

## **Lab Accident.**

### **Chapter 1. Discovery.**

It was a typical Tuesday in the lab, where I was conducting research on a newly discovered molecular compound. Being naturally introverted, I was comfortable in the solitude of my lab, surrounded by microscopes, petri dishes, and vials of various substances. I was often the one chosen for these solo assignments, given my propensity for patience and precision.

On that day, I was experimenting with an unusually volatile liquid, a translucent substance that shimmered with hues of iridescent blues and purples. It was stored in a sealed vial. As I reached for another piece of equipment, my elbow knocked into the vial. I attempted to catch it, but it was too late. The vial shattered, releasing the liquid into the air.

Caught off guard, I accidentally inhaled some of the evaporating substance before I could react. Instantly, I felt a wave of energy coursing through my body, an intense tingling sensation starting from my lungs and radiating outwards. Panicked, I rushed to the safety shower, dousing myself in water, but the sensation persisted.

Days later, after a battery of tests came back inconclusive, I began noticing strange changes. At first, it was little things, like a change in my hair color or the length of my nails. My initial discovery of the transformational powers was a gradual one, and it came as quite a shock.

One morning, as I was brushing my hair in front of the bathroom mirror, I noticed a slight change. My usually straight, brown hair had taken a slight curl and was a shade darker. I thought perhaps it was the light, or maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me.

A few days later, as I was dressing for work, I noticed my clothes fitting differently. My lab coat, which used to drape loosely over my shoulders, seemed tight around the chest. I found it odd but dismissed it, attributing it to perhaps gaining weight or a laundry mishap.

However, the most startling change came one evening when I was at home, winding down after a long day in the lab. I was reading a novel, and the protagonist was described as having high cheekbones and captivating, almond-shaped eyes. For a moment, I found myself wishing I could look like that, if only to see how it felt. To my surprise, I felt a tingling sensation in my face. Rushing to the mirror, I was astounded to see that my face had changed. My usually round cheeks were more defined, and my eyes had taken on the almond shape I'd been picturing in my mind.

It was then that I realized that the changes in my body were not random occurrences or figments of my imagination. Somehow, I had the power to alter my physical appearance, to change my body shape. It was a terrifying yet fascinating discovery. Over time, with more practice, I discovered the full extent of my abilities, including the limitations that I could only

morph into female forms. This would take some getting used to, but I was curious to see how this ability could potentially reshape my life..

## **Chapter 2. Experimentation.**

I found out about the clothes quite by accident. I was in my apartment, experimenting with changing different aspects of my appearance. I found that with concentration and a clear image in mind, I could change my height, my face, my hair. The more I practiced, the better I got at it, and the more precise my transformations became.

Then, one day, I was idly thinking about a lovely dress I had seen in a store a few months ago. It was a beautiful red velvet dress with a flattering cut that I'd thought was a bit too expensive at the time. As I recalled the memory, I felt the same tingling sensation I usually felt when changing my appearance. I looked down and was astonished to see that I was no longer wearing my usual t-shirt and jeans. Instead, I was wearing the red velvet dress I had been imagining.

I couldn't believe it at first. I rushed to the mirror and sure enough, there I was, standing in the dress I had been thinking about. I touched the fabric, and it felt as real as any other clothing. I realized then that not only could I alter my physical form, but I could also change my clothes. It seemed the transformation was not limited to just my body but could extend to anything I was wearing.

This newfound aspect of my abilities brought about a mix of excitement and apprehension. On one hand, this meant unlimited wardrobe possibilities. On the other hand, the implications were staggering. I had to be careful about my thoughts, especially when in public. It also made me wonder how much more there was to my powers that I hadn't discovered yet. Regardless, it was a discovery that certainly added an interesting layer to my life.

Later, feeling adventurous I opened my social media app out of curiosity, wondering if I could replicate the appearance of someone I saw online. I scrolled through countless accounts before pausing at a popular influencer's page. She was a blonde, tanned, and she openly talked about her E cup breast augmentation. I found myself wondering, "Could I replicate that too?"

Deciding to test my abilities, I closed my eyes and focused on the image of her chest. I pictured it replacing my own, concentrating on the size, shape, and how it sat on her frame. As I did so, I felt the now familiar tingling sensation start at the base of my chest, then spreading to encompass the entirety of my breasts.

