

Prototype (Skinsuit Amazonian TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Alex is a recently disabled military veteran who has been offered an experimental cure to his ailment by means of a prototype skinsuit. Eager to be healthy again, he is accepted as the first volunteer. But when Emily, one of the lab techs responsible for the skinsuit prototype, accidentally sets its readout to her DNA instead of his, Alex finds himself transformed into a strong, tall, amazonian version of . . . Emily! Stuck permanently in this new body, both women must now navigate the awkwardness of this strange situation, as well as a crush on their coworker they can't help but share!

Prototype

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

Emily nodded, her eyes never leaving their focus upon the silver skinsuit hanging carefully in the transparent refrigeration unit before them.

"It's amazing, doctor."

"More than amazing," Doctor Li said, fidgeting with his glasses. "This suit will change medicine, science, and military matters for good. *If* we can get it to work properly. The risks are high, of course. Who would want to put on a suit designed to change your very body chemistry, unless you were truly desperate?"

"I'd try it on, doctor, if the science required it."

Li smiled at Emily in that paternal matter of his. "Would this be for yourself, Emily, or for a certain *other* labtech who occasionally overlaps with your shifts?"

Emily blushed, tilting her head to hide behind her bangs. She knew exactly who the brilliant doctor was talking about: her fellow labtech Carlos. He was handsome. He was fit. He had a brilliant smile and gorgeous dark hair and the most amazing mid-tone olive skin that made her wonder what *she* was doing wrong with her own. And he was charming too; easygoing and cheerful, and always quick with a compliment. In short? He was well out of her plain jane, flat-chested, mousey brown-haired and brown-eyes self. And that was just her looks. Her actual personality was shy, anxious, and prone to get flustered, giggly, and just plain accident prone in the presence of a crush. Evidently, Li had already sensed this.

"I - I mean, who wouldn't want to look like a better version of themselves, doctor?"

Li smiled. "Who wouldn't? But ethical considerations prevent us from being involved. No, it has to be an outsider. Someone who can show the government and the wider medical community the practical applications of this technology. Someone who is respectable,

perhaps even admired, who would be willing to take the risk for health and for science. A trailblazer who can push past all the red tape.”

“And someone desperate, I guess,” Emily said. She was no longer looking at the suit. In fact, she was looking over at Carlos, who had just signed in and who had peeked his head in through the door to say hello. She waved nervously back, trying not to grin too deeply.

“Yes,” Li said, rubbing his chin. “Someone desperate enough to be changed, in the hope of being better.”

Emily still felt she was the number one candidate, until Li told her his new plan.

Alex Jackson had to be wheeled into the Archivax headquarters. He raised an eyebrow at the ostentatiously futuristic style of the building interior, complete with images of all kinds of fancy, impossible technologies. There was even a poster dedicated to jetpacks.

“Wish I had one of those,” he joked. “Faster than a wheelchair.”

“That’s very true, Mr Jackson,” his minder for the day, a woman named Esther, said. He wasn’t a big fan of her endlessly distant politeness, but given that he struggled even to push his own wheels, he accepted the company’s chosen aide . . . for now. Really, it was more the insult of *needing* help at all that nicked at Alex’s pride, a continual reminder of how helpless and hopeless his body was, and how far he’d fallen.

“Right through here, Mr Jackson,” Esther said, pushing him through the impressive private complex and through to a private lab space. Waiting for him was a smartly dressed doctor of Asian ancestry, possibly Chinese, as well as a couple of lab techs; a plain-faced woman wearing glasses, and latino man with a lopsided grin that reminded him of one of his buddies back in the military.

“Welcome, Lieutenant Jackson,” Doctor Li said, putting out a hand to shake his.

Alex gripped it with the three fingers remaining on that hand - better than the other side, of course, which had none.

“Not a lieutenant anymore, doctor,” he said. “Just Alex, now.”

“Well, we’ll see if we can go about fixing that, won’t we?”

“That’s why we’re here. I must say, your lab looks pretty spiffy, but can you really regrow limbs and whatnot? I’d like to believe it’s true, but I have my hopes up before for miracle cures. Hell, they can’t even get good cream for my burns.”

He indicated to his face, which would have been quite handsome in a ‘dashing dark-haired Hollywood leading man’ sort of way, were it not for the pink, burned flesh across his right cheek and down his neck.

"I promise nothing, Alex, but we are offering something different from a miracle drug or surgery. This is cutting edge technology; a bodysuit that imprints upon the wearer and infuses them with a new DNA pattern. If all goes right, your body will eventually absorb the suit into itself - its non-toxic - and this will confirm the process permanently. Theoretically, we can give you back your old self as you were meant to be, or perhaps even taller and stronger. There are military investments in this, as I'm sure you would understand."

Alex nodded slowly, taking this in. He looked to the lab techs, who seemed to give nothing away apart from a nervous kind of shuffle from the woman and that same grin from the man.

"I see," he said. He gestured out a mutilated hand to the lab techs. "Sorry, I didn't catch your names."

"Oh, I'm Emily!" the nervous one said, shaking his hand with just a little caution.

"Carlos," the other man said.

"That's a good grip, Carlos."

"Yours too, friend, all things considered."

