

## Transformation Pod

“Just lay in one of our pods and let all those troubles melt away.” The commercial played in the small doctor’s lobby. “With this painless procedure, you won’t have to spend countless hours at the gym, or worry about your diet.” The over-voice continued to explain as it showed a rather skinny, unsightly boy lay into the large egg-shaped pod. “With the specifications already entered into the machine, our process has a 98.97% success rate with complete transformation.”

I sat and watched as the skinny kid closed the contaminated as his entire body was enveloped by thick goo. I had already watched the video countless times; when I came in for my initial consultation when I came for the pre-op, and finally when I sat waiting for the pod to become available. I had always been interested in seeing the after-effects of the people as they left, but they were always brought to a separate room. They boasted pictures of people around the entire office. Pictures of their “creations”, as Dr. Bernstein liked to call them. The video came to a crescendo when, instead of a gangly white boy, the pod opened up and revealed a tall, muscular, tan, Hercules. The guy stepped from the goo and showed off every inch of his body had changed, even the once average bulge now. I looked to my own lap and knew it would be just a few seconds until it was my turn. My turn to finally have the body that I always wanted.

“Patrick,” the male nurse from behind the counter said to the empty room. I launched myself from my seat in excitement. “Are you ready?”

“Yes!” I shouted a little too eager. The male nurse gave a chuckle. “I mean yes. Sorry. I’m a little excited.”

“We get that a lot. It’s fine. If you would just follow me this way. We will take you to the pod.” The male nurse walked from behind the counter and towards the door which led to the back room. The hallway was simple, much like the rest of the office space, except for the pictures that covered the walls.

Gods, they were all gods. Muscles, tall, chiseled jawlines, thick body hair, huge cocks with gorgeous butt cheeks. Each one was more perfect than the last. And soon I would be one of them.

Even though the procedure was somewhat new, and had a bunch of negative media surrounding it; I could have cared less. My family disagreed, my friends, frowned upon it, and the government didn’t know how to regulate it. So before the fun was ruined by the powers that be I

decided to throw every penny that I had and scheduled it before anyone could make me second guess myself.

“Okay it will be right in here,” the male nurse said as he opened the only door down the long hall. It looked exactly like the video; a large white egg with a seam that ran around the circumference of the pod. “Now all you have to do is go ahead and sign in over there.” He pointed to a station. “And then when the light goes green, the pod will open up, and you will just lay down inside. Do you have any questions?”

“Nope!” I screamed once again. The male nurse smirked. “No, I think I am fine.”

“Well, take one final look at yourself and we will see you on the other side.” And with those final words, the nurse shut the door.

“Ugh, why are you such a spazz,” I said to myself as I began to strip away my clothing. The instructions were clear, just underwear. I gave my appearance a few sideways glances as I tossed my clothes into the corner. My skinny frame, my slightly bulging belly, the hair that covered my back; not one piece of my appearance was worth saving. I walked over to the control panel and pushed in my account information and saw the model appear on the screen. He was perfect. I was going to be perfect. I pressed upload and the pod whirled into action.

A soft buzzing filled the room as the pod split in half, which revealed a pool of bluish goo. I had always wondered what it would feel like to be submerged within the liquid, and finally, I would know.

“Here goes nothing,” I said to myself as I walked over to the machine and stepped my first foot into the goo. It immediately enveloped my foot as it sank to the bottom. It was as deep as a kiddie pool, and luckily the slime was warm enough to be comfortable. I stepped my other foot inside and began to lay my body into the sludge. Every angle and curve of my body was surrounded by the goo, and when only my face was free the hatch began to close.

My heart began to beat faster as I was soon sealed within the pod. Small lights decorated the side of the pod which gave the smallest amount of light. I laid silently within the pod for what seemed like several minutes and it wasn't until the good began to warm that I actually felt the machine begin to work its magic.

It was a tingling around my entire body as if needles were lightly tapping every pore that covered my body. My dick began to throb with excitement as my body began to shift within the putty. The image of my future self filled my head; my muscles, my face, my juicy ass. I couldn't wait until I saw my new body. The goo continued to warm and rise until my face was completely covered. I had been told to not worry about being completely submerged, but it did not stop my heart from beating rapidly.

Even though I could breathe normally, somehow, I still freaked out as the needle sensation covered my face.

I could feel the very bones of my face, rearranging underneath the surface as the goo filled in areas, and pulled away others. My body began to expand within the pod as the goo formed to my body, creating a larger built frame. I wished that I could have felt my body expand, but it was much more difficult to than I would have expected. And when the needle sensation grew to an almost unbearable feeling, it came to a screeching halt. The ooze grew lukewarm as the hatch began to open, it was time to see the new me!