

Pop Sensation - Chapter 2

Risa Sammi

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, lactation, transgender transformation*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

Commission: The following is a commission for Patreon user *tahu1809*.

- *Madam Materia*

Sam's whole body was warm, on fire, as he lay on the bottom bunk of a shelved bed tucked into the corner of what was a frankly sparse room. Much of it was still in boxes, taped up from the recent move, or else leaning up against walls. He could barely make it out, the sensation of sweat on his face, matting his red locks to his forehead. His breath was heavy, taxed, and just moving brought with it aches that he didn't know how to describe.

How had he gotten like this? His memory felt fuzzy with the delirium, but he could remember the meeting with Kanaszuchi; in the medical office.

"So, yankee," that demonic grin was burned into the American's soul, "have you ever thought about a career in show business?"

"Uh, n-no, Kanaszuchi-sama." He had remained polite, despite the growing atmosphere in the room, as if somehow that might shift the course of events in any sort of meaningful way. "I cannot say I have much interest in it."

The broad man went into the inner pocket of his garish white suit, pulling out a cigar and a marked steel lighter. "Well, that's not really your decision to make anymore, yankee," he chomped down on the paper wrapped log of tobacco, breaking the filter with fang-like teeth before spitting it into a nearby bin.

What was that supposed to mean? A threat? "You can't force me, Kanaszuchi-sama," still clinging to that preferred form of address, like this man was some sort of god.

The heavy lid of the man's lighter flipped back, a small flame reflecting in those dark sunglasses. His meaty hand covered it up, shielding the spark out of what had to have been reflex, and he breathed in deep until his cheeks filled.

Letting it out, the corners of his mouth opened up, the heavy, smelly smoke billowing out like a dragon's maw from that grin of his. "Ah, yankee, that's where you'd be wrong," he straightened up, tucking his lighter back into his inside breast pocket and trading it for something familiar: Sam's contract. "Fine print. Everything you are belongs to Happy Lights, and we're down a couple Liberty Girls."

"What?" The boy could hardly mask his disbelief, or the embers of anger starting to burn inside of him.

“The process is already underway,” Kanaszuchi took a long drag of his cigar, flicking the ash off in a small dish. “Your belongings should be mostly packed and on the way here. Now,” his head turned to the nurse with him, uncapping a large needle she had procured, containing a shimmering purple-pink fluid, “how easy are you going to make this, yankee?”

“You-“ the word stuck in his mouth like it was stuffed with a baseball, his brain stalling for how to react and dipping back to his first language. “You can’t do this! It’s a violation of my rights!”

The stocky man just scoffed, that wicked smirk worth more than any words could be. “Hard then,” he took one last puff of his cigar before laying it on the edge of the ashtray dish.

He fixed the lapels of his white suit, once more turning to the American in the room. What happened next was a blur. At once the man’s thick hands had Sam’s wrist, twisting his arm behind him before turning and slamming the boy face down into the medical exam table.

Though he could only see the wall, the redhead could hear the sick laugh from that smokey maw, feel the nurse getting at his pants to pull them down and expose his pale skin. Then the prick of the shot that left him wincing with pain. He tried to swing his free arm and swat the bulky thug off of him to no avail. A cool feeling was slowly pressed into the soft muscle on his ass, spreading out by the second until the plunger was flush with the vial.

Even then, Sam wasn’t released. The nurse’s heels were clicking on the linoleum as she worked on cleaning things up, but Kanaszuchi Kane’s weight remained, bearing lower and bringing the stink of smoke on his breath close enough to smell. “I would get settled in, yankee,” he chuckled in a cruel whisper, “your ass, and everything else, belongs to us.”

Disengaging with a shove, the man straightened back up. His hands once again tended to his suit, keeping the folds crisp over his bulky frame, before drawing his cigar back up for a long, satisfied drag. “See you at rehearsals, yankee,” he parted, billowing clouds rising from the cracks in his smile as he departed the small office.

There had to be retribution for this. Right then though, the only thing on the boy’s mind was the dull soreness around his hip. Dejected and humiliated, he only found himself pulling up his pants, and turning to the nurse still tossing things away in marked waste bins.

“Kanaszuchi-sama has said you can go,” she stated, as if nothing that had just happened was anything out of the ordinary.

Go where, to the police? He went to his pocket, annoyed at the blasé attitude from the woman, only to have another realization. “He took my phone!”

And more, Sam’s wallet was missing, his keys; everything had been stripped from his person.

The nurse didn’t seem to care for his accusation, walking up and resting her hands on his chest. “Happy Light will provide a new one to you when you are more acclimatized,” she assured with a sickly sweet smile in her eyes, and started hastily ushering him out.

“But-“ he started, only to be pushed through the door out into the hall.

“Samuel-san?” a familiar voice met him in the hall.

It was the brunette of the Liberty Girls, Kimura Keiko, dressed far more laxly than the boy had ever seen her during practice. Her powerful legs were wrapped in a pair of thin brown tights, and the rest of her was covered in an oversized plain grey hoodie that masked her body beneath its many folds and hanging layers of fabric.

“Kimura-san,” he greeted her politely, though his attention was split between the myriad of problems that had manifested themselves in the past few minutes. “Forgive me to ask, Kimura-san, but could I borrow your phone?” he asked while rubbing at the growing soreness in his hip.

The motion drew her attention more than the question, and he could have sworn he saw the colour pale from her face a little bit. “I’m sorry, but I do not have it with me; they are not allowed in the medical areas.” There was a subtle tone of concern in her voice, as her words dipped and cracked. “Were you given an ‘Injection’? What are you doing up and about, Samuel-san?”

“Kanaszuchi,” the redhead muttered the name with disdain, even cutting off the honourifics, “told me to ‘get settled in’,” he told the girl.

And in response, she perked a bit. “So then, it is your things that have been arriving to the compound, Samuel-san?”

“Apparently, yes,” he affirmed, which seemed to put her deeper into worried thought. “Could you take me to it, Kimura-san? I want to make sure they didn’t damage anything ransacking my home.”

“Y-you should be resting, Samuel-san,” Keiko simply replied. “Surely they set a bed here aside for you?”

Again, the boy rubbed at his hip. “I’m fine, Kimura-san,” a blatant lie, he was still outraged at what had happened, but she didn’t need to fret over that. “Just a little tender, maybe a bruise. Nothing that will stop me at least helping while I figure out what I’m going to do. And I’m sure it will pass in a few minutes.”

Her plush lips pulled into a nervous line. She didn’t confront it though, instead submitting to the request with a dull, muted, “Okay, Samuel-san. The dorm is this way,” and gestured to him to follow.

Most of the trip was a blur to his feverish memory, but he remembered arriving at the dorms. The other remaining members of the group were busily unloading boxes from the same truck that had been parked outside of his little apartment when the Happy Light car came to pick him up. Much to his chagrin, the ache in his hip hadn’t much dissipated by then. To the contrary, it felt worse, doubling down on the idea that rough handling had left him with a nasty bruise.

“Asumi, Kazuko!” the dancer called to get their attention.

Kazuko was, as expected, dressed in her running gear, working up a bit of a sweat as she stubbornly hauled a heavier-looking box on her own. Her crazy-long ruby ponytail whipped along with her gaze, for her eyes to go a bit wide as Keiko’s did at the sight. “Samuel-san?”

The tall diva of the bunch took that to distract from her task, also dressed in a lot of skin showing. Or rather, lack of dress. She was in a loose-fitting baby doll that made it all too obvious she’d forgone a bra on what was supposed to be a day off, along with some tight-fitting boy shorts that left little to the imagination, and a pair of slippers to keep her toes warm.

Even with him there, she didn't seem bothered with her near voyeuristic nudity. "Samuel-san?" she shared in the other girls' confusion, "What is he doing here?"

Keiko's nervous line was back, her voice dropping a bit as she addressed their lead singer. "He was given 'The Injection', Asumi," she told her in a near whisper.

The raven-haired beauty stopped dead, dropping the box of Sam's belongings like it was hot and rushed over with heavy slaps of her slippers. "How long ago, Keiko?" she demanded, reaching up and grabbing the redheaded boy's face, holding an eye open and staring in with her crystal-like blues.

"H-hey!" he attempted to protest, but she was running through the paces, laying the back of her palm on his forehead once her optical inspection was done.

"Not too long ago, maybe a few minutes," the brunette told her, stepping back out of the way.

Sam had never seen so much fire in the singer, normally just in the corner of the room struggling with her phone, or laxly shrugging questions off. "Why are you not in bed, Samuel-san?" she demanded of him with authority unseen before.

It even diffused his prior anger a bit. "K-Kanaszuchi-sama and the nurse insisted I should go and get settled in," he replied, tripping over his tongue.

The girl's hair practically lifted on end, clearly having absorbed the rage from him tenfold. "Idiots. Children," she muttered insults, circling around the redhead and grabbing the waist of his pants.

His hands went to stop her, not as confident in being stripped as she seemed to be in front of others, only to have her gaze snap up at him. "Do not make me get the scissors, Samuel-san!"

He withheld any further protest, letting her pull his bottoms down. She was at least sensitive of his modesty, only pulling them down enough to find the injection site.

She poked at it, and he felt a spike of pain run through his body that nearly made him crumble. "The muscle is hard. Just bruising?" she mused to herself, massaging her fingers in, "No, fluid buildup in the muscle. More than there should be from lactic acid."

Asumi paused, seeing the dot of blood where the needle had pierced his skin, and the red discoloration around his wrists. "Kanaszuchi Kane, idiot child, what did you do?" she all but growled to herself.

It was enough to make him worry, the girls all seemed to be fretting. Still, he tried to keep his calm.

The singer got to her feet, doing the courtesy of bringing the boy's pants back up. "Bed," she ordered, "Now, Samuel-san!"

"It's just a bit of bruising, Sasaki-san," he tried to assure her in his faux calm, going to grab a box of his things. "I can at least help out with this move first."

"I-" Keiko piped in, unable to mask her worry the same way, "I think you should listen to Asumi, Samuel-san. She helped the rest of us through the hardest parts."

Meanwhile, their sporty rapper was on the return from delivering the heavy load she'd chosen to his to-be room. "Hey, if Samuel-san says he's fine, then he's fine," she stated, patting him on the back with a grin. "He is a man after all, maybe 'The Injection' hits different for dudes?"

It was good to have someone in his corner, to believe him after everything, no matter how right the others might have been. "Thank you, Takahashi-san," he offered her. As much as he still wasn't on board with Happy Light dragging all his stuff here, for now, it was probably best to just go with the flow. "Where have you been taking everything?"

"Your room, Samuel-san," the ponytailed runner gestured. "Cool to know it is you moving into Sakura's old space, maybe I'll manage some sleep."

He lifted up one of the containers, one hand tucked beneath and the other wrapped around to hold it to his chest. The extra weight made his leg burn, his heart hammering that little bit faster as the adrenaline started revving up to push the pain away. "I'm not sure how long I will be staying."

The other two girls didn't seem pleased. Keiko continued to look on, worried, and Asumi had wrapped her arms around under her bust, fingers drumming on her elbow with obvious frustration. Unbound, it was a sight to watch those soft mounds press between her biceps, pushing out and hunting at a cleavage beneath the light blue of her flowy top.

His heart quickened again, and he found himself starting to sweat from a warmth building beneath his collar. "So, where is my room, Takahashi-san?"

"I'll lead the way, just let me just grab something for the trip, make the most of it." She perused what had been unloaded from the van, settling on another needlessly big-looking package and bending at the waist to find her grip.

Front forward, her ass went up, straining her already tight running shorts to stretch them across the swell of her booty. A perfect heart shape, were it not for her wide stance. But, in exchange, it left a window between her thighs that outlined the puffy lips of her sex.

Sam's hazel eyes couldn't help darting towards the sight, and all too quickly there was a stirring in his loins. Something was wrong. It was a familiar feeling, but one out of place. A tingling in his core, shooting up through his body until he felt lightheaded. His legs trembled, leaving him collapsing as a groan unwittingly crawled its way out of his throat.

"Samuel-san!" Keiko exclaimed her concern, taking a half-step forward.

He tried to get up, only finding his legs weaker and weaker, the tremor more violent from the attempt. "I-I'm fine," he stubbornly tried to argue, even as the heat started to build up in his cheeks, the sweat start to stain his brow.

His knuckles were both white and weak, dropping the box he'd managed to pick up in the first place and leaning over it. He tried to catch his breath, but they were hot and taxed; quick like the pounding in his chest. Something in that familiarity told him it should be over, but it wasn't stopping. His body just kept pushing back up the hill every time he tried to roll down, leaving every part of him rapidly exhausted as his heart hammered and peak after peak was forced on him.

It wasn't until he felt wetness on his leg that his mind clicked. He was cumming, completely unprompted.

The girls dropped everything, Asumi taking command of the situation with a calm certainty. "Kazuko, grab him!"

