



"This has to be a joke," David says, with a tone of concern, looking at his laptop while he is trying to do his project for college, the one that has taken most of his day, the worries about everything all his grades are put into this work.

His lanky, pale body is sitting on his couch, looking at the screen, fixing some mistakes the project might include to get the work as polished as possible. "I cannot believe I just had to do this alone," he thought,

his brown eyes glued to the screen of his laptop, focused on every kind of error. While this happened, a sense of discomfort about his lazy roommate left him alone with this so-important project, the one that would define the entire future of their careers.

"Good, fine. Thank you, Jacob, for this. I thought I had a hardworking partner for this project, but no, just a piece of crap from a lazy slob." He shouted out in despair, thinking about how unlucky she is to be coupled with his roommate, considering the lack of discipline and work ethic from his teammate, making him grunt in despair and with a sort of disgust against her partner.

College life for David has been a turnabout ride of hard work, stress, and anger towards everything around the college environment, unlike most guys who just waste their days partying, giving themselves to a world of carnal pleasures. David is known for his utterly strict lifestyle; he spends most of his time studying, preparing himself for a world of success, and being hardworking. His disciplined, straight lifestyle has paid off very well with his grades and reputation as one of the smarter guys on campus. He is not just the kind of guy who wastes his time partying and drinking, but he hates that lifestyle with all his might. He has the very image of his abusive dad, who drinks almost every single day. Since a very early age, he chose his life not to be as his alcoholic dad, and a hatred for that lifestyle has grown inside him. As much as we can say, he is a workaholic in spirit, spending days and nights in his studies the best he can, avoiding instant gratification for a future of success.

How different his roommate is, he thought, sighing in concern, remembering the times he tried his roommate Jacob to adopt his same work discipline ethic and embrace a life of discipline and dedication, but sadly, he failed over and over again. He knows his roommate is a lost cause, and he shouldn't waste more time trying to make him change his mind anymore, just letting him be the lazy, hedonistic individual he is. But there are times when these opposite personalities make them conflict, and this is one of them.

"Hey, bud, what's going on? Let me guess: Studying, studying, and studying, don't you?" Jacob says in a sarcastic tone, mocking his roommate, who just ignores him. Jacob's voice makes him concerned and distracts from his work. "There you go again," David thought, staring at his laptop.

"Hey yo, don't pretend you didn't hear me, Davie; you have to know that it didn't work for me. Let's go." Jacob mocks him, walks to the kitchen, and takes a soda. "Oh, this guy is a fucking nerd, uh," Jacob thought as he drank the soda can. While this happens, David just keeps focused on his work and doesn't share a single word with his roommate.

"I cannot believe someone as lazy as this guy could exist in real life," David thought, looking at his laptop, avoiding making eye contact with his roommate. He was just concerned about how loose and dumb his roommate was. Leaving him alone with this project is almost like he doesn't care about his future, he thought, disgusted by this.

Jacob looks at his roommate, thinking how boring and nerdy he is, just studying all day, avoiding parties and fun. "How boring this guy is" escaped from his mouth; his mind could not process how someone could be as much of a lonely creep as David. "I think he needs some time to loosen up; just look at him; how creepy, lanky of a man he is." He wondered about his roommate's demeanor, with his lanky pale body and the tired look in his eyes as David adjusted his eyeglasses.

"So, you ignoring me, right? Well, ignore this," Jacob says, and he proceeds to throw the empty soda can directly at his roommate, impacting his head and finally making contact with the floor along with the glasses.

"What's gotten into you? Are you freaking nuts?" David shouted out at Jacob, rubbing his forehead with his left hand. The impact caused enough damage to make his eyeglasses break and leave a red spot around his forehead.



"Oh, finally you spoke to me. I bet that I cannot be ignored. I let you know that, nerdy David, no one ignores me," Jacob says, followed by a sarcastic smile around his face, looking at his roommate, who is just burned with anger, courtesy of his joke.

"I'm very focused on this project that, let me remind you, is OUR project; for some damn reason we are doing this together, and it seems like you don't care a shit about this." He shouted at him, letting his laptop sit on the soft material of the couch and kneeling to see her glasses, the ones that were completely broken in half, courtesy of his roommate joke.