I kept my eyes shut, allowing the transformation to occur. The feeling was strange, akin to a gentle pressure that didn't cause any pain but was definitely noticeable. It was as if an invisible force was reshaping me from the inside, gradually but steadily. I could physically feel my breasts growing larger, becoming fuller.

After what felt like a few moments, the sensation subsided, and I opened my eyes. I looked down to see the transformation was complete. My chest had increased in size, closely resembling the E cup size I had seen on the influencer. The change was dramatic compared to my previous size.

I was wearing a white tank top at the time, and it had adjusted with my transformation. My larger breasts filled out the top more, stretching the fabric taut. The tank top seemed to sit higher on my chest, lifting along with the change. Even though the breasts were significantly larger, they held the same gravity-defying perkiness typical of a cosmetic surgery result.

The sight was somewhat surprising. Not because it was unpleasant, but because it was so different from what I was used to. It was yet another confirmation of how extensively I could manipulate my body, and it was oddly empowering. However, it also emphasized the need for careful control over my new abilities, as such dramatic changes could draw unwanted attention. As I stared at my reflection, I realized this was another step in understanding the strange and exciting power I had been granted.

Standing there, in front of the mirror, I marveled at my reflection. The transformation was truly remarkable. My breasts, now full and voluptuous, dramatically changed my silhouette. The tight, white tank top seemed to accentuate the change even more, making me look like a completely different person.

Despite the drastic change, the transformation felt natural. It wasn't uncomfortable or cumbersome. My body had adjusted to accommodate the new size, maintaining a balance and symmetry that I found oddly pleasing. It was as if I had always been this way.

A strange sense of empowerment washed over me. The ability to change my appearance, to look like anyone I wanted, was incredible. It was something I had only ever dreamed of, and now, it was a reality.

At the same time, seeing myself like this reminded me of the responsibility that came with such power. It wasn't something to be taken lightly. I had to be cautious about how and when I used it. But for now, I allowed myself a moment of admiration, taking in the reflection of this new version of me.

I touched my hand to my chest, feeling the firmness of the new size. I had done this. It was surreal, yet invigorating. I had never felt more in control of my own body, of my own identity.

"So, this is me now," I murmured to myself, meeting the gaze of the woman in the mirror. She was me, but also not me. She was one of countless possibilities, one of many versions of myself I could choose to be. And for the first time in a long time, I found myself excited about the future, about the person I could become with this newfound power.

I decided to push my powers to a new limit and attempt to replicate the model's appearance completely. I scrolled through her account until I found a photo that really caught my eye. In it, she was wearing a shiny gold latex swimsuit, her long tanned legs extending gracefully from it. The image exuded an aura of confidence and allure that I admired.

With a deep breath, I closed my eyes and visualized the image. I focused on every detail: her long blonde hair, the color and texture of her tanned skin, the shape of her body, the curve of her legs, the E cup breasts I had already replicated, and of course, the shiny gold latex swimsuit.

The tingling sensation started, more intense this time as it spread throughout my entire body. My height adjusted first, growing a few inches as my legs lengthened. My hair lightened, the brunette locks turning into a sun-kissed blonde. The texture of my skin changed next, becoming smoother and taking on a tanned hue. The process was strange, like a soft ripple flowing through my body, altering it bit by bit.

As my body continued to change, I felt an additional sensation as the fabric of my clothes shifted. The cotton of my tank top and shorts transformed, morphing into the tight, shiny latex of the swimsuit. It wrapped around my torso, replacing my previous outfit.

When the tingling finally subsided, I slowly opened my eyes and looked down. I was now in the gold latex swimsuit, my body mimicking the model's. I walked over to the full-length mirror, the latex glinting under the room's light.

Looking back at me was a completely different person. The swimsuit hugged every curve of my body, the gold contrasting beautifully with my now bronzed skin. My legs, lengthened and shapely, added to the overall elegance and poise. The swimsuit cut high on my hips, emphasizing the curves of my body and the length of my legs.

The blonde hair fell around my shoulders in loose waves, framing a face that was a replica of the model's — high cheekbones, almond-shaped eyes, and full lips. The transformation was complete, and I was a perfect copy of the woman from the photo.

