

Great Scott! (Mad Scientist TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Doc Greene is a white-haired, eccentric, and wildly brilliant mad scientist, one who is always aided by his young assistant Matty. But when the Doc tries to create a device to infuse himself with the DNA of history's greatest minds, it accidentally infuses him with a far more female influence! Soon, Matty must help the Doc in a race against time to restore his original body. Though will the mad scientist want that at all?

Great Scott!

Matty Newt rode his skateboard hurriedly up to the old mansion on the hill. The gate was electrified and covered with all sorts of threatening signs, such as *DANGER - KEEP OUT* and *VICIOUS DOGS WILL BITE* and *WARNING - ACIDIC OOZE SPRAYERS!* Most of them were obviously fake, though who could tell with the Doc sometimes? Still, Matty knew that vaulting over the fence was a bad, bad idea in any case, particularly with that nuclear waste runoff incident last month still not being completely cleaned up. So instead he fetched the key hidden in the fake dog kennel and used it to open the lock. The gate shuddered open, and Matty quickly disengaged the electric fence as well as the anti-pamphleteer skunk spray device with ease. He was more than used to that particular set of protocols from now.

“Let’s see what the emergency is today, Doc,” Matty said to himself, running his fingers through his brown hair nervously. “I just hope it’s not that big set of speakers again. I know I asked for loud for my band, but that was . . . too loud.”

The young man, who was only twenty years old, kicked his skateboard up into his hand and vaulted up the steps to the front door. His actual full name was Matthew Newt, but nobody called him Matthew; he’d been Matty as long as he could remember to the point where even his parents called him such. The reason, he imagined, was that he had a quit boyish look to him, with slightly erratic brown hair and handsome but not exactly rugged features that seemed to just beg for a nickname. Attempts to rebrand himself had failed, but he was hoping to change that. He and his friends were starting up a rock band in their garage and just needed to find that unique sound to take off. It would happen, he knew it would . . . if events in his life didn’t keep going wrong.

The college bills were one thing. They were piling up, and it was getting harder to put them off. His parents couldn’t help him: they were drowning in debt themselves! Of course, he could start paying them off, if not for problem number two . . .

Matty had just quit his fast food fry job. Working at Chunky Chicken had been emasculating, especially with that damn mascot costume, and that damn bully Bill Tabbot had literally called him a chicken while he was wearing it, and that was something Matty just couldn't take.

And that led to the third, final, and biggest problem. The one Matty definitely didn't want to bring up with the Doc: that his girlfriend Meg had broken up with him just the previous day. Something about him not getting his priorities in order and showing loyalty. He hated to admit it, but she was right. His insecurities constantly distracted him, and she never liked him hanging out with the Doc, finding their intergenerational friendship weird.

"Well, I ain't giving up on coming here," he said, shrugging to himself as he rang the bell a second time. He rapped his knuckles on the door, which itself was papered with more ridiculous warnings about 'psychic beams' and 'laser crocodiles.'

"C'mon, Doc. Please tell me you're home. You called me, and man, I could use a distraction right now!"

The door suddenly opened just a peek, and a searching eye shot out from the crack, a bronze telescope that scanned Matty up and down.

"SAY NOTHING!" boomed the voice, which was excitable and eccentric. "Don't say a thing, Matty! I'm looking into your thoughts with my new Sensescope! You're . . . excited! Joyous! Things have been going well for you!"

"Um, not exactly, Doc," Matty said.

"Hmm, needs adjusting. Are you . . . incontinent?"

"God, Doc, no! Look, it's cold out, can I come inside?"

The door closed and several more, completely unnecessary locks were unbolted. Then the door opened again, revealing Doc Greene in his white coat outfit which was buttoned on the left side. He had his thick black gloves on again, the ones that went halfway up his arms, and his huge mad scientist goggles adorned his head, the Sensescope extending out from one eye below them. His hair was a series of white tangles, looking like he'd just been electrocuted. In short, he looked like he always did, and immediately took the moment to grab Matty by the lapels and literally drag him through to the other side of the door before slamming it shut. He threw the Sensescope off of his face and into the nearest trash can.

"That's okay, ignore the Sensescope! This is a far bigger deal, Matty. I'll show you this gravitational bonder I've been working on! I call it the Non-Magnetic Magnetiser! One simply focused the beam on two objects - or persons - and *voila!*"

Doc Greene was already shifting a sort of large radar dish at the side of his workshop to focus on the pair.

"Um, Doc, do you think we could talk about *WOAH!*"

The beam turned on, and suddenly Matty and Doc Green both rocketed towards one another, their bodies stuck together as if a powerful glue or gravitational force had been applied to them. The mad scientist hooted with laughter.

“This one works! Organic material! It sticks together, see?”

“That’s g-great, D-Doc,” Matty managed, his face stuck right into the scientist’s chest. “But it’s g-getting hard to b-breathe here.”

“Great Scott! Shuffle with me, Matty! Shuffle, quickly! One, two, one two!”

The pair moved awkwardly back to the dish, which Doc Greene shut off, causing Matty to fall backwards onto the floor.

“Okay, that was pretty cool, Doc, but maybe give me a warning next time?”