"Great, and now I have no eyeglasses. Thank you so much. You have been a very helpful company, always helping with the project. Oh great, thank you." He says sarcastically, grabbing his head with both hands. The anger and frustration poured through his lanky body.

"You are so boring, Davie. Why not just let that bullshit and get a little bit of fun? Is not everything work and work and studies? There is so much time for fun and parties. Don't be such a fucking freak," Jacob says, trying to convince his roommate to get loose from time to time.

"Sorry for being a person who cares about my future and my entire career and not just a fucking lazy dumb like you are," David scorned, her words dripping with despise.

Jacob's jaw dropped.

"I'm fucking jaded of this stupid thing; I'm done with this, you fucking slob; I'm fucking done to be the one who cares about this project; I cannot believe I said that, but not even my alcoholic father was a piece of slob like you are, you fucking freak," he says, taking his laptop and his broken glasses and walking towards his room.

"I'm fucking done with this," he shouted out as he walked to his bedroom. Meanwhile, Jacob stands there, jaw open, trying to collect his thoughts. He is shocked by David's demeanor, the first time Jacob has seen it, as a result of his gruesome joke.

"Oh, man, that seems to lie. David is very stressed out," David says, looking at the couch where his roommate was seated, thinking about something. "He needs to change his stressed demeanor, maybe loosen up a bit, or, you know, something that could be described as normal or less freaky, considering David's lonely, awkward self.

He searched in his pocket, taking out his phone, looking for someone. "I think this might work," he thought, looking for something on his phone. "They told me this app might be used by everyone, but, I don't know, this sounds kind of lame and stupid. I mean, I know I'm not the brightest tool, but this sounds very surreal even for me," he says.

"What the hell, that website seems to be very credible; they even have a name; I think it was somehow like KZ Company or something like that," he says, selecting the app with his fingertips. At that moment, this phone's screen turns black instantly.

"Wahat..what tha?" he shouted out, his phone blacked out for a few seconds. "Oh sh*t, what the hell?" He shouted once again, regretting his choice to select this app and thinking about some sort of virus.

And then the app runs into his phone, and a legend appears in the middle of the screen.

"EMBRACE YOUR NEW SELF APP V. 2.0.1"

Jacob signed in relief; he was thinking the worst. Fortunately, though, these worries vanished the moment those letters appeared on the screen.

"Welcome to this app." "We've added more features to this new version. Thank you for your support and patience with the difficulties from the past version. We've fixed the technical errors and added new features. KZ enterprise"

"As one of those features added, we've amplified the faculties in this new version; enjoy them."

It could be read on-screen, Jacob shuddered, worried about this new step. "It seems so unreal, but I think this might help with him." He says, reading the options.

"Embrace your inner self" and "Make someone else embrace their inner self" appeared on screen.

"Inner self?" Jacob thought, considering how stressed David currently is, that probably his inner self is someone lightheaded and wild. "Let's the magic begin," Jacob smirked, looking at his phone.

"I cannot believe this fucking piece of crap," David scorned, anger pouring through his body. Frustration and concern invade his mind. He looks at his broken glasses, discards them, closes the door of his room, puts the laptop on the desk, grabs his head, and nods in disbelief.

"This is crap, man. How can I hold that stupid dumbass?" he says in a low tone, his tired eyes closed. He breathes deeply, sitting on the chair near his desk, rubbing his forehead and breathing in frustration.

"He is a fucking disgrace," he says, breathing hard, his body burning in despise against his lazy roommate, thinking how could there exist someone with no purpose in life, unlike David, who seems like the only purpose in life is partying and lust.

"That fucking guy is a wasted cause. I have no time to waste with such a piece of crap like him; I need to get out of here; this is what I have to do; that fucking guy is a complete disgrace; I cannot keep with someone without a fucking purpose in life; I'm done with this." He scorned out, stood on his feet, and breathed deeply, holding it for a couple of seconds before exhaling slowly, releasing the stress and frustration inside him.

"Better," he says, opens his tired eyes, and stands there. "Oh what the," he says when suddenly his vision gets blurry, probably due to the lack of his glasses, but this time got blurrier, almost like he was losing himself; his body trembled, shaking; he feels like he cannot stand on his feet for too long.

"Oh sh*t, what is this?" he tries his best to stand on his feet and then was for a few seconds, and then, this unwholesome sensation vanished, recovering. He breathes harder this time, his pale tired face concerned, looking for answers for what has happened.

