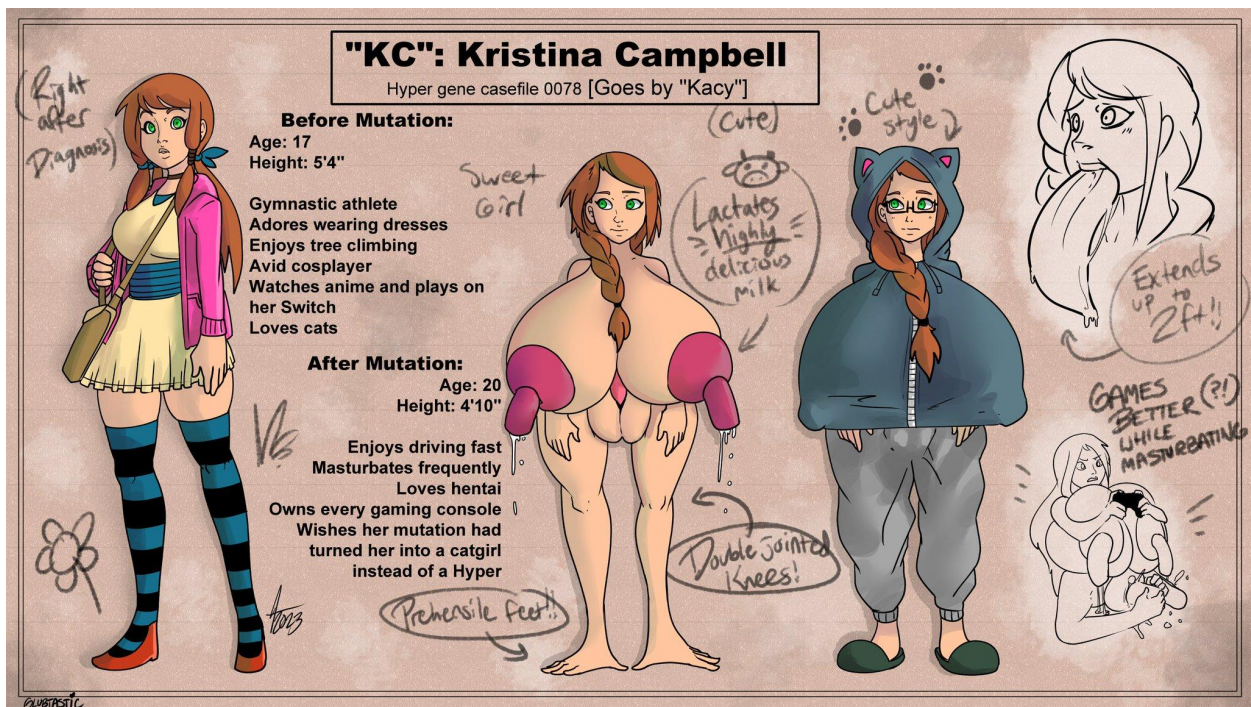


KC's Journal: Entry 1

By Sexyjin: <https://www.deviantart.com/sexyjin>



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Hello Journal! My name is Kristina Campbell, but I go by KC (pronounced like 'Kacy'). I'm writing in you today because the doctors said that this can be a good way to process big changes in a person's life, and boy have I had some big changes!

A little background; Last year, at the age of seventeen, I was about average height and a fairly skinny girl, with pale skin, green eyes, amber hair, and barely B-cup boobs. I loved to watch anime like Spy X Family, wear pretty dresses and cosplay, cuddle cats, climb trees, and was generally a wholesome and enthusiastic teen that rarely misbehaved. My main hobby was competing on my highschool's gymnastic team and I had a lot riding on getting a scholarship so I could keep practicing at the college level. Beyond gymnastics, my life was mostly carefree, until one day near the middle of my junior year, during a regular check up at the doctors office, the staff ran some general blood tests and the results showed that I had an active mutant gene! The doctors weren't mutant specialists and couldn't specify how I might change or exactly when it might occur, but they estimated it would likely happen within the next couple of months. My parents were of course concerned about what their 'innocent' girl might turn into, but I tried my best not to think about it, since there seemed to be little that could be done but wish for the best.