"On it!" the short redhead dashed in, wrapping her arms under his own and as far around his chest as she could; her breasts pressing into his back and not helping the situation, at least in his hazy reckoning. She hefted, but Sam had a good foot on her, and she wasn't going to be able to do more than drag him without help.

"Keiko, get his legs!" the raven-haired singer continued to bark, coming up to him, snapping her fingers in front of his face. "Samuel-san," she attempted to draw his attention, "stay with me, we are taking you to your room."

Obviously not her first choice, but given their limited options it was as good as they were going to get.

As instructed, Keiko was nervously getting into position, tucking his legs beneath her arms and hoisting up the lighter half of his weight to keep him off the ground. However, realizing where she was situated, her cheeks went red, her brown eyes dipping inward at the growing mess only inches from her face.

"You can tend to yourself later, Keiko!" Asumi broke over the commotion, "To that bed with him!"

"Come on, Keiko!" Kazuko grunted, and led the charge of hauling him to where he could be better looked after.

"You are going to be alright, Samuel-san," the nearly-nude girl assured him, once more checking his forehead as they started to move, "we take care of one another here."

Yes, that was when all this started. The girls had brought him in here, and slowly things had continued to escalate. Feeling euphoria until the whole of his body burned and he was sweating like laying in the savannah. How long had it been? Minutes? Hours? When every second felt like an eternity, it was impossible to tell.

Reality felt like it was fading in and out with each blink, a blurry mess he could only faintly make out.

"Why is he here and not in an infirmary bed?" It was Asumi's voice, and he could make out her shape pacing about the room, phone held to her ear. "He is running a fever and all we have are kitchen ice packs!"

He could feel cold against the harsh contrast of his burning, resting on the side of his head and under his arm where it chilled his core. It wasn't hard to hazard a guess what it might be.

"Idiot children," the singer muttered, as something must have happened to end the call.

She tossed her phone onto one of the next to three pots laid out next to each other, his plants, and drawing up his watering pitcher in both hands. What followed next broke his heart, as the raven-

haired beauty went one after another through them. Sue was all tangled in herself, Martin was given far too little, and poor Phil was practically drowned.

All Sam could manage was a groan, one that came out far more lewd than intended with the constant state of ecstasy he was locked in. It did the job though, drawing the girl's attention to him.

"Try to rest," she whispered to him, coming to the bedside and trading tools yet again. She had a shallow ladle, cupping her hand beneath to stop anything from spilling as she put it to his lips. "You are getting through the worst of it."

He could taste the water on his tongue, and it made him realize just how dry his mouth was. She could hardly keep up with him drinking, tipping along gingerly to make sure he didn't choke.

"Keiko will be by later with food," his caretaker assured, "keep being strong, Samuel-san."

The world went black around the edges, and as his exhausted eyelids touched down, the world faded and returned through the feverish haze. When they opened again, the world was different, or at least his company in it.

Kazuko was there, in her workout clothes, stretching in the middle of the room. "You ready to run, Samuel-san?"

Run? At some point he'd gotten to his feet, but he couldn't recall it. They also appeared to be at a running track of some kind, with dirt under their feet, painted with lanes for up to four.

The ponytailed redhead was already on the starting line, her arms spread and her toes in position to spring. Her dark eyes flicked back to the man with her, a smirk on her lips as her tits were rolling forward and threatening to spill out of her top. "You know what's on the line, Samuel-san," she purred, "Ready to lose, or are you giving up already?"

On the line? Everything was still heavy, hazy, warm. Best just to go along.

Sam knelt next to her, trying to keep his eyes forward, only to have his focus constantly snapping back to the girl's curves hugged by that painted on school uniform. "On three," she was already sweating, making her pale skin glow in the light. "One, two--"

She sprang into motion, her tits lagging behind only to jump up aggressively towards her chin. Each stride was long, deliberate, her arms cutting through the air. Her curves fought against it, breasts bouncing out of sync and pushing to every corner of the undersized garment trying to contain them. To say nothing of her ass, each cheek bouncing up and riding her shorts further up into her crack.

Was he even running with her? He was keeping up, that much was clear as he continued to drink in the borderline erotic sight, feeling the telltale tingle of his loins. The smirk she threw his way was more provocative than he had ever seen from her, like she knew she could tell.

The short redhead veered, and her weight pounced into him to throw them off balance, tumbling into the grass. She was on top of him, a grin on her pretty lips and a hunger in her eyes. "We both know I was going to win," she purred, pinning him with one hand by the shoulder as the other maneuvered down to get him by the waist of his running shorts.

Her fingers curled against his simmering skin, her face veiled in shadow save for the light of her half-lidded eyes. Her thick hips were grinding forward, the warmth of her sex massaging him through the two thin layers between them. He could feel himself stiffening, the head of his cock catching on the elastic of his bottoms.

A heavy blink, and the track was gone. He was in the room again, Kazuko knelt at the bedside, struggling with his bottoms. "Don't choose now to make a mess, Samuel-san," she muttered as she managed to get him out of his sweat-stained clothes, another set having been plucked from an open box elsewhere in the tiny space.

The black was closing in on the edges of his vision. The fever took him again, and with the closing of his eyes he was elsewhere once more.

Sam woke up in his apartment, pulling himself up out of his low bed and looking about his room. Sue was hung in the early morning light, her vines reaching down and coiling their way towards Martin. Phil was basking the morning in on the windowsill. And of course, Aragorn was hanging above the bed, watching over him.

Everything was in place, normal, and with that feeling was a relief that washed over him. He felt lighter. Maybe it was just the stress of the situation he found himself in? Well, nothing a good breakfast wouldn't fix.

Getting to his feet there was a small wave of dizziness, leaving him stumbling on tired limbs. His centre of balance was off, like he hadn't gotten up in a while. Odd, but nothing he couldn't shake off with a stretch on his way to the fridge.

"How are you doing, Sue?" he asked the plant, opening up his sparse ice box.

He had a few things. The Japanese labels seeming like a garbled mess this morning, but he recognized a pudding well enough that would satisfy the lack of calories he was feeling. Plucking it out, he was on his own, so rather than plating it up he just tore off the plastic top and fished himself out a small spoon to enjoy.

A few bites in he leaned onto the counter, checking Sue's soil. "Did I overwater you yesterday?" he wondered aloud, wiping his fingers off on his pants and continuing his arguably inadequate "breakfast". "Well, your leaves are looking good regardless."

A knock on the door drew his attention. He wasn't properly dressed for the day, let alone expecting anyone that he could think of. Nevertheless, he set his pudding aside and rose to the occasion.

The light outside was harsh, like the glare of a hot summer, but he recognized his guest well enough. "Sato-san," he greeted the old woman with a respectful dip of his head, "what brings you by the morning?"

His aged neighbour chuckled, hiding her smile behind her curled hand. "Not much, Ramses-san, I simply wanted to check in."

"I appreciate it, Sato-san," Sam did his best to keep polite, brushing where he had wiped his hand off earlier in an attempt to get rid of any topsoil that might still be on his pyjama bottoms. They felt somewhat looser than he recalled.

"You are looking quite pretty today, Ramses-san." Pretty? A strange choice of words, but maybe he was missing an extra meaning in translation. "That dress looks good on you."

Dress? He raised an auburn brow, unwittingly looking down at himself and paling. He was in a dress, just a simple long skirt, but a dress nonetheless. Not only that though, his body was more slender, curved to accommodate feminine hips and what he couldn't deny were budding breasts.

The shock knocked him back a half-step, stumbling against the doorframe and hardly catching himself on shaking arms. "Well, I should let you get ready for work, Ramses-san," Miss Sato stated calmly, unphased by his reaction, "your boss will be here soon!"

"My boss, Sato-san?" his voice was panicked, higher.

The very earth trembled beneath his feet, cracks appearing in the upper corners of his modest apartment. That blinding light peeked through, as the roof was lifted away, a cruel rumbling chuckle shaking Sam to his very core.

He looked up, the white blending with a garish suit, a hand big as a small car reaching in and grabbing him like he was little more than a doll. "Your ass is mine, yankee," the booming voice of Kanazuchi overwhelmed everything, his grin there, billowing out this black clouds of smoke, "Your ass, and everything you own!"

The world started crumbling away under the giant man's crushing grip, as Sam was pulled up and into that blinding light.

He woke with a start, the heat back, the feeling of cold against his temple. The room about him was dark, save for the soft, artificial glow of a monitor. He could make out the blue outline of Asumi, sitting cross-legged on the floor, in the dark, working on an old boxy laptop with a small can sitting by her knee; her third if the two on their side were empty.

A groan escaped him, and at once the singer turned. Setting whatever she was up to aside she quickly crossed the room, peeking into his eyes and fetching a familiar ladle. "Your fever has yet to diminish," she mused, cupping her hand beneath the scoop and offering him a drink of water.

Though difficult to make out, between the haze and the dark, the raven-haired beauty's face was worried. She was trying to force at least neutrality, but the edges of her mouth were curled downward on tight-pressed lips. "Will you be able to handle the change of your world when it dies though?"

Did he hear that right? His body was still heavy, tired, and soon enough the black was settling in again. His eyes closed, and the faint laptop light didn't return.

Asumi had traded places with Keiko, the lights on and making the room almost blinding. "Time for lunch," the dancer offered with a cheery smile, reaching below the bedframe and coming up with a familiar, ribbed, flan pudding cup.

A pinch and a quick rip. She nearly spilled it. Her fingers gripped it tight, the sides threatening to crack as the telltale white lines of stress appeared where she was squeezing, and the shiny plastic lid tore in half, the material giving out from the show of force easier than the glue holding it on.

Her cheeks tinted pink, and those chocolate eyes flicked up to him briefly, nervously. Upon seeing his state, she seemed to loosen up, her shoulders relaxing and the breath leaving her as a sigh. "Still getting used to a lot of things," the brunette muttered more to herself than him.

It took some fidgeting to get the other half of the top off, but it was done quick enough and she could get to the job at hand. With a plastic spoon she stirred the dessert to soften in, and scooped out the first lumpy bite for him.

"Sorry I couldn't find anything softer," she apologized, guiding it to his lips.

His jaw was tight, tired, struggling between this perpetual high that was still ravaging his body and the exhaustion that accompanied it going on for so long. Still, she managed to push it through with only a little effort.

The taste was as one would expect from a pre-packaged pudding. The caramel was nestled at the bottom, meaning the first bit was going to be void of anything but the mild sweetness of sugar and milk, with a notable lack of the eggy taste a fresh-made one would have. Processed, but even then, to his tongue it was welcome. Through the dull throbbing of his aches he managed to chew, and swallow it back happily.

Keiko was pleased with it too, a smile gracing her round features. "I guess you have been eager for something with more substance," she offered, scraping another spoonful together for him and presenting it. "Hopefully that means you're on the mend!"

Was he? The world was still a heavy haze, each breath leaving him like a wave of heat and coming back in taxed to try and douse his flaming lungs. Still he ate, savouring that one sense, even as the black was encroaching on the edges of his vision again.

With a blink, feeding had ended, and the dancer's eyes had shifted to look down his body, fixated at his waist. She bit her lip, that familiar blush in her cheeks, and perhaps a spark of mischief behind the curl at the corner of her mouth. He vaguely saw her hand move, and as it dipped beneath his sight he couldn't help a shuddering gasp as his rock-hard cock was wrapped in her grasp.

"You seem to be having trouble," she whispered in shuddering words, leaning closer that her perky breasts were resting on the edge of the bed, inches from his face. That sweater couldn't do much to hide them. Hell, she looped a finger into the neck to yank it down enough to show off a tightly held cleavage to him. "Let me help you, Sammi."

The sultry tone of her voice. She may not have been the lead singer, or even the rapper like Kazuko, but it was still a sultry purr that could stir any man. Her touch was feather soft, her palm pressing and sliding up his length, mirroring a moan that started in the pit of his gut and pushed up through him and broke free as a note of encouragement.

She seemed to enjoy it as well, leaning further forward, her breasts rolling and threatening to spill from her top and smother his face. Her lips hovered over him, parted in a blissful "O", pouring her

breath over their plushness to tickle his cheeks. Her ministrations sped up, pumping up and down, her fingers rhythmically applying pressure in perfect harmony with her stroking.

Sam didn't believe he could get harder, or with his endless climax that he could reach a new height. Those both seemed to be the case in his haze as his tired body started to squirm. His aching hips pushed forward, feeling heavier than he was used to, following the sensation of pleasure sending tingles through his body.

"There there, Sammi," the dancer's purr turned into a rasp. Her hand had disappeared, and there was a scent of sex mixing with the musk of sweat in the room. "Let's-" her breath caught, pitching up as she pulled her head back.

Her body stiffened, and her hold on him tightened in tandem. He was quick to follow, gasping as his core tightened, his cock jumped in her grip, and he fired a sticky glob up across the bed and the side of her top.

