyes anymore?"

"I guess that's the price I had to pay to become the best."

"You're becoming a monster just so you can become a better MMA fighter? I mean, you've been eating people?"

"Well, not all of them, but a few. You would not believe how tasty humans are," Sam casually admitted. Sarah noticed a bit of drool escaping his still human mouth. He reached a hand up to wipe it away. "Just looking at you is making me hungry."

When Sam said that, Sarah fearfully noted that his voice had taken on a deep inhuman quality to it. Along with that she realized his body was beginning to pop and crack. While also he let out a pleased groan.

Before her horrified eyes, Sarah watched her partner begin to transform into a monster. Numerous things happened to his head all at once. His short hair was pulled back into his skin while his skull began to flatten. Before long his brow ridge, empty eye sockets, and even nose was subsumed into his flattening head. Along with that, his jaws pushed outward while his teeth reformed into shark fangs. Within his enlarging maw, Sam's tongue began to grow longer and a bit thicker, almost like a tentacle. At its end, Sarah watched it become a bit bulbous. Then abruptly that spot split open revealing a strange inhuman bloodshot eye. The eye tipped tongue slipped out of his maw and briefly peered about before focusing on her. Before long, his entire head consisted of nothing but a huge bestial maw.

Yet his head was not the only thing to change about him. Throughout his body, extra muscle began growing in. He rapidly gained a large amount of mass followed by a slight hunched back appearance. Along with that his legs and arms began to grow a bit longer. Their ends looked stretched out in comparison to normal human limbs. On top of that, his feet and hands started popping. Fingers and toes either merged together or were withdrawn. The remaining few pushed out into three long dark clawed fingers in a tripod like arrangement, while his legs were remade into bird-like lower limbs.

Finally other demonic elements began sprouting throughout his changing body. A long tapered tail lazily emerged from his rear end. At first it seemed like a simple tail with only vertebra bumps along its topside. Yet its distal end flattened out and ripped open to form another fanged maw. Within the palms of his reformed hands formed small strange mouths. Each had its own tongue lapping out to taste the air. Then as a finishing touch, pairs of spikes pushed out of his shoulders and down along his spine.

"Much better," groaned Sam in a deep inhuman monstrous voice. He stretched out his limbs like someone would after waking up. "I've always liked this better than my old body. It's much more stronger and faster," he casually commented. The eye at the end of his tongue blinked a couple times while he contemplated Sarah.

"How did this happen to you," accused Sarah. His transformation had deeply unnerved the police detective causing

her to back against the wall. She remembered the monster had been her partner not that long ago.

"It would take too long to explain. Especially as you look so tasty! Yet, it was working out in this club that had changed me for the better!" Sam gloated to her as he took a few odd steps forward, his elongated arms stretched out wide to block her escape. His strange bird like feet clacked against the tiled floor.

"Please, please, don't Sam," she pleaded.

The monster that was Sam paused for a moment. The tongue eye appraised Sarah for a moment. His hand maws licked their lips in anticipation.

"You don't want to do this. We've been friends for a long time, please don't!"

"I'm sorry Sarah, but master ordered me and I'm not sure I can hold back my hunger any longer," Sam added in his deep inhuman voice.

At first Sarah was overcome by fear. Realizing she could not reason with him, she forced herself to overcome the horror of the dire situation. Quickly, she guessed that he would lunge at her. That if she didn't move in the right direction, he would kill her.

Sam slowly stalked forward. He was trying to anticipate her movements. Then abruptly he lunged forward and darted his hands at her head.

Sarah saw her chance, ducked down below where he was aiming, and then scrambled between his legs. Briefly, she had a hard time getting a purchase on the tiled floor. During that moment, Sam tried to dart his fanged tail down at her. Yet she rolled and hurried to her bare feet.

With a burst of adrenaline, Sarah rushed through the cavernous empty locker room. The space looked like it could have handle hundreds of men despite the low amounts of members. Behind her, she could hear Sam dashing after her. By the clicking sounds, it sounded like he was on all fours.

"Sarah, don't make this more painful than it needs to be!"

She wished at that moment she had her gun with her. Yet, the detective had no idea where her clothes or weapon were. Sarah figured her best bet to survive, beside finding her gun, was to get out of there.

