

A Latex Slut Transforming from Man to Futa Goddess

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One hell of a long fucking week... And what guy in the city wouldn't need to blow off some steam at the end of it all? Alex strutted into the club in a mesh shirt that left little to the imagination, a pair of tight latex pants and little else than a smirk on his lips, eyes half-lidded as if he had been there so often that he didn't need to see where he was going. The crowd of people parted like a wave before him, pounding music throbbing through him, a deep bass that had him growling softly in the back of his throat, wanting the moment to go on and on, forevermore.

His blonde hair was spiked up, though it would not last for long, not with that knowing little smirk on his lips, swinging his hips in a far more feminine manner than he would have embodied in his day job. Yet that was not what Alex was there for at all, not as he let the crowd form again around him, everyone knowing without knowing what was going on with him, what more there was for him to say and to do there.

He always chose a different club, every time he wanted to stir things up a little, never hitting the same spot twice. It made for a good game, for him at least, as he rocked back on his small heels, though the latex boots would not be needed for very much longer. Truthfully, not even Alex's appearance as he strutted into the club, every one like a second home to him with how familiar he was with the surroundings of each and every one, for it was all about to change.

The pound of the music did not faze him, the floor vibrating faintly under his feet. The smirk on his lips did not fade, not even as an overly eager shoulder bumped his, for he was where he wanted to be, where he needed to be. There was nowhere else that he would have wanted to lust, after all, as he took his rightful position right there in the very centre of the club.

No one after that night would quite remember what had gone down there, though they would remember that it was a fantastic night, a night to remember. Which would be rather ironic, considering that they could not remember it at all, only vague impressions, as if they were striving to recall a dream. But he would remember, whatever form he was in, a shapeshifter presented in their finest moment, arms flung wide, accepting all that they were to become.

The changes rippled over him, familiar at first then swifter, his skin prickling and tingling, almost as if he was watching one of those funky new ASMR videos on HeyTube that were supposed to make the viewer feel all tingly and stuff. He didn't really buy into all of that, not really, but he liked the idea of making others feel like that, to have an effect on them from the smallest, simplest of things.

"What's he doing?"

Oh, they would have the answer to their question soon enough, onlooker enraptured by him as his latex trousers slicked down into his skin, forming a part of him. It was only a good starting point for his transformation and not something that he had to wear the shift his shape, but he loved it anyway, feeling the latex fuse with him, spreading up and over his hips, racing up his

chest. His mesh shirt remained in place – but not for long, not with so many curious eyes on him.

“Oh, yes...”

Alex moaned, his head rolling back, not looking at anything, his back arched. His hands rose passionately to his chest, moaning aloud, not caring who saw him. The more people that saw him the better, as far as he was concerned: he had never been shy of either his body or his abilities, never wanting to hide anything away, not even the once. People said that he should if he allowed him to remember, but they didn't like how it made them feel. But why should that ever be something to stop him?

Latex rippled over his body, across his chest, something rising there, bulging out the front of his mesh shirt, the gaps strained over latex flesh. Out further and further, two orbs grew, luscious mounds of flesh that ached for attention, oh so very sensitive under his palms and tipped with tingling nipples. He shuddered, taking on a form that was familiar to him, lips thickening and becoming more rubbery under the influence of the latex, everything that it promised to him when he barely even knew or understood what he was doing there.

It spread, sinking into his arms, his fingers turning black and shiny, though the nails that rose there were claw-like, even if they were not claws. No, they were too soft, too rubbery, for that, flexing and curling them with a little giggle of joy that was his and his alone. Alex spun, catching sight of shocked faces, aroused faces, faces that didn't know what to do with the bodies that they were attached to. They were all just faces to him, even as his breasts swelled luxuriously into his hands.

It could have been said to be almost pornographic how he changed before their very eyes, moaning, whimpering, letting them all take in the show. His backside rounded out, becoming thicker, more plush, even if there was still a firm layer of muscle beneath that he wouldn't have wanted to at all pretend was not there. He enjoyed it too much to hide away, licking his lips, even as his face changed too.

His eyes... Oh, they were no longer his eyes, but the eyes of a fantasy. Shimmering in blue, larger, rounder, like something that make have been found on the face of a fantasy sex doll. He laughed and turned, his body adjusting, something pushing and pulling between his legs, though Alex knew well enough what it was, even if those around him did not. They did not need to, not as his body, his round, heaving breasts, were bared to the world. His shaft showed through, gleaming in a slick coat of latex, though it did not remain where it was but hardened and swelled, larger and longer, past a foot in length.