Greene clutched his head, running his hands manically through his hair. He moved with energy despite his mid-fifties age, shuffling about as the ideas danced in his head.

“I’m sorry, Matty! I’ve just got so many ideas bubbling and boiling in my head, and I want to get them all out before I contend with even greater brilliance! This could be the big night, Matty, the night where it all comes together! I’m going to infuse myself with the brilliance of scientist’s past, and elevate my mindspace to a whole new level! And it’s all thanks to your support and friendship Matty, that’s what’s gotten me to this point!”

The Doc was already tweaking several other devices by this point, throwing bits and bobs here and there and generally messing up the already cluttered entrance hall.

“Well, gee, thanks, Doc. I’m glad it’s working well. Uh, shouldn’t all this stuff be in the basement?”

“It would be! If not for the fact that my greatest invention is there, ready for you to help me trial it, Matty! Great Scott, it’s going to be the most impressive feat of my lifetime, at least until the next! I’m so glad, Matty!”

At this, he exercised his usual lack of understanding of personal space and embraced Matty heartily, before frowning and grabbing the young man’s face instead.

“Hey, what are you-”

“Smaller, panicked pupils,” Doc said quickly. “Increased worry lines around the forehead and eyes. Chewed surface of the lips. Recent evidence of tear duct expression, perhaps.” He touched the edge of Matty’s eye and pulled back the glove to quickly lick it.

“Doc, what the hell?”

The scientist just nodded. “Yes, definitely salty. You’ve been crying. Matty, what’s happened? I thought your big date with Meg last night would have had you positively joyous! Bursting with energy like a battery running on 1.21 gigawatts!”

Matty scratched the back of his head. “Oh, yeah, it went great. It’s just, you know, things went so great that it’s kind of a bummer not to see her right now.”

“Of course! It makes perfect sense! Young love spurs such strong emotions! And given your young age no doubt your testosterone production results in a hormonal cocktail that years for the reproductive act!”

“I - ew, Doc! Let’s not talk about that. Look, you wanted me to come over and see this great invention, right? Let’s focus on that.”

Doc Greene could be as ignorant as he was perceptive. His eyes gleamed at this new distraction, and with that he beckoned his friend and assistant forth.

“Then come and see, Matty, the invention of my lifetime!”

“I call it . . . the Transmogri-fier!”

Doc Green gestured to a large device that seemingly took up half of the basement laboratory. It had numerous wires, and a series of large Tesla coil towers that stood menacingly up to the rather tall ceiling. A console further back had a series of complicated controls and buttons upon it, and seemed to be registered to a number of satellites and scanners across the globe, at least to judge from the feeds it was receiving.

“Doc, this is . . . woah, this is heavy.”

“More than heavy, though it has nothing to do with the Earth’s gravitational pull, Matty! In fact, it does the exact opposite - pulling *forth* brilliance from the great minds of the world and - one may hope - even history itself!”

Matty furrowed his brow. “I don’t get it, Doc, how does that make sense?”

The man grinned, flipping up his goggles. “The science is immensely complicated, Matty! Quantum physics! Advanced quadratic equations! Isosceles triangles!”

“I - what?”

“Suffice to say, when I pull this lever, the brain wave forms of millions of individuals across the entire planet will be made available to me to sift through! Think of it, Matty, the greatest minds on Earth, and I can copy their intelligence!”:

“Isn’t that stealing?”

“Oh, I wouldn’t be getting strict knowledge! Nor would they be losing any! I would simply be adding some processing power to my own, and I would narrow the bandwidth. But because of the sheer molecular power I’m summoning, there’s a good chance that a rip in history could even occur. I might be able to draw upon the mighty intelligence of Einstein, the Curies, Lamarr, Newton, Galileo! The possibilities, Matty!”

Matty regarded the machine. “That does sound like it would be useful for passing my upcoming exams. *And* for having the smarts to start up a business that might actually help me not drown in bills.”

Doc Greene smirked. "Trust me, kid, if this works, the only thing you'll be drowning in is billions of dollars and trillions of brain cells. Now, shall we get this action started, or do you have another date lined up?"

Matty scratched the back of his head yet again, as was his lying habit. Thankfully, the Doc hadn't figured that one out yet. "No, me and Meg are totally solid! But I'm free tonight."

"Fantastic! Now man that console! I've already pre-set the destination for the wavelength distributors and receivers, not to mention the brainwave forms we're looking for. It's gonna be quite the light show, Matty, and it was your belief in me all these years after failure and failure and failure that's brought me to this moment. You'll get as much credit as I will, kid!"

Matty beamed, even as the Doc paced back and forward, throwing wires left and right and pressing buttons and making last-second adjustments. One bit of piping cracked and he got actual *duct tape* out to patch it up.

"Um, this is all legal, right?"

"Legal enough, Matty!"

"What does that mean?"

"It means if you don't want to find a piece of plutonium stolen from Libyan terrorists in a shady deal, probably don't rip up that section of the console."

Matty didn't know if the Doc was joking, and he decided he didn't *want* to know. Instead, he readied himself to press the big button that had a sticky note attached to it, one that simply said *THIS BUTTON, MATTY*.

