

# From Bad Boy to Goo Girl

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**Warning:** This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

Marcus shoveled a piece of pork into his mouth, chewing noisily as he eyed his date for the evening. Felicia was just like her sister; fiery red hair, piercing blue eyes. Easily a couple cup sizes larger, though - Lisa's breasts had fit neatly in the palm of Marcus's hands, and had stayed perfectly put in the green tee-shirts she preferred. Felicia, on the other hand, was practically popping out of the blue tube top she'd worn for this date. Marcus knew from dating Felicia's sister that his current date was usually more of a pantsuit kind of gal, which told Marcus one thing: she wanted him bad. Bad enough to go out with her sister's ex, though maybe that wasn't saying much. Lisa had always claimed her sister was a stone cold bitch.

Felicia's eyes weren't exactly warm, but Marcus liked the way they occasionally flicked down to his crotch, and the light bulge that showed behind his jeans. He could appreciate a girl who stared; he liked to stare at those bursting breasts. Especially the way her big nipples were poking through the thin cloth, and showing her complete lack of bra. From the tightness of her skirt and the lack of lines, he was betting her crotch was sans underwear. Like his own. His personal motto was that crotches should be like people, and run free.

"I see you're enjoying your... pork." Felicia's voice was a little cold, and her smile just as icy. She had taken him to her personal french restaurant, the one

she owned, emptied out of everything but her most trusted staff and best chef. She had offered him anything on the menu, free of charge. Yet he had demanded... slow cooked, barbeque pork. With beans. Because, as he put it, the night was going to end with “porking” one way or another.

Marcus didn't think he needed to bother with dress shirts, or slacks tonight, though. Felicia knew exactly what sort of boy she had asked out. The sort who'd borrowed hundreds of dollars from her sister and never paid her back. The sort who preferred his sex uncovered in both bed and life. He flicked a bean into the exposed cleavage of her tube top, and smirked as she looked down at it. She slowly plucked the little morsel out, placing it gently on her white napkin as he smirked. “Figured you girls are always asking me to flick a bean, so....”

“...You could at least pretend to be better than this,” Felicia sighed. She eyed him, with his shaggy brown hair - had it grown just a touch longer since he first started shoveling food in his mouth? - his dark green eyes, with flecks of gold spread through them, slowly seeming to grow larger in his eyes as she leaned in toward him. “That's how you got my sister in bed, right? Dress shirt, pants. Kind words. A little insult here and there, to wreck her self esteem; then you stuck your dick in her. Unless you have a different story to tell?”

He squirmed a little in his chair. His erection seemed to shrink, the bulge a little smaller. He was sweating, all over, and he didn't know why. So a stupid bitch was shouting facts - it wasn't anything he wasn't familiar with. He placed one hairy knuckled hand on the table, and leaned forward, trying to compensate for sudden nerves. "Look. You didn't dress like that just to insult me. So what's your deal? You get turned on by what a real man I am? You wanna stick it to your sister? Or maybe you're just a really fucked up chick who likes your sister's sloppy seconds, 'cause it's the only way you can feel close to your precious wittle gwirl." His voice was slurring. He hadn't meant to make that cutesy voice at the end. There was drool slipping from his lips as they began to fall down, drip toward the ground, handsome features melting into creases and lines while his fingers began to flatten.

Felicia took a cool sip of water, watching the process. Watching Marcus slowly melt away into a pool of liquid, the gold flecks in his eyes spreading outward to turn pale flesh into golden-colored goo. The one-time human could suddenly feel every centimeter of his flesh, actually feel every molecule and atom of his being as it was spread out across the table and chair, and dripped toward the floor. He could feel his flesh like never before, like it was something he was touching and tasting all at the same time. Felicia took another drink.

“You got my sister pregnant,” she said after a moment, watching him pool down to the ground. “You’re a bastard; so she’ll believe you ran off when I told you the news, and she’ll be mad at me for telling you. That’s fine. We’ve never been close...” Another sip of water. Then she poured the glass over him, letting it wash the remainder of his hand off the table and onto the floor. “But I’m about to be an aunt, and I can’t risk an asshole like you deciding they actually want to be a father to that child. So I slipped a little something into your food.

“Now pull yourself together. I dressed this way just for you; Marcie.”

Marcie. The new name reverberated through the golden goo’s buttery molecules. Marcie. His... it’s... Her name was Marcie. She was a girl. She was a girl because mistress had told her she was a girl - and Felicia was her mistress, because Felicia had made her. Made herself Marcie’s mistress. The old... What was her old name? The old man her wouldn’t have liked that, but the new bouncy jiggly her thought it was a good thing. A lovely thing.

A soft “coo” emerged from the gelatinous goop on the floor, and then slowly a head rose up from the puddle. It had soft round cheeks, and the impression of rounded eyes. Despite the lack of pupils, they did their to best radiate pure love and happiness at the sight of her mistress, smiling her little smile down. She had a

vague memory of that smile being small and cold, but Marcie couldn't imagine that. The smile that greeted her now was large and happy.

