

The fingers that caressed the canister were thin, skin drawn taut like rice paper. The canister itself was a thin thing with metal mounts on either side, guided into a port that ran via cables to an open laptop. The glow from the screen the only thing that illuminated the room, bathing the face of an old man in a dingy lab coat with its harsh light. He exhaled slowly, staring at a deep rabbit hole of code and a single button weighed down by a mountain of potential (of every kind).

Those paper thin fingers hesitated over the mouse, tension wrought all through his shoulders and neck. He read through the last few lines again, glanced at the file where it rested in his work directory. The title stood out amid the other version numbers and dates. A Star to Wish Upon.

“They’re never going to let me live down the sentimental bits. Ah well.”

The start of it was simple as things can be. A little rectangular button marked ‘compile’, and a single click. No going back after that. The man stood up on creaking joints, slowly shuffling toward the cot in the lab room. He didn’t bother undressing before he curled up, too many hours at work. Sleep claimed him readily as that unassuming progress bar pushed steadily onward.

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Some hours later, elsewhere; Donald Marstead was sitting alone in a dark room lit only by a single screen. A much younger man, Donald felt older than he ought to as he watched the evening news. The armchair was leather, supple and comforting. The shot glass was clean, holding cold stones and expensive whiskey. He wasn’t really paying any attention to speak of to the programming; the television was on local news, talking about some private laboratory in the nearby area and a hostage situation, though it hardly seemed to hold the man’s attention. He exhaled heavily, reaching for the remote and clicking it off before setting it on a stack of papers. Most of them seemed to be legal documents of one form or another.

“Don’t care. Unless the guy goes to my boss for his defense anyway. Heh. Fuck, gonna be such a long day tomorrow.”

Donald didn't bother heading for bed. He simply downed the last of the whiskey, set the glass beside the remote, and leaned his head back. If tomorrow came with new work for this so much the better, he'd be well paid for it like always.

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The Doctor stared out at the glass doors of the lab, no need to glance at the break room where his colleagues cowered in fear. He clenched hands that coursed with the vigor of youth, adjusted goggles resting over his eyes, and pulled a strange remote control looking device out of the pocket of a dingy lab coat. His reflection in the mirror caught him briefly, young and strong, though his hair had gone strangely wild on him. The array of red and blue lights outside did nothing to change his intentions.

“Makes no difference where you are..”

The press of a button came at the same time as shattering glass, and gunfire. A haze of gray dust seemed to waft out onto the winds afterward, dust that did not and would never settle.

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Donald's head felt exceedingly fuzzy as the alarm on the cell phone went off. A groan slipped loose of Don's throat, eyes blearily blinking up at the ceiling. The usual intent was to reach over and tap the screen, turn it off, but today it felt more like a clumsy slap as one arm stiffly and blindly flailed about. There was also a disturbing crunch when it found its mark, something that got Don's vision to clarify itself real quick. Donald's head turned, hand raised up – the next crunching sound was Donald's expectations.

There was absolutely a hand there, that wasn't the problem. It was white, which it distinctly ought not to be. Not Caucasian white, chalk white. Little pieces of glass and plastic fell off it like snowflakes, fell off what looked like a cartoonish three-fingered glove complete with oversized round cuffs. Most of Donald's mind had abruptly stopped working upon spotting that, but enough of it to flex the fingers kept at it. Don felt all three, and only three,

each one a bit bigger and more bulbous than it ought to be. Reaching the other hand up toward it confirmed that both seemed to share the new shape, and tugging at that thick cuff where the 'glove' ended felt like pulling on the edge of a flabby cheek.

"..Need to get to a mirror!"

Just enough of Don's brain crawled back into gear to be afraid, that voice was entirely wrong. Too high, a bit hard to place gender-wise. Elbows dug into the arms of the chair, shoving Don upward abruptly, at which point balance utterly failed as Don continued to fly forward until face down on the floor.

That presented new information which also did nothing to help. Don's face hit the floor and there was a soft 'squeak' as his nose pushed against it. That and his legs appeared to be well up in the air, like he was resting on a see-saw of some sort. Something fuzzy and gold was infringing on the sides of his vision as well, but that was toward the bottom of the growing list. Another shove, this time against the floor. The see-saw metaphor seemed ever more appropriate as Don rolled backward onto obscured toes, or something that clearly felt like where his toes ought to be.

Donald did the only thing left to do, look down. It isn't like there was a set of expectations to work with at this point, but an eclipse of white with pink polka dots was out there even so. Some part of Don idly compared them to bedsheets or bathroom curtains. Don's feet were far out of view, though they felt wrong somehow. The same wrong embodied by the entirety of Don's lower body being just about spherical, enough so to obscure everything around him below a point. The pink polka dot pattern extended up the arms it looked like, stopping just shy of the 'gloves', with chalk white skin between them. Trying to rest them at his sides met some resistance as his sides weren't even close to flat.