Alex chuckled, the ice finally broken. "Well, when an IED explodes right in your hands and face, you try to cling on everything you've got left. Explains the grip, I guess."

A somewhat awkward chuckle ran through the room.

"So, what do I have to do to get in that silver suit over there? I assume that's it. I must say, if we're all approve, doc, I'd really liked to take it for a spin and not be stuck in this body anymore. I'm . . . at my wit's end on that, if you catch my drift."

Li nodded solemnly, and Emily bit her lip.

"Of course, Alex. We can't proceed with any use of the prototype just yet; we need to run a few tests on you, take some blood samples. Emily will prep the suit, won't you, Emily?"

"Y-yes, Doctor."

"Meanwhile, you follow me to our other room. We'll get you prepped for it all."

When Alex was in the other room, Emily finally got a chance to breathe.

"That poor man!"

"Just don't say that to him," Carlos replied, checking over the prototype. "Army types don't like that kind of sympathy."

"I know, it's why I didn't say anything, but . . . I'm glad at least he's our test subject."

Carlos shrugged. "Good for him, I agree. I still feel we should have been one to test it. I wouldn't mind having a few more muscles. What do you think?"

Emily blushed a little, trying to hide it. "I . . . considered it. I've never been happy with my body-"

"Get out of here, you look good!"

"Please, Carlos. I'm flat as a board. My mother always told me I have no curves for the boys to hold onto. I'd make myself just a little more . . . better, I guess."

"Well, I think you're perfect," he said with a grin. He placed a hand on her shoulder, and the lingering touch of it almost made her shiver. "I better go catch up. You have fun prepping the suit."

He made his way off, and Emily was left basking in that touch from him.

"I wish I was perfect," she whispered to herself. "For you."

But she knew he would never see her that way, at least not until she had the kind of body the prototype could give her. It left her thoughts drifting towards what possible alterations she would make for herself, and while she prepped the silver suit's programming, she couldn't help but indulge a little in her fantasies. The suit only required a DNA sample in its interior pouch, and she provided it easily. She had the time, and she knew she could wipe it later. The cords connecting the suit to her computer showed a readout of her body, and she sighed in dissatisfaction.

"But I can change all that, when I get the chance to use the suit," she said.

She fiddled with the controls, changing the parts of herself she'd like to change, and writing out the programming necessary in her private writing journal. This would be her blueprint for whenever she finally got to use the suit, even if that was years down the line when it finally had commercial availability.

"Bigger boobs," she said, giving her blueprint a lift. "Hmm, Carlos mentioned liking that Spanish supermodel. Why not . . . *big* boobs? Nothing ridiculous, but bold enough. And an hourglass figure. And fix up my freckles. No glasses needed; twenty/twenty vision, thank you. And my hair! No more frizz, thank you!"

It was rather fun making the perfect her. She even adjusted the height a little, so that she wouldn't feel so small. By the time she was done she had a solid blueprint she could save to her USB. She did so, keeping her notes in her journal, but by the time she was done entire hours had passed, and so she nearly jumped when the door opened and Alex re-emerged, this time wheeled forth by Doctor Li, with Carlos following in tow.

"Is the suit prepped?" Li asked.

"I - um, just a minute!"

Emily worked frantically, trying not to *look it*, to get the suit up to scratch.

"I should be n-nearly done, ready to take on Lieutenant Alex in just a-"

Carlos coughed meaningfully, and Emily looked over to see that Li was holding out a USB. The one that would contain Alex's ideal DNA pattern.

“Oh, sorry! Can’t do this without that, can we?”

She took the USB and got back to the computer with her trembling hands . . . only to drop the device onto the desk. Rummaging around she quickly got it and inserted it, still feeling flushed and embarrassed and hopeful that no one had seen her ideal form on the screen, not that it was anything but a series of numbers and programming lines.

“Any last requests?” she asked of Alex, who was looking a little befuddled and impatient in his wheelchair.

“Hmm, I could stand with being a lot taller. And stronger. You know, military applications and all that. Plus, I wouldn’t mind one bit.”

She gave a nervous grin and put those features in hurriedly, then sent the programming to the suit.

“We just need a hair sample now.”

He obliged, and Carlos placed it in the sleeve pocket inside the suit. He didn’t notice Emily had already placed a hair there, nor did Emily even remember it, she was feeling so frantic. And that was a very bad thing, because the suit was currently bonded to that DNA sample, and would not bond to the next unless clearly directed.

“Okay, we’re good,” she said, managing to calm down her blush. “Alex, do you need help getting into the suit?”

With a sad smirk, the former military man gestured to his ruined body. “Lady, I need help with everything these days. That’s what I’m here to fix.”

Alex was fitted into the suit. Thankfully, the lab techs had been discreet, as had Doctor Li. The stump of his right foot didn’t go all the way to the end of the suit’s leg, but that apparently wasn’t a problem, because after the push of a button on the computer, the lab tech named Emily had made it so that the suit pulled tighter across his skin until almost felt like it was his skin. Even the additional finger holes disappeared, so that the material conformed to the shape of his stump hand and his three-fingered ‘Yoda claw’, as he sometimes called it.

“Remarkable stuff,” he said. “I feel like I should be a bodydancer in some eighties fitness commercial.”