"Just tell me when, Doc," Matty said, feeling excited. If this worked, then perhaps he could take in the brainwaves of the greatest charmers in history, not to mention boost his own intelligence. He could crib from the greatest musicians also. Not only would his band find that special sound, but he could ace his exams and get Meg back. He grinned at the thought of it all, but his first priority was his friend.

"Doc, how do I shut this off if things go wrong?"

"Crank the big lever on your left!"

"Got it."

"Are you ready?" Greene said as he affixed an amusing headset, one that covered his cranium and paired with his goggles. He now looked like a mad experiment himself.

"Um, I guess so," Matty said. "There's not gonna be, like, any unforeseen consequences or anything?"

"Nonsense," Doc said flippantly, raising one hairy white eyebrow. "Now hit the button!"

Matty did, and the machine began starting up, the Tesla coils crackling with purple electricity.

“Complications, ha!” Doc exclaimed, voice rising to keep up with the increasing tone. “Feh! How ridiculous! Unless I failed to accommodate the possibility of physical DNA change due to the frequency of the absorbed brainwaves and-”

There was a massive flash of light, and Matty was briefly blinded by the purple electricity, their violet forks crashing through the chamber and making him terrified for his mentor and friend. He put a sweaty hand on the lever, getting ready to pull it if needed, and then-

“TURN IT OFF! MATTY, SHUT IT DOWN! SOMETHING’S GONE VERY WRONG!”

Matty went to pull the lever immediately, and the Tesla coils immediately died. For a moment, smoke from the machines rose up, wafting like a gentle fog to obscure whatever had gone wrong. Matty waved his arms, trying to clear it personally even as the air vents kicked in and began to pull the grey matter away.

“Doc! Doc! What’s happening, Doc? Are you okay?”

A series of coughs followed, and Doc Greene staggered forth, trying to pull the contraption from his head. “I’m fine, Matty! I’m fine, there’s just some complications that have clearly gone wrong. The brainforms I was accepting seemed alien and strange, and I swear I was feeling different. Help me get this thing off! I’m worried it’s fused to my head!”

Matty helped pull it off, and after a moment of grimacing, it came free with a *thwoop!* Matty collapsed backwards, helmet in hands. He slowly lowered it and took in his friend’s appearance.

And stared, mouth agape, not quite knowing what to say.

“Much better!” Doc Greene proclaimed, ignorant of what had really occurred. “Ah, I feel so much younger, Matty! Perhaps it was not a complete failure after all! In fact, my mind feels more active, rejuvenated even! I can feel threads of brilliance and awareness through me, and the need to create! Yes, to create more children - gadgets and gizmos and things that go *boom!* To fail and fail and fail against until genius success takes over me once more! Yes, Matty, I think it did indeed work, despite my worries it hadn’t! Are we ready to try again? I feel like further absorption of this energy is necessary to see its limits, if there are any!”

“Doc, you gotta stop pacing and talking and look at yourself!”

Greene stopped, whirring to look at his much younger friend. Matty could see he’d gotten through to him, because the mad scientist stopped, then moved with alacrity to the other side of the basement laboratory, whereupon he pulled a full-length mirror down from a shelf - it unfolded neatly and flattened to perfection, its segments pulling together. It was, after all, a compact mirror of his own design. But what he saw was truly unexpected.

“Great Scott! I appear to have . . . *feminised!*”

It was true, the Doc had changed. His hair was longer, and no longer appeared entirely white, having darker streaks throughout it. His bony, pointed features had softened,

and his lips were just a little more pursed. His aged hands were smoother, like he had de-aged, but his stature had also altered; the rather tall scientist was now shorter by what appeared to be almost a whole foot! His voice was pitched a little higher too, having lost any husk, but also sounding more androgynous.

“Feminised? Doc, I know you look different, but surely you can’t-”

“A quick bodily inspection is necessary to confirm my theory!”

And with that, he flung off his coat, leaving just a dark undershirt covering his upper half, one that left his arms bare. Matty gasped as Doc turned from side to side. Now that his full body was revealed, it was impossible to deny that his dimensions had altered in a somewhat *womanly* fashion. Greene’s hips were wider, and his waist oddly narrow, but most tellingly of all was his chest, which now sported two small but present bumps upon them. Doc Greene cupped them, his mad eyes wide.

“I appear to have developed breast tissue,” he said in a hasty monotone. “Most unexpected, very unexpected. Quick Matty, feel and tell me if you can confirm your conclusions!”

“What? No way, Doc, I’m not feeling-”

But his friend had always struggled with personal space, and now even more. He grabbed Matty’s hands and pressed them against his chest, making Matty feel the tissue there. The nipples were prominent, and even a little stiff.

“Oop! That feels very strange!” Doc declared.

“No kidding!”

He pulled back, thankfully. “Increased sensitivity, stiffening of nipples, what feels like wider areolas. All point to - ah! Then there’s - NO!”

Matty winced as the Doc pulled his pants out a little and looked straight down. He slapped his forehead several times in a manic fashion.

“DIMINISHMENT!” he cried. “Oh, this is a great calamity! Stupid, stupid, stupid!”

He slapped his forehead several times, groaning dramatically as if a man in his death throes. Matty had to sigh; this was weird, but his friend certainly had a penchant for the dramatic.

“Doc, what’s happening? Keep me in the loop here, buddy.”

