

It was an average, quiet summer night. 10 year old Elisa Carter sat alone in the living room of her family's suburban home, a sense of boredom weighing heavily upon her as she mindlessly flicked through different TV channels, her parents having gone out for the evening, leaving her to her own devices. She had tried watching a movie, playing video games, anything she could think of to hold her interest, but nothing seemed effective. "Man.... this sucks, there's nothing good on," she said to herself, bored out of her mind. "...screw it, I'm just gonna go to bed," she stated, getting up off the couch.

However, she was about to walk to her room, she gazed out the window, something strange catching her eye. There, in the sky, was a full moon – but there was something very different about it. "...Huh? Why is the moon pink?" As she stared at it in fascination, a strange feeling began to wash over her. Her heart rate began to increase, and she started to feel a surge of adrenaline that made her limbs tremble as she began to breathe heavily, the moon pulsing in her vision, syncing with the rhythm of her heartbeat.



Suddenly, a feeling of pain and pleasure washed through her body as she collapsed onto the floor in a heap. She gasped and moaned as waves of energy rippled through her, causing her senses to heighten. The sheer intensity of the moment overwhelmed her, and she couldn't help but cry out. "Ngh!~ W-what's... happening to me..." As she lay there, writhing in agony and moaning in pleasure, she watched in horror as her limbs stretched and elongated, growing longer and more slender. Her fingertips tingled as they extended into elegant, tapered points.

The shifting sensation spread across her body, causing her skin to tingle and prickle. The feeling moved down to her legs began to extend, moaning. "Mngh!~ My butt... why does it feel so... GOOD!~" She cried, as she felt a strange sensation in her hips and thighs as they widened and curved, giving her a curvaceous figure that she had never had before. Her ass slowly began to expand, stretching and straining her shorts to their limit as she cried out in pleasure, her now massive hips swaying back and forth, almost as if presenting her new massive, sexy ass to someone ready to dominate her.



"O-oh god.... It feels... so good~" Elisa moaned, her body wracked with pleasure, the feeling becoming localized in her chest as she rolled over onto her back, breathing heavily. She moaned loudly and watched as two massive breasts swelled and grew from her chest, filling

out the bodice of her white t-shirt as her midriff became exposed and her nipples poked out from her chest.



“Mmmnh.... Are these... boobs?” Elisa muttered, sitting up and staring at her new chest. She slowly reached up, cupping her breasts in her hands. Her body became overrun in intense pleasure, Elisa’s back arching backwards as she moaned extremely loud into the air, squeezing her breasts and losing herself in the pleasure.

Finally, next came her face. Her nose elongated and flattened, her eyes grew large and round, her eyelashes extending and her lips became big and soft, swelling to a pout. Her short, brown hair grew longer and thicker, cascading down her back in golden waves.

At last, the transformation was complete. Her eyes slowly opened, now a hot pink color as she looked down at herself, marveling at the body that had replaced her own. Elisa’s consciousness began to fade as Elisa was now no longer in control of the body. She had been replaced by a completely new identity: Diana.



Diana slowly rose from the floor, feeling a strange mixture of sensations flowing through her. Her senses were heightened, allowing her to see, hear, and smell with greater clarity than before. Her skin was smooth and sensitive, tingling with every brush of air against it. She could feel the fabric of her clothes against her skin, the heat of her body, the pounding of her heart, and the pulsing of her blood. But most importantly, she felt an overwhelming need for sexual release. A sudden desire for someone, anyone to touch her and make her feel good. "Mmm... I want to be touched... I want to be fucked," she breathed, her voice husky and sultry. She ran her fingers over her breasts, shivering at the sensation, her nipples hardening. She felt a growing wetness between her legs, and she could tell her panties were soaked. She needed relief. She needed a man.

Diana opened the door and stepped outside. She gazed at the street and saw no one. The neighborhood was quiet, with only the sounds of the crickets and other insects filling the night air. She could feel her body aching for attention, and the throbbing between her legs was becoming unbearable. "Oh, I can't wait," she moaned, her breath quickening.

She walked down the street, her hips swaying seductively, her breasts bouncing with each step. She could feel her desire growing stronger, and her need for relief was becoming desperate. She had to find a man, and she had to do it quickly.

Diana entered a bar, the low hum of the patrons' conversation and the soft clinking of glassware creating a calming ambiance. She looked around the room, her eyes scanning for a potential target. A young man at the bar caught her attention, and she sauntered over to him, her hips swinging with each step.

"Hello, handsome," she purred, sliding onto the stool next to him.

"Hey," the man replied, a hint of surprise in his voice.

"Buy me a drink?"

"Uh... sure."

Diana ordered a drink and the two chatted for a while. The man was clearly attracted to her, and she flirted shamelessly with him.

"So, what brings you here tonight?" she asked, her voice low and sultry.

"I'm just out for a drink," he replied.

"Just a drink, huh?" she teased.

"Yeah..."

"Mm, well, I hope you're in the mood for more than just a drink," she said, leaning in close and pressing her breasts against his arm.

"What are you saying?" the man asked, his eyes widening.

"I'm saying I'd love to get to know you a little better," she replied, her voice dripping with desire.

"You don't mean..."

"Mm-hmm," she nodded, her hand brushing against his thigh.

"Wow, uh... I don't know what to say," the man stammered, clearly taken aback.

"Just say yes," she whispered, her lips brushing against his ear.

"Yes," he replied, his voice barely audible.

Diana pulled the man off the stool and led him to the bathroom.

Elisa awoke the next morning, Diana having transformed back into Elisa in her sleep. As she opened her eyes, the 10 year old found herself lying on a strange bed, in a room she did not recognize. She looked around, trying to remember what had happened, but her mind was a blur. "What happened last night?" she thought.



She sat up, her head spinning and her stomach churning. Her entire body ached, and she had a splitting headache. As she tried to gather her thoughts, a memory flashed through her mind. A man, a bar, and a passionate encounter. She blushed, her cheeks turning crimson.

Her 10 year old body was completely naked, and as she sat up, the sheet fell away from her body, revealing her naked form. She gasped, her hands instinctively covering her flat chest and groin.

As she sat there, stunned, another memory came to her. The man, kissing her, touching her, and entering her. The pleasure and ecstasy of the experience was etched into her mind. "No... No way," she thought, her heart racing. "Did I...?"



A flood of emotions rushed through the 10 year old's body. Shock, excitement, and confusion as the events of the night came rushing back to her. The transformation, the bar, the man, the sex. She had never experienced anything like it. Horror washed over her, and she collapsed onto the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. She was only 10 years old. How could she have done something like this? How could she have lost control of her own body and given herself to a complete stranger, a man who was more than twice her age? What had happened to her, and would it happen again? The questions swirled through her mind as she lay on the floor, her tears staining the carpet.

It was the moon. It had changed her, somehow. Made her into a completely different person. Into an adult. But what did it mean? Was it some kind of curse? Was she doomed to transform into a mysterious seductress whenever the full moon came out? The thoughts terrified her.

After several minutes, the 10 year old girl picked herself off the floor and began to gather her things. She couldn't stay here any longer. She had to get home, back to the safety of her own bed.