The usual crash that came with finishing still eluded him, but the blackness of exhaustion had started to become a familiar sensation, bleeding into the edges of his vision. Keiko was back on her knees at the bedside, brushing the front of her sweater. "Get better soon, Sa-"

The haze washed back in and with a heavy blink, the world changed again. Once more it was dark, bathing the room in a cool blue hue that felt almost surreal. He was alone, at least for now, and things were quiet. Still, it was hard to focus, and even getting up felt like an impossible task, his body made of lead.

A knock became the only sound in the little room, drawing his attention to the door. Reflex wanted to call out, to ask who it was, to offer them entry, but speaking didn't come to him. His lips parted, but there was no sound, only the feeling of dryness in his mouth.

Regardless of being granted entrance, the door pushed inward, and with it a nearly-bare leg in an overly strappy heel pushed its way in. "You thought you could hide from me here, Samuel-san; you pervert!"

That voice. Sam felt a shiver run down his spine, as the familiar face of Sakura pushed itself into the room. Her hair had taken on an almost neon hue of pink, seeming to glow in the dim light and highlight her soft features and plump lips. Her top didn't fit, the strip of fabric squeezed tightly over a chest that had no right being on a dancer's body. They were the proportions and dress, with that short cut skirt, of a porn star; and she had the attitude to go with.

She crossed the room in an instant, rolling her prey onto his back and straddling over him. Her curtain of hair fell around them, making it she was the only thing he could see, could focus on. "Naughty Samuel-san." Her smile was wide and wicked, one hand pinning his shoulder to the bed as the other raked manicured nails down his body, scratching through his top. "Here in the girls' dorm, in my room."

Her room? He opened his mouth to protest, do anything, but found it dry. That wry smirk of hers belayed her intent, like a succubus that had finally cornered her prey. Her finger pressed to his lips, and at once it was like electricity running through him, a chill crawling down his spine.

Her knuckle curled, nail tracing his mouth and making him shudder from the tender sensitivity. Sam soon found himself salivating, wanting for more stimulation. Her fingertip caught his bottom lip, gently rolling it down to give herself an opening. It felt a bit swollen, bee stung the way it was conforming to her touch, and softer than he was used to as her probing digit slipped in and pressed to his tongue.

“Pervert,” Sakura purred with a smug satisfaction to her voice.

Slowly she pulled her finger back, and the redhead couldn't help her had a tight seal on it, sucking and trying to hold its salty taste in. Her giggle echoed around him, and she started pressing back in, pushing and pulling, mockingly fucking his pursed kissers with her manual attention.

“You like it, do you, Samuel-san?” she teased. He'd lost track of her hands. Somehow, he still felt pinned down, but accompanying the finger teasing his lips now was one clawing its way into his pants.

He couldn't help it, he was rock hard; he had been through most of this, even without her. But right now, he could feel her fat ass straddled over his thighs, firmly locking him in place with their thickness. It was like being trapped between overstuffed pillows, save for warm and once again confirming to him.

Or, was he conforming to her?

His bottoms came off, falling slack over his hips and letting his cock jump out to slap on the provocative once blonde's exposed tummy. It didn't do anything to slow her down, nary more than a chuckle as her greedy fingers wrapped around her prize. She was careful of her manicured nails, pumping without missing a beat, her stroking in perfect sync with her thrusting in his mouth.

“You like it a lot, Samuel-san,” she taunted him further, as he started to twitch in her grasp. “I knew you couldn't keep your eyes off me.”

Protest groaned in his throat, but his lips would not part from around the digit dragging itself across them. It refused to last, building in intensity until it was a deep moan to accent his body tensing with the peak of climax.

Sakura mocked him with her chuckle. Her hand stroking him stopping at his tip as he exploded, filling her palm over with jizz her fingers couldn't contain. Hot, sticky drops landed on his stomach, as tense blasts came back to back, one after the other.

She kept there, buried to the knuckle between his sensitive lips. “Such a mess,” she tut her tongue on her pearly teeth, her grin reaching to her ears as she drew her hand back up.

Her fingers spread, roped threads of milky white stretching between them, dripping over his chest. In a lewd display the once-blonde let out her tongue, moaning as she lapped up a glob from across her palm. She let it hang, showing it off to him before slurping up back and swallowing it whole in a small bump on her otherwise perfect throat.

“Pretty good,” she purred with a smack of her lips, wicked glee in her smile as she withdrew her digit from his mouth.

Sam couldn't help a whimper, his neck craning to follow her as long as he could to keep that contact.

His tormentor savoured it, giggling at the display as she pinned him back down to the bed. "Don't worry," she brought up that cum-coated hand before him, her mystifying eyes half lidded and her smile one of devilish delight, "I'm not finished playing with you yet, Samuel-san."

Without warning, he felt that warm stickiness against his face. Her middle finger, covered in jizz, was thrust between his tingling lips. He expected to gag, that taste of ammonia and salt on his tongue; it never came. No, to the contrary, he greedily tightened the seal once more, lapping away to clean up each drop from the digit locked in his maw.

"There you go," Sakura chuckled gleefully, bearing her teeth to rake on her own plush kissers, "You're such a pervert, Samuel-san, liking something like this."

Another attempted protest that only came out of him as a needy whine. And she took full advantage, sliding another of her sticky fingers into the smallest gap and giving him even more stimulation, even more of his own seed to lick off as she pumped them and smeared it across his chin.

He was at her mercy, and against all sense, unable to keep himself from loving it. Again her digits started to withdraw, dragging along the newfound sensitivity and sending more electric shiver down his spine. He wanted them to stay, to keep teasing, to give him more. The idol had other plans, however.

Her hand came free, and she made another display of lapping the rest of the mess from her palm. Her pink muscle wrapped around each dip and curve, getting every last drop before licking her lips to make them shine. "I hope you're ready, Samuel-san," she purred, looming over him with a devilish grin, "I'm going to suck every last drop from you."

He opened his mouth... to protest? To whine? Whatever it was, all that escaped the open was a huff as Sakura's thick rear planted down on his chest and knocked the wind out of him.

Now more thoroughly pinned, there was no escape. Her thighs were pinning his arms to his sides, and that ass was blocking his view. That didn't stop him knowing what was going on behind that mountain though. Her breasts squished against his abs, her nipples poking through that scandalous top, the dead giveaway of what that squish was.

"I expected better, Samuel-san," the once-blonde mocked, again wrapping her fingers around his dick. "No getting soft," she clicked her tongue, gently stroking before he would feel warm wetness engulf him.

His eyes widened, a guttural sound stirring in his throat. Her lips made a tight seal around him, sliding up and down as she bobbed, the muscle in her mouth showing its dexterity as it covered everything inch it could with her drool. He didn't last long, squirming under her as the heat built within him like a shaken champagne bottle. His body arched, confirming against hers as he let out an involuntary mewl of a moan.

Sakura's grip tightened, holding him firm through the climax as Sam exploded in her mouth. Her cheeks sucked in, refusing to give up even a drop as her tongue carried it all down her greedy gullet.

Each lap though became shorter, less of her wet muscle rubbing across his tip each pass. Was he finally going soft?

As the last twitch finished, and she lapped it up, the buxom star came off him. Her hand wrapped over his wet rod, her fingers engulfing him where before he was sure they'd had room. He squirmed from her thumb on his tip, refusing him reprieve from the hypersensitive stimulation, and in kind, she dropped the weight of her ass heavier on him.

"Now now," she purred, "I told you, you aren't going anywhere, Samuel-san."

The pumping resumed, and craning down she took the whole of him in her mouth. Her tongue ran laps around him. Her soft, teasing moans sent electric shivers up his spine. He was dragged back up over the hill, denied coming down and forced to cum again.

And again, the once-blonde slurped every drop from him. His tip was retreating from her, but she would not relinquish him. Her fingers took him, her palm now able to cover his length, only half her fingers doing the work to keep him hard. Then, back in her mouth, this time able to consume him whole along with his balls, teasing them with her talents.

Sam's breaths were quickening, the sweat on his brow now pouring down the sides of his face, through the nape of his neck. The line between pleasure and pain was thinning, and what was going on? He was completely pinned, couldn't stop her, couldn't move.

Another weak moan and he was seeing stars with his finish. Her lips were now pressing against his groin, and yet covering the whole of his tip at the same time. She licked it, and he whimpered weakly, unable to stop himself staying on the peak. Her mouth stuck to him, feeling like an endless cavern as her tongue battered what was left of him.

One last explosion, only a few drips that she pinched in on with a small, smacking kiss. His provocateur gave a happy purr, raising her wait, licking her lips before clicking her tongue on her teeth. "Yummy," she giggled, "to the last drop."

Sam was panting, finally given some reprieve. He opened his mouth, trying to say anything only to find it dry.

Sakura had no such problem, her breasts pressing in on his abs once more. Had he sweat off a hundred pounds? His paunch felt far less relenting than before. "Now the fun can really start, Sammi."

The tip of her tongue touched his length, the whole of it from base to tip as sensitive as it had ever been. Then, one of those lithe hands of hers traced over his thigh, circling in, and meeting no resistance as she slipped two fingers into-

Sam's eyes peeled open, feeling heavy in the way one's did when they were getting over a serious illness. The world was a little blurry, not unusual, but slowly it was coming into focus. It wasn't

his apartment, even if his stuff was here. He could see Sue, placed on the edge of a table where her vines had sat long enough to start entangling the table leg. Her leaves had taken on a deep green colour, emblematic that she'd been in low light for a while now, which gave context to the other two plants.

Martin was wilting on the edges of his poor leaves, not getting the light, or water that they needed, even if his soil was. Nothing unsalvageable.

Sam's heart broke when he saw his third. The poor cactus he'd brought all the way from home was slumped over, his normal firm stand limp as his walls were puffy and mushy, a clear sign of overwatering; and Asumi was there with a cup ready to drown him to death.

"Phil!" The auburn-haired lad called out, his voice hoarse and frail. He sat up quickly, despite the aching stiffness in his body. A shocked attempt to stop the singer from doing more damage, that had him meet with the ceiling of the bed he'd been placed in, bumping his head hard and nearly having him bounce back down to the sheets with equal force.

The sudden motion and accompanying crash at least did the job, with Asumi stopping what she was doing, setting the glass down, and rushing to the bed. "Relax," she ordered, "you are still recovering."

Well, he had a headache now, that was for sure, groaning and rubbing the developing goose egg on his forehead. His hand felt... strange to him, and he could swear his bangs had to have grown out from how they were tumbling about between his fingers. "Recov-" his voice was still hoarse, higher than it should be. The American forced a cough, hoping to fix whatever was wrong, "Recovering from..." Nope, still off, and he coughed again.

The raven-haired beauty knelt at the bedside, pulling up a ladle of water. "Slowly," she instructed, holding it out with a cupped hand to catch any errant droplets. "Take a drink and collect yourself."

Now that he had to stop and think about it, that stiffness was making itself known. That burning feeling like you've been working out for hours, pushed to the limits, and your body is now protesting the next day. Sitting up was more slow this time, not just to avoid another nasty bump, but to accommodate this soreness all over his body. More oddities made themselves known, like the lack of the familiar feeling of his paunch rolling into his lap, and the weight of his head pulled back along the way by what felt like a blanket against his back.

"What-" his voice was still weird, but before his reflex could kick in, there was water at his lips.

Sam accepted, bringing up his hands to take it. They didn't look like his. The fingers were thinner... No, that wasn't only it. His palm was more narrow, delicate, and his nails had grown in with soft French tips.

His flinch was evident, nearly spilling his drink. "Keep calm," Asumi rest a hand on his arm, and there too, he felt smaller.

The singer was at least a calming presence, something familiar in what was suddenly a very foreign world. A simple nod tumbled more of that weight over his shoulders. Red, a brilliant scarlet

compared to the muted auburn he was used to. It was his hair, tangled, frizzy, and falling from him like a curtain all the way to the bed below.

Calm. He focused on just the drink, tipping it back and feeling that warm liquid pouring down his throat. For as strange as he sounded, everything felt fine. He drank his fill, feeling it move down and the lightest chill go to his extremities; including his nipples for the first time he could ever recall.

He shuddered, trying to shake it off and handing the ladle back to the woman with him. "What-" he tried again. No, his voice was still weird-sounding to him. He couldn't let that stop him from asking though. "What's going on, Sasaki-san?"

The radiant idol pursed her lips, dressed in little more than a loose nightie that showed her scant underwear beneath. "Please, Asumi is fine," she told him. He only just realized she'd been avoiding using his name, an oddity in Japanese, and quite rude by all means. Juxtaposed with the offer of using her first name, something generally reserved for close relationships like the Liberty Girls had, started to set off some alarms in his head.

"Okay, Asumi." It was weird on his tongue, but nevertheless, "What's going on?"

The corners of her mouth pulled into a nervous line, her dark eyes showing hints of blue as they drifted to the side. "I am sorry, I am not exactly sure how to adequately tell you," she replied, her fingers curling into the hem of her semi-sheer top. "It would probably be best to see for yourself."