“You're my good goo girl, aren't you?” Felicia whispered. Marcie vibrated in response, lifting a little further. She formed shoulders, and an impression of hair that streamed down her entire body. Then breasts. She considered wearing a tube top like her mistress, but that didn't feel right. Mistress wore little clothing, so Marcie wore... none. She formed two mounds, gelatin bowls of jiggling flesh, with soft puffy nipples that she hoped her mistress might kiss. She clenched her breasts together, forming a little valley of cleavage in small hands that made her chest look bigger, and Felicia smiled. Her mistress actually smiled and it made her breasts jiggle with happiness and her nipples perk.

She formed a flat belly, and a narrow waist. Her ass ballooned outward, bigger than her breasts. In case her mistress wanted to put hands under bottom and lift her, of course. Or press fingers inside her - she did develop a wet, juicy pussy but that wasn't the only place her mistress could enter her. Anywhere was a possibility when your body was made of gooey jelly just waiting for your mistress's touch.

Her legs were only so her butt wouldn't look weird. She intended to jiggle and wiggle and squiggle her way anywhere she could possibly go, and in fact

pressed her breasts onto the table to start squirming her way closer to her mistress. Her efforts were rewarded with a small pat on the head, but her mistress lifted a finger for patience when Marsie let out another hopeful coo. She wanted nothing more than to dissolve her mistress's beautiful blue clothing, eat it and consume it and let it dissolve in her belly.

Instead, her infinitely wise mistress began to tug the tube off her breasts, pale flesh spring free. There were pink nipples that stood at attention, and a little blue vein that ran across the left breast. When her mistress crooked a finger, Marsie lunged forward. She applied her lips to that delicate blue vein and began to suck slowly on the skin, just running her hands over each breast. The hardening nipples pressed into the gooey flesh of her hand, and sent little ripples of pleasure through her body. She wanted more of that, but she had to be patient. Her mistress had taken off the tank top for her, and needed to be cared for. Needed lips pressed against her beautiful nipples, with the open mouth closing down around it and sucking.

The mistress rewarded her, by lowering lips to kiss the top of her head. When Marsie released the nipple, let it spring free with little flecks of gold left, she lifted her mouth and pressed her lips against the redhead's, letting her warm loving mistress taste her. She knew she tasted of butterscotch. She was delicious and she

loved being devoured by that mouth on her own, that tongue pushing into her body. Then the hand was inside her breast, inside her body, and she was being pushed down. It was a clear sign of what her mistress wanted, and a clearer sign when Felicia began to squirm out of her tight skirt. Her mistress wanted to be played with properly.

Marcie responded appropriately. Eagerly lowering her lips from breast to pussy. She licked the opening slit, and kissed the little nub, flicking it with a makeshift jelly tongue. She pushed herself between the lips, into the tight tunnel that squeezed down around her. Pushed further, pressed deeper, until she felt the warmth of womb and then backing out again. Refusing to fill the stomach without mistress's wishes. Her mistress smiled, though, and ran a hand along the length of Marcie's beautiful body.

"I'll let you try that on one of the servers, later," she promised, "my good goo girl. But for now, I think it's time to go home."

Marcie let out another coo, but reluctantly nodded her head. She knew what mistress said was always for the best. Just as she knew that there would be plenty more time for fun. Later.

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Marci cooed. She squirmed lightly on the floor, rising from goop into first a simple column, and then slowly into human form. The swell of breasts, heaving with need. The jiggle of a decorative bottom, squirming back and forth. She narrowed her waist, and made her pussy wet and slick - though like her bottom, it was purely for show. Marcie's body could be penetrated anywhere, her entire body a single organ of pleasure pulsating with need. She formed arms and fingers, legs and toes. She stood above her mistress, who was sitting at her computer, and let out another questioning "cooooooo" as she sought attention. Her mistress stuck a casual hand in her, wiggling it about in a dismissive gesture, perhaps not realizing how just that little bit of contact sent waves of pleasure through her being. "I'm writing, now; you should go bother..." Felicia paused, licking her lips as she thought. Red lips that Marcie just wanted to kiss with her gooey golden gel. "Rachel. She's been stealing. Go teach her a lesson." The gooey Marcie cooed again, reluctantly pulling away from the hand that had entered her. She crept toward the kitchens, making little "coo" noises as she went. She wanted Rachel to hear her gooey fate coming, but the poor maid was busily dusting a high shelf. She was also used to the cooing blob of goo by now - used to the creature that played with her mistress. She stayed perched on her chair, unaware of the danger, when she stuck her fat rear stuck out and let her breasts swinging back and forth in the