Doc Greene stopped feeling himself over and stood bolt upright, his wide eyes focusing on Matty. “I was foolish, Matty. Like Icarus, I went too close to the sun! I must have set the bandwidth of the brainwave scanning equipment too wide, and instead of locking on to a great intelligence, it’s communicated a directly female bodily archetype to me! I feel intelligent, yes, but also more . . . emotions! It’s very bizarre, Matty. Strange new thoughts! We must correct this. Quick, get ready to start the machine again once I’ve made some minor alterations to fix this.”

He fiddled with the settings of the consoles for a few minutes. Matty tried to ignore that his friend's rear also looked rather . . . peachier. He looked to be much younger too, perhaps a full decade younger, now in his mid-forties or so.

"Done!" the tinkerer declared. He finished up with banging the console with a wrench rather loudly. "We shouldn't worry! Failure is the mother of invention. We should never be afraid of failure. Now, let's not fail or doom is upon us!"

He took his place between the coils again.

"Fire it again, Matty!"

The young man was not so sure. "Doc, are you sure about this? I don't want to do anything bad to you!"

"That's okay," the other man said, adjusting the massive headset. "I would never blame you, Matty! You're a dear and handsome friend!"

Matty raised an eyebrow at that sentence, then hovered his hand over the button.

"Here goes nothing, then."

Again, the Tesla coils raged and sparked, filling the laboratory with their shrieks and crackles. Doc Greene clutched his enormous helmet and adjusted his goggles, muttering obtuse equations to himself in his new voice as he tried to laser focus in on the solution. But as before, the light quickly became so illuminating that Matty couldn't see a thing at all. He waited it out, his hand on the lever, hoping that it wouldn't be necessary, when suddenly:

"ABORT! ABORT, MATTY! THE BRAINSCAN IS ONLY DRAWING CLOSER ON THE UNWANTED SUBJECT! ABORT NOW!"

Matty cranked the lever immediately, yanking it back and causing the experiment to immediately end, the Tesla coils shutting off. The mist returned, the air vents activating to clear the air. Matty waited with baited breath. Was his friend going to be deformed in some way? Stuck with two heads? Something worse?

But instead, the air cleared to reveal a smaller figure waving its arms about, coughing in response to the smoke. Such motions also gave a distinct sense of . . . wobbling.

"Doc, are you alright?" Matty asked, stepping forward to see if his friend was alright.

Only for the pair to crash into each other a second time.

"Ohhh!"

"Oof!"

This time when Matty fell backwards, Doc Greene fell on top of the poor man. The fall was softened by two things: the fact that Doc Greene had shrunk yet further in stature, and the fact that his new chest was slightly . . . pillowy.

Matty groaned, clutching his head before opening his eyes. Lying on top of him was the Doc, but not as he knew him. The man's face was now very soft indeed, his face more heart-shaped, his irises now a hazel-orange in colour. His hair was full and longer, falling to

just above his shoulders, and now was entirely black. It was in thick tangles like that of a still-mad scientist, but it gave a far more feminine aesthetic. The hook-like nose that Greene had possessed was smaller now, almost button like, and his lips were feminine too. All in all, he actually *looked* like a lady now, albeit one that was still a bit mannish in the jaw and temples. But then Matty's gaze went lower, and that's when he saw two things that no man should ever have: a pair of rather lovely, creamy breasts poking out from the Doc's shirt, which hung now loosely upon his form.

"Uh, uh, uhhhhh," Matty said, his face short-circuiting.

The Doc's new face grew alarmed, and he placed a pair of softer, albeit still-grease stained hands upon his friend. "Matty! Matty, are you alright? I didn't intend to knock you over, least of all a second time! You have my apologies - why is my voice like this? No! File that away for later. Can you hear me? What is your name? We need to get you to a hospital if you have a concussion. Stay with me, Matty! I won't let you die!"

"I'm not dying!" Matty exclaimed. "It's just that . . . can you get off me, Doc? You've got a pair of, uh, distractions, now."

The Doc frowned, looked down at himself, and then his new cheeks went rosy. It was almost a cute look.

"Great Scott!" he announced, pulled back and leaping to his feet with a youth that placed him easily in his mid-thirties. As he did so, his new breasts bounced upon his chest, clearly unsupported. Matty was no expert when it came to women - he really thought he'd had a thing with Meg until it collapsed - but he was reasonably certain that Doc Greene now possessed a pair of boobs that were a little above average for a woman. Not massive, not even what you might call 'big,' but they weren't small either, and the jiggling that was occurring as Doc repeatedly poked and prodded them only made it more obvious.

"Further development of breast tissue, fascinating! Disastrous, but fascinating! And what appears to be further development of subcutaneous fat deposits as well, oh my."

"What - what does that even mean, Doc?"

The tinkerer raised an eyebrow, one that was looking a little more feminine now, albeit slightly singed. "It means what you younguns call *curves*, kiddo," he said, gesturing to his figure.

Matty had been so focused on his older friend de-aging and growing *breasts* that he hadn't even noticed the other changes. Doc Greene now had wider hips and a thinner waist, and his shoulders were looking significantly more petite. When he turned, it was clear that he also had more 'junk in the trunk' now too, with a rear that fit with his lower centre of gravity. It was clear that whatever body type Doc was taking on, it did indeed have the 'subcutaneous fat deposits', and in all the right places as well.