At one point, Sam was within spitting distance of Sarah. However, she took a hard turn into a long passage behind a set of metal lockers. The monster took the turn too fast and his sizable mass smashed a group of lockers over. Scrambling to his feet, he dashed after her like an animal. His eye tongue, stuck out of his main mouth, was aimed at Sarah.

Running as fast as she could, Sarah glimpsed a large metal door at the far end. It had one of those push bar handles which she slammed into opening the door. Suddenly, that revealed the gym proper beyond the locker room.

With the still early hour, Sarah glimpsed the sun shining through the skylights high above. Because of the time, the giant place was devoid of people. Briefly she peered about for the main exit.

Glimpsing the empty octagon MMA ring, Sarah soon found the stairs descending down to the front entrance. Hurriedly she darted around some bleachers and into a weight lifting section. Behind her she could hear Sam heavily slamming into things as he ham-handedly chased after her like an animal. Finally, Sarah raced towards the gym's main entrance.

However, before she could descend down and out, a man casually walked in front of her. He placed himself in such a way to block her escape. "You got to help me," she urgently called out.

"Do I," the man lazily replied. Sarah abruptly grasped he was the gym's owner, a man by the name of Zeek Condor. He held a hand up, "Sam hold up."

Behind Sarah, she could hear the monster skidding to a halt and huffing a bit. "But I'm hungry," the monster protested.

"I know and there will be time for that. Yet she got away from you," Zeek calmly explained to the monstrous Sam. He snapped his fingers causing a few more men to approach Sarah. Each was dressed in workout clothes. "Restrain her please."

With Sam blocking her from behind, the two summoned men rushed forward and tackled her to the ground. Then they painfully grabbed her arms and legs. Their strength easily overcame her.

Satisfied she was not going anywhere, Zeek crossed the distance to appraise Sarah's nude beauty. "I'm glad I got a look at her before you ate her Sam. She is far more beautiful than I thought."

"Yes master." Sam started grunting but stopped. "Master, I cannot transform back?"

"I know, you've been under the drug more than enough that you cannot go back."

That caused Sam to whine.

"Don't worry my acolyte. You'll grow to forget who you were soon enough," absentmindedly cooed Zeek while still gazing at Sarah.

"But I still wanted to look human! I can't compete like this!"

"Not anymore, now stop bothering me while I'm appreciating our guest."

"Yes master," Sam sulked backing away.

Briefly Zeek pondered the struggling Sarah. Then he remembered where they were and saw the entrance down below. With a silent gesture, he instructed the men to follow him.

The group picked up and carried Sarah through the gym then down into what she assumed was the basement. The space appeared like it had once been part of the main gym. Yet, now it was now used for storage.

They worked their way back towards a door that Zeek unlocked. Flipping on a switch, he revealed a rather empty room. Yet in the center, her eyes laid upon a solid looking table. Its surface were numerous candles and strange objects. The pair bound her wrists using rope, then suspended her from the ceiling. Next they tied her feet together. After that they removed what little clothing she still had on, her bra and panties.

Satisfied she was not going anywhere, the two backed away. Sam stood near the room's only door blocking the exit. Zeek slowly crossed the distance to appraise the bound nude woman.

"Please Sam, please help me. I know you're a good man at heart. Don't let them," pleaded Sarah before Zeek shoved a rag in her mouth he had in his pocket. Then he wound a cord around it to keep her from spitting it back out.

Sam watched Zeek inspect Sarah's exposed body. At first his single eye focused on the pair. He shuffled his feet and wrung his hands aimlessly. Though every so often he would dart a glance at the others and the space surrounding him.

"You two can transform now," Zeek prompted the two men who had tied her up. Both grinned as popping sounds could be heard coming from their bodies.

Sarah saw that the man on the right began to grow much more brutish. More muscle grew in while his hands and feet became thicker and his body taller. His jaws became distended and a bit wider. The man's eyes withdrew into his head only to be replaced by a single much larger Cyclops eye. Before long, that man looked like he was a ten foot tall giant Cyclops with a slobbering razor fanged mouth.

The other man to the left began transforming into a much stranger form. Another pair of arms burst out from below his first pair, then all four hands grew longer with sharp talons. His knees snapped and angled opposite to what they were before. Even his feet reformed into two more hands. A long sinuous tail erupted out of his rear which soon terminated in a long boney spike. His head reshaped and smoothed until the man lost both his mouth and nose. Yet four more eyes grew in, two above and below his originals. Then finally along his belly ripped open a large spike fanged maw. Its large thick tongue lolled out dripping drool all over the floor.

