

Katherine's Story

Katherine hurriedly wheeled her way into the kitchen of her apartment. She gently undid her bra, hands teasing apart the clasp, and pulled it out from under her shirt with one movement, tossing it into the corner without a second glance. After some struggle, her jeans soon followed, leaving her with just her shirt. Next, she pulled a small, stoppered beaker out of her backpack, gingerly placing it on the table.

Now's the time, she thought. I can wait no longer.

She'd been preparing this for months. Others in the lab thought she was crazy, but she didn't care. That crash addled her mind, they said. She's gone off the deep end! How's that cripple going to do anything?

Prior to her accident, Katherine was on track to becoming a tenured professor at the nearby university. But everything changed when she was hit by a car while biking. She couldn't decide whether or not the severed spinal cord was a good thing or a bad thing - disregarding that, she'd somehow gotten away almost without a scratch. She could've easily shattered most of the bones in her body.

But nothing was damaged more than her reputation. She was denied tenure shortly after, on the grounds that her accident made her unfit physically and mentally - as if not being able to walk meant you suddenly weren't on the cutting edge of biochemistry.

Bullshit, she said. But she couldn't prove anything. At least they let her use the lab on nights and weekends. That's where she created a substance that could transform her body. She didn't want to walk again - that'd only be conforming to the expectation of others. Rather, she thought, I'll use my legs to treat myself to a.. special something.

Katherine had always wanted to have large breasts. Not to inflate her body image or attract guys, but mostly just because she thought it was hot. Unfortunately, practical breast expansion was mostly limited to synthetic implants, which would be impractical and

dangerous for what she wanted. Using growth hormones also ran into issues - it would work, but probably over the course of years, and while eating a ton of food. I mean, you couldn't exactly break the law of conservation of mass. Katherine had a better idea.

She tossed her head back and downed the beaker, then shuddered as the solution made its way down her throat. The solution was designed to localize in her legs, but she had no idea what it would feel like before then. Suddenly, a lurching sensation threw her off balance and she sprawled forward off the wheelchair, crumpling flat on the floor. Not the best of starts, she thought. Dragging herself up against the wall of her apartment, she leaned on it gratefully for balance, shivering as a chilly sensation rippled through her arms and chest, like a wet hand brushing gently against her skin. It felt like she was being doused in water from the inside out. Looking down, she half-expected her shirt to be soaked through, but only saw a pair of protuberant nipples poking through her shirt.

The chilly sensation spread from her chest down her belly. She twitched slightly when it tickled her, cooing softly when it gently nudged her clitoris - but it soon moved further down. This is nice, she thought. She couldn't feel the chill anymore, but hopefully the fact that it was in her legs boded well.

Then the sensation returned, much stronger than before, except warm and soothing, like sunlight - and her passion flared as she threw her head back, her hands diving under her shirt and up to her breasts, cupping and fondling them gently as the feeling coursed up and down her body, lovingly caressing the soft skin of her nubile body. Looking through unfocused eyes at her feet, she gasped.

She had no toes.

Her toes had merged together, like five fat droplets of water giving in to surface tension. All up and down her legs her skin was losing definition, the bumps on her ankles receding into her legs, becoming more and more indistinct as the flesh rounded off, flowed together. Having no sensation in her legs, she couldn't feel what it was like, but could only imagine the bones softening, the muscles loosening, mixing together. The puddles that used to be her legs soon joined, flowing together and leaving her lying against the wall, her torso dipped in the flesh-

colored puddle of her legs.

Katherine stared at her liquefied legs. Clearly, the solution had worked. She poked the flesh puddle a little bit, leaving a mark that filled itself in over several seconds. I'm like half a goo girl, she thought. Not bad. But, as though the liquid flesh of her former legs were obeying some unseen signal, it suddenly coursed up her torso, diving into her flesh like an incredibly intimate mud bath, tightly enveloped by a lover's embrace. She let out a deep guttural moan of satisfaction, hands kneading the soft flesh melding to her body.

The moving flesh roved upwards, searching and finally meeting its destination - her breasts. Rivulets and rivulets of flesh flowed up her torso and infused themselves into her chest. Instantly her breasts swelled furiously - she threw her head back, screaming in pleasure, mind blank, eyes closed, chest heaving, mouth slack - fingers splayed on her breasts but spreading further and further apart against the rising hills. Her breasts filled the tight confines of her shirt - luscious mounds straining against the fabric, twin nipples protruding outwards, struggling to escape.

She couldn't think. She couldn't move - except to take a hand from her breast and plunge it into her sopping vagina. Instantly she came like a gunshot - her body thrashed and spasmed over and over, dripping juices all over the floor, her glorious breasts finally seeing the light of day as they burst through her shirt, each mammary now twice the size of her head. Try as she might, she could barely reach her nipples, even with her arms fully extended. Panting heavily, she leaned against the wall in a pool of her juices, contemplating her new figure, idly squeezing her nipples. Where her legs connected to her body, only smooth flesh remained. All of the flesh in her legs had been transferred to her breasts. Her mind reeling from the experience, she could only let out soft pants and moans as she brought herself back down to reality.

A perfect success, she thought. I want this.