

Jeremy had very little faith that the device was going to work as intended, but at least it did do exactly what it was supposed to in terms of being extremely flexible. Outwardly, it was a simple plastic ring, albeit a chrome-coloured one that was so smooth it practically flowed through one's fingers if one didn't hold onto it properly; however, as soon as any kind of force was applied, its true nature was revealed, for no matter how much it was pulled apart or pushed together, its perfectly circular nature was never compromised. Rather, the ring either expanded or compressed as needed, keeping its overall shape exactly the same, waiting for someone to go ahead and use it for its intended purpose: to be placed on top of someone's head, turned on, and then allowed to slowly make its way down to their feet while transforming everything along the way.

Or, at least, that's what the advertisements said. Jeremy doubted whether the kind of changes he had in mind for himself were even possible, seeing as most of the stuff shown was incredibly minor in comparison. The anthropomorphic, animalistic aesthetic was quite popular those days, but typically people didn't go so far as to completely alter their bodily structure, merely enact outward changes with some minor internal ones just to maximize the effect, feet-to-paws and digitigrade structure in particular. In sharp contrast, the young man wanted to take the item and test the very limits of its capabilities, not only completely changing his skeletal structure, but rearranging most of what he even *was* as a person in the process. He blushed slightly as he pictured what he was looking for, blushed harder once he had to put the ring down and start fiddling with its separate control panel; the plastic circle itself was only the means through which the entire assembly enacted its changes, with the instructions needing to be run through a separate electronic system that was making his house's lights flicker with how much power it was draining.

It'd all be worth it in the end though, or so Jeremy kept telling himself. As he went through every menu, sub-header and options box, as he carefully crafted a new body for himself, as he navigated dozens upon dozens of error messages and warning signs telling him that what he was doing would not only void the warranty completely, but also *not* make the company be liable for whatever happened to him post-transformation, he knew that it would be worth it. In fact, while others might be at least slightly scared at just how much the software was trying to tell them to turn back around, to Jeremy it was just evidence that he was headed in the right direction; he *wanted* the extreme, he *wanted* to push the machine to its limits and force it to do something that, while it was technically capable of doing, it had never truly been designed to do. He wanted to take something that had been created to give people their dream external appearance and *completely* refurbish his very self, turning him into *something* else entirely... and he was going to do so with a smile on his face, a shake to his legs, and a non-insignificant amount of head in his loins once he started thinking about the end results.

It took him the better part of an hour to get everything ready, at which point his fingers hurt from how many menus he had to go through. Inputting a final confirmation prompt, Jeremy initiated the preparation sequence and got ready by removing his clothes; couldn't get anything done with a sweater on the way, and besides, given the sort of bodily configuration he had queued up, and the sizes to go along with it, nothing he had would ever actually fit him. Whether or not he had to place an "again" on the end of that last sentence was still an open question, given that he hadn't thought that far ahead; it was an unstated assumption that he'd always be able to turn back around if he *wanted* to, but Jeremy had to wonder if he actually *would*. When given his dream body, would he choose to voluntarily turn around and return to his boring, monotonous, drab human form, or would he decide to brave a whole new life with the new physical form he would be giving himself? He lacked the answer to this, and thus had to find out.

Taking a deep breath, Jeremy walked towards the center of his living room, where he'd cleared enough space that he wouldn't have to worry about bumping into anything or knocking valuables onto the ground. Crucially, the main issue at play was that he wouldn't be able to hold onto the plastic ring the moment it hit his shoulders, given that he had queued up a quadrupedal form for himself, and no doubt his skeleton would have to rearrange itself in order to match it; thus, the only solution was to take the transformative object firmly in both hands, angle it so that it would fall down perfectly onto his body, then drop it and quickly flatten both arms against his sides... and hope that things didn't go off the rails with a random bounce or something of the sort. It wasn't the best plan, but it was the only one he had, and so Jeremy patiently waited until he heard the signal letting him know the start-up sequence was complete.