Both transformed men briefly stretched their reformed bodies before taking up positions behind Zeek. Their eyes betrayed their eagerness to get at Sarah. Behind them, Sam glanced uneasily at the two transformed men. Sarah peered past Zeek at Sam, her eyes pleaded with him.

Zeek pulled off his shirt exposing his toned chest underneath. After that he casually approached the bound woman and ran a finger across her bare breasts. Then he leaned in to let his tongue lightly play across a nipple. Sarah horrifically noticed that his tongue was longer and more flexible than a normal human tongue.

"You taste wonderful my dear," cooed Zeek. He glanced lecherous gazed into her horrified eyes. Then he let them wander down to her groin. There he reached out to touch Sarah. She lurched back as much as her bindings would allow.

"I think I'll have a bit of fun first!"

Sarah looked down and saw something that caused her to struggle even harder. The crotch of the man's pants started squirming. It looked like two things were struggling to get out of his confining clothes. Then with a relieved gasp, Zeek

reached down and unzipped his pants and pulled down his underwear.

When she saw what was down there, Sarah screamed into her gag. For where Zeek's male equipment should be were two eager brown and yellow snakes. Their diamond shaped heads hissed and tasted the air.

Zeek moved close enough to allow his two snakes to get to Sarah. They eagerly pushed themselves in between her legs. Each was trying to get inside her however it could. All the while Zeek groaned with pleasure.

Behind them Sam restlessly moved around. He saw what Zeek was doing and the horrified look on his partner's face. Quietly he mumbled something. It sounded like he said no.

Abruptly Sam leapt from where he stood, slammed between the two changed men, and swatted Zeek away from his partner.

"Leave her alone!" He screamed while swinging out an inhuman arm batting Zeek away and snapped the ropes holding Sarah from the ceiling. She crumpled to the ground in a heap.

The two other monsters did not stand still, "What're you doing?" The Cyclops brute growled at Sam. The other looked like he wanted to say something but couldn't.

"Stop him," screamed Zeek from the ground. Sudden pops and groans could be heard coming from his body as he tried to get up. Painfully Zeek staggered out of the room.

Sam squared off with the two monsters. The Cyclops easily was the bigger of the three and tried to use his size to stop Sam. He rushed straight at the once detective and slammed into him. Sam was flung away and impacted against a wall. The Cyclops then followed that up with a swinging round house punch.

Yet Sam ducked at the last moment causing the other monster's heavy handed punch to slam into the wall denting it. He then followed up with a punch to the Cyclops' stomach. With a lunge, Sam dove his large maw into the other's arm, bit down, and ripped off a large chunk of flesh. He then spit the bit out and angled his body to do more damage.

The other monster did not stand still during the fight. He quietly crept up towards the two battling monsters. Carefully he took aim, then tried to spear Sam with his long tail spike. Yet he timed it wrong as the Cyclops slammed Sam into the wall. The two were fighting so furious against the wall that the four armed monster could not get at Sam.

Then when Sam adjusted himself to take advantage of the damage he did to the Cyclops, he exposed himself to the other monster. The four armed thing slammed into Sam. He dug all his claws into Sam's sides while trying to angle his tail spike to spear the once Detective.

Meanwhile Sarah began regaining consciousness. She comprehended that Sam had saved her by yanking her off the ceiling. Now that her binding were snapped, it was rather easy for her to free her hands. Then, she quickly reached down to undo the ropes binding her feet.

Crouching on the floor, Sarah took stock of her situation. She was nude, without a weapon, and in a room full of monsters. Then she noticed two things. One was that the three inhuman monsters were furiously fighting off in the corner. The other was that Zeek was nowhere to be found.

Sarah had no idea where Zeek had gone, but she did not want to stick around to see who would win the fight. Realizing that she could not help her partner, she darted for the room's only exit. Her bare feet slapped against the concrete floor.

She ran into the large old exercise room and briefly took stock of her surroundings. Then she glanced the stairs leading up to the main floor and rushed towards them. Sarah raced up to the next landing and abruptly realized she was nude and standing before the main entrance.