For himself. His body still ached, but she was likely right. He put his hands back, sinking them into the mattress to at least try to stretch his muscles before getting up. In just that motion, he couldn't help notice how lithe and limber he seemed to be. The blanket of hair behind him was pooling, and in front, he could see his t-shirt, once a familiar pick for lounging around the house, loose on his core. There was shape under there, shape his perspective in this cramped bunk bed that was hard to make out, but unnerving nonetheless.

He put his legs over the edge of the bed, Asumi working to make sure he had plenty of space. They were bare, not just of pants, but of hair. Smooth, tapered to his feet which he couldn't help but notice the curve to, like being ready to step into heels. These, much like his hands, were not his. And yet, they were what was responding to his conscious effort of movement.

His bare feet touched the floor, and Sam couldn't help but notice the softness. Not of the hardwood, of course, but of the bottoms of his feet. Like he had never had a callous, never walked despite the dexterity he could clearly demonstrate.

The boy needed to duck his head, coming out of the little cubby of a bed to rise to his full height. He nearly stumbled, his center of balance all over the place, stirring the singer with him to try to help if he hadn't caught himself. His height had never really given him vertigo before, but he was dizzy. These feet not his danced about, shifting to try and shuffle his weight around despite the soreness.

"Do not rush yourself!" the raven-haired idol advised, keeping close, just in case.

"It feels like I've been laying for ages. Did I lose weight? How long was I 'recovering', Asumi?" the American bombarded her with questions, still desperate for answers.

The girl ran her fingers through her hair, getting to her feet. "We did our best to keep your calories up, but yes, you have likely lost some weight," she admitted rubbing her neck, taking her time with the sensation. "It has been twelve days since you collapsed, and we have been taking care of you."

"Twelve days!?" Sam was in disbelief it could have been that long, especially with his hair so long, his nails.

Before he could say more though, Asumi cut him off with a hand. "It is best to see what has happened," she repeated, "Kazuko's room is next to the one and has a bathroom with a mirror."

That far? Indeed, there was only one way in or out of this box of a room; not even a window which spoke to the condition of his poor plants. His foot moved forward, once again throwing off his usual sense of balance with the length of his step.

Again, the singer was quick to rush up, ready to catch him. Things were coming to him quickly enough though. He needed just a bit of leaning when he reached the doorframe, but was getting his stride.

Outside of the packed room was a small but sparse living room. A high table was set up, with chairs enough for six, and a woven bowl sitting in its middle with a couple apples. Kazuko had one at the ready, her workout clothes already worked through with sweat. She was mid-bite into the slightly dry fruit as she watched, wide-eyed, Sam stumbling out and towards her room.

"He-" she started, small chunks of fruit and juice getting out over the seal of her lips to dribble on her chin before she caught herself.

It wouldn't have mattered anyway. As the flowing red of his hair was falling in long tumbles around his body, Sam was determined. He fell in through the doorway, to a room a bit bigger than the one he'd woken in, helped, of course, by the half-open door to a small bathroom.

It similarly had a bunk bed, which became the new support for the stiff legs' balance to press on. He could hear some protest behind him, Kazuko and Asumi's voices going briefly back and forth. None of it mattered, just getting to that mirror.

He rounded the corner, leaning on the doorframe, and caught sight of another girl, an unfamiliar face. "Sorry, could I-" he spoke, only for her mouth to silently parrot him.

He blinked, and eyes of brilliant green blinked back from her features. It couldn't...

Another stumbling step, his hands catching on the sink, face to face with this radiant beauty in nothing but a loose-fitting t-shirt. He raised his head, now looking her eye to eye. Her flawless complexion, her full lips, her ruby hair a tangle pouring over her shoulders. His, her, eyes widened, a hand coming up to touch their faces. His fingers met the softness of her cheeks, a nail experimentally touched into those plush lips, unfamiliar on his face. And, in kind, the woman mirrored the same action.

Sam reached out, his hand trembling all the way, meeting with the woman's own against the cool glass of the mirror. Perfectly the oddities of his new, lithe fingers matched to hers, his...

He tried to say something, watched the tremor on her lips as she tried the same. Those hands returned to their faces, more frantic, feeling for every contour as they started to move downward. The

nape of the neck, down to the chest where the loose garment was hiding more form. The American found his breath quickening, where once was chest soft, malleable to the touch and filling his hand. Not a lot, but that bit of pressure had a fat nipple puckering to show between his fingers. A... his... her...

Swallowing thickly, sweat creasing now pouring over his forehead like he was back in the fever. His eyes flicked back to that reflection, the woman looking back. He had to...

That hand dipped deeper, through the narrow valley of an unfamiliar waist, tucked in like he'd been starved, only to come back out onto defined, healthy hips. There was weight there, around the thigh, a bottom that was at least what memory said was a size appropriate to what he was used to.

It wasn't the important part though. Sam's touch continued to drift, rounding over the swell of those hips to dive between. No pubes, had he been shaved? A small mound, giving his hammering heart a glimmer of hope, before a spike of ecstasy and those fingers dipping into-

A shrill scream brought the girls running. Asumi was first to the scene, stopping in the doorway and stopping Kazuko or Keiko from getting in and smothering him... her... of space. At some point, Sam had found themselves on the ground, gripping to themselves tightly as their breaths came in shallow gasps so quick their breasts were hurriedly quivering beneath their top.

"Breathe," Asumi instructed, trying to keep calm in the situation.

Keiko managed to push her way through, the brunette kneeling down at his side and taking a hand to loosen the vice-like grip the transformed boy had on himself. "It's going to be okay, Sammi," she tried to assure him.

It was like trying to take in air with a fifty pound weight on his chest. No, his... her... tits weren't that big. When it finally came in it was cold, stinging to the extremities of this body. There were so many things racing through the redhead's mind; dumb, irrational things.

"Phone!" Sam snapped out, not caring whose.

Keiko looked nervously up at Asumi, who signalled to not having hers on her. The raven-haired singer was obviously hesitant, lips pursed and arms crossed. "Who is it you plan to call?" she asked firmly.

That paused the justice-driven American. "The... the police?" he reasoned.

"And tell them what?" she continued, calmly.

"Asumi," Keiko's voice was meek, withdrawn.

Those blue eyes shifted to the girl, down there with their patient for the past week and then some. "I know it is hard, but we should be honest here, Keiko."

"Sammi," Kazuko piped in, arms defiantly over her bust as usual, "how much of your contract did you actually read?"

The contract, Kanaszuchi had mentioned it as well before sticking him in that exam room. Memories of being more distracted by the money came clear to him, along with a wave of regret. Something else bothered him a little more than that. "What did you just call me, Takahashi-san?"

The girls looked at one another nervously, silently wondering who was going to be the one to broach the subject. "I think this is a discussion best had elsewhere, maybe over breakfast. I am sure after what you have been through, you are properly famished."

At the mention of food, Sam's trim waist let out a deep gurgle, urging their hand to come cover it shyly. "More than a few apples worth," they admitted, cheeks starting to blend in with the radiant colour of their hair.

"I'll get some things from the cafeteria," Keiko promised, getting to her feet and dashing off on those strong dancer's legs.

Kazuko and Asumi helped him to his feet; a struggle for the two of them. His... her... this body might have been more slight, feminine-shaped, but Sam still towered over them both by more than a head. The awareness of being in nothing but an ill-fitting t-shirt started to come to the forefront. Not that he... she was much more covered than the other two, with Kazuko's tight running wear and Asumi's flowing nighty and hip-hugging panties. Being without anything on the lower half though, especially with the new "equipment", left the tall redhead tugging the hem of the top down as far as it would go to keep some modesty.

The trio filtered out, through the athlete's cramped room and out to the table where they took seats. There was a moment of silence, as Sam tried to find the words in his second language. "What... happened?"

For such a short question, it wasn't an easy one to answer. "You were given the Injection," the noirette of the group eventually put it curtly, "just as the rest of us were."

"Okay, but I didn't consent to anything like that, Asumi!" he was quick to snap back, a bubbling mix of emotions roiling around in this chest he wore.

Kazuko scoffed, shaking her head. "Seriously, did you read anything in your contract, Sammi?"

"How much of it did you read, Kazuko?" the singer cut the comment off, "With what they offered you."

The redheaded rapper flushed, her arms tightening and her gaze drifting away. "She, Sammi, wasn't in the same position I was," she huffed.

"Do you know that, Kazuko?" Asumi retorted, keeping stern in her position.

She... Sammi... "No, Takahashi-san is right," he... it was a headache to try and realize, especially with Kazuko using feminine terms to speak about him. What was he? What had this Injection done to him? "I should have done my due diligence. I let my financial situation blind me, and..." these new lithe fingers he had curled into the fabric of his top, a new spark of rage adding to the potential inferno, "I trusted Kudo Tobiyashi would have my back, and not lead me astray with a job opportunity."

It was heavy, but being "right" still brought a half-smirk to the runner's lips. "Just Kazuko is okay, Sammi," she chirped. "We're bandmates now, in this together. That means we're first name basis."

And yet, they weren't using his, Samuel. "What's this 'Sammi' about then?"

That recoiled her a bit, looking to Asumi for affirmation. For as much as the diva was the dominant personality, it was clear they lacked a true leader. Such a role was probably Sakura's, and the blonde was nowhere to be found. Then again, there was the faintest of memories, he'd been moved to "her old space".

Eventually though, the raven-haired beauty took the lead. "That is what Happy Light has informed us is your new name: Risa Sammi. The paperwork should be completed for it in a short time."

"Paperwork?" the tall redhead parroted, as if that were the most shocking part of that statement.

The singer pursed her lips in a nervous line. "You are not thinking entirely straight," she paused, the spot for his name a clear point of contention. "Perhaps we should wait until you have eaten, and perhaps had a shower to sort out your feelings?"

Sam... Sammi... whatever, he'd hardly noticed the girls had taken their seats on the other half of the table. Out of reflex, a hand reached up to run through the red sea of hair that now adorned his head. Yeah, he could feel the grease. From there, vaguely remembering the fever and the sweating, he could only imagine how rank he must be.

"Sorry, Asumi, it's just a lot to take in. Am I...?" he... she started, the question sitting on the tip of their tongue, muddying their thoughts of self.

"There were pancakes today!" Keiko's voice interrupted, a tray in her arms, stacked with breakfasts for four. The typical staples: rice; miso soup; some grilled salmon; and of course, small stacks of pancakes with a little pitcher of syrup for the lot of them.

The moment it was set down, Sam felt like their eyes were going to pop out. Their mouth was heavily watering as the mix of smells hit their nostrils, drool building to the edge of a plump lip, slipping over and down their chin before being caught by a quick-moving hand. Social standards were the only thing stopping them diving in and stuffing as much as possible into their hungry mouth.

"Please," Asumi turned an inviting hand to the pile, "you have had nothing but soft foods for almost two weeks. Do not feel obligated to modesty right now, eat and feel better."

The redhead didn't need to be told twice. Lithe hands jumped out, grabbing a stack of the saucer-sized, fluffy breakfast and some of that fish. Fingers were just as good as chopsticks, and at once that slab of warm meat was in his mouth, flaking apart and being swallowed down his starving gullet. It was cheap, a bit rubbery. The kind that was pre-grilled, frozen, and then microwaved back to heat; but right now, it was the best thing he'd tasted in a long time.

The other girls collected their own plates. Keiko took a seat closer to Sam than the other two, and they all ate together; much like a family. It was small, but something that Sam hadn't had since leaving the US, and it made even the meager meal, in dire circumstances no less, all the better.

A small smattering of butter and as much syrup as he could justify taking for himself was drizzled over his pancakes. This was a job for a fork, and it sank into the pile easy to cut out a bite. His lips tingled at the feeling, making them clamp and conform to the utensil to stop even a drop of the sweetness from getting out.

The fork was dragged back through, the smooth plastic pulling on his plush kissers. A girl's lips, hers. It was impossible to ignore the complete weight of things. The rest of breakfast quickly disappeared down having hunger off the list of needs, a few calories in his... her, belly, and thoughts were becoming a little more clear.

Risa Sammi, that was their name now, whatever it was they were. "Asumi," they once more broached, waiting for the singer to be done with sipping her soup before asking, "what am I? Am..." they swallowed, afraid of the question, "Am I a boy or a girl?"

The raven-haired beauty was slow, calm as she pondered the answer. "The Injection has made you, as far as I am able to deduce, a biological woman. I cannot be sure the exact extent of this, like your gamete production or whether you will have a period; those are answers that will come with time, and your own exploration."

That brought up another question, that had Sam looking to them with nerves building in their chest. "So, does that mean you were all boys before too?"

Keiko was halfway through a bite, nearly losing it in a spit take when the words came out of them. Asumi looked confounded, lips parted and letting out a small "etto" as she parsed how to respond to that assumption. Kazuko, on the other hand, held no reservations.