A few moments of stunned silence passed while his thoughts reordered themselves, and then came full circle. Mirror. Donald turned toward the bathroom, trying to get there quickly. The enormous bulk of his middle swung to the side and treated him to the sound of tumbling papers and glass. Curiously, it did not feel heavy, and the ridiculous expanse of it

registered the sensation of bumping into his files just like his flesh would've. Don took another step, feeling his feet kick up and flap down in a way that suggested them being a lot longer than they should be, as well as thick thighs rubbing together that forced more of an awkward waddle than any more graceful gait.

Getting into the bathroom took a lot longer than expected at that pace, and given that he had to wedge himself through the door. Something that took considerable effort, at first. Those formlessly round hips were just wider than the door and stuck in place. Lurching forward, struggling against it, finally letting loose a grunt that bordered on terrified screech as all that resistance ceased in an instant. Donald slid through like a greased hog, which ended up with him face planting against the tile floor and his own bathtub on the other side of the small bathroom. Something that truly ought to have been quite painful, and yet all that came of it was another 'squeak' as his face hit the floor.

"...Okay. It didn't hurt. That's a point in favor of this being a dream."

The voice was still wrong. A little squeaky, too high. Don planted those puffy white hands onto the tile, they still looked like oversized gloves – and yet he felt the cool, smooth texture far too keenly for it to be anything else but skin. Pushing upward was easy again, no resistance to speak of from weight, or bulk. Well, not at first. As soon as he was mostly upright Donald felt that wedging sensation as his waist dug into the wall on one side, and the sink on the other.

"Oh for f\*\*\*'s sake.."

There had to still be a spine somewhere in Donald, because it chilled at that. He'd said it, he'd felt his lips curse, and yet he'd heard a toned down air horn burst. All struggling stopped as he quivered, took a breath, tried again.

"F\*\*\*. S\*\*\*. Oh you have got to be kidding!"

The furious gesturing after that managed to dislodge his waist in one quick jerk, and finally left Don looking in the mirror. Something that resulted in a fresh return to silence,

given that Don saw a chalk white face staring back. It wasn't even Don's face. Something altogether too effeminate, ringed in bouncy golden curls of absurd size and sheen, bearing a round and cherry red nose. Those huge gloved fingers came up to tap at it, to rub gently on the side. It didn't seem to have nostrils, and yet breathing was simplicity itself. A quick squeeze did indeed result in a squeaking sound like both face plants had led to so far. The lips below it were a similar shade of red, enormous ear-to-ear-things that were currently stretched thin in utter disbelief. The only other break in the white was a dark blue domino mask that the reflection wore, which seemed to blink when Don's did.

The only hands Don had to paw at the face with were those silly puffy white ones, and they could only address so much. Unable to reach past his own waist, Don's attempts to feel between those bulbous thighs relied on squashing them together and feeling nothing. Or maybe not nothing, but certainly not male genitals. Meanwhile those hands were patting at white cheeks, trying to rub the paint off, getting all of nowhere with it. Don was forced to wrestle with feeling through the thick, bulbous digits like skin instead of gloves again when she touched the cold faucet handle. It didn't take long for the water to heat up, but dousing her hands in it and rubbing her face only told Don that she felt slightly oily skin – not grease paint – and it stayed as pristinely white, red and blue as ever. Eventually she stopped, simply staring at her reflection holding her face between those hands, the gaping disbelief stretched out like taffy.

“What.. the h\*\*\*. Oh come on.. not just a dream, but a PG one too.”

Don was left staring at that mirror, tugging at the colors on her face, watching it smile back whether she liked it or not. Rubbing her face again as if it would help, somewhat past questioning why her skin smelled like cookies. That might have continued indefinitely had she not heard her phone beginning the incessant beeping that signaled someone who really wanted her attention on the other end.

She really tried not to waddle on her way back out to it, but as far as she could tell that huge beach-ball body stopped just above his knees which made any other gait physically

impossible. It also made reaching down to her table for the phone harder than it ought to be, but not out of her means. Viewing the message was easy. Digesting it was a bit on the dodgy side. Replying?

“..Court today. One hour.”

Don stared at the phone, at the white and scarlet reflection. Some floating, numb part of her mind almost automatically hit ‘ok’ and pressed send. That chill began to edge up her spine again.

“...Oh s\*\*\*.”

That panic spread outward like paint spilled on paper. Clumsy hands clutched that phone for seconds that stretched on forever. When she slowly lowered it she was forced to drop it the last couple inches onto the table as the swell of her body prevented reaching to set it down properly. Thoughts ran quickly through her mind, and had plenty of time to do it as her body’s gait toward her clothes closet was necessarily slow. This was one of THOSE dreams. Where she has to deliver a speech in her underwear, only today it was interview clients in a clown suit.