"Doc, this is a disaster! We gotta pull the plug!"

“To what end, Matty?” the Doc asked, feeling at his Adam’s apple, which had shrunk considerably. “I even sound like a woman, albeit one who was turned from a frog, ha! I can’t exactly stay like this, can I? But how could this have happened? Hmm, there’s every possibility that I’m drawing from the intelligence *and* appearance of a most brilliant *woman* on the other side of the planet, or perhaps even across the dimensions of time and space, perhaps into another universe! Yes, molecular disruption across a universal barrier *would*, in theory, result in greater transmogrification of one’s own body! And whatever lady I’m drawing from, it’s clear she’s quite the looker, wouldn’t you say?”

To Matty’s absolutely aghast shock, the Doc actually *posed*, placing one hand on a hip and the other behind his head, and turning slightly to one side to thrust his chest out and his rear at the same time. To his perhaps even greater shock, it actually made Matty’s heart skip a beat, and not from repulsion either: in a certain light, his now mid-thirties feminised mentor looked kinda hot. It made him cough a little before he could respond.

“D-Doc, what are you doing?”

Greene frowned. “That’s a very good question, Matty. Why did I pose like that? It’s not in my nature at all . . . unless the brainwave distribution has caused other changes! Quick, tell me a sad story!”

“Um, *Old Yeller*?”

The Doc mulled this over. “Hmm, no major emotional reaction. No tear duct activation. Putting the scene in mind doesn’t help either. And yet . . . there’s no denying I feel a somewhat womanly affection in other ways. Like your hair, for instance!”

“My hair?”

“Yes, it’s attractive to me now, Matty! I can’t stop looking at it! Boyish and untidy and yet . . . it retains a bad boy aesthetic most fascinating!”

Matty blushed, not knowing what to think of this. “Doc, man, you’re starting to freak me out. You gotta get ahold of yourself!”

Doc blinked. “Of course! Of course! These new hormones are distracting me. All that estrogen. Nasty stuff! Not to mention these.” He cupped his breasts, bouncing them up and down in a way that was highly hypnotic for Matty. “What’s the appeal of such prominent breast tissue anyway? It hardly comes into the milking process, and totally unnecessary without the burdens of motherhood anyway. Perhaps they could be altered to function as floatation devices . . . hmm, file that away for thought later.”

He paced through the lab, and Matty followed him. It was clear that the tinkerer was trying to keep his typical walking configuration, but his motion kept returning to an excitable sway of the hips thanks to his altered, widened pelvis.

“Doc, do we run it again? I mean, we have to, right?”

But Greene held up a hand. "Not just yet, Matty! I have to have time to think. I don't want to be too upfront here, but when a man's pride becomes a stub between his legs, it means he has to have time to think it over. Why don't you get your handsome butt out of here for the night and return tomorrow morning? I think I'll have some equations for you then - and I'll probably be wearing something a bit more comfortable."

Matty grimaced. The Doc was acting weird, but he wasn't wrong. They needed to take this slower and avoid another disaster.

"Okay then, Doc. I'll be round tomorrow. Don't do anything crazy while I'm gone."

Doc grinned, and it was a rather cute grin now. He flicked his longer hair to one side, and Matty realised that his skin had also changed. It was still pale, but had a slight yellow-olive tinge to it. His eyes were also a little more almond-shaped. Was he changing race as well? Matty didn't even want to think about that.

"Oh, don't worry about me, Matty! I've got plenty of babies to be working on and making."

"B-babies?"

"My inventions, of course! They're my babies, Matty!"

"Oh, of course. I just - you've never called them that, before."

"Hmm, a new quirk of mine, perhaps. I don't mind this so much though. Now you have a night's sleep, Matty. I'll be here with my children and I'll see you tomorrow. We'll fix this, don't worry!"

Matty could only hope. He went home, thought about calling Meg, and then thought better of it. That relationship was truly over. His big focus now had to be on paying his bills and getting his life sorted out. But instead, he went to sleep thinking about his friend instead, worried for what was going on.

His mind betrayed him in the night though, because he dreamed of a beautiful wrench wench of a scientist, grease-stained and half-insane, and gloriously curvaceous besides. It was a damn good dream.

Matty made his way up to Doc Greene's mansion again, this time with great trepidation. He was still trying to get over that strange dream in his head, which reminded him that he really did need to either make things up with Meg or find a girlfriend, but he was even more concerned about how they could bring Doc back to normal.

"Christ, the old crazy scientist is becoming a young woman. What's that about?"

He knocked on the door several times, but to his surprise, when it opened, it wasn't Doc Greene on the other side of it. Instead, a new mechanism existed: what looked to be

some kind of steampunk piece of artificery that operated the hinges of the door automatically.

“Okay, weird,” he said, stepping into the entrance hall. “Jesus, it’s like a bomb went off in here. A really . . . crazy science bomb.”

The place was even messier than it had been the day previous. Numerous gadgets and gizmos whirred and shifted within the mass of parts and pieces. There were miniature satellite dishes, a self-loading toaster device, and what appeared to be rocket boots halfway through production before being abandoned. In the corner was a lot of smokey debris where a bomb or misfire or explosion of some kind had gone off, destroying a section of the ceiling.