On the one hand, Sarah could dart out through that exit and get help. Yet on the other, the detective glanced the second set of steps leading up to the main floor. Her training urged her to do something. The latter caused Sarah to peer about the landing and glanced a closed ticket office.

She rushed over and flung open the door. Inside, Sarah found a small room that contained a desk, numerous cabinets, and a single locker. Rushing over, she yanked open the small metal door and found a gym bag. Nearly ripping it open, Sarah uncovered a set of gym clothes. Grabbing the garments, she hurriedly donned them.

Next, she rushed over to the desk and began yanking open its drawers looking for a weapon. After a moment, she uncovered a forty-five caliber automatic pistol in a bottom drawer. Popping out the thing's slide, she saw it had a nearly full clip. Slamming it back in and racking it back, Sarah finally felt ready to do something.

Creeping back over to the office door, Sarah peered around the door frame. Outside the room she glanced that the upper area was rather quiet. Only the sounds of the monsters fighting down below could be heard. Listening to the relatively silent main space, Sarah soon picked up the noise of someone uncomfortably grunting up on the main floor.

Raising the gun, Sarah lightly stepped out and took one step at a time. When her head rose above the top stair, she paused to cautiously peer about. Before her, under the morning sunlight, was the empty main floor.

To her right was the gym's workout floor. The myriad of equipment stood ready to be used. Yet to her left was a set of small bleachers.

The grunting sound appeared to be coming from the left out of her eyesight.

Quietly, Sarah surmounted the last step and pulled up against a small blocking wall beside the main stairwell. Cautiously, she peeked around the corner to witness someone in the middle of the ring on his knees. Glancing at the man caused her to realize it was Zeek. He appeared to be in a fair amount of pain and was holding his head.

Abruptly, Sarah witnessed Zeek start to change. His human groaning took on a decidedly deep inhuman quality. All sorts of strange sounds came from his body.

She watched Zeek grow larger. What clothes he wore were shredded as he expanded. It seemed like he had added at least a foot and a half in length. Along with that, his already toned body became far more muscled and sleek. Abruptly he removed his hands from his head as a pair of curved ram like horns burst from his temples. Plus, just below his arms in a spray of blood, a second pair of muscled arms grew out. He immediately used them to push himself up to kneel while he transformed.

Out of Zeek's back grew an expanding set of bat-like dark skinned wings. Their tips were augmented by small horns. Along with the wings came a long flexible tail tipped with a set of jagged horns. Finally his feet grew large sharp talons.

Upon finishing, Zeek's inhuman groaning subsided. He stayed on his knees for a moment to collect himself and calm down. Then he began to lightly chuckle.

"I know you're there," Zeek amusedly called out with his new demonic voice. "I can sense your presence trying to hide from me!"

Before she knew it, Zeek pushed himself up off the ring floor. He took a moment to pull his wings against his body and pondered his four clawed hands. Lazily he turned around, tail dragging on the mat, to gaze where Sarah hid.

Prior to ducking back behind the wall, Sarah glimpsed that Zeek's face had not changed too much. Yet now saw that his grinning mouth was now full of fangs and there was a third blood red eye in the center of his forehead. In his crotch were still the two large squirming snakes, each dripping with poison.

"I'm not sure what you did to my minion, but he will be dealt with later. For now I feel like playing with you," casually spoke Zeek. She heard a sudden sound followed by a heavy thump near her. Abruptly Zeek was close enough that his fetid breath wafted over her.

Sarah instinctively fire two shots before backing away. Yet without taking aim, her bullets missed their target. With inhuman speed, Zeek swatted the gun out of Sarah's grip. It clattered across the floor and fell down the front stairs.

Briefly she tried to run away, yet Zeek darted out two large hands and grabbed her. Shifting her among his four arms, Sarah unwillingly faced the demon before her. His hot breath wafted over her while he chuckled over how easy it was for him to catch her.

"This is only a minor disruption to my plans," he casually admitted. His three eyed leering gaze appraised her. "My gym clothes look good on you. I've always had something for athletic girls. Seeing their sweaty bodies," lightly gossiped Zeek. His two snakes shuddered from the pleasing thought.

Zeek shifted Sarah around so that he was holding her like a rag doll with two of his arms. His strength felt like steel as she tried to struggle out of his grip. Yet he just held on tighter causing her to scream in pain.