The doors of the closet slid open, showing suits and pants hanging with pre-matched ties. Donald pawed at them, peering for the tags, eventually locating a navy blue jacket that was from one of the earlier years when she was in worse shape. A size and a half bigger than the others, she wasn’t exactly sure what she hoped to hide by wearing it but just the same a jacket arm is filled, and the rest swung around to her other. She felt the back pool around the curvature of her balloonish lower body, tugged gently at the sleeves, then froze once more. The material was changing, navy blue bleaching itself to paper white. Don’s jaw slowly slid open as she stared, as the material rearranged and rewrote itself, cuffs flaring out into something comically oversized. Her shoulders sagged down slowly, and she began the cumbersome waddle back outward.

Things certainly felt dreamlike as she went back for her phone, shakily maneuvering through contacts for a cab company. Donald didn’t so much remember locking her door, or

getting in the elevator. Normally she took the stairs, but today? Fitting through the door might be impossible. So instead she was dictating her address to a dispatcher as the doors spilled open, leaving her facing her apartment building's lobby.

The doors opened with a ding that was far too loud to her ears. It called attention, and Donald looked down at that bulbous protrusion her own belly was. If she took one step forward she'd be visible to the others, yet what choice was there? A single step forward – then the doors started to shut, sandwiching her belly with an odd squeaky toy noise. Pinned, Don failed to curse once more while her gaze wandered. The walls of the elevator were silver toned, reflective enough to at least finally show her something below the waist. As suspected, her feet were colossal. Red shoed things with floppy long ends, easy to trip over. Now fully aware that the entire room would be staring, Don slid one leg forward and leaned to the side. Beginning the waddle that was her only current means of locomotion out of the elevator, and taking its slow but steady pace forward.

There were indeed people watching. Five or six, paused by doorways or mid-stride. All of them with their eyes locked for the most part, aside from a couple furtive glances at the lobby television. Something on the news about an explosion or leak, victims, Don wasn't listening. All she heard was a gentle 'squeak' each time her foot touched the tile flooring. She heard a couple dozen of them before she got to the doors, using her own gut to push them open, looking in half a daze for the yellow vehicle she was waiting for on the other side.

Getting into the back seat was no easy task. Don had to kind of dive into the door, pulling herself along with the seat cushions to attempt to cram her deformed, bulbous lower body through the opening. She swore it sounded exactly like manhandling a balloon – or making an animal out of one. Even when she was inside enough that the cabbie was able to shut the door behind her she was mostly wedged behind the passenger seat, laying down.

“..Just drive me like this. I don't even care. Fourteenth and Burns.”

Don had to be yanked out of the back of the cab by his ankles, which resulted in landing on top of her driver in a small heap. It also resulted in a lot of apologizing, and a strong tip. The fact that her ID said Donna, and appeared to have her new face and gender on it was at this point beyond surprising; it even had 'clown' listed under ethnicity. There was a kind of drifting numbness to her awareness of people staring at her further as she entered the courthouse, the gasps and mutterings didn't really penetrate.

It wasn't until she walked into the doorways of office 4B where her firm was meeting a new defendant that anything at all really broke through. She saw her boss sitting there, bone thin and raising a bushy white eyebrow. Her partner, more of a 'naturally bulbous' kind of build, and sweating a little. Then the defendant, the client across from them, who very seriously resembled something like a yeti in a bikini. That last part took some attention, dirty gray fur spread out over a seven foot tall body, with fuzzy tits in a bra.

"So. Uhm. Sorry I'm late. What ah, seems to be the problem?"

That didn't garner much from the yeti, but the old man at least tilted his head and looked on in wonder.

"..Donald? Oh Christ, it got you too- uhm. Miss ah, Miss Carras here wants to fight an indecent exposure charge, on account of having fur and thus not being naked when she stepped out onto her front porch this morning. Donald are you al-"

She was feeling that sense like someone was melting ice over top of her. Hot inside, cold all through her skin, or what passed for her skin. Her eyes wandered over the furry woman in the chair, bits and pieces of half-heard news clips replayed in her mind, her boss and her partner's faces etched themselves in as well.

"..It's Donna now, apparently."

As soon as she'd said the name her view suffered fresh losses as that polka-dot pattern body pinched in at her chest, then billowed outward. As if admitting it had sealed the whole thing, two fresh orbs literally filled up like balloons to provide that last feminine feature she

was lacking. They swelled with an audible hissing, leveling off somewhere around a double D. Donna wasn't quite able to muster speech again just yet, instead opting to pull out one of the seats at the table. Shuffling awkwardly in front of it, Donna finally leaned back to sit down.

The 'thbbbt' was jarring, it resonated through the entire room and lasted for a solid six seconds or so, during which Donna felt her entire enormous posterior quaking to provide the whoopi-cushion effect while she stared deadpan at a blank patch of wall. Two more seconds passed before she slowly blinked, and the yeti and her partner erupted into raucous laughter. It took her boss a half second longer to break into a smirk at the very least.

"..Good to see you Donna. Let's get to work."

Donna felt a curious thing come over her. The smirk, the laughter, they hit her ears and something in her new chest felt warm. Filling up a hole she hadn't been aware of, and Donna found it her turn to smile.