“Woah, this is heavy,” Matty said. “Doc, you in here!”

“Down in the lab, Matty! Come on down and witness!”

It was almost ominous. The young man descended into the lab proper, and found numerous racks of technology and gadgets and creations that clearly hadn’t existed the previous night. And moving back and forth between them with excitable passion was Doc Greene, who had also changed . . . into new clothes. Ones that far better fit his new form.

“Um, Doc, you look quite, uh, different.”

The scientist jumped to face Matty, causing his breasts to bounce dramatically. He was now wearing a black tank top that was fairly tight against his new dimensions, though it hid any cleavage. It left his arms entirely bare, though he wore black gloves at the ends of them for tinkering. His lower half was covered instead by very baggy black mechanic pants. Matty got the distinct sense that they were meant to be full overalls or even coveralls, but were instead tied around his waist, thus emphasising his hips a little. On top of the scientist’s head was a reduced replica of the headgear that he wore into the transmogrification device; now it was a pair of goggles, red and bronze in colour, that seemed adept for working with tiny cogs and parts.

“What do you think, Matty? I thought it best to dress for the occasion! My new femininity hardly gives me any fashion sense, alas, but this is much more comfortable on my form, wouldn’t you say?”

He posed several times, flexing new muscles. Whatever woman he was becoming, it was certainly a reasonable fit one, at least to judge from the gigantic wrench he was also carrying.

“Yeah, I’d say so, Doc. Uh, you look good, at least!”

The Doc embraced Matty, pressing his soft chest against him and making the young man feel very awkward indeed.

“Thank you, Matty! You truly are a rock in tumultuous times!”

And then he did something *very* unexpected - he gave a quick peck on Matty's cheek. The pair realised immediately what had happened, because both blushed straight away.

"Doc, did you just-"

"I did, Matty! I was thinking about that hair again! And that muscle definition of yours! These thoughts are alien and wrong and must be stopped, however enticing. BUT!"

He indicated to the piles of gizmos he'd created. "Look what the device has helped me do! I spent all night crafting my beautiful babies. Some exploded, others misfired, one is in space, I'm pretty certain, but so many successes as well! Whoever is the lass I'm drawing brainwaves - and subcutaneous fat deposits - from, she truly possesses the spark of genius! Just look at my wonderful babies. Aren't they just adorable and wonderful, Matty?"

Matty chuckled. "Wow, I guess they are, Doc. I mean, it's pretty amazing what you've done here. I can't believe you were working all night."

"Well, having intrusive thoughts that are best not dwelt on makes one work harder. This new body has an energy and a libido that astound me!"

"Did you just say-"

"Now let's activate the machine, before things get even more out of hand. I truly believe I've fixed the problem this time, Matty. One last whirl of the device, and all will be back to normal, though I've adjusted things so that I'll keep my enhanced brilliance."

"Is that a good idea, Doc? I mean, you've changed so much. And I'm pretty sure you've even becoming a different race or something."

"Yes! The woman I'm becoming has been geolocated to Japan, though whether it's Japan in this dimension or another is anyone's guess! So it makes sense. She also likes hair dye."

'Hair dye?'

"Yes! I had the strangest desire to dye my hair pink last night! I resisted, but you would like that, wouldn't you?"

Matty swallowed. "I mean, a girl with dyed hair is pretty nice, but you're not meant to be a girl, doc."

"Of course not," he said, waving a hand. He put his new goggles on. "Let's begin then, Matty, before I end up the same age as you and with a thoroughly enticing body besides!"

Matty had to look away by this point. It was all too much, especially since his imagination was running wild. He'd never known he was attracted to greasemonkey girls before, but now he couldn't help but imagine what Doc's 'final form' would look like.

"Don't think about it, don't think about it, don't think about it."

"What was that, handsome Matty?"

“N-nothing! Look, let’s get this show on the road, Doc, before either of us say something we’ll regret.”

“Of course! Hit the button, Ma-”

He did so immediately, not wanting to waste anymore time, and keen to see the Doc’s attractive body disappear in the blinding light so he could try and put it out of mind for good. The machine whirred up, and as usual there was the light, the sparks, the roar of the machines. Matty was hopeful, because this time the Doc didn’t call out immediately. Instead, the transmogrification device continued to do its thing, roaring loudly and arcing electricity everywhere, causing the room to flood with that same fog once more.

“C’mon, work,” Matty said.

“I THINK IT’S WORKING!” came the Doc’s voice over the loud din. “YES, MATTY IT’S - NO! CALAMITY! DISASTER! SHUT IT DOWN AGAIN, IT’S GETTING WORSE!”

Matty immediately pulled the lever, only to find that it was stuck!

“Damn it!”

“SHUT IT OFF, MATTY!”

“I’m trying! It’s stuck!”

He put all his weight into it, only for it to *snap off*. Matty’s eyes went wide as he held the lever, even as the machine continued to whirl and Doc Green continued to yell. After a moment’s indecision, Matty ran instead to the wall, where the enormous power socks were housed. He pulled at the cords, straining even as Doc’s voice changed further and further, until it sounded like an excitable young woman yelling. He forced all of that from his attention, straining his muscles until finally -

THWOOOOM!

