

Jake woke to the cold bite of metal against his wrists. His arms were stretched upward, shoulders straining, cuffs locked tight around each wrist and bolted to the heavy steel table beneath him. The surface was smooth and frigid against his bare back where his light grey t-shirt had ridden up. He blinked rapidly, heart slamming against his ribs.

The room was dim, lit only by faint blue strips along the walls. No windows. No doors he could see from this angle. Just the low mechanical hum and the smell of antiseptic and warm circuitry.

"Hello?" His voice cracked, still boyish and high. "Is... is anyone there? This isn't funny!"

No answer. Only the soft click of something powering on overhead.

A single wide panel in the ceiling slid open. From it poured a rich, syrupy pink light, bathing his entire body in warm rose tones. The glow felt alive, like liquid heat sinking straight through skin and muscle. Jake jerked against the restraints, but they didn't budge.

Then the heat sharpened.

It started in his chest first, a sudden heavy pressure that made him gasp. His small nipples stiffened painfully under the thin cotton of his shirt. Beneath them, soft tissue swelled outward in slow, pulsing waves. Each throb pushed more flesh into existence, rounding, growing heavier. The fabric stretched taut across the burgeoning mounds, seams whining in protest.

"N-no... stop... what is this?" he whimpered, twisting his narrow hips.

The growth didn't stop. His pectorals became full, obscene breasts that strained the shirt until threads popped one by one. The neckline tore downward in a ragged line. Soft, creamy tan skin spilled free, already several shades darker than the rest of him had been moments ago. The new curves jiggled with every panicked breath.

His spine arched involuntarily as the same molten pressure sank lower. Hips cracked audibly, widening with wet grinding sounds that made his stomach lurch. The waist above them pinched inward at the same time, carving an exaggerated hourglass. Denim groaned as his ass ballooned beneath him, round and plush, splitting the back seam of his jeans with a sharp rip. Thighs thickened, pressing together until the inner seams burst apart.

The pink light pulsed brighter. Jake's short brown hair began to lighten at the roots. Strands lengthened with audible swishing, racing past his ears, his jaw, his shoulders. The color bled from chestnut to honey to stark platinum blonde, shimmering like polished metal under the rose glow. Locks spilled across the table in thick, glossy waves, tickling his newly sensitive neck and the tops of his swelling breasts.

His arms lengthened too, slender fingers stretching, nails growing into perfect almond shapes that gleamed pearlescent pink. The cuffs bit into wrists that were suddenly too delicate for their size. Bone and sinew cracked and reformed. With a high, desperate moan Jake yanked

downward. Metal shrieked. The restraints tore free like paper, bolts shearing from the table with sparks.

He didn't even notice at first. His hands flew to his chest, cupping the impossible weight there, fingers sinking into warm, pliant flesh. Another pulse of heat rolled through his core and his back bowed off the table.

Between his legs the change was crueler.

His balls drew up tight, then began sliding inward with slick, sucking pulls that made his eyes roll. The scrotum smoothed out, flesh folding and inverting. His cock throbbed once, twice, then shrank rapidly, the shaft retreating into itself until only a tiny, swollen nub remained. That nub pulsed and reshaped into a glistening pearl clit, hypersensitive and already throbbing in time with his racing heartbeat.

Below it, soft folds parted like petals, inner walls forming in wet, rhythmic contractions. A deep, hollow ache bloomed inside, slick heat dripping down his newly rounded ass and pooling on the steel beneath him. The emptiness was unbearable. He needed something, anything, to fill it.

Jake's hands slid down his body of their own accord. One palm pressed flat against the slick new slit while the other squeezed a fat, tan breast, thumb flicking the dark, puffy nipple. His mouth fell open in a slack, obscene gape. Tongue lolled out, eyes crossing as pleasure short-circuited every thought. The classic ahegao expression twisted his once-boyish features into something lewd and vacant.

The pink light intensified, bathing him in throbbing waves. His brown eyes flickered, pupils blowing wide. Iris color drained away, leaving them pale blue, then brighter, almost glowing. Lashes lengthened into dramatic fans. Lips plumped, glossing themselves a glossy bubblegum pink.

Thoughts began to fray at the edges.

I'm... I'm Jake... I was... I was a boy... this isn't me... I don't... ohhh...

A new voice purred inside his skull, soft and breathy and empty.

Like, totally not a problem, cutie. This feels soooo good. Why fight it? You're so pretty now. So bouncy. So empty and needy. Mmm, you want cock so bad, don't you?

He tried to cling to the old name, the old shape of himself. But every squeeze of his fingers against that dripping pussy sent another spike of bliss through him, drowning memory under syrupy pink fog.

The torn remnants of his shirt and jeans finally gave up, falling away in useless scraps. He was completely nude now, skin a rich golden tan from head to toe, curves obscene, platinum hair

fanning out like a halo of decadence. Long legs kicked weakly, thighs rubbing together and spreading slick everywhere.

The pink light finally dimmed. The overhead panel slid closed.

Jake, rolled onto his side, then onto all fours. Heavy breasts swayed beneath him, nipples grazing the cold steel and sending fresh jolts straight to his clit. He giggled, high and vacant, drool shining on his chin.

"Like... oh em gee," she breathed, voice now breathy, lisping slightly around that perpetually open mouth. **"I'm so... so hot."**

She slid one hand between her thighs again, plunging two fingers into the greedy, soaking cunt she'd been gifted. Her hips bucked, ass jiggling. Another ahegao face overtook her: tongue out, eyes crossed, cheeks flushed. She fucked herself shamelessly on the table, moaning in that new, pornographic timbre.

When the first orgasm crashed through her, she screamed in delight, back arching so hard her hair whipped across her spine. Juices splattered the steel. Her mind melted a little more with every pulse.

The last scraps of Jake's resistance flickered and died beneath the pleasure. Brown-eyed boyhood memories turned fuzzy and irrelevant, replaced by new ones: posing for cameras, giggling at dumb jokes, craving strong hands pinning her down and filling her up over and over.

She licked her glossy lips and giggled again.

"Jessi," she purred to herself, the name settling perfectly into the empty spaces in her head. **"I'm Jessi now. And Jessi is, like, super horny."**

She crawled off the table on shaky legs, hips swaying obscenely, tits bouncing with every step. The lab door finally hissed open, revealing a dark hallway and the promise of more lights, more pleasure, more everything she suddenly needed.

Jessi didn't look back. She just giggled and sashayed into the shadows, already aching for whatever...or whoever...came next.