Carlos laughed. “You certainly look it. Let’s give you some dancing arms and feet first, eh?”

Emily sucked in her breath but Alex just laughed. “Exactly, man! I can’t believe how comfortable this material is. I’m just thankful I’ve got a bit of cover there.”

There was still a bulge though, one that outlined his impressive manhood.

“We aim not to embarrass completely,” Carlos joked.

Doctor Li did one final check over Alex’s vitals and the suit itself. “Looks like we’re ready to go. I’m going to fit on the face mask of the suit, Alex. It’s entirely porous and breathable, okay?”

“Gotcha. We got that tech in the service, too.”

“I’m sure that’s true, but this is next level.”

He fitted over the hood and it also pulled tight over Alex’s face, making him look less like a man in lycra as he’d joked and more like a silver statue, albeit a broken one. He was not in his wheelchair anymore, but sitting in a custom pod that angled at forty five degrees backward. It had a divot for him to sit in, but once his legs restored themselves, he would be able to stand in it, perhaps looking like a silver Oscar awards figurine.

“Are you ready, Alex?”

“I’ve been ready for years now, Doc. Let’s do this.”

“Emily?”

“Starting up now, sir.”

Emily hit the sequence, and the suit began to vibrate, various patches of its exterior lighting up as it bonded with Alex’s DNA. It fused to his skin painlessly, its nanofibre tendrils sampling his DNA and measuring it against the pattern it was set to establish. The suit was fully charged, and as it began its work Alex grunted a little.

“Any problems?” Carlos asked, following Alex’s readings.

“Nope. Just a bit warm.”

“That’s the machine starting to change you. Get ready.”

Emily’s job was effectively over, so she took the time to watch the process in full. It was marvellous to behold; the suit glinted with a rainbow like sheen as it pulled yet tighter upon Alex’s body, and there was a quiet hum to its workings.

“I think - ahh - I think I can f-feel something.”

Alex stayed largely still, but he began to twitch his broken hand. The phantom pains had lingered there for years, but now something very different occurred; the pain ceased, and the phantom feelings became real and physical. He couldn’t see properly out of his mask, porous thought it was, but he knew that his digits were growing back.

“Oh my God,” he breathed, barely able to believe it.

Indeed, new fingers slid out alongside the other ones, completing the hand once again. They were thin but present, and with another rainbow shimmer across the suit, the other fingers compressed as well. Emily blinked, wondering if Alex’s hand was meant to be so dainty, but chalked it up entirely to the suit’s impression.

“Congratulations, Alex,” Doctor Li said. “You have a new hand again.”

“Ahhh - I can f-feel it. God, it’s all back!”

“Try clenching it.”

He did so. “It feels strong, too! God, this is really happening. I can - my other hand!”

It grew out, slowly but surely, the stored mesh battery of the suit converting energy back to matter. Alex marvelled as the stump of his wrist bloomed with flesh and bone and tissue. It grew out as if he were a lizard reforming its tail, like it was no big thing, and soon the man was positively giggling with glee. A new hand formed, identical to the other one, and he clenched that too, then both in turn.

“Holy shee-eet! This is incredible! You guys are straight up mad scientists! I love you all!”

“More changes,” Doctor Li said in his professional tone.

Alex got his breathing under control, but it was hard while experiencing the sensation of his legs knitting back together, of forever-torn muscles healing, of his ankles correcting their position. Something clicked in his lower spine and feeling returned to him completely, all the sensation of touch blooming over him. He didn’t say it out loud, but he could have fallen to his fixed knees and prayed to God in thanks at that very moment, all because he could feel his junk again.

“S-stronger,” he managed to say, feeling his muscles rippled. His faded biceps swelled back up again, and his legs thickened. This was matched by a set of impressive abs that were discernible against the tight prototype’s fabric. Alex’s pecs swelled up, as did his nipples, and even Doctor Li raised an eyebrow at how . . . developed they seemed to be. With a mighty groan, Alex’s height increased, his feet now planted securely upon the bottom of the pod so that he was ‘standing’ against it.

“Hoo boy, that’s wild! Why is my h-hair growing?”

That puzzled them, but it was obvious from the bulge at the suit’s scalp that new hair was growing at a rapid rate, spilling out and finding no real place to go.

“Might be a small glitch,” Doctor Li said. “Nothing we can’t fix later.”

“Hell, if that’s the biggest issue, then - nng! Oh, that’s something!”

His figure continued to mould and change. His waist contracted, losing some of the flab he’d gained from several years in the chair, though it was also becoming thinner than perhaps anyone expected. With a grunt, Alex’s hips also widened, to the point where they almost looked a bit feminine.

“That’s just the start,” Carlos whispered to Emily. “He’s about to really transform. Imagine what we can do with this technology!”

“I know,” Emily said, imagining her perfect body.

But she didn’t have to imagine for long, because it began to take shape right in front of her. Alex continued to pant, his chest heaving up and down, but something was clearly starting to go wrong. The man didn’t know it yet - he was even cheering each change - but

from the outside there was a clear *femaleness* developing. His legs had a shapeliness to them, and his hips hadn't stopped spreading, and this was matched by a shrinking of his shoulders instead of an expansion of them.

