

WARNING:

This is a work of erotic science fiction. It's about transformation and sex and contains graphic (and hot) descriptions of both. It's a little weird and the sequels will probably get weirder, so if you're not into that don't read!

Also if you found this in a conspicuous folder on someone else's computer, don't worry it's a purely academic and not at all weird thing for him (or her) to be interested in. Don't think about it too much.

I hope you enjoy! Feel free to reach out to me at my email TongueinTail@gmail.com with Questions, comments, and suggestions! (The story is from a female perspective but the author is indeed a straight male, just in case you thought about emailing for an "Extraliterary" topic. Still welcome, but just so you know.)

I realized as I got to the gym that I had forgotten my phone. It wasn't a big deal, I only listened to music with it, but it was getting annoying that I kept forgetting it now that I didn't need a gym bag. Nanite clothing was cool, it dries itself, shifts outfits seamlessly, and other things, but it couldn't play music. I guess I really didn't need to be as strict about the gym anymore either, since I was a test subject for the full body mod nanites, but it seemed to make sense to make their job easier.

You see, clinical trials have been happening for these nanite body mods for a while with mixed results. In general, the people selected were those funding the project. Adjustable boobs and ass for a starlet already mostly plastic, Hair that can change style, cut, and color via a phone app for the billionaire and his wife, and so on. One thing wasn't covered though, the young lab tech with a degenerative bone disease. That was me, and hell yes I signed up. The experiment included the "Full package" of the nanite mods, and the docs were hoping the interaction went well. Three weeks in, and the nanites have almost entirely rebuilt my skeletal structure. It was pretty amazing how

much they could change my body on top of the fact that I could live a normal life without the symptoms of my condition.

I had already selected my workout gear and a pretty natural look for the gym, with a toned body and reasonably firm lady curves. I went ahead with the workout, just some light cardio and stretching. I was almost done when I saw one of the muscle bound blockheads eyeing me. *Jeez, I thought, it's not even like I stand out here but some guys...* I went on with the workout and a bit of my hair came loose from my ponytail. It had been my natural mousy brown when I'd left the house that morning, but the strand floating in front of my face was platinum blonde. It took me a minute to register what had happened, but when it did... "Oh... Oh shit," I breathed, and hurried toward the locker room.

After stopping for a long drink of water, I stepped to the mirror in the women's locker area. Sure enough, I was wearing lip gloss and eyeliner that hadn't been there, and my curves were looking a little... extra. My ass could clearly be outlined in my now very tight yoga pants and I had just a little cleavage showing over my sports bra and tank top. "I'm gonna kill him." I growled under my breath.

I went to the cubby where my water bottle and wallet sat, snatched them up, and, after a second's pause, guzzled the water bottle. Odd that I was so thirsty after such a light workout. I turned to leave just as a pretty brunette with narrow hips and a killer rack rounded the corner. She must've been into girls, because she eyed me hardcore from that moment until I brushed past her to leave. It was kind of hot to get that kind of attention from a girl. I love my boyfriend, but a girl can be a little curious about switch hitting, right?

I shook that thought away as I left and felt my outfit start to change. The angle of my shoes was the most noticeable, slowly getting higher in the heel than the toe, and making a slightly harder sound on the ground. It's a good thing nanite clothing changes fairly slowly when moving or, I felt certain, I'd be walking out of the gym in stripper heels. My leggings were changing too, getting slightly shorter around my calves and

tightening slightly on my hips. There was also a definite jiggle in both my ass and chest as I walked out the doors. Good grief how fast was I changing?

By the time I reached my SUV, I was wearing four inch wedges and my leggings had fused into a skirt that reached my knees. My socks looked the oddest, having climbed up my calves and started forming a fishnet pattern. My shirt was generally the same tank top, but the bra had become a lacy pushup number somewhere over DD range. I climbed into the car and cursed. *Dammit, I still have to get gas on the way home. This should be fun*, I thought.

I pulled into the gas station and opened my door. Out from it slid a luscious leg in black fishnets above six inch pink heels with a little platform. My ass, wrapped in a tight black mid-thigh skirt of a leathery material, might not be on Jersey shore, but it was close. My waist had contracted to a pretty ridiculous size, emphasizing that hourglass, Jessica rabbit shape. The low cut white top showed off the DDD rack pretty well, and my face was sultry with my “clubbing” makeup setting and a pair of lips that demanded their own notice. At least no one would recognize me, a blonde, blue eyed bimbo, as the mousy brunette I usually was.