The rapper got to her feet, stomping around the table and introducing her fist to Sam's forehead, right on the bump he'd gotten from slamming into the top bunk. She hadn't been trying hard to hurt him, but definitely making sure what she was going to say sunk in. "No, Sammi. Idiot!" she huffed, crossing her arms. "You're the first in the group who used to be a boy, none of us knew what was going to happen to you!"

Used to be. It stung more than the minor red mark forming, twisting his... her, gut around over itself. "Sorry Kazuko, Keiko, Asumi," they dipped, feeling the strange weights around this new body. For the first time since being a young boy, there was no rolling of belly on these legs, even if they were thicker than he was used to and squishing against each other with this withdrawn posture. Instead, it was the lightest pull of her chest down, gravity taking its toll and pulling her nipples to point down in minute cones.

Sam couldn't help themselves, reaching up as they had in front of the mirror.

"Perhaps you could take them to the showers, Kazuko? Since you are up already," Asumi suggested.

There was a brief exchange of looks, the redheaded spitfire's mouth opening for a protest, only to be met with a knowing look from the singer. And then there was Keiko, squirming in her seat, hands pushed down into her lap and hidden from view.

"I need one anyway," Kazuko replied, rubbing the back of her neck, the drying sweat on her more than a little obvious at this point. "Alright, Sammi, this way!"

She gestured with her hand, enough for Sam to snap out of what they were doing and get up. "Right." Standing let the oversized t-shirt fall around their thighs, acting as an impromptu dress for the moment. "Um... what am I going to change into?"

“Keiko will find something among your things,” Asumi continued to guide the girls, “I will get some of my underwear for you to borrow, they will do until Happy Light finally get around to measurements.”

Hearing her name shocked the brunette, and her cheeks turned red as her eyes flit away from staring at the American on their way out. “I-I’ll pick something nice, Sammi!” she promised, as Kazuko took the once-boy by the top and started dragging them out.

It wasn’t hard to sense the tension in the runner, the way her shoulders were arched just that tiny bit, staying firm as she moved. Sam could only assume he was the cause, what with all the running around. “I’m sorry, Kazuko,” he... she, the voice coming out of her lips was a reminder of the state of things, apologized, not sure what else to say.

The smaller redhead slowed down, the tight pull on their loose t-shirt getting some slack. “It’s nothing you’ve done, Sammi,” she stated, taking a breath and shaking her head to clear it. “You’re a part of the group now, a Liberty Girl, and we’re going to rebuild, to be better than ever!”

A part of the group. “Could you call me-“ he started, only for the she to bear itself again. Samuel, as he was known, was gone. Sammi just felt strange though. “Could you just call me Sam, Kazuko?”

Her dark chocolate eyes looked up at him, the foot of difference in their heights making eye contact no easy task. “Okay, Sam.” The Japanese accent made it come off her tongue a little weird, fading off with a dead vowel, but the girl had no objections if this was what the newest Liberty Girl wanted. “Now then, the showers.”

They rounded a corner to a door-less opening. The smell of treated water and soap wafted out at them, feeling like humidity against the skin, and the insides were dimly lit by what seemed like an always-on bulb. The walls and tiles were darker than the plain eggshell of the hallway, and glistened from the room’s innate moisture.

“Oh cool, it’s empty,” Kazuko chirped, grabbing a towel off a shelf set up just outside the entrance, from the look of the painting, something of a trial and error to find a suitable place with the haze of wetness the showers put out. “We get the hot water all to ourselves, Sam.”

Wait, there could have been others here? Before any questions could be asked, something else grabbed the American’s attention. The runner had hung up her towel over one of the stall doors, and was in the process of pulling the overly tight athletic shorts off her shapely legs.

If nothing else, Sam was quite aware their brain was still working as it did before all of this. “K-Kazuko!”

The redhead looked over her shoulder, her ponytail tickling her exposed cheeks. “Yes, Sam?” she questioned, turning halfway as she was pulling her top off over her head. Her front was on full display, from the half-hard olive nipples on her more than handful boobs to the clean-shaven slit between her legs.

It was better than how the once-boy had imagined it, and very much had their face matching the brilliant scarlet of their hair. Staring was bad, but pulling away was hard. His bright greens tried to

flick away only to be dragged back like a rubber band. They turned their head, only to find his gaze listing along to keep on the naked athlete. The only saviour was a barrier, putting their hand up as a forcible shield between them; but even then he was trying to peek around.

Kazuko just watched with an arched brow, waiting for an answer until the body language finally cracked the barrier and she lit up with recognition. "Oh, right, you were a guy," she remembered.

He expected her to maybe cover herself. Instead, the redheaded idol turned full front to him, putting her hands on her wide hips. "You have all the same parts I do, Sam."

He did? His eyes managed to drop down, to the body below his gaze, under his nose and still hidden by a once comfortable shirt that was now almost comically oversized from the weight loss of his transformation. He'd seen their face, hands had explored and felt...

It was almost silly-sounding, but so long as he didn't see it, she wasn't entirely real.

"If you have to rub one out, just do it in your own stall. If someone walks in they're not going to bother you, they'll mind their own business; that's the house rule." The rapper at least seemed empathetic, seeing their reaction. "Look, you are going to need to get used to it, Sam. You're a Liberty Girl now, that is your body."

She slipped into the shower stall, closing the door behind her and leaving Sam with a facsimile of being alone. At least immediately.

"Oh," one last word of advice from Kazuko, echoing over the door and emphasizing just how thin the walls were, "Do not use the stall second from the corner, Sam! One of the taps is broken, so you'll only get icy cold water."

It was in one ear and out the other, as the inevitable continued to nip at their heels. "What stall, Kazuko?" he... their feminine voice called back.

The water was already starting in the runner's stall, the pitter-patter of the droplets filling the quiet space with a white noise and the moist scent of steam on the air. "Second from corner, Sam."

Second from the corner. They counted it out, and stepped in, closing the door behind themselves. It wasn't built for someone their size, boy or girl. For the new shape of their form, they were still peeking six feet tall. The top of the door was just over eye-level, meaning just a little shift to stand on their toes and they'd see right over it.

There wasn't much space. Putting their arms out would touch both walls, and the shower head was barely over their head. Washing their hair, all this hair...

Sam reached back, taking a handful of the scarlet red flowing down their back. It needed a wash, a good one. He hadn't had it this long before, even considered it, but he could feel how greasy it was from being bedridden so long. There were tangles, something he'd never really dealt with before, and just the weight of it. Letting it go was like dropping a heavy coat, pulling at the back of their head and slapping at their back through their top.

There was no more stalling, they couldn't avoid washing forever. It was time to face this body head on.

Lithe fingers took the hem of the oversized t-shirt hiding their frame, and still they stalled. There was a tremble in their hands, freezing their arms from the elbow. He, what felt like all that was left of Sam the boy, was still in this shirt. Once it was gone...

No, Kazuko was right, this was his body now. He... she, had to accept it. Gritting her teeth, she mentally counted down. Three, two...

If only things were so simple. The top came up, and all that hair got stuck in the neck, leaving the muscle-memory of his typical throw all off and tangling these new limbs up above his head. Her head.

The shifting of weight, the upstretched arms pulling at her chest and making the small handful breasts on her perk up all pretty. A myriad of new experiences that forced the fear to the back in order to survey what was happening, to tie sight to the sensation; and then there was no turning back.

It didn't click, not immediately. The rosy nipples capping the rolling hills of breast, big as silver dollars and puffy round, were his... hers. They were much bigger than they used to be, from the tender raised areola to nipples like pencil erasers, she... he had unashamedly stared at girls with such buds showing through braless tops in high school.

They were far from the most glaring change, just the one closest to her face. She had a waistline. It had been so long waking up to that little bit of paunch that seeing the dip of a waist into, while not hard, a smooth set of abs was a big deal. He hadn't been so fit since high school. Hard to enjoy though, looking at it between the valley of his... her boobs.

Then there was the one part of him that felt the same, at least when it was all hidden beneath an oversized shirt. Uncovered, the flare of her hips from that trim middle was a stark contrast. There was a gauntness from not being able to eat for so long, the tips of pelvic bone showing that many women craved. It did little to diminish from the thickness of her thighs, the roundness of a peach-perfect ass that had masqueraded as his own.

Sam stood, stunned as it all processed that this was him. He, by any metric one could see, was a woman. Every inch, every curve, oozed femininity. To say nothing of what he'd felt in front of the mirror, or the voice that came out of these lips.

A myriad of feelings and desires were swimming within him. To mourn, to shout blame, to fight or cry. What good would any of it do though? Who would recognize him?

Pulling their arms free, it took a moment to feed the absolute mane of scarlet through his old shirt's neck; no matter how faded or stretched it was from wear. As each foot-long strand slipped free it tumbled back into place, caressing their back with its greasy length. As more came free, some with clotted clumps that fell out and collided like softballs, the weight of it was staggering. It would be better clean, but still. At most, Sam had felt it tickling the back of his neck, never her ass.

How did you even wash this much hair? Would they need a whole bottle of shampoo? Thoughts that stewed on the way to the taps, giving them both a harsh twist to get this shower going and feel clean.

There was a light rumbling behind the wall, the echoing shake of empty pipes. Startling sounds for sure, but nothing abnormal to stop Sam from stepping under the shower head. They took a moment to brush the hair out of their face, tucking it back behind their ears, and came to regret not listening closer to Kazuko.

The shower head briefly rattled, as the pressure finally reached it and it doused the poor redhead in ice-cold water.

“Shit!” they cursed in English, jumping backward and slamming into the stall door with a heavy “plap”; fatty bottom conforming to the metal like a makeshift paddle. There wasn’t nearly enough room to escape the icy jet. Even if they were more the average size around here, they would have been in the line of fire, leaving them scrambling for the lock behind them as their most sensitive parts were blasted; and oh, they were sensitive.

The stall’s lock fumbled, eventually coming open and letting the transformed man roll about it to stumble out into the center of the bathroom; stark naked. A commotion that had Kazuko pop her head out in kind, her own red mane pasted to her curves as steam emerged from her shower.

“Sam, are you alright?” she asked, a hint of worry in her voice, looking down at the collapsed American.

The part of his brain responsible for translating was lagging a bit, with more pressing things to worry about. “Cold!” It came out in the correct language for the girl, at least, but it was an understatement.

Sam knew what cold was. The chilling bite that would numb you through, or pelting down as hunks of ice in a storm. It wasn’t a sting like this. Her nipples had hardened, and were so tight they were setting their mind alight from the pain focused on such a sensitive part of this body. And there was every effort, heart hammering, to get heat back in her loins.

It wasn’t hard for Kazuko to put two and two together, hearing the water still going from the broken stall. “Dummy,” she chastised, “I told you that stall was broken!”

The rapper came out, coming over and picking her freezing bandmate off the floor. “Come on, idiot,” she muttered, endearing in her tone rather than harsh. “You can use mine, we’ll call someone to turn off the broken stall later.”

She didn’t get a say on the matter. The more petite girl had hands on and was already hurriedly shoving Sam into her still-running stall. Bare skin on skin, reminded Sam of their nudity; the stark difference in body temperature making the warmth of another body all the more tantalizing.

They weren’t given time to enjoy it either. The warm stream stung the first few seconds that it touched her body, washing its icy counterpart away. Soon though it started to soothe the ache.

Kazuko wasted no time, finding a fresh stall and starting things up. Much closer now, Sam could hear her heavenly hum, the light plapping of her bare feet on the wet tile as she did a little spin and let the sweat be washed away from her.

Already the grime of her time in bed was rinsing away, giving the new girl a sensation of being lighter. In small showers like these, it was going to be a more daunting task to get properly clean. A bit

of remaining muscle memory kicked in and she dipped her head. Her hair felt like a shield, stopping her scalp getting wet as the droplets hit and flowed down the overlong strands. One by one, clumps gained weight and slipped over her shoulders to hang free.

Before long it was heavy, bearing on her neck uncomfortably. Her delicate hands braced on the stall walls just to stop from being brought down by it, and still there were dry clumps she could still feel against her back. So simple an act as a turn had it all pulling to her body, pasting to her curves like a second skin. Only reflex had her pulling her bangs out of her eyes, throwing it back over her shoulders.

She jumped with a start as it slapped down heavy on the swell of her ass. It was unbrushed and clumping, but the water had spread her ends to land across her rump in a small cacophony. Each little impact shot sparks up her spine that tingled in regions of her brain she didn't necessarily want to acknowledge at the moment; despite the physical callings of this new body.

Kazuko had said they were allowed... no, that was a bridge Sam wasn't ready to cross.

She stood under the shower head, waiting until the water soaked through and could be felt across her back. That returned a feeling of normalcy, and soon enough he was reaching for the shampoo to wash the last of this grunge away and leave himself fresh. A little squirt in the palm and-

Lathering kicked reality back in. The foam soon ran dry, and there was still what felt like a mile of red left unwashed. Another squirt, and trying to manage the hair at the back of her neck. It too petered out, and another palm full was added to the task. Soon enough, she was surrounded in half-soaped hair, matting to different parts of her body, trying to figure out how to proceed

It was embarrassing to ask, but he'd never had to deal with anything like this before. "Uh, Kazuko?" she barely spoke up over the water, not getting a response and needing to grit down and ask proper. "K-kazuko?" it still stammered over the new girl's lips.