"Um, this is s-starting to feel a bit weird, guys. Am I meant to have this weight on my ch-chest?"

The 'weight' was increasingly a very obvious pair of breasts, ones that were expanding at a rapid rate now, gaining a firmness and ripeness beyond most women. Emily's jaw fell, and Doctor Li looked at the others in a panic.

"What's going on?" he hissed.

"I don't know!" Carlos said. "I swear I adjusted the samples right! I did!"

The realisation hit Emily, and she gave a squeak. Alex let loose another moan, this time in a higher register than natural, as his member began to slide back into him.

"Guys? Hey, eggheads? Why can't I feel my junk again? Why do I sound like some chick? Why - ughh! Ohhh, s-something's growing in me!"

Emily had a good notion of what it was, too: a *womb*. Doctor Li looked at her with narrow-eyed suspicion, leaving her heart pounding in her nervous chest.

"The USB! I was - I was tinkering with my own design, f-for me. I must have switched them without realising! I'm sorry!"

"Stop it, now!"

"Guys? What's happening? What the fuck is up with my voice?"

Alex didn't even sound male anymore. In fact, he sounded exactly like *Emily*. Carlos looked to her with shock. "Emily, did you-"

But she was already racing back to the computer to execute the cancellation program. She crashed into her set and brought up the sequence, then immediately ended the process. Except the computer only threw up a series of objections, warnings, and glitch-notifications.

"It's not working!" she cried. "The mesh is fully integrated! It's merging with him ahead of time to achieve permanency!"

"Damn it!" Doctor Li said, rushing to the same computer. He accessed the controls, but could do no better. Carlos remained with a thoroughly confused Alex, who was writhing and squirming in unexpected pleasure as the final merge with his body completed. Everything felt strange to him now; he had full control over his body, but he was taller, more powerful, and undeniably *curvier*. As the silver suit began to evaporate into his skin, he raised his hands up, able to see them for the first time. His skin was a little paler, and had a cute lining of freckles. His limbs were impressively strong, but there was no denying there was a daintiness to his hands, not to mention a smoothness to his hairless forearms.

And then he looked down, and was greeted with the sight of the silver suit retreating into his flesh, and leaving behind a very impressive set of breasts. They were not overwhelmingly large or anything, but definitely D-cups, if not Double-D's, the kind he'd always fantasised about on his dream lover. Long mousy brown hair spilled down over his shoulders, impressively curly, just like the lab tech's.

"Oh shit."

He lowered his hands down and found a distinct absence in his crotch. Well, not exactly an *absence*, per se, but a smooth venus mound beneath a triangle of curly pubic hair. He could feel the slit, the opening, the labia surrounding it. In short, the vulva and vagina that he now possessed, leading all the way, he presumed, to a uterus and pair of ovaries.

The last of the silver suit absorbed into his body, leaving Alex in this new amazonian and very female form.

Doctor Li's jaw had dropped. So had Carlos'. Emily's too.

"Emily," Carlos finally managed. "Is it just me, or does Alex kind of look like . . ."

"M-me," she squeaked. "He's got my pattern. The one I made for myself."

"What now?" Alex said. "I'm *you*?"

Carlos coughed. "A much more, er, larger-than-life Emily. But yeah, you look like her. Like her twin sister who got really, really buff. And busty."

Emily blushed so deeply red that her skin felt like the surface of Mars itself.

"So," Alex said, still getting used to his new voice, which was surprisingly demure.

"Does anyone want to explain what the actual fuck happened here?"

Alex laughed as he - or rather *she* now - ran up the stairs and back down again, up the stairs and back down again. When she reached the top for the tenth time, she decided to be a bit more daring, and literally *vaulted* down to the next flight, then the next, then the next, jumping like a mad woman. Her breasts bounced heavily in her sports bra, and she grunted a little at the heavy sensation of them, but at least her bust was a bit more contained now. Her hair was in a loose ponytail that bounced against her back. There was a lot of bouncing, actually; she was very well aware that her backside had as much wobble as it did muscular firmness.

And yet still the former male laughed, even as she crashed back into the laboratory where Doctor Li, Carlos, and Emily were studying Alex's samples, trying to find ways to turn her back and coming up repeatedly short.

“Someone’s in good spirits!” Carlos said, grinning as he took in the sight of the amazonian woman.

“How can I not be?” Alex declared. She flexed her muscles, posing as if she were a champion weightlifter just before an Olympic effort. “Three years of living as a cripple, of putting up with pains and aches and paralysis. And now look at me! I’m faster and stronger than ever! I’ve got energy for days. God, I feel like I can take on the damn world!”

“That’s very . . . optimistic of you,” Doctor Li said diplomatically. “But we’re still working on a solution.”

“Of course, of course,” she said, grabbing a wheeled chair and flopping onto it backwards, with her legs spread against the back. She leaned upon it, grinning broadly. “But for now, a guy can’t be too mad about getting *almost* everything he asked for, right?”

Emily grimaced. It was like her ideal future was being thrown in her face. For the last two days while they tried to sort this mess out, she’d had to put up with a perfect, beautiful, curvaceous version of herself walking around, getting fitted with new clothes and tested on machines. It was her screw up, she knew that. Her fault, and God had Doctor Li made that clear to her more than once. The only reason she likely still had her job was that one, she was uniquely talented when it came to suit configuration programming, and two, Alex had proven far, far more amenable to *her* new form than anyone could have guessed, Alex included.