I caught my reflection in the side glass as i shut my door and giggled. Awkward as it was, I was damn fine. My hair was starting to gather into big, platinum curls, still tied back in a ponytail. I bit my lip as I looked at my reflection, an old habit that was never nearly as sexy as it was now with my plump, pouty lips. I turned around smiling and strode into the gas station. I could have paid at the pump, but I was just so thirsty. I grabbed a big bottle of gatorade and, after a second to think, a bottle of water too. I opened the gatorade and sipped at it absently while waiting in line. It turns out adolescent male cashiers don't work very fast when a girl like me is within view. When I finally reached the counter, I was dismayed to realize that my gatorade was entirely empty. It was at that moment that my hairband dissolved and my blonde curls fell around my face like a freaking shampoo commercial. After convincing the boys at the register to let me pay for my own drinks and the obscene amount of gas my suv took, I tossed the gatorade and started on the water.

While the pump ticked upwards into depressing numbers I checked my reflection in the window. My hair, despite being curled all over, hung lower now, falling past my shoulders to my brea-... "Holy shit!" I hissed under my breath. My tits had gone past Victoria Secret, skipped straight by Penthouse, and were now somewhere in Brazzers territory. If i had to guess I'd say the lacy bra would be a G or thereabouts. I cupped them gently and let out a squeak at the incredible sensitivity. I finished fueling up and slid back into the car, my ass taking up more of the seat than it ever had before. I tried not to notice how much I jiggled when I crossed the speed bumps outside my apartment.

I stepped out, pretty sure that my heels had gained another inch but confident that my tits and ass were finally done. I also noticed with some chagrin that my panties had completely disappeared beneath my skirt. What's more, I was wet. Not just a little normal moist, nor a good aroused wet, I was so wet I could feel it on the inside of my thighs. I'm pretty certain someone looking close enough might be able to see my slick thighs just under my skirt at the bands of my thigh high fishnets.

It was a relief that there was no one in the parking lot or the lobby of my apartment building. I wasn't having trouble walking in the stripper heels, but still I decided to take the old elevator up to my fifth floor apartment. I sighed with relief when the bell dinged, the coast was still clear. Or so I thought. The elevator opened to the pretty redhead that lived just below me. She would have been taller than me without my crazy heels, and she was a knockout in her own right. Her fiery hair cascaded down her back, and she filled out the skinny jeans she was wearing wonderfully. She had been coming from the basement laundry room. I tried to give her a sweet smile, but my reflection in the mirrored back wall showed it to be positively vulpine with sexual innuendo. I reached across her to press the 6 button, seeing that she had already selected 4 for her floor, and I saw from the corner of my eye the girl stealing a glance at my curves. A second look told me it wasn't envy or disgust on her face... It was lust. *Ooh, She must bat for the other team...* I thought. Then, a much more wicked thought crossed my mind.

“Hey, I’m Abby. I don’t think we’ve met!” I said, my voice coming out with a touch more silk than I was used to.

“Oh, u-um, h-hi, I’m Jenn.” She replied, blushing fiercely. She had the most gorgeous and piercing green eyes. Yeah, it’d be worth the gamble.

“You like?” I said, presenting my chest in the low cut white top. “They’re pretty new, and really fun to play with! Go ahead, touch ‘em, you know you want to,” I chirped. Much to my surprise, she gave me an awed look and obliged, reaching up to squeeze the massive tits. They were soft and springy, looking almost natural save for their impossible perkiness. It felt unreal. Every touch from her was like lightning connected straight to my sex. I accidentally let out a little moan of pleasure and her eyes snapped up to meet mine. Those green eyes, ruby red lips, and that sexy, curious expression fully awakened my inner lesbo. I kissed her. My lush lips meeting hers with a moan of pleasure, each of us gently cupping the other’s ass in our hands. It was heaven.

My tongue had just slipped past her lips when the elevator stopped at my floor. I held the kiss for a moment more, briefly considering following her to her place, even though we’d been so involved we’d missed her stop the first time. My rational brain managed to get a message through the haze of lust and good feelings and told me to get my ass back to my place. I broke off the kiss and gracefully stepped back through the elevator door as it was closing, giving her a last sexy wink as I did. I shook my head and turned to walk towards my apartment, where I had left my phone...

I strode in the door with a vampish flick of my hair and closed it behind me. My volleyball sized tits jiggled like they had a mind of their own in cadence with the click of my exceptionally high heels. Sure enough, my boyfriend, Peter, sat on my couch, watching me with a shit eating grin of purest mischief on his scruffy face, my phone in his hand with the bodymod app open.

