

## LLL: Emily

By Rols Garten

The area outside of Emily's apartment entrance was annoyingly dark. The hallway light was out again and Emily grumbled to herself as she tried to fit her lock into the key. "Stupid building, gotta talk to the super again..." She kept muttering various annoyances at her building's no good owner and his idiot son that ran the place until finally her key slid into her lock. As it did she swore that she heard something behind her. Turning around, the hallway was still way too dark for her to see, but she'd definitely heard some low metallic booming coming from behind her.

After a moment's thought she chuckled at her own stupidity. There was a vent there, it was probably just the sound of it expanding and contracting in the heat. With a dismissive noise she turned away and entered her apartment. Because of this she didn't see the small black shape, so pure and dark a black that it turned up against the gloom of the hallway. While initially slow, the black shape perked up like it had caught a scent. Moving like water running down polished glass, it slid over the ratty hallway carpet and managed to squeeze under the door.

Inside, Emily had stripped off her shirt and bra. While normally she wouldn't be able to do this with her roommate around, said roommate was off in the Bahamas for another day and wouldn't be back until tomorrow night. This meant that walking around topless, something of a favored indulgence of Emily's, was permissible for at least tonight. With a sigh she collapsed onto the couch, legs resting on the armrest and looking at the ceiling. Emily brushed her fingers through her long dark black hair and tried to forget about the awful day she'd just had. Being a CFA paid well enough and her supervisors often thought that she did a good job, but that didn't mean there weren't days where she just wanted to pull her hair out and bang her head on the desk until she was dead. She felt like watching TV but at the same time was way too tired to look for the remote. Instead she closed her eyes and was soon napping. Unseen, the black shape from the hallway crept across the floor. In the greater light of the

room it was possible to get a better look at it. It looked like a mobile oil spill. The spill's black glossy surface flowed over Emily's carpet without leaving a single trace of itself behind.

Once it reached Emily's coffee table it flowed up one of the legs and onto the top of the table. There, it gathered itself into a small dome like half a golf ball on the top of the table. It seemed to hesitate for a moment and then jumped, flinging itself through the air and onto Emily's naked chest.

Emily woke up with a start, looking down at her chest and saying, "What the hell?" Glossy and black, it sat on her pale skin as a splash between her two small breasts. Emily glanced up at the ceiling to see where it might have fallen from while she tried to wipe it off with her fingers. But it didn't budge, instead it just felt rubbery against her fingers as she tried harder and harder to wipe it off. "The fuck?" Emily tried to dig at the edges of the stain with her fingernails but couldn't seem to find where the seam of the rubber met her skin.

Then the stain started to expand. Emily shrieked and jumped up off of the couch as she swatted at the spreading stain. Soon it began to creep up over her breasts, turning them the same shiny black as the stain. Then the stain started to spread faster and a new feeling beyond panic started to hit Emily. Pleasure. It started as a slight tingle as the stain spread over her shoulders and down her arms, not enough that Emily was able to notice it at first. Then as it went around the base of her neck (stopping there and not going up) and around her sides to join in the back where she couldn't see, the feeling became more intense. Emily's panicked breaths became deeper and less rapid as the stain spread down her body, painting her whole torso a shining black while it spread down her arms to stop just behind her wrists.

She'd stopped trying to rip whatever it was off. Instead she was focused on watching the material cover more and more of her body while trying to ignore just how good it was feeling. This was hard when it started to reach under her skirt and she felt it spreading around the curve of her ass. It started to feel so good that Emily could have sworn that an invisible pair of hands were playing with her folds down below. When it spread down to reach her pussy there was no more denying that

whatever was happening to her felt damned amazing. Emily lost the ability to stand and ended up sitting back on the couch, low and throaty noises starting to escape from her throat along with the occasional whimper. She screwed her eyes shut and tried to ride through it. It seemed to last a long time and by the end of it what parts of her pale skin that were still exposed were coated with sweat. Then an unadulterated stream of pure nitro-boosted, streamlined, factory prototype too powerful to be released to the common man, *pleasure* started to pour out of her entire body.

It beat out of her with a steady metronome beat. *Boom...boom...boom...* While she felt her whole body throb and every beat was punctuated with a little “Uh...uh...uh!” Then, after a few more minutes, her body stopped throbbing for just long enough for Emily to think it might be over. She looked down at herself and her eyes went wide. She'd never been what you'd call chubby, but never what you'd call fit either, until now. The baby fat that had clung to her throughout her teen years and through most of her twenties was just gone. Underneath whatever was coating her it had been replaced by a body that looked like it belonged to a dancer or a gymnast. In addition whatever was coating her had to be extremely thin as she could see her individual nipples instead of little tents and also her bellybutton in full detail. Before she could appreciate what this might mean, the feeling started again, only this time it was concentrated on one area.

It was concentrated on her pelvis, or more specifically on her hips and her ass. Now that she knew to look for it she could see that with every pulse her body changed. To a steady chorus of “Oh...oh...oh!” she watched as her hips grew wider, and leaning forwards to place her hands under her skirt and on her ass meant that she could feel her ass change too, growing plumper and rounder with each pulse while it also became more and more firm. When it finally stopped her ass felt massive and she gave a little whimper, that turned into a gasp when the feeling started again, this time centering on her breasts.