“I’ll be back in an hour or so,” Doctor Li said. “I need to get some lunch and think things over. The current patterns aren’t working as they should. It won’t unmesh the suit or accept a new overlay. Need time to work it out.”

He left in silence, and when he was gone, Alex shuffled on her seat, her incredibly toned and beautiful body on impressive display in her new exercise shorts and running sports bra.

“I feel kinda bad,” she said. “Making you guys work like horses to get all this fixed.”

“It’s my fault, not yours,” Emily said. “You’ve got the pattern I meant to have. It was a stupid mistake. Stupid, stupid, stupid.”

“Hey, don’t kick yourself over it; it got me out of the chair, right? Besides, I’m still stronger and taller and fitter. If being stuck as a woman is a side effect of it, I guess I can deal with that! Still getting used to the tits though. How do you girls put up with them?”

She poked her own Double-D boobs rather pointedly. Emily just raised an eyebrow, then sighed as she looked down at her own flat, A-cup chest.

“Some of us don’t have that luxury, I guess.”

“Yeah, it’s a killer bod you had worked up, Emily. Sorry you didn’t get it. I mean, there’s always a chance?”

She shook her head. "I doubt it, not after ruining this whole thing. I was counting on some credit in this program so that I could use it, instead . . ."

She gestured to the body Alex now had. Carlos was still looking at it. To her despair, she wasn't sure he'd looked at her once. It made her realise how right she was; she really did just need a body upgrade and her crush would finally be into her. Now it was out of reach, and worst of all, someone else had it!

"Yeah, well, I'm sorry about that. I know it's not my fault, but if it's any consolation, you've done great work. I mean, we could be sisters! We're basically the same."

"The same, if you were better in every way."

Carlos chuckled awkwardly, trying to change the subject. "I still can't believe you're so okay with this!"

Another shrug from Alex, one that showed off her perfect chest and well-developed body. Even her thighs were rippling with muscle, yet retained gorgeous feminine proportions.

"Like I said, I got most of what I asked for. Hell, I don't like to get into it, but I wasn't thinking of sticking around long if I couldn't get some functionality and control back over my life. I never imagined in my wildest dreams I'd be able to jump down whole flights of stairs again, even if I have to, er, stop the girls from causing a wardrobe malfunction. I guess that means I got to deal with periods and stuff now? Cramping and that? That won't be fun, but a step up from phantom agony and paralysis, so it's a worthy sacrifice, as far as I'm concerned."

"That's a hell of a positive outlook," Carlos said, stepping closer to look over the new woman. "I'm very impressed. Are there any parts of being a woman you're finding quite unexpected?"

"Apart from having boobs to play with anytime I want?"

The two men - well, one former man - laughed, leaving Emily to roll her eyes. This felt like a cruel joke now.

Alex scratched her head, playing with the hair that was curled in a way Emily had always tried to achieve but never had. "Well, truth be told, the biggest difference is just being able to move. That's why I'm way less fussed about the female stuff, to be honest. There are definitely some mental differences, though!"

"Such as?"

"Well, call me crazy, but I had this weird itch to watch a Jane Austen last night on the TV in that guest room you put me up in. And I did. And - you can't make fun of me for this - I goddamn cried. Seriously, I was a puddle. Tears and everything. So I guess you could say I'm way more hormonal."

Carlos chuckled easily. "Well, that sounds like you're getting in touch with your feminine side, alright."

“That’s just the thing, I think I really am. I mean, it’s only been two days, but I’ve always been a pretty . . . look, I’m into the ladies. Always have been. But the girl in this flick, though beautiful, was doing nothing for me. Colin Firth on the other hand? I was, shit, I don’t know, I was fucking feeling things.”

“Sounds like Emily’s body isn’t the only thing you got from her,” Carlos said.

“Yeah, can’t say I expected that!”

The pair laughed, breaking the awkward ice. Emily didn’t say a word. She *loved* Jane Austen, and she was certainly into men. This made things seem even more desperate for her, and this was confirmed when Carlos, still chuckling, reached out a hand and placed it on Alex’s shoulder. It lingered there just a little longer than was necessary, and Alex didn’t seem to mind one bit. In fact, the new woman was staring into Carlos’ eyes.

“Oh God, it isn’t fair,” Emily whispered to herself, seeing the chemistry and interest between the two unfold before her eyes.

Alex was taking everything from her, bit by bit. And Emily knew it was all her own fault.

Alex was starting to get a little more used to her female body. It had only been a week, and while she had spent pretty much all her time at Archivax getting tests done, being monitored, and generally the subject of numerous research material, she’d also had a lot of time to familiarise herself with her new body. And what familiarity it had been.

“Mhmmm! Ohhhh, oh f-fuck. That’s the spot. God, g-girls have it b-better when you build up to it! Ahhh!”

The amazonian beauty curled her toes and clenched her eyes shut as she brought herself ever closer to an orgasm. She’d initially been a little shy over her body, but as a man Alex had always been a bold operator, and reconnaissance missions had been his specialty. Now she was conducting another routine exploration of her body, particularly the impressively sensitive erogenous zones.