"That...was...odd," he says to himself.

looking for answers that his mind couldn't be able to find from these wacky moments that have happened to him right now.

"Oh my god, that was very weird," he says, confused. He walks around his room, from one corner to another, for a few seconds, looking for answers about what happened to him.

"This is very wrong; what the hell happened?" He says, breathing harder, his heart beating faster, and sensations coming through his body. "And now, my heart is beating faster; god, maybe I had a stroke or something," he says, worried, his lanky body sweating, tears of sweat pouring down his forehead, and his pale body getting paler due to these unwholesome sensations.

"This is insane; my heart is beating like a drum. God, what is this? I think I need to see a doctor," he says. Fear invades his mind; he is about to call for some medical help when a tingling cascades down her body, from head to toe, a pleasurable tingling that makes him let out a moan.

"OH GOD!" He moaned in ecstasy, his legs feeling weak. He rubbed his thighs together, and the sensation of fear turned into a pleasurable feeling that his body welcomed very well.

"God, what happened to me? I'm so..." He stopped talking as suddenly a new wave of pleasure assaulted his body, making him moan in ecstasy. A boner formed between his legs, a ragging erection that could not be contained by the fabric of his pants, forming a tent between his legs.

"God, I think i.i." He moans again, his hips bucked, and he feels something weird and strange as intrusive images invade his mind.

"I'm so horny, really, really horny." He purred, his body moving back and forth on his shaft, the arousal growing at a steady pace, images from a foreign life invading his mind, turning his thoughts and convictions into more lightheaded and horny ones from lust and wild nights.

"I love to be fucked by a hunky god." A voice coming from nowhere, something that makes David concerned like hell.

"What the hell was that, who spoke, that, oh god, I'm so fucking horny, I need a cock, I need that, oh shit, what the hell?" He shut his mouth with both hands, concerned about these words escaping from his mouth, then suddenly, a giggle escaped from his mouth, his tired eyes wide open, breathing faster and getting hornier by the second.

"I'm so fucking horny, god, I need a cock, please," he thought, looking in despise at the floor, but with a growing arousal that he cannot deny.

He looks at his hand; the pale coloration of his skin turned more colored; a healthy tan colored his wacky pale skin; he notices his hands shrinking, turning tiny and dainty, and well-manicured.

"My hands are so pretty, but they are so tiny to grab a big, veiny cock," he giggles. "No, what the hell was that?" he thought in concern and let out a giggle once again. David could not comprehend what was happening to him; his brain was twisting and rewriting into another welcoming, graceful, and lightheaded personality.

"No, no, no." He screams as he notices his body shrunk, his lanky body diminished in height, his entire pale coloration adopted a healthy tan glow, his feet reduced in size, and he notices his nails are very well-manicured, as well as his now dainty hands.

"Oh, they are as pretty and fuckable as the rest of me." He giggled as more images of fucking with hunky guys sporting big veiny dicks invaded his mind, and his old memories from studies and discipline vanished little by little. "NO NO NO!" he screams as he notices his integrity losing piece by piece, as suddenly another giggle escaped from his mind as he grabbed his cock and stroked, feeling nothing but utter pleasure as another wave of raw horniness assaulted his less lanky body.

"Oh god, this feels so good; I need a fucking big dick to fill me." He groaned, his voice sounding high-pitched. He grabbed his throat and noticed Adam's apple had vanished entirely, his vision obscured. "What the hell...what the..." he grabs his head to find long strands of black hair growing from his scalp, long and luscious. "No, no, this is not happening to me." He shouted in despise; he was about to run for help, and suddenly an electric shot of pleasure assaulted his body once again, making him roar in bliss.

"Oh god, this feels so good," he roars as he feels his dick throbbing due to the maddening pleasure. His messed mind cannot comprehend what is happening to him. Images from long nights of fucking and sucking dicks invaded his brain, making him moan in pleasure.

"God, yes, I need a big one to fill my body," he moans. His face changed, becoming feminine and round, with striking eyes, a sultry smile, and cocksucker lips.

"God yes. I need a fucking cock," he says, groaning in pleasure. He felt two mounds form around his chest, which turned big and luscious, stretching the fabric of his shirt.