The sight was breathtaking. Not just because I looked like the model, but because I had transformed so entirely and so flawlessly. The potential of my power was indeed staggering. And as I stood there, gazing at my reflection, I felt a sense of awe and a growing excitement about the possibilities that lay ahead.

The thought struck me suddenly as I was admiring my new appearance in the mirror. I had copied the model's form perfectly, but what about her voice? I had never tried to change my voice before. However, given the extent of my physical transformations so far, it wasn't beyond the realm of possibility.

I pulled out my phone again and found a video of the model speaking. She had a distinctive voice, soft yet confident, with a slight hint of an accent. I listened to it several times, familiarizing myself with the rhythm, tone, and pitch of her voice.

Once I felt I had a good grasp of her voice, I closed my eyes and concentrated. Instead of visualizing her appearance as I had done before, this time I focused on the sound of her voice. I pictured the vibrations, the cadence, and the unique qualities of her speech.

I felt a strange sensation in my throat, similar to the tingling I felt during my physical transformations but more localized. It was as though the vocal cords were subtly reshaping themselves, adjusting to mimic the model's voice. The sensation was weird but not unpleasant, akin to clearing your throat or adjusting your pitch.

After a moment, the sensation subsided. I opened my eyes, took a deep breath, and tried to speak. My voice echoed in the room, and to my astonishment, it sounded exactly like the model's voice from the video. I had done it. I had not only transformed my physical appearance to match the model's but had also replicated her voice.

The implications were huge. If I could change my voice, then what else could I alter? It was both exhilarating and a little daunting. The ability to fully transform into someone else opened up a myriad of possibilities, but it also raised questions about my own identity and the potential misuse of this power.

Despite these concerns, I couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement. My transformation was complete. I was the model in the photograph, down to the last detail. As I stood in front of the mirror, I couldn't help but marvel at the woman I had become. My journey of self-discovery was only just beginning.

"Oh yes," I said in a playful tone, the words rolling off my tongue in the model's soft yet confident voice. "I'm not Anna anymore. I'm a gorgeous model now, with big round tits and long legs..." I let out a giggle, the sound perfectly matching the model's own laughter that I had heard in her videos.

I lifted my hands, now longer and more elegant due to the transformation, and ran them over my body. Starting at my neck, my fingers traced the collarbone barely visible beneath the tight latex of the swimsuit. I marveled at the suppleness of the skin, now tanned and smooth, a stark contrast to the paleness it used to bear.

My hands traveled downwards, gliding over the swell of my new breasts. Encased in the shiny gold latex, they were full and firm, their increased size a testament to my transformational ability. I could feel the tautness of the swimsuit, hugging every curve tightly, enhancing my newly adopted voluptuous form.

Lower still, my hands brushed across my flat stomach, the latex cool against my skin. The muscles beneath were toned, giving a slight definition that I had never possessed before.

Finally, my hands moved to my hips, the high cut of the swimsuit amplifying their curves. The material gave way to the smooth skin of my lengthened legs, which seemed to stretch on endlessly. My fingers ran down them, appreciating the firm muscles beneath the tanned skin, a testament to the hours of work the model put into maintaining her figure.

Standing there, touching this new body, I was filled with a sense of awe. The transformation was astonishingly detailed, and my body felt so different and yet, so familiar. This body, although not originally my own, felt natural to me, as if I was always meant to inhabit it.

The transformation had not only changed my appearance but also stirred something within me. I was seeing myself in a new light, exploring aspects of my identity I had never thought possible before. It was an exhilarating feeling, a journey of self-discovery and acceptance that was only just beginning.

As I admired my reflection, an image flashed in my mind. The model in a white lingerie set, delicate lace contrasted against her tanned skin, looking like a goddess. "I wonder how that would look on me," I thought, and as if responding to my desire, the familiar tingling sensation started again.

This time, it focused on the gold latex swimsuit I was wearing. I watched in awe as the material began to shift. The shine of the latex dulled and transformed into delicate lace, spreading from the top and continuing downwards. The tight high-cut design of the swimsuit morphed into a more intricate pattern.

The swimsuit's top shifted into a beautiful white lace bra, hugging my full breasts and providing an elegant and seductive lift. A small diamond charm appeared in the center, adding a touch of sparkle. Simultaneously, the lower half of the swimsuit transformed into a matching lace thong, the intricate pattern of the lace running down my hips and settling delicately around my waist.