“F-fuck. Oh yes, f-fuck me. Fuck my b-brains out, C-Carlos!”

She rubbed the outside of her vulva, paying particular concentration to her throbbing clitoris. The impressive woman was on her bed with her legs spread wide as she leaned back against a mountain of pillows. She was topless also, all the better to cup and feel her frankly magnificent breasts. It left her gasping from their sensitivity, and annoyed that men didn’t have remotely the same level of sexual possibility in their own chests.

“Put it in m-mee! Mhmm, yess! I know you w-want this, fella. So h-hurry up and - NGH! OHHH!!”

She had to quickly grab a pillow and bite down on it *hard*, lest she erupt in yet another explosive orgasm that was far, far too loud. She made that mistake yesterday, and while no one had explicitly mentioned it, Doctor Li's questioning had veered into her sexual preferences, how it had affected her mind, and her own sexual response. It had been a little embarrassing, but she'd been open and honest about the fact that her new self was very much into guys, a fact which she took a bit of amusement from.

The only thing she didn't tell the good doctor was *which* guy she was often thinking about. The fact was, Carlos was handsome, he was charismatic, and he had an easygoing personality. And Alex could tell that the olive-skinned hunk was very much into her, from the way his gaze lingered on her chest and butt, to just the way he stared into her eyes as if fascinated with the person behind them. Besides, there was just good old horniness on her end; her body was powerful, and it wanted a lover partly because she hadn't been able to get off in three whole freaking years.

So here she was, shaking the bed loose with her orgasms, imagining what it would be like to have Carlos penetrate her. Or better yet, to be the one in charge, dominating him and riding him, letting him know who was boss. She was still a former man, after all, and one who was used to giving orders in a past life.

"Fuck me," she said after a time, getting up to have a shower. "I need to get laid."

She had her shower, cupping her breasts and cleaning herself over in an amazement that was only just starting to die down recently, and then got to work with her hair. She wasn't there yet, that was for sure, but Emily had done a good job of ensuring that her 'do' would always have a nice curliness to it, as well as a healthy shine. She put on a workout shirt over her sports bra, as well as a set of shorts, then thought better of it.

"Skirt today," she said. "Might as well go all the way, tough guy. Tough girl, I guess. Embrace the new, mobile you. And maybe corner a lab tech's attention while I'm at it."

She gave a cheeky grin to her reflection, then winked.

There was an awkward tension in the lab rooms, especially since Doctor Li was away from the day. Standard tests were being run on Alex, though it was increasingly looking like her new body was permanent, not that she seemed to mind all that much. Somehow it made it worse for Emily. Alex had been coming down to the cafeteria, and now everyone in the building not only knew about her screw up, but heads turned to look at the much more attractive version of herself. Everyone wanted to get to know Alex, while she was still her shy, plain self. Hell, even Carlos was around her often. She could only be glad for his friendship, but his neck still turned his head in the direction of Alex half the time.

“She sure is something, isn’t she?” he said, noticing her walk in to grab a bite to eat.

“Yeah. She’s me. A hotter, better version of me.”

Carlos frowned. “She’s not hotter than you, Emily. Just . . . different. And certainly not better. She didn’t get your brilliant knowledge.”

Emily put her chin in her hands. “Doesn’t matter. She’s what I want to be, only now *she* gets it. A man has taken my dream away. I know it’s all my fault, but now I have to put up with having an identical twin or clone or whatever we call her, except she’s confident, attractive, and good with social situations. God, I just feel so . . . so stupid! So pathetic.”

Carlos placed a comforting hand on her shoulder, and let it linger there. It was supremely lovely to experience, but she knew it was just to make her feel better. She withdrew a little, letting his hand fall away.

“You’re not pathetic, Emily,” he said. “You know, ever since I met you, I’ve always been deeply impressed by your intelligence, your commitment to your work, and also how adorably klutzy you are.”

“Well, I committed the ultimate klutz, didn’t I?”

Together, they took in the sight of the six-foot-four amazonian beauty with her features strolling through the cafeteria, a full tray of food balanced easily in one hand. Faces turned to see her, as did Carlos’.

“Well, fuck this,” Emily said, grabbing her tray. “I’m out of here.”

She took her food and left.

Alex couldn’t wait any longer. She was tired of Carlos not making a move. What was the man thinking? Was it because she used to be a man? Was it because she used to be stuck in a wheelchair and burned and broken all over? Becoming a woman hadn’t exactly been her plan A, but she was determined to make it work and sample all the joys her body could bring. And given that - apparently - the original Emily had a surprisingly healthy libido, that meant so did she too, and with the curves to inspire that libido in others. Of course, she was still a military character, so instead of approaching this situation in a more sensitive way, she decided upon an ambush.

Carlos was returning from the bathroom to head back to his workstation when he rounded a corner right into Alex, his face planting straight into her bosom. The man was so stunned that he almost didn’t step back, but when he did, her powerful hands were already upon his shoulders, and an enticing smirk upon her lips.

“Slow down, soldier,” she said, making the line as simultaneously commanding and sultry as possible.

