

Timmy clutched the plastic water bottle he'd found lying near the edge of the barrier, the concrete floor sticky under his sneakers from spilled drinks and sweat. The bass from the main stage throbbed through his ribs like a second heartbeat, but he still felt small, out of place, swallowed by the sea of bodies. His grey hoodie hung loose on his narrow shoulders, the cargo jeans sagging at the hips. He was only here because his older cousin had ditched him after the first set, promising to come back. That had been two hours ago.

Throat parched, head spinning from the lights and the crowd, he twisted the cap off and took three long gulps without thinking. The water tasted faintly sweet, almost chemical, like melted candy mixed with something metallic. He grimaced, but swallowed anyway.

A strange heat bloomed immediately behind his navel.

"What the hell is—" he started, voice cracking high with nerves.

The words melted into a soft, breathy whimper as the heat exploded outward.

His spine arched involuntarily. Bones cracked and lengthened in rapid, wet pops. Timmy staggered, grabbing at the railing for balance as his legs stretched, thighs thickening, calves curving into sleek muscle. The cargo jeans strained, seams splitting with sharp ripping sounds. He looked down in horror as the denim tore open along the outer thighs, exposing smooth, rapidly tanning skin that glowed under the pulsing strobes.

His hands flew to his chest as it pushed outward. Flat pecs swelled into soft, heavy mounds, the fabric of the hoodie stretching taut across them. The cotton fibers groaned, then tore straight down the middle. Buttons from the inner placket pinged off into the crowd. The hoodie fell away in tatters, leaving him bare from the waist up as full, round breasts bounced free, already glistening with a sheen of sweat under the blacklights.

Timmy's mouth opened in a panicked cry that slid into something else entirely: a long, sultry moan that vibrated in his own throat. His Adam's apple shrank, dissolved, and when he tried to speak again only a husky purr emerged.

"N-no... stop... *please...*"

The plea sounded obscene coming from lips that were already plumping, darkening to a glossy rose. His face shifted next. Subtle pops echoed in his ears as his cheekbones began climbing. He felt his jaw softening into a delicate, heart-shaped curve, and his nose turning small and upturned. Eyelashes lengthened into thick black fans. His short brown hair erupted in a violent cascade, strands bleaching white at the roots before flooding with electric blue and violent purple, growing longer and longer until the tips brushed the small of his back.

His hips snapped outward with an audible crack. The cargo jeans gave up completely, shredded denim sliding down newly thickened thighs and pooling around his sneakers in ruined heaps. Timmy kicked them off instinctively as his feet shrank, toes painted glossy black without him

ever touching polish. The sudden nakedness should have mortified him, but the air on his skin felt electric, every brush of the crowd's passing bodies sending sparks up his spine.

His small cock twitched once, twice, then began to retract. The sensation was unbearable. Hot, pulling, almost sucking inward. Timmy's hands shot down to cover himself, but it was already too late. The shaft shrank, inverted, the head folding inward to become a swollen pearl of a clit. The scrotum tightened, pulled up tight, then parted as labia formed, slick and puffy. A new entrance ached open beneath, drooling a steady trickle of arousal that shimmered neon pink under the lights.

He gasped, fingers slipping through the wetness. The first involuntary brush against the new clit made her knees buckle. A high, needy whine tore from his throat.

The last scraps of clothing hit the floor. But something else remained.

Glowing neon streaks began to crawl across his newly tanned skin like living tattoos. Electric pink and violet lines painted themselves over her ribs, curled around the undersides of his...her heavy breasts, dipped low across her pelvis to frame the glistening, hairless slit between her thighs. A tiny glowing heart appeared right above her throbbing clit, pulsing in time with the kick drum. The body paint felt warm, almost alive, tightening her skin and making every nerve sing.

Timmy's mind screamed in the shrinking corner it still occupied.

This isn't me. I'm a boy. I'm Timmy. I like skateboards and comics and—

The protest drowned beneath a tidal wave of new memories. Flashing lights. Grinding against strangers on packed dance floors. The taste of lip gloss and MDMA. The thrill of being watched, desired, chased. The intoxicating freedom of being wanted so badly it hurt.

He...she tried to cling to the old name, the old shape, but it slipped through her fingers like sand.

The music was louder now, inside her skull. Every bass drop synced with the pulse between her legs. Her hips began to roll on instinct, slow and filthy, matching the rhythm. Breasts swayed heavily. Long blue-and-purple hair whipped across her shoulders as she tossed her head back.

Her eyes were still wide with fading panic until they suddenly flashed bright pink beneath the blacklights. The glow spread, pupils dilating into heart-shaped rings of neon. When she blinked again the last trace of Timmy vanished.

Trinity smiled.

Full lips parted around perfect white teeth. She dragged her tongue across them slowly, tasting the lingering sweetness of whatever had been in that bottle. Her hands roamed her own body shamelessly, cupping her breasts, pinching dark nipples until they stood stiff and aching, sliding

down to spread her painted thighs and show the dripping pink cunt to anyone lucky enough to be watching.

The crowd around her had noticed.

Hands reached out, tentative at first, then greedy. Fingers brushed neon lines, thumbs circled her clit, palms squeezed her ass. Trinity laughed, low and filthy, arching into every touch. She grabbed the nearest guy and pulled him down into a bruising kiss. Tongues slid together, slick and hungry. She bit his lower lip hard enough to draw a groan.

When he tried to pull back she hooked a leg around his waist and ground her soaked pussy against the bulge in his shorts.

"Take me right here," she purred against his ear, voice dripping sex and bass. **"Fuck me while everyone watches."**

He didn't need convincing.

Hands yanked his shorts down. His cock sprang free, thick and already leaking. Trinity turned, braced her hands on the barrier, and arched her back so her ass lifted high. Neon paint glowed brighter where sweat slicked her skin. The guy gripped her hips and slammed in with one brutal thrust.

She screamed in pleasure, voice lost in the drop.

He fucked her hard, relentless, each slap of skin on skin syncing with the kick. Trinity's long nails clawed the metal railing. Her breasts bounced wildly. Every thrust punched against her cervix, sending shocks of raw bliss up her spine. She came once, twice, gushing around him, thighs trembling. He didn't stop. When he finally groaned and buried himself deep, flooding her with heat, she clenched around him greedily, milking every drop.

He pulled out. Cum dripped down her inner thighs, glowing faintly pink under the lights.

Trinity straightened, turned, and licked her lips.

She was already looking for the next one.

The music never stopped. Neither did she.