The plastic ring began to glow just a second before the sound rang through his ears, slightly warm as it locked into place at a specific size, utterly refusing to budge in either direction no matter how much force Jeremy applied. He could tell that it was just the right circumference to allow his whole body to fit through it, just the same as a hula-hoop if he had to come up with a comparison, and instantly felt a lot better about his odds. With the green check mark visible on the electronic panel a few yards away firmly burned into the back of his eyes, and the promise of a whole new body in his mind, Jeremy took the plunge: he closed his eyes and, in one motion, opened both hands, swung his arms around so hard that it almost hurt when they slammed onto his sides, and then immediately lost his balance the moment he heard the ring fall on the ground, just a second or so later. It didn't hurt, nor did it really feel like anything, but judging from how offset his center of gravity was, Jeremy knew that *something* had happened; he just hoped that something had been what he was looking for.

He got his answer both when he felt the ground on four contact points and then dared to take a peek, instantly having to fight back the belief that what he was looking at was nothing but a dream or hallucination. No, it *was* real, he *knew* that much, but his mind utterly refused to accept that as fact until Jeremy beat it back into submission; after all, how could it possibly be real,

when he had just given himself the body of a doe? It was perfect, absolutely perfect: delicately balanced on four hooves, possessed of soft fur and, he presumed, an exact replica of the kind of muzzle one would expect on the more anthropomorphized variety... just on four legs. It was an interesting choice, but at least Jeremy could be happy knowing that his skeletal structure hadn't completely collapsed... though something was missing.

He was sure he'd input the sequence of commands correctly, so it *should* have triggered during the initial transformation, but no matter how much he bent his neck down, he couldn't really see what he was looking for. Admittedly, it was hard for him to think about it without blushing even then, after being so close to achieving it in practice, but surely if he had told the machine what he wanted and it told him it could do it... then why wasn't he seriously laden with multiple breasts already? Surely, if the transformative hoop could completely rearrange the way his body functioned with seemingly little difficulty, then it shouldn't be that hard for it to just give him a few pairs of tits, especially milky ones; hell, looking back enough and rubbing his hind legs together revealed that his dick and nuts had been replaced entirely, giving him an already quite plump set of lower lips that made it surprisingly difficult for him to walk around without feeling the need to stop moving and pleasure himself... so where were the tits?

Jeremy figured it'd be best to check the machine, just in case he *had* forgotten about that particular aspect of the transformation, and was immediately forced to deal with the reality of the situation: he couldn't really move at all without feeling several jolts of electricity flying up his spine and directly into the pleasure centers of his brain, courtesy of having such a puffy mound that he quite literally could not take a step without rubbing against it in some way. He couldn't complain, as he *had* asked for something exactly like that, but the harder he tried walking to his destination, the more he came to realize that maybe he'd underestimated just how sensitive such an apparatus would be in practice; it was *gushing* too, far more than he expected it to and enough that his carpet was already getting stained in his own juices. Worryingly enough, it didn't stop even when he did; he could very well stay put for a minute or two while trying to recover his breath, legs shaking and barely able to keep him up, but his slit would keep on being just as lubricated as before, thick strands of his brand new femcum rolling down the inside of his... thighs? Haunches? He wasn't exactly the best at quadrupedal anatomy.

Whatever the case, it was making it hard to concentrate, especially since it only seemed to get progressively worse. He could pause it by not moving at all, but never bring it back down, and the moment he started walking again was the moment he made the gushing become even thicker than before, trapping him in a bit of a vicious cycle that he didn't exactly know how to break, or if it could even *be* broken at all. Still, he had to get close to the machine, and as such pulled his new body as close to it as he could, even when each step he took made him feel like he was going to lose his mind and break in half from the sensations rushing through him. All Jeremy really wanted was to stop moving and just pleasure himself, though how exactly he was

supposed to do that with his current bodily arrangement was anyone's guess; he'd probably need to call someone to come fix that problem for him, because there was little in the way of possibility that he could do so himself.

Nonetheless, he did eventually manage to drag himself up onto the machine proper, placing his front legs over the top of the large monitor in order to balance himself; Jeremy assumed he'd have to use the tip of his muzzle in order to haphazardly navigate the many menus, but instead the answer to his question was already right there in front of him in the form of yet another confirmation prompt. It seemed the software had detected just how drastic the transformations truly were, and blocked part of them in order to preserve what it termed the "psychological integrity" of its user; with an annoyed grunt, the doe-Jeremy immediately cleared the warning pop-up and hit the confirmation prompt, because why *wouldn't* he want the full experience after having come so far?