"Yes, Sam?" the rapper called back from the neighbouring stall.

She could feel the red back in her cheeks. "H-how do you wash hair this long, Kazuko? Am I supposed to use the whole bottle of shampoo?"

There was a small pause. Kazuko didn't give an answer, there was just the click of a lock and the creak of hinges opening. Wet footsteps on the tile coming out and around, and a small knock on the American's stall door.

Sam turned, the blush deepening seeing the athletic girl's feet there through the gap. She walked over, coming up on her toes and peeking over the top down at her bandmate.

The runner's hands were balled into fists on her hips, leaving her exposed. Her flowing hair was slicked back out of her face and hugging her body. Small clusters of bubbles were crawling down over her skin, leaving little soapy trails that hadn't completely rinsed off in favour of helping the new initiate.

Those dark eyes looking up at him, those full lips pursed in an impatient line. "Sam, open the door!"

The American's cheeks matched her hair, and she sunk back behind the barrier. Modesty was the leading concern of the moment, a hand going down to cover where his dick once was, momentarily forgetting the boobs still in her line of sight. The other was needed to flick the lock.

The door opened inward, giving Kazuko a first peek at the awkward new girl within. Hair clumped with sections lathered or soaped, hands doing their best to cover herself. "Same parts, Sam," the shorter redhead reminded, "it's nothing I haven't seen before at any bath house."

Slowly those hiding hands slipped away, the blush moving further down Sam's neck, making the green of her eyes pop; with all the nerves behind them.

"There you go," the spunky dancer kept on the offensive, coming up in the small stall with little regard for the lack of space between them. "Yeah, you don't need nearly this much, Sam; it's not conditioner."

The tall redhead expected an explanation. Kazuko, on the other hand, was ready for a hands-on demonstration. She closed the distance, wet, soapy skin touching skin as the smaller girl's boobs... Well, okay, she was smaller in every other department, but Sam's newly budding chest were mosquito bites didn't hold a candle to Kaz's full and currently unconfined knockers. And those soft mounds were pressed right in and conforming to the new girl's side.

Her arms raised, and took handfuls of the scarlet tangle. "You just bunch it. Enough for the top, and then you roll it up into a ball," she did as she spoke, the mane of red pulling up the new girl's back with each spin of her bandmate's hands. "And just-" she kneaded the ball of hair a bit, getting the existing soap to froth up from the friction and start dripping down the mountain of a girl.

It was so simple it almost felt embarrassing. Almost was about to be fully though as Kazuko let the ball of soapy hair go, and with newfound weight the clumped tips came back with a vengeance to rap along the American's ass loud enough to echo in the smooth room.

It was so hard not to think about the breasts up against her, magnifying the jolt that ran up her spine and left her tingling.

"Now rinse," Kazuko ordered, finally stepping back and giving Sam some breathing room.

Their bodies separated, but the warmth remained. Thoughts, desire, that she wasn't ready to grapple with. She stepped under the water, and the torrent of froth started rolling off as all that heavy hair conformed back to her curves.

"You've got a lot of knots and such, Sam. Keiko will be a better help with that than me," the rapper waited another few seconds, just to be safe. "Do you need any more help?"

Did she? "No. Thank you, Kazuko." It was still hard to look at her, or be looked at, as the mountain of a girl kept her back to her bandmate.

It didn't seem to bother the rapper at all, who simply gave a wave. "Alright then, I'll be getting back to my shower then."

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Sam didn't wash as long as he usually would have. A myriad of factors, from the more public bathing space to the rapidly running out of hot water. They were smokescreens though, excuses to not have to acknowledge this new body. Her body, that he was trapped in.

Once the taps were off, the towel couldn't wrap around it all fast enough. It was barely covering her boobs, tucked tight in her armpits to hold it up, and yet, wishing it was longer for how much ass she knew was hanging out.

He couldn't see it for the moment though. His... her...

Sam refused to think about it. They turned to the closed stall where Kazuko was still gleefully washing away, reciting lines from their routine that he remembered from the practices. The tall redhead didn't want to bother her. She'd said Keiko could help out with her hair.

Stepping out, droplets were raining off her back; cascading down her mane to soak her makeshift wrapping through and plinking along the wooden floors. Recalling moving in, the place wasn't an apartment complex or anything of the like; no tall, easily lain out sky rise. Lots of wide corridors, meant for three to four people abreast, and what felt like haphazardly placed walls partitioning parts of the building off.

As she walked through of her own accord it was easy to get lost, especially with her current foggy-mindedness. Had she gone down these halls already? Was she making the right turns to take her back to her room?

The sound of voices was a draw, a lodestone to follow. That had to be the other Liberty Girls.

It wasn't.

The barely-decent Sam walked into another little makeshift living room. A different table, different chairs, and three strange girls sitting around in their nighties as they ate the same pancakes and grilled fish that she'd been brought earlier.

One was facing towards the door, her head perking up and making the loose, black hair in her hasty bun bounce. Her eyes were so dark it was hard to tell their colour, as they scanned their guest top to bottom. They came to rest on the obvious before snapping back up and leaving the girl coughing awkwardly.

That drew the other two to turn. One, a brunette whose hair was currently an unkempt tumble, needed a wider berth to do so. Her boobs were, well, on par with Sakura's to Sam's memory. Heavy melons that that nightie was leaving little to the imagination about. The headlights were on, leaving nipples like a fingertip outlined by the fabric. Such big tips however weren't properly tenting the fabric. The soft, round planes of her areola were big enough to keep up. Without tight clothes keeping them in, the whole of her mounds were free to breath; and she clearly enjoyed it.

The other, another noirette with her hair pinned back to keep it out of her face, was doing her best to maintain composure. Full lips were pursed, bright hazel eyes scanning their visitor's face to perhaps try and recognize her. When that failed, she spoke up. "Can we help you?"

Just a few words, and Sam realized the awkwardness of standing wet, and half naked, in the equivalent of these girls' living room. "I, um-" she stammered, trying to pull her towel down to cover her crotch; without uncovering her chest.

"Still getting used to the Injection?" the busty brunette noted her awkwardness, subconsciously tugging at the strap of her nighty. The silky fabric snagged on her hard buds, pulling a fatty tit up before letting it drop. The girl sighed as it did, pink in her cheeks as she held her calm, "Been there. Don't worry, you'll get used to it eventually."

"You're a big one though, aren't you?" the first one with the hasty bun finally spoke up. "Were you always so tall?"

"Um..." Sam repeated, eyes downcast, unsure of what to even say. "Y-yes, I was."

"Wow," the girl with the pinned-back hair couldn't contain her spark of surprise. "School uniforms must have been a nightmare."

Did they really think he was Japanese? Then again, they didn't have any reason to believe she wasn't; or that she was once a he.

"And the tiny towels they let us have here," the buxom brunette added. "Maybe we can talk to Hanamura-sama about it?" her attention turned to her two bandmates. "We're Starlight Dream: Happy Light's all star squad! We've got pull. If there's other girls here, beyond me, in need then we should totally be allowed some bigger towels. And we know Happy Light have got them already, because they use them for the fake beach shoots."

Starlight Dream? The redhead couldn't help a small bit of déjà vu at the name. Maybe he'd seen a poster or two up in store windows?

"There you are, Sammi!"

Sam turned, finally seeing a familiar face in Keiko. The brunette was jogging up on those strong dancing legs, obvious even in her sweatpants.

Seeing the current state of her new bandmate, those rich brown eyes went wide. Red was quickly spreading out over her face, trying to find purchase away from any of the peeking bits on the new, tall, woman and her undersized covering.

"Oh, is she one of yours, Kimura-san?" the first noirette asked, getting back into breakfast with a small bite if re-heated fish.

The blushing girl turned to the trio, forcing herself to tear her eyes away from the nearly-naked Sam. "Y-yes, Nisshi-san," she nodded, stepping closer to the towering redhead and blindly pawing for her bandmate's hand, "Risa-san is the new member of the Liberty Girls."

"Wow," the hazel-eyed member of Starlight Dream couldn't hold back a look of surprise. "Well, good for you, Kimura-san! We were all worried about the Liberty Girls after the debut incident. Glad to see Happy Light hasn't given up on you."

Their leader in Nisshi-san reached out and gave her bandmate a gentle, disapproving backhand on the shoulder for the remark. "It's good to hear," she agreed, turning on a smile that could melt any

critic. "Well, from Starlight Dream, welcome to Happy Light, Risa-san!" she brought up her free hand, flashing a peace sign over her eye to strike the perfect poster pose; even in her morning lounge-wear.

It worked to dull Sam's nerves a bit. "Th-thank you, Nisshi-san, Starlight Dream," she gave a small bow, towel opening a bit and giving everyone present a flash of the downstairs goods.

"O-okay, Sammi!" Keiko grabbed the makeshift covering to salvage whatever shreds of modesty were left and started pulling her towering bandmate away, "Let's get you dressed, please!"

"We'll see you around, Risa-san, Kimura-san," the buxom brunette gave them a friendly wave as they left.

There wasn't time to reply. Keiko was moving quick, eyes forward and away from the redhead she was dragging along. The stark difference in their leg length had Sam making hasty, short steps to keep from stumbling, all the while trying to keep the skimpy towel on her body.

"K-Keiko!" she stammered to try and get the dancer's attention, "Slow down!"

The brunette turned her head. The blush in her face spread all the way out to her ears. Her eyes flicked, pupils wide as she drank in little details that were poking out from the inadequate covering. "S-sorry, Sammi," she apologized, letting go and nervously looking away to the corners of the hall; anything that could hold some attention and keep it off the peeking sex of the Amazonian girl.

A moment to get back on her feet, to find her center of balance with this new body, and she could see where those eyes were going. Quick flits of her hands tried to stretch the inadequate covering as far as it would go, pink tinting her cheeks from embarrassment and the sensation of the fabric dragging over her sensitive nipples.

She needed to get dressed, and to properly dry this damp mop of hair clinging to her back. "Could you call me Sam, Keiko?" she requested, her own gaze drifting away from her lax-dressed bandmate.

Her voice drew those brown eyes up, and it was quite an up. Keiko was nearly a head taller than Kazuko, but Sam was still an absolute giant that had her head level with the new girl's budding bust; a bust she did cast a quick glance at in the trip up to those emerald spheres. "O-of course, Sam."

There was that bit of awkwardness saying it in Japanese, that desire to drift into another vowel, but Keiko did say it far smoother than Kazuko. She clearly had some English practice to show. Even so small a thing though brought a small, comforted smile to the redhead's lips.

If they weren't busy keeping this tiny towel in place, they'd have been rubbing the back of her neck. "Kazuko said you could help me with all this hair, Keiko?" she asked, hopefully, "A-after getting dressed, of course."

The dancer's eyes widened, the red in her cheeks deep as cranberries. "Y-yes, of course, Sam!" she declared and a happy beam spread across her face.

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After the run in with Starlight Dream, the return to the Liberty Girls' wing of the building was uneventful. Somewhat telling of how long Keiko had been here, that she knew her way around such a massive building like the back of her hand. Then again, it was her home; and it was expected to be Sam's home too before too long.

Keiko had laid out some fresh clothes, one of his old...

Suddenly, the lewd anime girl splayed across the front of the graphic tee felt all too real. He hadn't worn it for anything other than lounging around the house on off-days, which had been few and far between in the job search. Hell, he'd only bought it on a lark while picking up some other "black bag" items.

Now he... she had a figure not dissimilar. Her boobs were a little bigger, more exaggerated as manga and anime tended to be. Sam's ass though definitely had her beat in size, all while having that same perfect peach shape. She tried to imagine striking the same pose: on her knees, elbows forward with her tits shoved through the little window, and ass high to show off-

The redhead could tell she was blushing at the thought.

It was inappropriate. The rest of her clothes weren't exactly doing much to quell the embarrassment either. An old pair of his sweatpants were fine, but Asumi's underwear was... He's been a boxers guy. These were panties. Thin and simple, but still hemmed with an embroidered pattern that emphasized they were women's.

They were women's, and she was a woman now.

A woman that was putting it off. The alternative was trying to further stretch out wearing this towel, which with its lack of covering, and increasing dampness, wasn't an option.

The sooner she got it done, the sooner she could join Keiko in her room to help with all this hair.

Trying to keep her gaze up, Sam dropped the towel to the floor and quickly snatched up her new borrowed underwear. She tried not to look at them either, head turned to the side and trying to rely on muscle memory. It'd be just like putting on tighty whities as a kid.

Arms down, leg up, and she nearly clocked herself in the chin with a knee. She was a lot bigger than he was back then, and mostly leg. Nevertheless, stubbornness kept her going, eventually finding the hole to shove her foot through and do the awkward dance of blindly getting the other in.