“Hey sweetie, how was your workout?” He said as if I hadn’t been changed into the patron saint of bimbohood. He stood and tossed the phone aside, stretching as if he was just waking from a nap, even though I knew he was deliberately trying to entice me.

Even worse, it was working. He was exactly my type, dark hair, rugged short beard, broad shoulders, and the kind of thick, muscular arms and core that come from hard labor more than gym workouts.

After the morning I'd had, I found very little patience for being coy or talking at all for that matter. I tossed my keys on to the kitchen table and nearly tackled him with the kiss born out of pure need. It felt just a little odd, since I was a little taller than him in the stripper heels and I had to crane my neck to reach him with the massive amount of boob between us, but all the same I wanted nothing more at that moment than him. He grabbed my ass and lifted, prompting me to wrap my legs around his waist. I reveled in the feeling of his biceps bulging to take my weight, locking my fishnet clad legs behind his back. He was intent on exploring my plushy lips with his own, taking his time to arouse me in just the way I usually enjoyed. This wasn't the usual, though. My need was animalistic, feral, and immediate. I put a foot down to gain leverage and shoved him back onto the couch. His hand found my waist and lifted my white top over my head in one smooth motion. It had barely hit the floor when I sent his shirt to join it and our lips met again. The feeling of our skin touching was electric, and the lacy, enticing bra was suddenly constricting and stifling in comparison. He apparently had the same thought, lifting his hand to the back and expertly unhooking it with a flick of his fingers. I reveled in the feeling of the massive, sensitive mounds at his mercy, lifting them to his mouth and arching my back. His tongue was like a live wire, sending jolts of pleasure down my spine at every touch.

My skirt had long since rode up to show my lack of any other covering below it and his jeans were a sudden ugliness to my skin. I slowed my movements a little, tracking kisses with my plump lips down his chest and abdomen until I reached the brassy button that locked my desire from me. With a hungry look up at him, I pulled the button loose and slid pants and underwear off in one predatory motion. I gazed for a moment at the six inches of satisfying girth and licked my pouty lips. I glanced once more at the desire in his eyes and slowly kissed the tip. Even before the nanites, I had never had a gag reflex, and it was one of his favorite things. The thick shaft slid

effortlessly between my lips, over my tongue, and down my throat, a gentle swallowing motion coaxing him to the peak of hardness.

It only took a few strokes of that to become more than I could bear. I was just so incredibly horny. I lifted off of him and crawled up to kiss him again. His powerful hands gripped my hips and guided my dripping wet sex onto his rock hard shaft. The explosion of raw pleasure escaped my throat in a moan that was nearly a scream. I leaned back to push him as deep as possible and rolled my hips. Somewhere I dimly realized that it felt way better than it should, since the nanites don't really have many ways to affect pleasure or nerve endings, but I guess that'd just go in my test journal. For now I was lost in the pleasure. My whole world was in my bouncing tits and his muscular core writhing in time with my tiny waist and soft, round hips. It didn't take long before that pleasure seemed to reverberate with itself, building to a roaring crescendo inside me and I began to buck with orgasm. I fell forward to lock lips with my lover and he sped up to a fever pitch throwing more waves of pleasure into me. His arms tightened around me and his body went rigid, our moans drowned in the kiss. I felt his warm seed flower in me and managed to relax my own body a bit.

I don't even know how long I laid on him, his softening girth still inside me, my body still convulsing lightly from the world shattering orgasm. "That was incredible," I breathed. In typical male fashion, his reply was a contented grunt. I kicked off the heels and adjusted to a more comfortable cuddling position. "I bet you think you're off the hook for messing with my phone huh?" He arched an eyebrow at me. "No sammich for you mister."

"I guess it's a good thing I brought Jimmy's then," he said with a chuckle and indicated the black and white bag I'd ignored on the table when I walked in.

With a squeak of joy I jumped up off the couch, with a gratuitous amount of jiggle from my still pornstar proportions, and ran to the table. Peter stood, reclaiming his jeans and sauntering to the table with that sexy "Just fucked" swagger. He handed me my phone. The app was still open. I scrolled through it, looking for how he had ramped up my libido so much. The problem was, I couldn't find it. No setting or adjustment in that

app should have made me so horny. *I guess being a bimbo has an effect of its own?* I thought. I decided to let him look for a while longer, and we ate topless.

