# Poster: Dorm Room

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The Costume Box
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*Chapter 1*

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Derek groaned and leaned back, rubbing at his eyes. He had to have been studying for this Chemistry final for at least six hours!

“I’m gonna fail” he muttered to himself as he looked at the clock. One more hour and he would take a break. “If I don’t die of boredom first.” His head felt as if it was about to burst with all the information he had stuffed in there. Desperate to look anywhere other than his textbook and his notes, he looked around the dorm room.

His gaze moved from his overfull hamper to his roommate’s unmade bed, coming to rest on the only poster Tyler had on his side of the room: a bikini-clad model leaning seductively over a silver sports car. He had never really looked at it before, but somehow, his tired eyes wanted nothing more than to stare at the poster, from the curves of the car to the curves of the model.

“Nice car.” He could not tell if he was thinking or speaking out loud. Either way, the sentiment rang true. It was a nice car. He was not even sure what exactly made it nice. It just was.

Derek yawned and blinked, rubbing at his eyes again. He needed to get back to studying, but as he gave the poster one last glance, he noticed something amiss. Where was the model? Had there even been a model? He could not remember for sure. After all, the poster right there in front of

his eyes had only a car in it, but the car was slightly off-center, as if something or someone was missing from the image. Was he just imagining things? Had he been studying for so long that he had actually gone crazy? He got up, groaning softly as his legs protested the movement after so long being stationary.

He shuffled over to the poster. Was it just a trick of the light? No, the model was actually gone. Some sort of optical illusion. No, no matter how he moved, she remained gone. He reached out to touch the poster. The room suddenly spun violently, a veritable rainbow of iridescent lights swirling around him, almost wrapping around him even.

“What the?” Derek felt his shirt and sweatpants get pulled off him, leaving him in nothing but his grey and navy striped boxer briefs. He blinked as he suddenly found himself in the sun. “Where am I?” He looked around at a racetrack. “What the?” he repeated as he saw the silver sports car in front of him. He felt himself rise up onto his tiptoes as a pair of high heeled shoes appeared on his feet. Derek had never worn high heels before. He immediately wobbled and fell forward, his hands landing on the hood of the car to steady himself. He tried to stand back up, but his hands and forearms seemed to be glued to the hood of the car. He felt something squeeze his butt and he looked over his shoulder to see his underwear morphing into a light bikini bottom. He gasped as he saw that his legs were now perfectly tanned and hairless, not that he had had that much hair before.

“Help!” He yelled, feeling panic grip his chest. A second later, he realized that it was not panic, but the strings of a

bikini top. He knew what was happening, as unbelievable as it was, but was powerless to stop it as the magic or whatever that had pulled him into the poster turned him into the exact duplicate of the model. He felt his body stiffen into the pose, but it felt right to be in that pose. It was the most wonderful thing in the world to be on the hood of this car, posing in his bikini and high heels. Whatever had been holding him to the hood released, but Derek did not care. He wanted to keep posing here, he needed to keep posing here.

A short while later, Derek became aware that he could see out into the dorm room. He could not move or did not want to, he could not be sure of which, but he watched as Tyler came into the room, wearing nothing but a towel. He smiled and walked over to the poster, leaning in to kiss Derek's lips. Somehow, Derek could feel it, his disgust at being kissed by his best friend covered by waves of ecstasy. This was what he was meant for, to be ogled by Tyler. He did not even care all that much as the towel fell away and Tyler began to do what Derek had done countless times when he was alone in the room. Derek tried to move, tried to fight, but it just felt so good, so right to be posing on the car. He would just have to deal with Tyler's lustful attention. Maybe he would kiss him again afterwards.