“Oh shit, sorry Alex. I was just on my way to see Emily. She seems a bit upset and-”
She stopped him from moving any further. “Forget Emily for now. At least, the Emily that keeps walking away from you. I see the way you look at her; you really like her, don’t you?”

The man, normally unflappable, actually gulped. “Yeah, I do. She’s beautiful, at least to me, even though she doesn’t see it. But no matter how much I try to approach her, she keeps digging down on herself.”

Alex smiled. “Well, I know a thing or two about romances that don’t work out. Long tours overseas, and all. But I can tell you there’s such a thing as enjoying a piece of action on the side while you wait for the goods to come around. And I’ve seen your face turn to look at me as well, Carlos.”

She slowly pulled him towards her again, advancing herself so that he was looking up at her eyes - or would have been, were her impressive tits not jutting against his chin.

“Why don’t you teach me a bit more about being a woman, and then I’ll go have a ‘girl talk’ with Emily and set things straight, huh?”

It was absolute ecstasy. Absolute frickin’ ecstasy. Alex rode Carlos on the sterile laboratory table, her powerful thighs spread to either side of him as she gyrated against his pole. She’d never felt anything like it, and part of her remaining male ego railed against the sensation, but the pleasure was just too good. Plus, she felt *powerful*, fucking this handsome hunk while still being the one in control, the one gripping his hands and pressing them against her divine chest, the one whose curvaceous and muscular frame determined the outcome of every movement.

“You like this, don’t you? You like a powerful, sexy Emily?”

“I - ohhh - I do. Fuck, I do!”

“Yeah, I thought so. Don’t stop, Carlos. I want you to be my first. Cum, buddy, I want you to cum in me. I want you to *take me there*, ya hear?”

Carlos definitely heard, because he cupped her large breasts and fondled her nipples, then lowered his hands to grip her hips and thrust up even as she bounced down. It was the thing that sent them both spiralling, particularly as her wet walls gripped his cock and milked it, *hard*.

“NNNGHH! AAGGHHHHH!!!”

She felt like a lion. No, a *lioness*. She roared from the bliss that followed, her voluptuous body quaking from the repeated orgasms that flooded through her. She moaned again, collapsing against him, weighing her larger, curvier form down on Carlos and pinning

him there. Her hair framed his face, and she took the opportunity to kiss him. She hadn't done that yet, but now she gave herself over to it.

"That was fucking hot," she said. "I think I'll do that again."

"I - I shouldn't. I've got this crush on Emily. I've been wanting to ask her out, but she keeps being in an anxious mood and the timing is never right. I shouldn't have."

She put a finger on his lips. "Shh. Buddy, of course you should have. You wanted a bit of relief, and so did I. You got to tap into Emily's libido through me, and I'd say you rose to the circumstance! Besides, a bit of a fling in the hay is nothing to be ashamed of. And who says you can't have two Emily's, huh?"

Carlos thought about that, silent as they held one another. Eventually, he was able to rise up and clean himself off, then slowly get dressed. Alex did the same, albeit slower, clearly enjoying her first female post-coital bliss. She started putting her sports bra on and then buttoning her top back up, and it was this unfortunate and entendre-laden context that Emily wandered into.

She was just grabbing a charging cord. Emily couldn't find hers, and she blamed her own klutziness for it, but she knew there was always a spare in Testing Room 5. She unlocked the door and walked in, only to let loose an unexpected shriek.

Right before her eyes was Carlos, getting dressed, and goddamn *Alex* putting on her clothes. The smell of sex and passion lingered in the room to the point where what had occurred was undeniable, even to a woman who wanted to deny the very evidence before her eyes.

"C-Carlos? Alex?"

Carlos pulled up his shorts. "Emily! Listen, I can explain-"

But Emily was always turning around and speed walking right out of there. Tears burned in her eyes, and humiliation flooded through her. How could she have expected anything but this outcome? Alex was a taller, stronger, bustier, hotter version of her. Hell, *she* could reach the beakers at the top of the shelf without requiring a man to do it. And evidently she was more forward when it came to matters of the heart.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," she muttered to herself, wiping away her tears. Carlos called out to her again, but she was already moving down the hallway and around the corner, heading straight towards the women's bathroom. She took refuge there, hiding in a stall to cry her heart out.

She only got about fifteen seconds of it before someone knocked on the door.

"It's taken!" she said.

“Yeah, I know, lady. You’re just about crying a river in there.”

It was Alex. Emily wanted to scream. “Well, I’m busy. Can’t you leave me alone?”

“Nah, we’ve got unfinished business.”

“Seems you *finished* already, didn’t you?”

“Ooh, I like that. That’s clever. C’mon, out you come. Got something to show you.”

Emily considered just waiting the other woman out. To her annoyance, she could see the top of her head over the stall, such was Alex’s height. But instead she wiped her eyes again and got out, opening the door to stand before the woman who had been so blessed by their prototype suit. She had her hands on her hips and her chest thrust out, as if displaying dominance.

“We don’t need to talk,” Emily said. “You won, okay? You’ve got him. I can’t compete against a better, hotter me.”

“Then don’t,” Alex said. “Just join in on the fun. He likes you. Really likes you.”

“He - what?”