Whatever was doing this to her, it was apparently through fucking around as within a few pulses she had gone from flat as a board to having two handfuls. She knew that they were handfuls as she

proceeded to cup them. Shining and black, they soon overfilled her hands and were also feeling much better to touch than her old breasts ever had. So much so that Emily wasn't even aware that her left hand had drifted down from her breast and was now playing with her pussy. Because of this the noises that she was making had turned into "Ah yeah... ah yeah... ah yeah...ah fuck yeeeeaaaaah!" as the breast she was holding overfilled the gripping fingers of her right hand.

When she finally caught her breath the pulsing had stopped and she was left with a pair of tits that were each the size of her own head. Round and firm, they sat high on her chest and held a natural teardrop shape. She couldn't help it. Despite everything a part of her was ecstatic. She'd never been satisfied with her flat chest and had even considered going under the knife a few times to remedy it. Instead she had taken to glancing at the more substantial endowments of other women with more and more envy. She didn't consider herself a lesbian, or even bi, but every now and again she'd catch sight of a woman with a nice firm pair of tits and think *Damn...* Like the one's on her roommate. That girl had won the genetic lottery in a big way.

Now she had a pair of her own, but she also didn't know how to get black stuff off. The way that it clung to Emily without a single seam was making a sickening suspicion crawl up her spine. Before she could dwell on that though, the feeling started up again. This time it was centered on her head and was if anything more intense than ever, certainly more rapid. A constant *boomboomboomboomboom* rang through her head as she got up and ran to the bathroom.

She spent a moment fumbling for the lights before she remembered that they hadn't worked for six weeks. Instead she found the switch for the small electric lamp that she kept in there and flicked it on, which meant that she only caught the tail end of her transformation. Her dark black hair, always a bit dull, now had a natural sheen to it that reminded Emily of the coating on the rest of her body, but that was nothing compared to her face.

Emily had always considered herself a bit plain. Not ugly, but nothing that stood out either. A few acne scars from her teenage years and a mole on her left cheek that was a bit too big to be

considered a beauty mark had put to rest any ambitions that she might have had of being hot. She had enough trouble reaching for cute.

This needed to be reassessed.

She wasn't unrecognizable, but there was a world of difference. Every possible flaw in her pale skin seemed to have been lasered away and the cheekbones framing her green eyes were new. The only thing that might be considered a blemish was her mole, now reduced to a little black dot on her cheek that truly fit the name "beauty mark." Her lips looked a bit more puffy and someone had applied a layer of shining pink lipstick to them. In fact her entire face had been made up by an expert, enhancing every aspect of her beauty without making her look like she was wearing that much makeup at all. An idea occurred to her and she quickly rubbed at her face. Emily gave a little whimper as her suspicions were confirmed, she wasn't wearing makeup. Her skin seemed to actually *be* that colour now.

Looking down, her expanding hips had made her skirt ride up on her body with it now being wrapped around her waist as opposed to her hips and she could already tell that her panties had more or less disappeared up her ass. She took a deep breath and forced her skirt down over her hips. She had to tear it a bit, which would have been more annoying if she thought that she would ever fit into it again. With a bit of effort she managed to get her panties and stockings off as well and was soon standing naked in front of her bathroom mirror. Emily's lower half was much like her upper half. Where her head, neck, and hands hadn't been covered by the substance, so had her feet also been spared. Though like her hands they might have looked a bit more dainty than she remembered. All of that wasn't what worried Emily. There was one thing that she needed to check. Slowly, she reached both her hands up to her pussy and, with a deep breath, spread it open.

The inside was the same black material as most of the rest of her body.

She'd been changed, by what and into what she didn't know but something had changed her. Possibly permanently. In body certainly, and she feared in mind as well, because no matter what way she looked at it- she was currently as horny as she'd ever been in her life.

There was something else too. It was *quiet*. more quiet than she could ever remember it being in her entire life. That was a puzzle that would have to wait. Emily knew that she was going to spend several hours touching herself because she couldn't imagine there being enough cold water in the world to suppress her current state of mind. She just needed to do one constructive thing first. She bent down, picked up her cell phone, and dialed a number from her contacts.

“Hello?” Said a young woman's voice from the other end of the phone.

Emily swallowed. “Jessica? It's Emily.”

“I know, you come up on caller ID.” Jessica sounded bored. Emily envied her.

“I was wondering if you could come over here?”

“I'm on shift now.”

“When do you get off?”

“Not 'till 4am.”

Emily swallowed. That was over six hours away. “Just... as soon as you can ok? It's a bit of an emergency.”

“Is it a medical emergency?” Now Jessica sounded worried. “If it is you should go to a hospital.”

“No!” The last thing that Emily wanted was to be stuck in a hospital so they could ship her off to some government lab where they'd spend the next twenty years cutting pieces out of her. “Not a medical emergency. Just come by when your shift is done, ok?”

“I'll try. You're sure this isn't medical?”

“Yeah I'm sure. See you.”

“See you.”

Emily hung up and let the phone drop from her hands, letting her right hand pinch one of her nipples while letting her left start to play with her folds. She never realised how *hot* Jessica's voice was. Wordlessly, she made her way to the bedroom but with the way she was feeling she knew that she

wasn't getting any sleep tonight.

**Note: No more sex in this part. You can ignore it. Reviews are appreciated but if you want to ask me something you can reach me at [rolsgarten@gmail.com](mailto:rolsgarten@gmail.com)**

**If anyone is wondering where the next chapter of Paul's Problems is, it's still coming but I'm kind of swamped with work right now. This was just something I threw together while taking breaks from studying.**