She almost fell twice, but managed to get both legs where they needed to be to start pulling up. Even without looking, they were a lot softer on her legs than anything he could remember wearing. Whether that was from her own now hairless legs or the undergarments themselves, it was hard to say with all the sensations. They were definitely thinner though, stretchier than what she was used to.

And stretch they had to. Asumi was the closest to Sam's size, but the giant of a girl was thicker by a healthy margin. The elastic material was stretched semi-sheer, hugging tight around her toned thighs. Getting it over her hips was an even tougher challenge, though eventually they snapped into a comfortable place. They were riding up a bit. After so long of boxer shorts, having fabric wedged between her ass cheeks was definitely noticeable; and without the roomy pouch guys' underwear had, it was all holding snug to the new goods up front.

All in all Sam wasn't a fan, but it was the best she was going to get for the moment. Pulling her bottoms overtop was going to be a blessing. There was a familiarity pulling them on, even if her legs felt longer than before. The waistband stretched around her thighs just as those underthings had, only to pull back in over her hips to lay loose at her waist like an oversized belt.

The cuffs were riding up a bit, but at least his old sweatpants were comfy.

Finally was that lewd top. Sam was quick to pick it up, holding the design to her chest like someone might stumble in and see; like it was somehow worse than her toplessness. A regrettable action, as the crisp-printed design rubbed over her nipples, sending sparks of discomfort through her from the roughness. Worse, Keiko had picked this top for her.

She'd been through his things, what worse had she seen? Had Asumi and Kazuko been through it all as well? What about the other girls living here? Was this picked to be some sort of punishment that she was to wear on her literal sleeve?

The idea of wearing it inside out occurred. She really didn't want the design continuing to rub on her tender buds though. Best to grit through it and maybe ask Keiko about it while she was getting help with her hair.

It pulled on easy enough. Stuffy around the collar, with all her hair trapped inside, and without his usual barreled chest there were new curves to the drawn woman's pose. At least she was dressed and clean. The task of getting that scarlet mane out and free was the last part, as Sam shuffled out of her room of packed boxes and out into the Liberty Girls little living room.

Keiko was there at the table, waiting with a brush and idly scrolling through her phone.

"Um, Kimura-san," the tall redhead was flush in the cheeks, eyes downcast and catching the smallest glimpse of her top in her peripheral vision.

Her bandmate lifted her head, putting her phone face down as she spoke. "What is it, Sam?" her voice was wavering, nervous.

This was embarrassing, more so as she continued to pull the sea of hair from her top, but she had to ask. "Why did you pick this shirt?"

The brunette's eyes quivered a little, arms curling in. "You don't like it, Sam? I'm sorry," she murmured, looking away.

Oh no, she'd upset her. "N-no, it's not that, Keiko!" Sam stammered out, hoisting a clump of red out and letting it fall forward over her shoulder; hiding the design a bit. "It's just... not exactly appropriate to be just wearing around."

That calmed her a bit, her hand coming down to rest in her lap as the dancer let out a sigh beneath her breath. "You don't need to worry about that here, Sam. We're family; you can be yourself," she flashed her a smile that shone on her face.

The last of her scarlet hair finally came free, leaving her neck able to breathe and acting as a reminder of the fact, "I haven't really been feeling myself at all, Keiko." She walked over, head hung and drinking in the sight of herself as she sat down. "I'm not even sure who 'myself' is right now."

Keiko didn't reply immediately, drinking the words in as she picked up her hairbrush. She pulled her seat up, putting herself just behind the redhead but in her peripheral. "Well, who were you before?" she asked, taking a handful of the tall girl's hair and starting to run the brush through it.

It felt like such a strange and obvious question. "I was Samuel," she stated, feeling Keiko grab handfuls of her mop in order to pull the bristles through the week's worth of bedhead tangles.

"And who was Samuel?" she had some trouble with the name, but it was understandable enough.

Sam pursed her lips, wincing at the tug on her scalp as the athletically-built idol showed off some of her strength while handling a troublesome knot. "A boy," she answered, short and matter-of-factly.

The brunette nodded, "Yes," she couldn't exactly deny that aspect, "he was more than his gender though. There's a framed poster of Aragorn-san in your belongings, Sam."

Aragorn? It took her a moment to realize the localization of it. "My Return of the King poster," she affirmed, "what about it, Keiko?"

Keiko took a handful of scarlet, the brush starting to go through smooth, those locks shining from their slowly fading moisture. "Have your feelings on it changed now that you are a girl, Sam?" the dancer posed.

Had they? Her chin dipped as she considered it, pulling the curtain of her hair up through Keiko's fingers as she worked. She got an eyeful of the suggestive design across her chest for the trouble, further leading her thoughts.

"No," Sam answered the question, meekly looking over her shoulder. His thoughts on the literary classic and its associated movies remained unchanged, save for a new consideration she was struggling with on the potential attractiveness of the actor's involved.

Which flipped to the end of the lewd shirt she was wearing. She still very much found the girl titillating, but more than just the social awkwardness of wearing it in a public space was weighing on her. She wasn't that far off in look to her now, leaving her with this uncomfortable narcissistic feeling at the idea she could be hot; and how other people would perceive her.

The chipper brunette met her gaze nonetheless, a welcoming smile on her face. "The Injection changes a lot, but it doesn't change who you are, Sam," she explained, continuing her idle work even as it was clear the many knots of ill care had been dealt with. "I'm much more fit than I used to be, but I still prefer to spend my time with my sketchbook and my manga collection."

That caught the new girl off-guard a little. "You draw, Keiko? I never saw you with any art supplies at practice."

The dancer flushed, pink taking her cheeks from the corners of her mouth all the way to her ears. "Well," her head turned, a hand coming away from Sam's hair to shyly play with a lock of her own, "those practices were off-site, Sam. We have to maintain the images Happy Light set for us in public."

Idols had never particularly been to Sam's interests before, only really noticing advertising in passing and the occasional online discourse at best. He'd never really stopped to consider just how manufactured their lives might be in that regard. It made sense, considering how "perfect" the girls involved always seemed and the hysteria surrounding their fandom.

It raised the question: how much did she really know about the Liberty Girls then, if they'd been putting on a façade whenever they were around him?

It also felt somewhat pertinent to her current situation. "So, who does Happy Light want you to be, Keiko?"

The way the question was phrased set the brunette aback. "I presume you mean my character, Sam," she clarified, though realized as much they had reformed his prior identity. "I'm sorry. I guess I can't really empathize as well with what you're going through. The face I see in the mirror isn't the same as before the Injection, but I am still Keiko."

"It's okay, Keiko," Sam was quick to try and reassure her, taking a deep breath and straightening up. She took a moment to reach back and feel the cascade of scarlet roll over her arm. It was already mostly dry, and silky to the touch. It shimmered in the artificial room light, and had the lightest bit of wavy curl near the ends that gave it volume. To think this was at one point his short, unkempt hair was perhaps even more surreal than the boobs. "Thank you. For your help, and..." she didn't really know how to phrase it in English, let alone Japanese. The help in at least somewhat stilling the storm in her head.

Nevertheless, the dancer understood with a smile, and a tint in her soft cheeks. "You're welcome, Sam. Like Kazuko said, you're one of us now, and we stick together."

In spite of everything, the new girl felt a smile on her face, up in her cheeks, for the briefest moment.

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It was a strange experience, to have what was both the best sleep Sam had had in a week and one of the most awkward in his life. Aware of it, there was so much to get used to. Her hair was everywhere, like a sheet between her skin and the bed. Her boobs, even not as big as Kazuko's or that girl from the other group's, she could feel them no matter which way she lay. On her back they spread, on her front they compressed into her chest, and on her side they flopped into one another and sweat gathered far too much between them.

She thought about asking the others. Not only did it feel like a dumb, embarrassing question to wake any of them up for though, they were all bigger than her in that regard. Complaining about ripples when they had to deal with waves didn't sit right.

So, it was a night of experimentation. A sea of hair was tossed up over the edge of the bed, out of the way and pooling on the floor, as her blanket was bunched up and hugged into her chest to keep it separated. Thank goodness for the weather, otherwise it might have been chilly.

Sam was woken come morning by a rustling in the room over. A rustling that made him groan, rise, and thump her head on the upper bunk as she was reminded about her situation.

It also jostled some memories into place, as the redhead recalled back in his old job Kazuko mentioning something about the walls in here being paper thin. This used to be Sakura's room, making her cheeks flush as the "what was heard" of that conversation popped back into her brain. It meant though she must be hearing Kazuko.

No point trying to get back to sleep she supposed, it was probably morning and the others would be waking as well. The new girl sat up, slowly to avoid another goose egg, and shuffled about to find some clothes.

Not much fit. She slipped back into her borrowed underwear and slipped on a pair of sweatpants that hugged her hips while dancing loose around her ankles like bell bottoms. Then it was a t-shirt, thankfully without the same lewd design as yesterday.

Her room was still largely a heap of boxes. The other girls had at least managed to sort it, but there would be much ado to get this into a proper room to be lived in. Looking at his plants, living was looking to be coming hard. They weren't going to keep up much longer here. As much as it begrudged her she wouldn't be able to wake up and see something familiar, they needed to be moved to somewhere with more light.

Maybe that should be her priority today? Phil needed it most, his outer skin mushy and ready to slough off at the lightest touch. Much like her own transformation, it was going to be a long recovery process.

Picking up the little cactus in her hands, Sam stepped out into the living room, in time to catch Kazuko emerging in that same over-tight gym wear she was so prone to.

Her dark eyes flicked over, an excitement in them that couldn't be denied. "Morning, Sam," she greeted her like one would a familiar neighbour.

"Good morning, Kazuko." The same enthusiasm wasn't present in her own voice, instead still stricken with an uncertainty, an awkwardness at her new situation.

It was easiest to focus on the task at hand. Kazuko would know the compound a lot better than Sam did. "Kazuko, am I allowed to have things outside of my room?"

The fellow redhead was in the middle of a cross-body shoulder stretch, pushing her already straining bust tighter against her sports top. "Of course, Sam. Just don't go leaving things like sex toys out and about; nobody wants to see that."

The very idea set the taller girl to flushing. "N-not my intention, Kazuko," she was quick to stammer out. "I just need some places to put my plants, there's not the right amount of light in my room for them," she held up the dying Phil, his flower already wilting from the lack of care.

"That shouldn't be a problem at all, Sam," Kazuko cheerily replied. "I'd just make sure you're checking on them daily. None of the other girls should steal them or anything, but someone might think they're uh..." she didn't want to state the obvious, seeing as her new bandmate seemed quite fond of the mushy plant.

“Could you recommend me somewhere for Phil here, Kazuko?” she asked, holding up the cactus from home; a small bit of his old life, and the most important for him to save. “Somewhere with a lot of sun. The more hours of the day, the better.”

Kazuko lit up at that. “I actually know just the place if that’s what you need, Sam. Come on!” she threw her tight ponytail over her shoulder and gestured all at once.

Once more through the labyrinthine halls Sam found herself following the curvy runner, eventually coming to a thin hall lined with short shelves. They spanned the length of it, each no more than four rows high, each divided into small cubbies no more than about one by one foot; likely just as deep. Across from that, wide windows, and an archway leading outside slightly off-kilter from the center. There was no door, letting the brightness and fresh air in even if the low sun wasn’t quite hitting the area yet.

“Grab a set of shoes!” the spunky rapper ordered, gesturing to the little cubbies as she made her way to one with a well-worn pair of sneakers.

Sam took a moment to peek outside. It was a small running track, no more than a couple hundred meters around at most and boxed in on all sides by long halls with viewing windows. There was grass growing around its edges, kept in line, though not with the type of prime care one would expect from professional work. There were clumps clearly cut, but threatening they would grow into the track if left unchecked. Some sparse trees were tucked into the corners, with evidence there had at one point been even more greenery here, torn out to make room for the dirt paving.

“You’ll get your own pair when your stuff comes in, Sam. For now, plenty of girls don’t use theirs, else won’t mind you borrowing them for a run.”

Going out there was going to call for shoes; else a shower afterwards and hoping not to step on a bit of gravel from the track’s edge. It was more than just borrowing someone’s shoes that were halting Sam in the moment.

Her mind threw up a big red light, circling back to the lucid dreams he’d had throughout his fever. Running with Kazuko, being tackled to the grass and-

A tingle started in her loins, tickling up and out to her every extremity until it hit the top of her head to make her hair stand on end. She was blushing, she knew it from the heat in her cheeks, making the small breeze coming in wash her in brisk chill.

The runner was already slipping into her shoes, tapping her toes on the floor to make sure the fit was good. Those dark eyes caught the red, and a brow of confusion popped up. “What, nervous about how you’re gonna run, Sam?” she assumed, hand on a hip. “I know it looks easy, but dancing around on stage isn’t easy work. You’re going to need routine exercise,” she spread her legs, getting into a side stretch that nearly had one of her tits popping out of her skimpy top. “Come on, find a windowsill for your plant, Sam, and then give me three laps!”