Oh, that was all he needed, all he craved, panting, though Alex didn't feel as if he was entirely male anymore, not as he spread his legs, his balls swelling, hanging a little lower even as they grew. They swelled, yes, matching the lust of his latex form, but there was something else behind his balls, a tickle and a push, a female sex forming between his legs.

He let his head fall back, lips parted, eyes on him, camera flashes striking the air, lighting up his body. But the pussy that formed in soft, latex folds between his legs was not to be denied even as he did a full spin on the spot for them, letting everyone get every angle of him, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. His mesh shirt ripped across the front, at long last, leaving it dangling from his shoulders, but the latex trousers, well, they had long ago formed

to his body, becoming a part of him. It was handy, sometimes, to start a transformation like that with something to focus on, though latex would always be a love of their, their buttocks round and full, muscled and promising far more with a jiggle of latex flesh.

No... In that moment, in that transformation, he had become a *she*.

At least, as far as Alex was concerned, for it was not as if she was losing her cock, but embodying both male and female attributes equally, something that was not seen naturally in human beings. Yet she was so much more than merely human, changing to suit the whims of herself, her body, grinning as she bent over at the waist, her own cock grinding up between her breasts. With her pussy on show, it was only natural that wolf whistles filled the air, carrying her on and forward, buttocks swaying lightly from one side to the other.

“Come on then...” She moaned, letting everyone see her in all her glory, her cock swollen, huge, so lengthy that it was impossible to miss squashed between her tits. “Come and get me, boys and girls...”

Of course, it was an adults only club, but everyone there was lesser than her in some way, the latex sex goddess controlling them. Her face may have been featureless, her lips plump and full, but there was a smile there, not showing that she could see everyone around her with the latex third eyelid dropping over. Her breasts by far surpassed all natural sizes, but she didn't care about what was real and what was not, only for what made she feel good.

It only took one more turn and swing of her hips, pumping her cock with both hands, for the crowd to envelop her, hands touching, groping, squeezing and pinching. It all translated to pure swathes of undulating pleasure to her, one swathe coming after the other, moaning and whimpering, begging them to touch her. As if they had any option about that in the first place.

She cried out, arching her back, a man on his knees, grasping her cock – two men, in fact, on either side of her dick. They caressed and teased and rubbed the entire length of her four foot long member, kissing the tip even as thick cum slopped down. There seemed to be more men than women at the club that night, though that was not something that Alex minded in the slightest, loving everyone the same when it came to lust in the bedroom...or out of it, so to speak.

Yet it was the thickly set, muscled man who came up behind her that caught her attention the most, bending over at the waist to roll her hips back with passionate savagery.

“Yes, baby,” she crooned. “That's it... You want something from your latex goddess of the night?”

That's what she was, the role she had taken on for herself, embodying it whole-heartedly, moaning, crying out, every touch bringing a fresh deluge of pleasure. Her latex skin was far more sensitive than any human skin ever could have been, though he had his cock out and against the bare, gleaming folds of her slick pussy in a single moment. They knew what the other wanted and she cast him a sensational glance back, a look that would have gotten any man to fuck her. Yet his mind was already made up on just where his cock would fit for that evening's dalliance.

He pushed into her, filling her cunt, the latex whore grinding back with a heady grunt in the back of her throat. He wasn't as large as she could take, but her latex pussy clenched around him as if he was the biggest cock in the world, melding to the shape of him, allowing him deep with succulent tightness enclosing him. The man grunted, but he was merely a pawn in the high Alex needed from him, taking all that she needed and giving it all back ten times over to every man, woman and all who was there that night.

It was all about the give and the take, after all, the thrust and the grind of so many hot, sweaty, latex covered bodies coming together in passion. They'd all remember the wonderful night that they'd had with Alex, the impression of lust, but they would not recall the details, leaving her free to go on, to transform, to take what she needed from club after club, feeding her passion. Her lust had to be fulfilled, after all, even as the man thrust into her cunt as if it was the last fuck he would ever get, on the edge of such delight, howling, whimpering, even mumbling through incredible pleasure.

She knew it too, her tits bare, men grinding over them, though she'd see, by the end of the night, if she could plunge such a huge cock into a willing cock-sleeve of a woman too. That would take a touch more magic, however, and a lot more stretching, the man hammering into her pussy while pleasure ached deliciously along the full length of her breeding spire. The massive pole of her dick throbbed delectably, wanting them, their hands, their lips, their pleasure, aching for release.