“Yeah, but you keep being miserable and turning him down without knowing it, or being anxious, and he says the timing isn’t right. So why wouldn’t he fuck me? I’m right there, offering. You weren’t. C’mon, we’re sorting this out now. I’m calling a timeshare.”

“A wh-”

But Alex was already literally picking her up and carrying her down the hall.

“Hey, you can’t-”

“Yes I can! I used to do this with my buddies on tour when they were wounded. Well, you’re wounded, emotionally speaking. And we’ve got to get you back to fix you up. Which means-”

She kicked open the door to Testing Lab 5, where Carlos was still waiting, having evidently been ordered to stay there by Alex. The amazonian beauty finally put Emily down on the floor.

“Right, I’m giving the orders right now, and as the tallest, buffest, hottest gal in the room, I’ve got authority to do so. Plus, I’m playing Lieutenant Alex right now. So, here’s how we do this. Carlos, I order you to be honest: do you have it down bad for Emily here?”

Carlos gave an awkward grin. “Well, I’d planned to be more romantic about it, but yes. Yes, I do.”

Emily nearly squeaked.

“And Emily, I order you to be similarly honest. Have you wanted to jump Carlos’ bones here for quite some time?”

This time, she spluttered. “I, um, I mean, I wouldn’t put it that way, but-”

“Be honest.”

Emily swallowed. “Yes. Yes, I’ve been wanting him.”

Alex grinned and dusted her hands, once more appreciating how good it was to be whole again, woman or not. "Then that's the matter settled. My last order is for you to fuck your brains out in this room. Right now. I'll be outside, guarding the door, don't worry."

"You can't expect us to-"

"You both want it, yeah? Well, go for it. I'll guard the door, you two have fun. And hey, if you ever want a third party to join for a little fun, then I'm more than up for that. You've both done me a great deed by putting me in this body, and damn if I don't owe you a favour, Emily. I know it was an accident and you feel bad and - yes - jealous, but I couldn't imagine being more happy than I am now. Who would have thought it? Me, happy as a tough-as-nails woman with curves, eh? So I'll guard, and you have fun. And, like I said, I'm always happy to join back in if you'll have me. Like I said, I owe ya, and more than happy to make it worth your while. Now get to it, I'm sick of the tension in this room already!"

She laughed, ducked her head as she passed beneath the door frame, then shut the door. Emily blushed, brushing her frizzy hair behind her ear.

"I - we don't have to-"

"I want to," Carlos said. "It just seemed like you didn't."

"I did. I still do. I just didn't think - God, I feel so stupid."

There was a moment's pause, a moment's awkwardness. And then, slowly, the two came together. It wasn't with the height of unbearable passion that had existed a moment before, but a slower, more drawn out affair, two people coming together and appreciating one another fully, taking their time to taste one another's lips and caress one another's body. A slow dance, one that had the air of a beginning romance.

But the passion did come later. Yes, it did.

Alex smirked from outside the door as she heard every second of it.

Alex and Emily both sighed, rolling off of Carlos together. The women were exhausted from the love making, and at some point they had most certainly crossed each other's own way and had a bit of exciting action in between. Carlos' fingers had teased Alex, but he had entered Emily, and because the two women still shared such synchronicity, they had both cried out in orgasm at the same time.

"Jesus, that was good," Alex said, lying on her back, her bosom still trembling.

"Y-yeah, that was," Emily admitted. "I - I think I touched you a little back there."

"Don't apologise. I liked it. I definitely touched you. I like them pretty petite. I mean, I'm more into men, but when the blood is up, this mirror-mirror scenario we've got is quite hot."

Emily giggled. She rolled over and held Carlos, slinging one leg over his and kissing him on the cheek. "Are you in a coma, my love?"

"M-maybe?" he said, eyes wide at the ceiling. "I can't feel anything below my waist."

"That's on us," Alex teased. "Too much of the same woman in the room for you."

"I'm not complaining!"

"Well, at least your lack of feeling is temporary; the 'explosion' we gave you was a lot better than the one that put me in the chair, ha!"

The gorgeous beauty rubbed Carlos' chest, then got up to shower and change.

"Leaving already?" Emily asked.

"Oh, you know me. Things to do, jogs and jobs to do."

"You can stay longer, you know. I don't mind. I know Carlos doesn't."

Alex laughed as she opened the bathroom door. "What a turnaround from how things started! Well, maybe I'll stick around a little longer. I like being around you two lovebirds. Besides, it lets me keep testing out this body you gave me. And learn how to deal with this frickin' hair!"

Emily laughed, as did Carlos. Alex went to the shower and it started seconds later, leaving the loving pair to lounge on the bed of their shared apartment together.

"Are you sure you don't mind it?" Carlos asked her as he stroked her flank. "You know, the two of you sharing me like this?"

Emily kissed him on the lips, long and passionately. "I would have, once. But ever since that day in the Testing Lab, I've decided to be bolder. *She* taught me that. Besides, I've come to rather like it too."

She kissed him again, lowering her hand down to between his legs.

"You can be with her, sweetie, so long as I get to be there, *and* I get you each night."

He held her close. "You really are the full package, aren't you?"

"Oh, just you wait, mister. Because when I can access that prototype again, and get it right this time, you'll have no idea what's coming."

The End