The order struck odd to her. “W-well,” she started, getting a skeptical lean forward from the shorter redhead; waiting no doubt to drop some quick riposte. “I’m not even sure I want to be an idol.”

“You think I do, Sam?” Kazuko gestured to herself, fingers squishing into her bust. “If I had my way I’d still be on the track, halfway to the Olympics by now. We’re here because we’re contractually obligated,” she stated firmly, speaking from her core with the whole of her body moving and accenting each word. “That’s not a reason to half ass it. For the rest of the Liberty Girls we need to be giving it our all as much as they do, as much as any other group here.”

She took a look at Sam’s feet, picking out a larger pair of sneakers from the shelves and tossing them over. The huge girl barely caught them by the laces with a few fingers. “Your name’s on that contract. You’re a Liberty Girl, Sam,” Kazuko raised a hand, three digits extended. “Three laps. You can’t do that, you’re going to burn out in practice.”

The new girl was already going through the most awkward transition of his life, she wasn’t really in much of a mindset to come up with another argument. Phil was set aside and she knelt to put on her borrowed shoes. They were a bit tight in the toes, and had a light heel he’d never experienced before. All in all though they weren’t the most uncomfortable thing of the past few days. Then, for what was the first time in almost two weeks, Sam stepped out into the sun.

It felt good on her skin. She could imagine how good it felt for Phil, being cooped up in a dark room for so long. First thing was first, it was early. The sun would be coming in from the East, which meant a nice westward sill to put him on.

A nice little spot where the early sunshine would hit him. Sam took a regrettable moment to pick away all the dead flesh, leaving the cactus raw and glistening, but a bright green once more. He didn’t have it in him to take the bloom off, holding out a prayer it could be saved. With careful care, maybe she could.

By that same logic, she knew Kazuko’s concern was coming from the same place. She had to take care of herself as much as her plants, which did mean exercise. Plus, she’d been stuck in a bed for so long, her muscles could use that jumpstart.

There wasn’t a defined starting line, so Sam positioned herself to use Phil as her marker and got to a jog.

“You should have stretched first, Sam!” Kazuko chided her, crossing her arms as she watched like a dedicated coach.

Prior to her transformation, Sam hadn’t exactly been small. When running to catch the train, that impact in his knees or the feeling of his minor fat lifting and falling was there. It was a whole different beast as a woman.

Her legs felt arguably longer, and her wide-set hips were pulling her this way and that in her bow-legged gait. Where his weight before lifted, now her new breasts were jumping up out of the cups of her borrowed bra and slapping back, stabbing her in the ribs with the underwire. She didn’t even make half of her first lap before she couldn’t take it anymore, stopping and clutching at her side to make it stop.

The runner shook her head, clicking her tongue in disapproval.

"I-" Sam was still trying to pry the pokey part from her side, "really don't think I'm cut out for this."

"Nonsense," Kazuko countered, "You've got a great body for it, Sam. You just need a proper running bra," she noted, coming over and inspecting the damage, "and your form needs work. You've got to tighten your steps, one in front of the other," she demonstrated with a small run on the spot, her feet shooting inward the smack down at almost the same spot her prior would lift from.

She was bouncing worse than Sam was. Then again, she was bigger in the chest than Sam was. It took a lot of effort to keep her gaze down at those feet for the demonstration and not the jiggling orbs on her fellow girl's chest.

"You've got to take care of your plant, right Sam?" the shorter redhead pointed out more than asked, "So, I'll get you up in the mornings for it and we'll knock out a jog together until to get you into shape."

The way she said it didn't sound much like a suggestion. Nor did the spunky redhead wait for an answer. She'd revved her engine and was bursting with energy to go. Her sprint started where Sam had stopped dead, her legs cutting clean lines of her steps that kicked up gravel.

She was hard to look away from. The way her ass rose back and forth with each step in her tight shorts... The heat was rising between Sam's legs again, pushing up into her face as that dream resurfaced along with another full-bodied tingle.

The tall newbie tried to put her attention on Phil, but alone out here with only the sound of those footfalls ignoring the curvy runner was an impossibility. "I'm gonna figure out a place to put Martin!" the prior boy awkwardly blurt out, scurrying back inside and kicking her borrowed shoes off.

She didn't even put them away, fighting against a single-minded urge to do something he had plenty of experience with, but she was afraid of broaching with her new parts...

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Arriving back to their rooms, Keiko was awake and at their shared table. "Sam," the brunette greeted with a small smile, only to catch the tucked chin and tight posture of the girl shuffling through. "Are you alright, Sam?"

She'd reached her door, a hand on the handle, ready to bury herself away.

The athletic Keiko pursed her lips. "We're in this together, Sam," she reminded her, pulling out the chair next to her, "you can talk to me."

Could he? It was such an awkward thing to be thinking about, let alone talk about. Keiko had been nothing but supportive so far, leaving Sam curling an arm in that tucked her loose to in around her form and reminded her of her other "problems".

"I was out for a run with Kazuko," she explained, coming over to the offered seat and dropping her butt down into it.

Keiko gave a nod. "I imagine Kazuko was excited to have someone to exercise with," she noted with a tone that implied the spunky redhead had asked her many, many times. "Was it a bit too much?"

Sam couldn't help rubbing her side, still stinging from the wire jabbing.

"A proper fitting bra will help that out, Sam," the brunette seemed to read her mind, "One with the right strap size."

"That wasn't really the issue, Keiko," the tall girl stated with a blush, tucking her chin to her chest again. Her hands went between her legs, mind drifting back to just how much movement Kazuko had when she ran.

The athletic girl followed the motion, unable to help herself from a small giggle. "It's okay, Sam," she told her, idly playing with a loose bang that had fallen out of her ponytail. "I mean, you were a boy, and I remember how you reacted to Sakura throwing herself at you. We've told Kazuko countless times that her old school clothes are too small, but she's a bit stubborn about how much she's grown."

Having it so casually mentioned certainly did a bit to calm her down, the tension in her shoulders lessening. Helped more, in her sweater Keiko wasn't leaving it all out in the same way. Less... stimulation, to keep the heat going.

"Doesn't help either I had some..." how was she to phrase it? "Awkward dreams while I was stuck in bed."

Keiko kept her pleasant smile, leaning forward on her elbows. "I remember going through it myself, the dreams were trippy," she waxed of her experience. "What were yours like?"

That heat returned to Sam's cheeks, tinting her crimson. "Well... horny," she answered, dropping her tone an octave.

Her bandmate gave a laugh. "Well of course they were, Sam. So were mine, and I'm pretty sure every other girl that's gotten 'the Injection'."

Some of the pressure came off, though not all of it. "They also involved the Liberty Girls. There was one with Kazuko where we were racing and, well..." again she trailed off, afraid to say.

And yet, Keiko encouraged her. "Well, Sam?" she pressed. "There's no shame in it, Kazuko's got a lot to look at and you were a boy," she reminded her twofold. "Besides, they're just dreams."

The redhead's blush only deepened, but she managed a smile. "True, they were just dreams," she nodded, feeling more at ease. "There was one with you too."

The dancer's cheeks turn pink, not dissuaded or averse to that statement. "And what did we do in this dream of yours, Sam?" she asked, turning her dark eyes up to meet her taller bandmate's.

Damned if it didn't feel awkward to say, but she was asking. "Well," she drifted her focus to recall it, "I think it was just after you finished feeding me, must have been why I was thinking of you.

"It started with you taking a hold of my-" she was going to say dick, only to recall she no longer had that bit of anatomy. "Ahem. You were stroking me off, really well but I mean, dream," she

interrupted herself with a flush, “Then started playing with yourself, and it ended with us cumming together.” A cursory summary, but it did the trick without too many sordid details.

She turned to Keiko, whose cheeks had deepened to a more crimson hue. “Sorry, you probably didn’t want those kinds of details. It was just a dream though,” she attempted to smooth it over.

“Y-yes, just a dream,” the brunette affirmed with a chuckle, turning away.

Was it really that bad? Suppose things hit harder when it was you and not somebody else like Kazuko.

“There you are,” the voice of their resident singer interjected.

Asumi had arrived in the living room, dressed in tight jeans and halter top that showed off her cleavage and implied she’d need out and about. She was carrying a cardboard box to her chest. Not too big, maybe a bit longer than a foot and a half on its long side, and it hadn’t been sealed leaving the top open and flopping about.

“I was getting some things for you now that you have recovered,” she told her new bandmate, slipping the package onto the table in front of her.

“Thank you, Asumi.” Thanking her seemed like the least Sam could do. Throughout, the noirette had been there, taking charge tending to things; she really had being a leader in her.

Upon looking down into the box though, her jovial feeling dropped into the pit of her gut. Blood drained then rushed into her face, all the way out to her ears. Inside were some papers, the first of her new IDs that had been promised the day before, a smartphone and charger. All good, and overshadowed by the huge dildo flopping about on top of it all.

Out of embarrassment, Sam shut the lid of the box. The very thing she’d been dodging around had been almost literally thrust into her face.

Asumi crossed her arms at the display. “Come now, you are a grown man,” she chastised. “It is a masturbation aid, something important for your sexual health with the changes you have undergone.”

That was the first time she’d been referred to by someone else as a man since she woke up. It came off as odd though, someone who spoke so formally as Asumi wasn’t using her name. “You can call me Sam, Asumi,” she offered.

“If that is what you would like, Sam-mu.” Of all three girls, she was the one having the toughest time with the floating consonant in her name. She seemed to notice as well, taking a moment to put a knuckle to her lip and practice beneath her breath. “Regardless, you should take some time now to see to yourself, Sam-mu. You need to ensure that your current anatomy is healthy!”

“I-I’ll get to it later, Asumi.” That was a lie. Sam had no intentions of going anywhere near her “current anatomy” anytime soon. To do so would be to acknowledge it, to accept it.

She did have to get past the molded dick in a box to get at the rest of her care package. With eyes averted she peeled it back open, blindly getting the phone from inside. It wasn’t his old phone, meaning it was missing all the saved numbers of his friends and family back home. It was also currently

lacking a charge, which implied it probably wasn't new, but a refurbished company phone. She'd have to find a place today to plug it in and get it set up, maybe try and think of someone she could call for help.

Next was the ID, a koseki; a copy of her family record. Rather, a copy of Risa Sammi's family record. Sam had never been a Japanese national, so never had one before, only having the most cursory knowledge of one for getting the Japanese versions of his license and a national ID card; both missing at the moment but considering they required a photo it made sense. According to this copy, Risa Sammi was a Japanese national. Half-Japanese to an American father that wasn't his dad's name. She'd apparently been given her mother's maiden name, since they'd never been married, making her a bastard; which felt like something of a slight for its own sake.

Most troubling about it though was that this kind of form was kept as a municipal record. It shouldn't exist. The local government would have to have the original, which couldn't possibly be real.

"I didn't know you were half-Japanese, Sam," Keiko voiced it aloud, showing the document passed some scrutiny.

"I'm not, Keiko," the redhead replied in a flat tone.

"Oh," the dancer mused at that. "Well, maybe it's part of the stage persona they want to do with you, Sam? There's already other foreign idols in Happy Light groups, maybe they're setting up to have you as the 'of two homes' archetype?"

Somehow it felt more sinister than that. Fretting about it with Keiko though wasn't going to suddenly change it. Maybe it was best to keep with her optimism?

There was still one last thing in there, sitting flat beneath the phallus that kept bumping her wrist as she attempted to retrieve it. A few sheets of paper that kinked a bit when she pulled them out.

"You did not seem familiar with the Injection, Sam-mu," Asumi curled a finger against her chin as she spoke, that small bit of stimulation, "so I asked for a copy of the consent form for you."

The consent form? "Thank you, Asumi," she stated it again, and straightened things out to read.

It mostly seemed to be medical gobbledegook, but after getting onto this mess from not reading his last one Sam wasn't about to overlook the fine print. There were bits waiving Happy Light's responsibility for anything that might happen, a non-disclosure aspect with threat of a frankly ludicrous fine, all written laymen enough even she understood it. With that all through, it got into what to expect.

"Changes in voice, widening of the hips, breast growth, accelerated hair growth." Looking down at herself, that all checked out. "Increased libido and sexual sensitivity." Just reading about it, putting it at the forefront of her thoughts, had that tingle returning. That dildo in the box-

No. She wasn't ready for that. Continuing to flip through she got to the end. "Changes should take place over four to six weeks. If you experience any extreme shifts in mood, please consult your Happy Light handler to schedule an appointment with-

Sam blinked, remembering something like that from when the girls were talking about it in practice. No, her brain had another problem with that statement. She read it again. "Four to six weeks..."

It had been fourteen days.

Sam slammed the sheets down, nearly toppling her chair in the process. So many feelings were gripping her in the moment, to call it an “extreme shift in mood” was an understatement. She turned to Asumi, wide-eyed, and stammered out the question. “I-I’m not done changing!?”