Afterwards, I was scrolling through the app resetting everything to default, when I got a mischievous idea. The lips slider was high, but not maxed out. Out of curiosity I slid it to max and locked the app. After a while in the shower, My body had returned to normal and my lips were so comically huge I could barely talk. As expected, Peter slid into the bathroom right about when I'd be done to join me in the shower. He stepped in behind me and groped my perky C's with a pleasant sigh. "There's my beautiful girlfriend," he whispered. I reveled for a moment in the sweet phrase, he'd let me know that despite the fun with bimbo queen his eyes were for me even as I was. In that moment I was very happy that I had a plan for him in this moment.

I turned, kissing him deeply with my cartoonish lips. It was almost comical, his lips so much smaller than mine. I didn't waste much time on the kiss though, that's not what these were meant for. I sank to my knees, tracing his powerful legs with my fingernails before extending my tongue to tease his shaft. Much to my surprise, my tongue was significantly longer than it should have been. There was no adjustment near the lip size that would extend my tongue, but still, that is exactly what happened. Shrugging off my concerns, I coaxed his member to its full height. He let out a groan as I kissed the tip with the huge, perfectly shaped lips. His big hands stroked my cheeks and rested on the back of my head, gently guiding me to take the rod into my mouth. I obliged, slowly at first, teasing. As the pleasure built he pushed me deeper and faster and I added my own soft moans to his. A few moments passed before I slipped his girth into my throat. We froze for a second to enjoy the feeling, my long tongue writhing at the base of his shaft and the head feeling the gentle undulations of my throat swallowing his precum. After that crystalline moment of sensation, the face fucking began. Unable to contain himself, he grabbed the back of my head and began thrusting, expanding my throat with each stroke of his rod. I moaned into it, relishing his pleasure. Just as I felt the slight tension of his mounting orgasm, I pulled my head away, stroking his shaft with my hands until he shot his hot, sticky load over my face and chest.

I stood then, letting the shower carry the spunk away and turning to kiss him. Shortly after getting clean, I returned my face to normal and gathered my clothes, using my phone to change them back to yoga pants and a comfy top. After that I opened the journal I kept for the researchers. "Increased libido... Lingual coexpansion... excessive thirst..." I mumbled to myself as I tried to remember the morning. I'd probably be scolded for pushing limits like this, and I had to omit that someone else had access to my control app, but it was worth it. We spent the rest of our day off watching netflix and playing with some nanite outfits. It was fun, and led to a couple more fun times before we had to get ready for the party.

Since I'd received the free nanite clothing and mods, Pete and I had found a liking for going to some interesting places that we otherwise wouldn't have the wardrobe for. I finished repurposing one of my outfits into a masculine leather number for Peter and stepped into the bathroom to get myself ready. I reshaped my body, jumping up to something like E cups with matching hips and ass. I set my waist to as tiny as the nanites were capable of, to make the inevitable corset a little more comfortable. My proportions would be a little ridiculous, but where we were going, I'd fit right in. I changed my hair to a deep scarlet, regaining some of those big curls from my bimbo form. I watched as the changes took place. My tits swelling again, moving mass from my waist as it shrank to give me an intense hourglass. I got to see this time how my ass slowly plumped out and shaped into that perfect exaggerated heart. My hair changed much quicker, changing shades as if someone turned a hue knob on a monitor and curling as if that was its natural shape.

I picked my makeup and outfit last, going for smokey eyes and crimson lipstick to match my hair and nails. My outfit shifted smoothly into the latex catsuit I had chosen. Black rubber seemed to ooze over me as the nanites altered their composition and formation. In a few moments, I was covered from the neck down in a beautiful skintight layer of it, with a corset hanging loose at my waist. Unfortunately it just didn't look right if you didn't lace it yourself, as the nanites had trouble making something tighter than normal elasticity could. Pete was more than happy to help, cinching the thing tight and

tying it off for me. I took a moment to admire his outfit too, and then slipped into the high heels that had just finished forming on the floor by my closet. I didn't forget my phone in it's leather clutch as we left this time.

I'm sure it would have been a great party if the car hadn't run the red light just as we were passing through...

(Insert dramatic cliffhanger music!!!)

Thanks very much for reading. I'll be adding the second part as well as editing this as my inaugural work in this genre. I'm sure I can make some improvements, so send the comments!

Be on the lookout for more soon!

Tongueintail is the author and owner of this work published first to OverflowingBra.com on 7/7/2018. Please give credit when sharing.