First he walked over to the side of the room and selected a few ropes with his unused arms. Then he carried her back to the octagon ring. There he spread her arms wide. Using his other free arms, he tied her limbs spread eagle to the chain link fence surrounding the ring. She was again helplessly tied up.

"You'll never get away with this," she lamely called out.

"Oh, that's rich!" Retorted as the demon briefly stepped back to appraise his work. Then he came closer and used a sharp claw to carefully cut away the clothes she just put on.

"I think it's time to resume what I started before," languidly sighed Zeek.

Abruptly three loud gun shots rang out from behind them. Each caused Zeek to lurch forward. One heavy bullet even tore through one of the transformed thing's shoulders.

"What the hell," he screamed out in pain and turned around. That allowed Sarah to see who had shot Zeek. The shooter was a heavily beaten and bleeding Sam. Somehow, he had defeated the other two monsters, climbed his way out of the basement, grabbed the gun, and was now holding it in his inhuman grip.

"How dare you attack me you little ungrateful thing! Especially with all the power I gave you," angrily spat Zeek advancing towards Sam.

"All you did was turn me into a monster," gasped Sam as he took aim. He used his eye tongue to sight the gun. With his back to her, Sarah could see Zeek's body slowly healing his wounds.

"Monster, no, I helped you become better, faster, and stronger," nearly screamed the demon. He started spreading out his wings to leap towards the injured monster.

"Goodbye," was all Sam said before firing the gun once more. His aim was true and it blasted through Zeek's head. The heavy bullet tore through the demon's skull and raced out the back with a spray of blood and gore. Zeek crumpled to the floor dead. His body began to revert back to its human shape.

Briefly Sam appraised his work. Then satisfied he had killed Zeek, he dropped the weapon and painfully crossed the distance to the bound Sarah. There he appraised his partner.

"Sam?"

"Yes, I'm back. I am so sorry for what I did," he sincerely apologized with his inhuman voice. He reached a hand up to undue her bindings. "I never meant for this to happen. All I ever wanted was to become a great fighter."

Once free of her bindings again, she fell to the ground to catch her breath. After a moment, she pushed herself up off the floor and crossed over to Zeek's body. "But how did this all start?" She questioned while inspecting Sam's handiwork.

"I, I had wanted to work my way into Zeek's fighting squad. He offered me a way that included taking what I thought were supplements. I did get a lot better and soon was winning my matches. Not just winning, but dominating," regretfully disclosed Sam in his inhuman voice. So focused on Zeek's body, she did not notice Sam moving away.

"Then came the urges. At first I could control them. Then Zeek urged us to let go. Before long, after every bout I dominated, I had to feed. During then I killed a few people," Zeek admitted with remorse. "I could not control it and let myself slaughter those people."

"Don't worry Zeek, we'll figure out how to reverse what Zeek did to you," responded Sarah looking up from Zeek's now fully human body. She grasped that Sam had gone back and picked up the gun he dropped.

"I can't live like this and with what I've done. You were a great partner and an older sister to me. I am truly sorry that I tried to eat you back there," Sam softly apologized turning to face Sarah. He brought the gun up to his strange head.

She abruptly realized what he was about to do and bolted upright, "Sam no!"

"Good bye," he softly spoke pulling the trigger. The bullet tore through his brain and blasted apart his monstrous head. Sam's body crumpled to the floor and slowly reverted back to human form.

Sarah raced over and fell to her knees before her dead partner. She could not believe how such a good man had been mixed up in such a grotesque affair. As she pondered her partner, Sarah realized she could hear sirens off in the distance. The detective in her recognized someone must have heard the gun shots.

Abruptly she recognized her nudity and hurried back down to Zeek's office. While she did not find any more clothes, she did find a blanket that she could wrap around herself. Afterword she realized she could not tell her boss what truly happened. She would be locked away in a mental institution for that. So instead she spun a tale involving rape, murder, and a drug ring. Along the way, Sarah mentioned that Sam had been so remorseful over his part in the ring that he committed suicide over being prosecuted.

Yet strangely later on, before the coroner could examine Zeek's body, it disappeared. A few witnesses thought they saw him walk out of the building one night, the side of his head that had been blown apart now looked normal but hairless. One person even swore he thought he saw Zeek grinning while he left!