He immediately regretted this decision when he felt like someone had just dropped a fully-grown adult human into the inside of his chest, creating such an immense amount of weight that Jeremy feared his spine might snap due to his awkward positioning on the machine; no such thing would happen though, as the weight itself wasn't real so much as his brain's way of trying to make sense out of what was happening to it, as it had no proper way of telling the transformed young man what was being done to his underside apart from an almost irresistible and instinctive need to look down. Jeremy was glad he did so; not only did it assuage his fears that something physical had actually been dumped inside of him, but it also let him watch as multiple tiny nubs, inflamed spots really, appeared along the bottom his torso, his skin reddening as the center of the spots began to engorge and expand outwards, forming into a series of nipples. As they slowly came down closer towards the ground, they appeared to "drag" the rest of his body along with them, creating brand new, soft flesh in the unmistakable shape of several pairs of breasts, all hanging quite heavily from him, all growing at such a fast pace that they succeeded in breaking through Jeremy's sense of self-preservation; he'd only ever wanted some tits, nothing *too* big, but as he saw those things blaze through cup size after cup size, taking up pretty much every inch of space he had under him, he couldn't bring himself to stop the machine. Sure, he'd once more seriously underestimated the effects it'd have on him, but the effects were good enough that he didn't feel like complaining.

Besides, those udders too were stuffed and ready to leak, almost as much as his slit was thanks to all the stimulation he had inadvertently given himself. For a few brief, but blissful moments, all Jeremy could think to do was open his mouth hang his head back and bleat, the only sound that his brain knew how to do in that new body of his, something crossed between the natural sound a doe would make and a very human-like moan, letting everyone in his apartment building know for a fact what was going on in that particular home. He didn't care if they knew though; after all, the whole point of that experiment was to show himself off, to put this new

body on display for the whole world to see, and if they didn't like it, well... that was their problem, wasn't it? Even when his tits continued to grow far in excess of what he'd imagined, even when he started to feel them push against the inside of his legs and the weight *truly* began to reach a level that would make it hard for him to walk, Jeremy still firmly believed he was fine for going out in public, nevermind the fact that he had no bras at all, let alone clothing that could fit a quadruped.

Though this didn't change when he began hearing the unmistakable sounds of metal groaning under stress, it was enough to get him to back off and try and balance himself on his own four legs, rather than using delicate machinery to keep his new body hoisted up. Unfortunately for him, as much as he'd manage to give biology the slip, the same could not be said for gravity; no matter how well-adapted his new form was or how easily it had been fashioned from his old human body, he still had multiple rows of tits that still weren't done filling, and that meant dealing with their weight whether or not he wanted it. The moment he let go of the metal struts was the same one he realized he'd just made a terrible mistake, and the same one where his brain refused to let him use his front hooves to cushion his fall; the sheer amount of breastflesh he had hanging underneath him was enough that he might very well break his legs even in such a short fall, prompting him to collapse onto the ground with nothing to stop him... nothing but his several busts that is, which as it turned out, were pretty decent at functioning as soft pillows.

Granted, the spurt of milk that came with the impact was powerful enough that not only did it blank out Jeremy's mind for a good couple of minutes, but it also made short work of the couch to his right and, sadly, the TV screen to his left. Worse yet, it did nothing to how full he felt; hell, if anything, squeezing all that cream out via kinetic impact only served to make room for more to be produced in its stead, all-but forcing his many udders to produce even more in order to compensate for the sudden loss. Once the human-turned-doe came back to his senses, still shaking all over and unable to find anything resembling balance, all he could really think about was how much pressure he felt underneath his new torso, and how much he *didn't* want to get rid of it; why should he, when it was making him gush even more, when it was proof positive of how absurdly *stuffed* he was? It served as an affirmation of everything he'd ever wanted in his life, far more so than anything else could've been; so what if he was practically immobilized, unable to take a single step from how much his whole body was shivering? He could still reach the ground, so if he *really* wanted to he could just force himself to move; he'd be far more worried if he couldn't feel the wood panelling underneath his four hooves, though to be "fair" to him, that much was already true in a way, given how heavily he was leaking from all eight of his tits.