The thought of mutating didn't terrify me like it did my prudish parents, but I also didn't want to become anything too lewd. As long as I could keep competing in gymnastics, I was sure things would be fine. Secretly I thought it would be cool to mutate into a cute cat-girl like in the different anime I watched, but I didn't want to get my hopes up.

Despite my best wishes, the goddess of sexy mutations took no pity on me, striking at nearly the worst possible moment, during my last gymnastics performance of the school year! I remember sticking my landing and posing proudly for the judges, holding one leg up straight above my head, when suddenly I didn't feel so good. Heat, pain, and pleasure washed through my body as I felt my flesh start to stretch and expand, growing much thicker in all the right places, but **especially** in the breast department! My boobs swelled tremendously, ripping my unitard to pieces as they grew to dominate my entire torso and extend down to just below my waist. My nipples throbbed as they grew to about six inches long and nearly two inches wide, truly becoming teats as they began spraying milk all over the tumble mat. I tried to scream, but as I opened my mouth, my tongue rapidly elongated and forced my jaw wide as it grew thick and nearly two feet long! My hips flared out as my vagina became huge and dripping wet with a big and prominent clitoris. Last but not least, my legs and feet morphed to become more like arms and hands! Where previously I had been holding my leg up, now my hand clasped a strange hand-like prehensile foot, and my knee was bending backwards so that my thigh didn't have to strain to stay up. I felt no pain even though it looked like my leg was broken. As my mutation finished, I realized that my perspective had dropped, and apparently my body had reappropriated several inches of my height during the change, reducing me from 5'4" to about 4'10", officially making me a very top heavy 'short stack'. I would have died of embarrassment as the audience stared speechless at me, but my post-mutation hormones were in full gear, making me horny as hell, and holding my pose was all I could do to not start furiously masturbating in front of the entire gymnasium! Eventually my coach's instincts kicked in and she was able to grab some towels to cover my boobs and help escort me out of the building, leaving a trail of milk behind us. It was only later that I found out the judges had scored my final performance as a gymnast at a perfect 10!

The next day, my parents and I drove up to the nearest major city and visited some mutant specialists to document my changes and make sure everything was healthy. The doctors said I classify as a 'Level 2' mutant with 'magnitudo' type mutations in the classic 'Hyper' configuration, as well as an 'ordinaria' mutation to my legs and feet. Individuals with extreme magnitudo mutations involving the breasts, buttocks, tongue, penis, and or vagina are often referred to as having the 'Hyper gene' and usually results in libidos even more hyperactive than other level 2 mutations. Becoming hyper is actually a fairly common class of mutation, but it's hardly ever publicized in the media due to its aggressively sexual nature. The hospital staff measured my new assets, but also noted any changes in interest or personality, seeking to understand how mutations often also affect the mind. Apparently my milk isn't typical, even for mutants. It's extra rich, creamy, and sweet, and after the hospital ran some tests, we discovered it has all sorts of extra medicinal properties, and can even be used as a component in perfumes! One of the young nurses who attended to me was clearly an intern still in med school, and I could tell she was having difficulty staying professional while studying my new body. When I was

discharged, the cute nurse gave me a copy of my casefile, which had a few extra doodles and notes of my mutations written on top, as well as her phone # on the back. I was still pretty naive when it came to flirtation back then, so I had already left with my family for back home before I realized that maybe that phone # was for a different kind of emergency contact. It was at this hospital that the idea of keeping a journal was suggested to help me cope with all my new changes, but I'll be honest that I didn't bother with the advice until just now, nearly a year later.