Next came the garter belt, materializing around my waist and hugging my hips, the white straps running down and connecting to the lace-top stockings that had formed around my legs. The stockings clung to my shapely legs, extending to my mid-thigh and accentuating the length and tone of my legs.

Finally, a pair of white heels completed the transformation, the straps curling around my ankles, and the high heels adding an extra couple of inches to my already elongated height.

I was speechless as I looked at myself in the mirror. The white lingerie set looked stunning against my tanned skin. The lace was soft against my skin, contrasting sharply with the previous tight latex. The set was elegant yet incredibly seductive, enhancing my new voluptuous figure. I turned around, admiring the view from all angles. I looked like the goddess I had envisioned,

adding a new level of allure and elegance to the model's figure I had adopted. The power of transformation continued to amaze me with its range and precision.

The thought of seeing my new body in a tight catsuit intrigued me. I closed my eyes and imagined a sleek, black latex catsuit, hugging every curve of my body. As the image formed in my mind, I felt the now familiar tingling sensation envelop me again.

My lingerie began to shift. The soft lace turned into a glossy, supple material. The bra and thong transformed, merging into one piece that covered my torso. The garter belt and stockings reformed, extending upwards to my hips and downwards to my feet. Within moments, I was encased in a black, shiny latex catsuit.

I opened my eyes and looked down at myself. The catsuit was tight, clinging to every curve and muscle, highlighting the model's toned figure I had adopted. The glossy black material contrasted beautifully with my sun-kissed skin, creating a stunning and powerful image. The catsuit had a zip running down the front, which I left partially open, mirroring the model's bold style.

I turned to the mirror and marveled at my reflection. The catsuit was a perfect fit, the shiny material highlighting the swell of my breasts, cinching in at the waist before flaring out to accentuate my hips. The material stretched over my elongated legs, the tight fit showcasing their shape and length.

I moved in front of the mirror, watching as the latex caught the light, the material flexing with my movements. The sight was mesmerizing. The catsuit added an edge to my appearance, a boldness that I found thrilling. I was the picture of confidence and power, a complete transformation from the shy lab technician I had been.

Caught up in the excitement of experimenting with my new powers, I had completely lost track of time. My stomach growled loudly, reminding me that I had skipped dinner. "Shit," I muttered under my breath, opening the refrigerator only to find it empty. "Fuck. I need to go to the grocery store."

I focused on shifting back into my original form. My height decreased, my hair darkened back to its usual brunette, my skin paled, and my voluptuous figure shrunk back into my usual petite shape. The tingling sensation that accompanied the transformation was now a familiar feeling, a sign that my powers were at work.

Once I returned to my original form, I concentrated on creating new clothes for myself. The sensation returned, this time focused on my clothing. The suit I was wearing shifted and changed, morphing into a pair of leggings and a jacket. The fabric felt soft and comfortable against my skin, perfect for a quick run to the store.

However, before I left, I couldn't resist adding a little twist. I looked at myself in the mirror, at my familiar reflection, and decided to keep a bit of the model's form. I concentrated on her long, muscular legs and round, firm butt, and felt the tingling sensation begin again.

This time, the sensation was more concentrated, focusing on my lower half. My legs began to lengthen, the muscles subtly shifting under the skin. I could hear a faint, almost inaudible sound, like the rustle of fabric, as my leggings stretched to accommodate the changes. My butt grew as well, the material of my leggings hugging my new curves tightly. The feeling was strange but not unpleasant, a feeling of expansion and growth.

I added a layer of muscle as well, not as defined as the model's but enough to give my legs and butt a toned appearance. I could feel the power and strength in my legs, the added muscle making me feel stronger and more athletic.

I opened my eyes and looked at my reflection in the mirror, taken aback by the transformation. My long, muscular legs and round butt looked incredibly sexy in the tight leggings. The added muscle gave me a sporty look, enhancing the curves of my lower half. I looked like a fitness model, ready for a workout or a photoshoot.

I couldn't help but admire my reflection. I looked like myself, but an enhanced version, more confident and adventurous. It was a reminder of the potential my powers held, the ability to change not just my appearance, but also my perception of myself. With a newfound sense of excitement and a dash of thrill, I grabbed my keys and headed out to the grocery store...