The machine powered down dramatically, but the cascade effect of the socket plug coming free meant that bits of the panel exploded, along with the coils. Debris showered about, and the automatic fire suppression system began hosing down what remained, until the sprinkler then rained down and removed the sludge. It left Matty drenched, but he had to run to see his friend. He got to his feet and sprinted to the platform.

Only to collide with Doc Greene a *third* time, this time falling forward *onto* the scientist, his face landing squarely in his friend’s now incredibly busty chest. He was practically smothered in the cleavage that rose from the tight black tank top. Doc wasn’t helping him by holding him there.

“Matty! Good thinking!” he cried, though he didn’t sound like a *he* now at all, but instead a very giddy woman of the same age as Matty. “Of course, it’s a total disaster, but you saved my life, what a hero you are!”

“*Think yu,*” Matty managed, until Doc released him. He looked up into his changed friend’s face, and was momentarily speechless. There, grinning from ear to ear as she took

in her saviour, was a woman who was now unrecognisable as the eccentric older man he'd known for years. The woman looked to be around twenty years old or so, and no longer had a mannish jaw. Instead, she had a rounded, heart-shaped face with a small nose and a damn big mouth for that grin. Her hair now reached her shoulders, but that too had changed: it was still in thick clumps like that of an anemone, as if the grease and smoke and grit had fused it into tentacles, but somehow it suited her completely. Moreover, it was now, impossibly, dyed a salmon pink. Or perhaps not dyed at all, because it really looked like her new natural hair colour, somehow. Her goggles were still fixed atop her head, and from her manic expression, she was still the same eccentric scientist Matty knew, but now she was beautiful and slightly crazy to behold, a weirdly hot mix.

That attraction was only increased by the rest of her form. Both of their eyes wandered to her bust, and there was a momentary embarrassment from both of them as they beheld how truly buxom she now was. Again, Matty didn't have the greatest track record with women, but Doc Greene was easily sporting a pair of Double if not Triple-D's now, and they positively *strained* the material of his tinkerer's tank top, a deep line of cleavage formed as a result. The fact that the rest of his form was much more petite, albeit still impressively muscular to suit her new 'wrench wench' appearance, only magnified her curves.

"Sorry!" Matt exclaimed, pulling himself off of her. He took Doc by the hand and helped her up, and in doing so noticed how well her lovely hips suited her.

"Nothing to be sorry about, Matty!" she said, her voice as rapid-fire as ever, albeit quite perky now. "This is my own fault! My own making! And now, I'm afraid, I might well be stuck like this permanently. You saved me from mind-death, and that's the important thing. Of course, it appears I have been fully feminised now, though! Observe!"

He grabbed Matty's hands again, but this time the young man didn't resist the feel he was allowed to cop courtesy of his friend's lack of social barriers.

"Much larger, wouldn't you say? At least twice as big as before, if not larger!"

"Yeah, I'd definitely say over twice as big, Doc. Um, are you feeling okay?"

Doc Greene grinned from ear to ear. Her eyes were now an orange-hazel, and her anemone-like pink hair shifted from side to side as she paced back and forth, examining herself and checking her changed body out in the many mirrors. She sashayed her hips a little, but the truth was that there was a confidence in her walk now, rather than a panic about becoming a woman. She brought her face close to a mirror, cupped her large breasts and produced a great deal of cleavage. Matty found it hard not to get, well, *hard* at the image of that, and again when the Doc flung a hand down her pants.

"Mhmmm! Ohhhh, ! That's s-sensitive! Who would have imagined that the female reproductive organ could produce such immediate sensory stimulation?"

Matty almost chuckled. Clearly, Doc Greene hadn't had many girlfriends in his time, nor did he get out much.

"I think most women get that kind of sensory stimulation, Doc. Um, not that you're really a woman, of course."

At that, the Doc practically *leapt* towards Matty, gripping him by the shoulders and once more providing a magnificent view of that busty chest threatening to split open her mechanic's tank top.

"That's just the thing, Matty! I *am* a woman, in thought and feeling as much as biological reality. I can't explain it, except that obviously the brainwaves of this strange, obviously other-dimensional tinkering genius is now part of me! I'm female now, and for reasons unfathomable I find it far more fascinating than bothersome. Wait, let me test something!"

She spoke in a string of words Matty didn't recognise, but could guess the origins.

"Doc, were you just speaking in Japanese?"

"Indeed I was, Matty! It appears that whoever this lass I've turned into from whatever brilliant dimension she comes from, she is either Japanese or from a Japanese-adjacent civilisation. Great Scott, this is fascinating!"

"This is . . . heavy, Doc," Matty said. "We should, uh, get you changed back."

But the scientist was already moving back and forth with surprising speed, fiddling with a component there, removing wires from another there, grabbing a solder kit and readying it for action here, drawing up a lightning quick blueprint there.

"That'll have to wait, Matty! My God, I feel more energy and zest than I have in years! Decades, even! How do you stand it, being so young? This body feels so inventive, genius, so spry and limber! Look what I can do!"