"Oh, they are yummy and wonderful, my precious." She giggles, grabbing the forming mounds of his growing tits, feeling them grow in size at every passing second, his torso shrinking, gaining a healthy amount of feminine softness, his upper body gaining a healthy amount of fat, his butt turned juicy, and her thighs and calves turned feminine, which is as desirable as the rest of his transforming body.

"God, I'm so fucking beautiful. I cannot wait for the next film. I need a big, hairy cock to suck so fucking badly." He purred, arousal growing at an alarmed rate. He was so lost in pleasure that he didn't notice the shifting in his clothes, the pants, and shirt shrinking little by little, turning into a skimpy bikini, so slutty to match his new petite curvy body in all its glory.

"God, yes, yes," he groaned, his brain rewriting the old academic knowledge replaced by skillful sexual practice as a result of countless nights riding and sucking cocks every single day.

"I need a cock to destroy my body." She moaned in utter ecstasy. The foreign dick, the last piece of David's masculinity, spurted the last remains of David, making a mess around her bikini and pouring down to the floor a few tears of sticky white seed.

"OH YES YES," she moans in utter pleasure, the dick shrinking, turning into a clitoral, the testicles receding, opening the well-experienced tunnel of love from this woman, erasing entirely what David has represented—no lanky nerdy guy, just a petite curvy brunette with a lot of love and sex to provide.

"Oh wow, that was amazing, you know." She says, her breath fastening as a result of this wonderful orgasm, her body luscious and stunning, with nothing but a skimpy bikini to hide her luscious curves.

She notices that tears of white seed rest on the floor and between her legs. "Ready for the next session, I guess," she grinned, tasting the white seed with her hungry lips.



"Oh, I need that so fucking badly." She purred, was horny, and moaned like a bitch in heat. She grabbed her massive tits with both hands, feeling her softness, stroking them, shuddering in pleasure, in the need to find someone to fill her with a dose of the white liquid she craves.

"Hey David, what's going on?" Jacob says, opening the door of his roommate's room. His eyes got wide at the horny, petite slut standing in front of him, wearing nothing but a bikini. The top struggled to contain her massive tits.

"O..M..G" His jaw opens, and he cannot believe this. The app really works; what seems to be a sort of joke from a troll has been a dream come true. "IT WORKS," he thought, his eyes wide and his heart beating like a drum. He trembled with excitement.

"Oh, babe, how are you doing?" She purred to him, stroking her tits with her hands, giving him a full display of her mammaries.

Jacob's fantasy is done; thanks to the app, he transformed his mate into his wet dream.

"V-V-Violet?" He barely could articulate a single word; he was in shock, and his wet-dream fantasy had come true.

"The same, baby, come here, let's have a wild fuck," she purred, getting closer to him. "Oh my god, your cock is so big and yummy." She moaned, unzipping his pants, revealing his already hard cock, and grabbing the member with both hands.

"Oh god, this is real," he says in utter ecstasy. "Of course, baby, let this slut drain your big, yummy cock," she purred, stroking his dick faster in a very skillful way.



Jacob is in heaven, moans escaping from his mouth, living the dream. He undressed in no time, ready for the fuck of his life.

"Oh, you pervy body, fill me with your seed," she moaned. They reach for the bed, fucking like an animal in heat.

"Fuck me, I'M YOUR SLUT AND I NEED THIS." She moaned in utter ecstasy, riding his cock with her professional fucking practice.



"Oh yes, yes, this is fucking heaven," he moaned, trying to contain his urges to ejaculate. "I'm going, I'm going," he moans.

"No, baby, don't yet; I need more fun." She purred in ecstasy, fucking till no end for a long, long time before she grabbed his still-hard cock with both hands and made him moan in utter ecstasy.

"I'M GONNA, I'M GONNA," he moaned in utter pleasure.

"YES, BABY, LET ME SUCK YOUR PRECIOUS WHITE SEED," she groaned, stroking faster like a complete maniac.

"Oh yes," he moaned as finally a torrent of white seed escaped from his overexcited cock.

"YES YES" She groaned as well, sucking his seed like a maniac, her eyes glowing with nothing but pure bliss. She let the white liquid cover her face and part of her body, and she was so happy that she finally got her daily dose of white cum.



David sees stars in this moment; he has the fuck of his life and a personal slut for him, and everything is perfect.