And it was coming too, with every pump and every pulse of that cock inside her, driving deep, her glutes clenching. Lust overcame her and she cried out around another cock ramming into her mouth, orgasm taking her. Dimly, Alex was aware of a thick load of cum pouring into her pussy, slickening her folds further, though the churn of her balls spending her load over the hungry sluts before her, mouths open for her pearly load. Cum splattered them, streaming down faces, over heads, her hyper balls so heavy and swinging that to ignore them would have been a travesty indeed.

But they were there, all around her, some of the crowd swapping out for others, clean others, though they all wanted to get messy with her cream and her seed. Her passion spilt forth as she slurped and moaned like a whore around the cock in her mouth, suckling, her lips pursed, forming the tightest, slickest suction that she could possibly hold in mind. It was all for her, her need tingling, flickering, pulsing, desire tickling her hide in the very best of ways.

"Yeah... Fuck... What a mouth..."

It was amazing how her influence led them to take her so rampantly, as if there was nothing else at all there that could ever have stopped them from enjoying her body. She moaned and groaned and arched her back, somehow ending up down on the ground on her back with someone grinding between her tits and someone else pounding her pussy. They held onto her cock as they tried to heft her legs up too, exposing her fully, but they found a position that worked for them all the same, even if it was not as deep as it could have been.

That was all right. Lust didn't have to be perfect. It simply had to be what it was, all in drooling moans, splattered cum, messy sex, the slop of sexual fluids coming together in a delectable cocktail as her pussy was pounded. She ached for it, lifting her legs, balls squeezed back around the base of her cock on either side, but she took it all like the professional whore she was, lusting and loving.

Her lips pursed around yet another cock, losing track of who was fucking her, who the splatters of cum on her tits belonged to. Her breasts ached for attention and some kindly kinky soul tweaked her nipples as she laid there, luxuriating in the attention.

There would never again be one like her in the whole world, bringing those off in club after club, time after time again. Her body was desperate for it, but Alex rested comfortable in the knowledge that she could have it all for herself, twisting back and forth, luxuriating, rolling her hips, teasing them with the sight of her body alone.

She didn't have to do anything and yet she boasted a brag of sexuality that was better than anything else, lapping down the length of another cock, her tongue lengthening like something otherworldly, twining around a pair of balls. Oh, Alex hardly cared what she was doing, only that she loved the moment, that her body was satisfied, her cock still hard, aching and trembling on the edge of another orgasm.

How many had she had? Oh, that didn't seem important, not as cum dripped down her cock, someone grinding on it, though they didn't have a hope in hell of being able to take it, not without the help of her, her power, her magic – however someone not in the know wanted to look at it. A little shape shifting power, a little transformation... Oh, she would have them stretching and wrapped around her little finger in no more than a single flicker of a moment.

Alex smirked, losing herself, climax roaring through in a pulse of cum, every pump of seed, covering herself, splattering over her tits, all those around her that adored her. The pound of music drove through them, a beat that they had to rise and fall to, the shift of their bodies grinding, humping, lusciously coming together in passion. She took a load of cum down her throat as if it was nothing to her, though the party at the club was only just getting started – at least for her.

Those satisfied souls that stumbled home covered in cum, well... Other things would come for them. They'd masturbate and fantasise and think of her without really knowing who it was that they were thinking about, the sexy futa sex goddess with latex for skin. Her lips those of a sex doll, yet soft and pliable, malleable around a thick length of meat. The ladies too would be sore, pumped up with her cum, but those were stories to tell for another time.

All that mattered to Alex was the swathe and the rise of pleasure, how every orgasm brought her closer and closer to her peak, her crescendo. Then and only then would she be full to the brim, bloating over, a glut for sexuality and passion, her balls heaving and churning with even more cum.

For she could go all night long and even more than that, all over again, never stopping, always cumming, if it pleased her. Though she wanted more, fantasising of it as she accepted another cock into her pussy, smirking widely as another dick ground against her breasts, pressing into their latex softness. With so much cum painting her gleaming, black body, there was more than enough lubrication to make the glide easy enough.

And there was her story, a pounding drive of lust that came and went, a tease of her own, though no one that only knew her – him – as Alex would ever have understood what made her tick, what she really was. But that was her story, her cum-splattered, cum-filled story, and she would tell it however the goddess in latex goddamn well pleased.

The music throbbed, a pounding beat to grind her hips to as she feverishly grinned down at a woman under her, her folds bare, exposed, body aching to be stretched beyond realism. The latex whore smiled, licking her lips.

Alex would have everything she wanted and more.