Jeremy didn't know where exactly he found the energy and calories to produce that much milk, but he wasn't going to complain about it unless he absolutely had to, seeing as extreme

lactation had been one of the parameters he'd input during the selection process. Once more, he recalled thinking that it would be a lot more subdued than what he had to deal with in that moment, and once again he was surprised at how easily he accepted this new state of affairs; perhaps there was something to all those warnings he was given, and what he was going through was actually some sort of hormonal storm keeping him from fully understanding just how bad his situation was. Or maybe the world had just denied him his fantasies for too long, and now that he finally had them at his beck and call, his mind had given up trying to pretend that this wasn't exactly what he wanted. The only thing left was for the doe to let out a prolonged, contented sigh as he felt every muscle in his body relax at the same time, his comically undersized torso practically melting into the bloated mess of udders underneath it.

It was his bed, he had made it, and now he was going to quite literally lie on it for as long as he could afford to. The floor was going to need a whole lot of mopping afterwards, but he could do that whenever he bothered to transform back into a human; perhaps the best part about the whole ordeal was that it served as confirmation that, if he truly wanted to, he could just turn himself into pretty much whatever animalistic form he could cook up and the machine would just *do it*, even if it complained all the while. It made it surprisingly easy to accept the notion that he might just want to be stuck in that form for a long while, if only because he knew he could go back at any given time... though whether or not he *wanted* to was a different matter altogether. After all, this was exactly what he wanted: the swelling breasts, the filling of milk, the constant gushing of femcum running down the inside of his hind legs as he subconsciously rubbed them against those colossal tits he sported, the obvious and deliberate disparity between the size of his main body and that of his assets; all of this and more had been done very much on purpose for the purest sake of self-indulgence, and now that he had full confirmation that it was not only possible, but actually feasible and perfectly safe (or at least as safe as it could be, really), this raised serious questions about whether or not he truly wanted to go back, and just what was his "true" form now. They weren't uncomfortable questions so much as ones Jeremy never thought he'd be asking himself; then again, at the same time, why *was* he worrying about that?

Like he'd *just* told himself, the effects were fully reversible so long as the machine controlling the transformative ring remained intact, so there was really no reason for him to be stressing about it so soon after *finally* achieving his dream form. A proper human-sized doe with eight tits all stuffed with endless gallons of milk, all leaking profusely, though not as much as his distractingly needy slit; it almost felt like a waste not to show himself off to the world, though how exactly this world would react was... still not something Jeremy was entirely sure of. It was quite likely he'd end up somewhere behind bars due to public indecency, but if that was the case then he'd just scored himself a long period of time where he had nothing better to do other than stand around rubbing parts of his body against others, and in front of people who *had* to watch as well! He didn't know why the exhibitionism angle was getting him all riled up, but just the

thought alone was enough to get him to try and push himself back on his feet, that he may walk out the door and strut his stuff to anyone that would bother to look in his general direction.

This was easier said than done though, given the state Jeremy's body was in. As much as he *wanted* to get up and start moving, the slight matter of all the weight he was carrying reared its ugly head, which, combined with the increasing issue of flooding all around him, made finding his footing far harder than it had any reason to be: whenever he felt like his hooves were firmly on solid ground, there came another spurt of milk to reduce friction; whenever he thought he had himself under control, there came another wave of pleasure coursing through him, leaving him shaking from head to haunches and his slit gushing even harder than before. It was a wonder he hadn't dehydrated already from just how much he was constantly leaking, but that only really served to egg him on further; it was hard to think straight when one's mind was constantly assaulted at every waking moment by the overwhelming desire to heighten the already absurd degree of pleasure it was feeling, when the voices of reason and caution were drowned out by the moans of bliss, joy and self-indulgence. Hell, it was hard enough keeping his eyes open; Jeremy had his half-lidded and barely able to focus on anything, relying mostly on his spatial sense to get a bead on where he was headed.