french maid outfit Mistress Felicia preferred her girls in. The way she stood on tiptoes to reach the heights of the dish cabinet left her utterly vulnerable. The goo twisted her fingers into little hooks, sliding them under the woman's skirt and into her underwear. There was a squeak as the warm goo was felt against the fat ass of the help, and then the maid fell backward, over the chair and into the breast of the goo, her lower body actually sinking into the cooing goo's flesh, sinking down through the head to lodge herself in the breasts. Rachel's legs kicked and squirmed, panties and dress dissolving in the goo that held her tightly in place. Goo that spread slowly over her body, dissolving more of her clothes as she slowly let the entirety of Rachel enter her body. The darling maid opened her mouth to scream, but her mouth was filled with golden gelatin as the cooing gel encased her. It felt so good to have something inside her, the mouth moving wildly as the girl tried to breathe, but she opened a small hole to let breath in as the girl started to swallow her butterscotch-tasting flesh. She slowly pushed the head out of her waist, pushed the now naked maid onto the ground with her ass sticking out and her breasts pointed perkily up in the air. Those brought a special, delighted coo from the goo as she pounced, pressing her own breasts on the other girls, jelly nipples enveloping solid peaks of flesh and slowly vibrating to make them stiffen. Her own nipples began to narrow, thin as needles, and pushed their way into the tiny

pinholes of the milk ducts. They pushed in, pumping goo, pumping herself inside of Rachel until the breasts started to swell. Enlarge, engorge, nipples growing bigger. At the same time, she slid her fingers down to the woman's slit, and began to pump them inward. Not pull them out, just letting it swell out in pulses of lust that slowly began to make her stomach grow. She wriggled her pussy against the hand between them, grinding slowly as her own gooey body diminished to near nothing, just breasts and a head, then head, then nothing. Her entire being stirring inside of Rachel. The maid panting and squirming as she tried to stand, feeling the life swollen inside her as her breasts and belly both pulsated with life. The maid started to scream, started to panic as she wobbled to her feet, and gripped her swollen breasts. Little bits of goo came out, gripping hold of her nipples and squeezing, as a little mouth slid its way out of her slit and sealed itself on the clit. It licked, and kissed, and sucked and pulled, as Rachel fell back onto her rump and clutched her swollen stomach. The goo slowly slid back out again, out of mouth and sex and breasts, letting the girl shrink back - letting her have hope that she would return to normal. Then Marcie pushed her way back through the mouth, back into her stomach, forcing the butterscotch taste onto Rachel's tongue as she tried and failed to scream her protest. Marcie had been told to punish, and that was what she intended to do. Rachel's belly swelled again, this time from the stomach,

as all of Marcie was forced inside of her. The weight of her being pulling down the girl's stomach as if she was pregnant, forcing her wobbly legs to spread apart. A tiny bit of goo dripped out of her mouth, making its way down her breast and reaching for her slit, just a little tiny piece of Marcie there to dribble down to her clit and start to flick her sex. The goo squirmed inside her belly, pushing its way through her digestion, through her veins. Spreading through her arms and legs, into the veins and muscles of her hand. The goo cooed from inside the belly as she started to twitch the lady's fingers. She made the maid's hands touch her breasts, touch her nipples and pinch. Touch her breasts and slowly massage them as the little bit of gel sucked and flicked at the sweet clit. She made the maid lean back, tilt her head and... Coo. Coo. Cooooooo. She forced her new toy onto her feet, her swollen belly shifting back and forth with Marcie. She started to pour a little of herself into the maid's breasts, swelling the already large chest and nipples. She pinched them again, not able to feel it but excited to feel the maid react with wet warmth. She started to waddle her pet maid toward the other room. Toward her mistress. Forcing the maid to form the words that would seduce her mistress into sex with her maid. "Coo?" Her mistress sighed. Turning away from the computer, and giving a small smile. "Marcie. I see you've found solid form... You're going to have to give her her body back..." She waited a heartbeat, and Marcie's

disappointed pout was matched by the expression of hope the maid wanted to take. “Eventually. But since she was stealing from me. I think we can use her body a little. She certainly didn’t mind the last time I fucked her.” She leaned in, over the swollen belly of her maid to place a kiss on Marcie’s lips. A hand on Marcie’s stomach. She hummed faintly. “You look good pregnant. I might try and make it real, some time...” Marcie felt the girl try to protest, but the goo forced the girl’s lips to purse for a kiss. Pushed her tongue out into her mistress’s mouth, and cooed when her ass was squeezed. It didn’t matter if she could feel it. It mattered that her mistress could feel it. Her mistress could feel it when she reached over to clumsily wrap her arms around the mistress Felicia and undo her clothing, pull off her black jacket and tug down her blue dress. Lower the mouth to kiss the nipples, and notice that Rachel’s body was leaning into it, enjoying it as the little goo pumped her. She could feel the pressure on the pregnant-looking belly, the constricting space as her mistress leaned in on top of her and kissed her, and made her feel good and gooey inside. She could feel her mistress’s pleasure as lips kissed nipples, and fingers clenched Felicia’s backside. With Rachel no longer resisting, she had an easy time lifting her head and pulling her mistress into a deep kiss. A long kiss, where their bellies pushed together and the goo could feel the pleasant pressure of their contact. The way the entire body warmed and vibrated as Rachel finally came from

the goo sucking at her clit, and in her cumming pleasure pushed fingers into Mistress's entrance and began to rub. Oh, how Marcie wished she could enter there again. But for now, she would enjoy being solid. Enjoy kissing and stroking and playing with Mistress's body. Enjoy being a part of this love affair, and stroking Mistress until she came with a scream. Marcie cooed, again. Pleasuring mistress was all she wanted after all.