

NURSE GEMMA 2

Art By TROUBLETRO
Story By Zajnezdal



I MARVELED AT THE SENSATION OF THE TIGHT BLACK LEATHER SHIFTING OVER MY BODY LIKE WARM LIQUID AND REFORMING ITSELF INTO A SHEATH OF SHINY RED LATEX IN THE FORM OF A STYLISH PLUGSUIT.



AGAIN I WAS AMAZED AT HOW SOMETHING AS SIMPLE AS A CHANGE OF CLOTHING AND A DIFFERENT HAIRSTYLE COULD COMPLETELY ALTER HOW ONE WOULD LOOK, AND BRING ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW EXPERIENCE.



THE LATEX HIGHLIGHTED MY FORM IN A FAR DIFFERENT WAY THAN MY BLACK CATSUIT. I LOVED THE SENSATION OF FEELING LIKE I HAD JUST STEPPED OUT OF A CARTOON. I BEGAN TO FANTASIZE ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE GOING TO A COMIC BOOK CONVENTION AND STRUTTING MY STUFF FOR THE CROWD. OR BETTER YET, WALKING DOWN THE RUNWAY AND WINNING THE COSTUME CONTESTS.





THE NOTION OF STRUTTING MY STUFF ON STAGE
IN AN OUTFIT LIKE THIS WAS ODDLY APPEALING.
OF BEING ADMIRER BY A LARGE CROWD FOR MY
STUNNING BEAUTY. THEN A WICKED IDEA
CROSSED MY MIND.



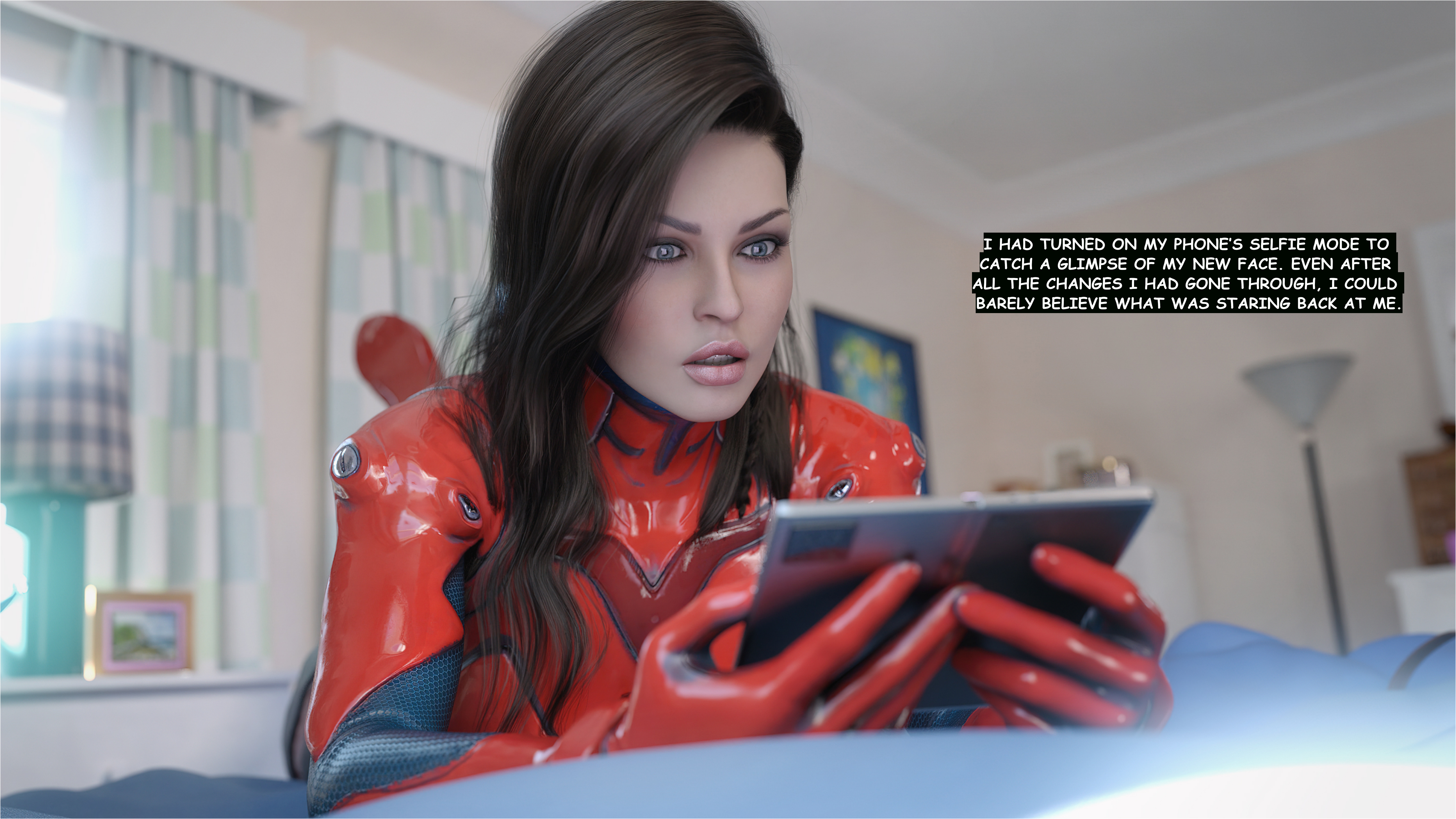
I HURRIED OVER TO MY BED TO FIND MY PHONE.
FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS, I KNEW I HAD TO GET
IT JUST RIGHT.



I QUICKLY SEARCHED THE WEB FOR THE PICTURES I NEEDED. LUCKILY, THE IMAGES I NEEDED WERE IN AMPLE SUPPLY.



I BARELY HAD TIME TO CONCENTRATE ON WHAT I WANTED BEFORE I FELT THE FLESH RIPPLE AND CHANGE, MORPHING ME INTO MY NEW FORM.



I HAD TURNED ON MY PHONE'S SELFIE MODE TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF MY NEW FACE. EVEN AFTER ALL THE CHANGES I HAD GONE THROUGH, I COULD BARELY BELIEVE WHAT WAS STARING BACK AT ME.



I LOOKED JUST LIKE THAT STAR FROM ALL THOSE GIANT
ROBOT MOVIES. I KNEW MY PHONE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH.
I NEEDED TO SEE HOW I LOOKED IN MY FULL LENGTH
MIRROR.



A WRY SMIRK CROSSED MY FACE. THIS OUTFIT WASN'T HER USUAL WARDROBE, BUT IT LOOKED GOOD ON HER. IT LOOKED GOOD ON ME.