He might've been there for ten minutes or an hour, he couldn't tell. In between the multiple failed attempts at flailing himself into a standing position and the countless moments where his mind felt like it was going to crack open from the strain of comprehending the copious amounts of rapturous pleasure it was being forced to process, the human-cum-doe *somehow* managed to find himself on his four hooves; he didn't dare try to move, knowing full well that if he did it would only set him back to square one, so he waited. He waited, he waited some more, and by the time he began to feel his legs shake from the strain... he still waited. It was only after his mind returned to him in enough quantity for Jeremy to become self-aware once more that he tried to do anything else, and even then it was little more than drag his front feet forward a few inches without moving them off the ground; motion wasn't as hard as he thought it'd be, given his brain's immediate rewiring to allow him to use his new quadrupedal arrangement without additional training, but he still had those weights to carry, and those were... something. Not only did they constantly pull down on him, keeping Jeremy from moving as freely as he should be able to, they were also an *auditory* distraction on top of that; now that he was ambulatory once more, all that managed to do was create a whole lot of sloshing and churning as the milk kept within his tits was forced to move around, roiling in strong currents for a few seconds before being jettisoned out against the floor, splattering loudly enough to keep the blush on Jeremy's face nice and bright.

As he slowly made his way to the front door, he began doubting whether he was as capable of going outside as he believed he had been up until then; not necessarily because of a lack of willpower, but mostly due to moving around being a lot harder than he expected it would be. Not

being one for physical exercise and workout regimens, he hadn't bothered to specify whether his new body should be stronger than usual in order to carry itself around; the machine did what it had to in order to keep it functional, but the more Jeremy tried to move from one place to another, the more he came to terms with the fact that he was a slave to his curves. Not that this was a bad thing, obviously; if anything, that he couldn't do anything without first having to check if he was physically capable of doing so because of his immense mammarys was *exactly* the sort of situation that Jeremy had dreamed of being in for years at that point. It just so happened that, now that he *was* stuck there, he began to grump about the possibility that he might not be able to show himself to the whole world like he thought he'd be able to. That said, there was always the rest of his building; after all, there was an entrance lobby to the apartment block that everyone had to use if they wanted to head out into the streets, so if he could drag himself over there and lie down on the ground, he should be golden.

With a smile on his muzzle, Jeremy, now armed with a plan and a vision, began the arduous journey of heaving himself over to the front door, leaking milk and femcum in equal measure all the while; just as before, the more he kept going, the more aroused he felt, leading to a cascading effect where his slit turned into an open faucet that he no longer had any means of controlling. This was fine though; at some point in the process, his pleasure centers had been overloaded to such a degree that the doe stopped seeing this as anything other than normal, a regular state of affairs that was just how she did things. Why yes, she *was* always gushing and on the verge of begging for a thick and hard cock to come fill her, that was exactly how she spent most of her days; and yes, she *had* always had issues with her milkiness, hence why her closet had nothing for her to use. If she'd spent the money she should have on supporting clothes, she'd be running out of money within weeks, if not less; thus, it was only natural for her to go around fully naked, uncaring about what other people might think of her.

It was with this attitude that the doe fiddled with the knock on the front door of her apartment, headbutting it wide open, wide enough that she confidently strode outside in full sight of multiple people that just happened to be passing by at the time. Though they too were all anthro furs, their reaction to seeing whatever Jeremy had turned herself into was to flinch, jump back a couple of feet and yelp in surprise, only to have it melt into confusion and odd amounts of arousal when the doe turned to face them, offered a wink, and then waddled off towards the elevator at the end of the hallway, trailing two different types of cream while doing so. It was a wonder that she even managed to do this, but somehow the transformed human squeezed through the narrow door and then slammed on the button to the ground floor with the tip of her muzzle, patiently waiting for the elevator to make its way down, happily ignoring the warning lights letting her know that the whole assembly was approaching its safe weight limit. Sure, it clanked and groaned menacingly, but it did make it to the very end anyway, so surely it couldn't have been that bad; besides, it gave everyone in the lobby something to think about when the doors



opened and a small flood of femcum and milk came pouring out in a large wave, followed by the perpetrator tumbling over herself in her haste to get to the center of the lobby.

Within moments, Jeremy would be tumbling on her milk production, slipping and falling onto her tits much like they did back in their apartment. Within moments, they'd be pinned down in the middle of the entrance lobby, unable to do anything other than rub their legs against their once-more-bloating udders. Within moments, they'd be gushing even harder than before.

And wasn't that just what they wanted?