At that, she reached down and touched her toes, a pose that left her rear sticking out rather nicely, drawing Matty's eye immediately. Her hair flopped about her head, leaving the new Japanese inventress looking simultaneously mad, cute, and damned sexy.

"Um, Doc, I don't want to be too awkward about this, but maybe stop posing like that?"

"Whatever is wrong, Matty?"

"Well, it just so happens the new you is a bit, uh . . . well, you're nearly falling out of your top there, Doc, and, well, it wouldn't be the worst sight in the world for a red-blooded male like me, if you catch my drift. And, uh, I definitely don't want things feeling weird between us."

At that, Doc Greene stood up straight, placing a finger on her cheek and tapping it conspiratorially.

"Do you mean to say, kiddo, that you find my new female form rather attractive?"

Matty could feel the sweat on the back of his neck. He gestured to Doc Greene and all her reflections in the mirror. She was now a short, busty tinkerer with a mad gleam in her eye and some wonderful curves, not to mention athleticism. Even her new half-dirt mechanic look only magnified her appeal, in a 'crazy hot chick' kind of way.

"I mean, c'mon Doc, look at yourself! You're hotter than any of the girls on campus! I mean, you make Meg look like a plain Jane and I thought she was the swellest girl around until she dumped me and-"

Suddenly the Doc dropped what she was working on. She threw the gizmo aside, and it exploded in a small flash of light that alarmed Matty.

"Don't worry, some of my babies just explode. It's all part of testing for my children! But what was that you said, Matty? That Meg dumped you? I thought you said you and her were going steady, as the kids say!"

"Yeah, well, I lied. She dumped me. We're no longer together. She's right, of course, I'm not dependable."

At that, she placed her arms over his shoulders, and suddenly Matty felt *very* awkward, her breasts pushing against his chest once more, this time for an extended period while she looked up at his eyes.

"Nonsense, Matty! I simply won't hear of that! You are dependable. Even after being dumped you still came to help me with the experiment, and supported me as it went wrong, and then thought quickly to save my now-considerable backside when things went even more wrong. You *are* dependable."

Matty grinned sheepishly. "I guess . . . I guess I just wasn't man enough for her, or something. Some people say I'm chicken, and I suppose-"

She grabbed him, pulling him even closer. God, it was hard to ignore the way her rack pressed against his chest, or how her entire body was aligned with his. The manic gleam in her eyes somehow made her even more attractive to him.

"Again, nonsense! For one, Matty, you have a surprising amount of muscularity in your body. I can feel all sorts of delts and lats here, and these glutes!"

Matty's eyes went wide as he felt her paw all over him, seemingly caring even less about personal space than before. Her hands gripped his ass, making him tense, and she giggled with excitement.

"Yes, you are a very healthy specimen indeed! And besides, I know you're certainly more than attractive enough for a woman Matty. After all, *I'm* a woman now, and have both the impressive body of a beautiful and buxom specimen, not to mention the brains of a woman far ahead of her peers. Combined with my own native intelligence and reasoning skills, and I can affirm one hundred percent that any woman would absolutely want to engage in the reproductive act with you!"

Matty scratched the back of his head. Did she notice he was getting really hard? It was almost like the Doc was starting to rub up and down against him, clinging to him as she observed him in a fascinated and scientific manner.

“Well, that’s one way to put it, I guess. I’m just glad you’re okay with all that’s happened, Doc. Who knows, maybe your new perspective on life will help me get a pretty girlfriend, right?”

He laughed nervously, his eyes wandering to her cleavage. This time, the oft-distracted scientist and tinkerer caught Matty’s gaze. The new woman grinned in a vulpine fashion, as if she had caught her prey and was looking forward to enjoying the meal.

“A very good point, Matty. We need to find you a girlfriend, one who appreciates your loyalty and devotion, not to mention your impressively masculine features. And I need to find someone who is willing to keep helping me make my beautiful babies - my inventions, that is . . . for now - and, well, *rev my engine*, so to speak, to keep me inspired.”

“Uh, rev your engine? What do you mean by - MHMH!”

Doc put her lips on Matty’s, even snaking her tongue into his mouth. She moaned a little, her bright hazel eyes rolling into the back of her head as she clutched her now similarly-aged friend. The new woman held him, running her hands methodically over his back muscles. After a few seconds’ hesitation, Matty closed his hands around her as well, holding her tightly and making her moan even more sweetly. Finally, they parted, his expression still shocked, hers utterly mischievous.

“Does that make the metaphor clear, Matty?” she asked, grinning like the Cheshire cat.

“It very much does, Doc. Great Scott.”

“Heavy indeed, kiddo. What say you and I get down to business and start making some inspiration for our future babies together?”

“F-future babies?”

She gestured to the laboratory around them. “All the future ideas brimming in my brain, obviously!”

“Oh, yeah. Obviously.”

Then her expression turned mischievous again. “And you know what they say, passion brings inspiration! Let’s engage in some reproductive practice, shall we?”

Before Matty could even parse that this meant ‘sex,’ she was leaping upon him, and knocking him to the floor. And this fourth, final time, they stayed there a lot longer, enough to generate more than enough inspiration to solve all of Matty’s problems. Not that his thoughts were anywhere near that focused. He was too busy ‘helping’ the good Doc, after all.

The End