My family and I reacted as most people do immediately after mutation; panic, fear, distress, and uncertainty, but most of all for me, intense horniness nearly 24/7! My huge boobs are incredibly sensitive, and it took me a while to get used to their new size and weight. My prehensile feet were weird to walk on at first, but it didn't take long to see their use. They are extra strong and help reduce the amount of times I have to bend over, letting me reach places where my new breasts tend to get in the way of my normal arms. My tongue is embarrassingly long, but I can keep it retracted so that it doesn't mess with my speech. I was devastated that my new short stature and massive jugs effectively prevented me from continuing gymnastics, or wearing my extensive collection of cute dresses, but beyond having to use the restroom a few extra times a day to let-down some milk, my huge breasts proved to be fairly manageable, mostly thanks to my new arm-legs. Without them, I wouldn't even be able to reach a keyboard! After a couple weeks of initial shock, I slowly grew to enjoy my mutations, especially my ultra delicious milk!

My parents weren't thrilled with my new ultra sexy self to say the least, becoming suspicious of all the new looks I was getting as the only mutant currently residing in our small town, and they bemoaned how erotic I had become compared to my former wholesome self, not to mention dashing any hopes of getting a gymnastics scholarship. Their opinions about my mutation quickly changed however, once we found out how much money I could make selling my extra milk to medical, baking, and cosmetic companies! Affording to go to college was maybe still on the table, though I hardly cared anymore, as my grades had crashed hard following my surge in libido.

Though initially embarrassed, I soon became more relaxed about my mutation and new sexual nature, suddenly finding myself much more interested in dating. I had never had trouble getting attention from boys before, but now I couldn't help but make guys and girls alike turn heads as I passed them at my school. As I started hooking up more frequently, my preference shifted from guys to gals, as I found most dudes couldn't satisfy my new ultra deep pussy. After a couple very devious months, my promiscuous perspective took a dive after a few romantic relationships went particularly bad, with one guy obsessing about my tremendous tits non-stop, and another girl only wanting me for my addictive milk, neither really seeing the 'me' behind my boobs. The break ups were bad enough that I began to feel very self conscious of all the extra attention my mutations were giving me, and I sort of backtracked hard on my flirtatious attitude. I started wearing extra large hoodies, sweatpants or full length skirts, and socks with my shoes whenever I left the house, giving me the appearance of a fairly obese person if you didn't look too hard. Not using my hand-feet around others was an inconvenience, but I was willing to deal with it to regain some sense of public normalcy. I was lucky enough that baggy clothing was all it

took to hide my mutations, as many other mutants didn't have that luxury. It wasn't that I was ashamed of being hyper... okay maybe I was a little, but more I just felt that my tits distracted from any first impression I could make on others.

Since I wasn't going out as often, I began spending more time playing video games, watching anime, and masturbating in my room. Taking a break from dating didn't change how frequently I became horny, and I still liked sexual attention, just not in public, so I started up an anonymous 'MutantFans' account and got into Twitch streaming and the 'e-girl' scene. Over time, I've pretty much become a recluse, only bothering to leave the house so I can go speeding in my car (yes, I can still fit behind the wheel), as that is one of the only ways I can still get my adrenaline up now that I can't do flips anymore, plus I like how swerving fast jiggles my boobs. My report cards for my senior year of highschool were abysmal and I probably would have dropped out if I hadn't been so close to graduating. I was ready to live out the rest of my days pleasuring myself in my room and living off the money my milk and streaming profiles made me, but my parents insisted I at least go through a couple years of college before "wasting my life away", as they put it.

So that's where I am in life right now, Journal. Next week I move out to go to the big university upstate, and honestly I'm just not that excited. Without gymnastics, I have no idea what to focus on, and I don't look forward to navigating the college social life and trying to make new friends with my current disposition towards my public appearance. It's weird to think of how much time and effort I had put into getting that gymnast scholarship compared to how nonplussed I feel about college now. Something about how my mutation had both taken all that away from me, but is also now the reason why I can now afford to pay tuition, makes me think like, what was the point of all that hard work? Oh well, I just have to hope for the best and if college doesn't work out, then I still have my back up plan. Who knows, maybe in a new city, I'll finally find someone to date who won't obsess over my mutation.

I do sorta feel better about things after recounting such a wild year. Thanks Journal!