

I breathed deeply a few times, trying my best to calm myself. I wasn't nervous, not really. I had done the change before, four times now, to be exact. It wasn't my nervousness that I was trying to hide. It was my erection I didn't want every person in my department to see. They would see it soon enough as it was. They didn't need the preshow.

It was best that they thought it was the new bodies that caused me such arousal. And from what I heard it was indeed arousing for the 'uninitiated' It was a small victory for what little modesty I still had after transforming in front of everyone into two alien forms, both times being followed by an intense masturbatory session.

It was my third time donning the watch, an item that was possibly alien in origin. It was dubbed a watch by the fact that it remained strapped to a person's wrist to activate, and molded itself to fit the form that the person was changed into. It was obviously a far more sophisticated piece of equipment than that. When worn, it could change the user into a creature that was not of this earth for a short time.

As far as we knew, the change was random each time. Perhaps it was made by a race that could control the transformation. But so far we had been unable to select which DNA strand was chosen at the device's activation. All we could tell was the database included thousands of DNA samples, some of which didn't even register as DNA. The scientific exploration possibilities were endless!

There was no way that the device had been of human origin, though some of the forms seemed to be out of a child's science fiction or hero fantasies. Not only was it proof of extraterrestrial intelligence, but we had the chance to study species from an alien world for two-hour intervals. Their behaviors, their physiology, their anatomy. And all under the control of a subject who remained unchanged mentally during the experiment.

I hated to admit it, but the idea of physical transformation had always been a private fascination for me. The idea of changing into something other than the human body I'd been born with was powerfully arousing. It was a minor miracle that I had been the one chosen to don the watch for the first official test run. I had stolen it once prior but no one was the wiser of that excursion. It was important for statistical analysis that I wear it more than once. I was more than happy to accept that arrangement!

I couldn't wait to get back in the specially made chamber and see what wonderful new forms I would experience this time around. So far there had been no complications, but it was too early to be sure. I had been tested time and again after using the watch with no ill effects. But

there was no indication of what the long-term effects of repeated transformations might be. However, it was a risk I was more than willing to take.

“Everything’s green on our end. You’re clear to use the device, Colin,” one of my labmates said over the intercom. We never called it ‘the watch’ over the regulated channels, but it was a term we used in casual discussion. Not that we could have many casual discussions about it. Even talking about it in non-sanctioned locations was an offense with disciplinary actions if caught.

I picked up the device with a trembling hand and set it on my wrist. As usual, it whirred to life, forming a strap to hold it to my arm as its displays began spinning through what we could only assume was a catalog of a variety of alien species. It always happened far too fast to see until the changes started. But the device only activated when someone put it on like a wristwatch, which supported the notion that it was made by an alien intelligence.

I felt the familiar tingling spreading over my form as the change started. There wasn’t a prick or anything else to indicate I’d been injected with foreign DNA. Yet for the duration of the experiment, I would be the creature I had turned into. As the tingling spread over my body I started feeling an itch across my face. It was strange; the watch’s transformations always started on the hand where I’d placed it. But as I looked at the mirror I couldn’t deny the wicked set of sideburns spreading down my cheeks. They looked rather fetching if I had to say so myself.

The familiar tingling spread into my hands then and my nails started aching, sharpening into some sort of claws. A light patch of greyish hair was spreading over the backs of my hands and up my arm but that was it. My body hair started to thicken somewhat, but for the most part, my arm remained human. This was a strange change, in that it wasn’t that different at all!

“Colin? Everything alright?” The voice on the intercom asked, perhaps concerned about my demeanor.

“Yeah, it’s just...the change hasn’t happened all over like this to anyone else, has it?” I asked, feeling my toenails change to claws as my skin turned grey like a glass container being filled with liquid. As I felt along my arm I realized that it was indeed a fine layer of light gray fur covering me. It was soft, not unlike a cat’s, though too thick to see the skin underneath. Though as I parted it I could see that even my skin was a dark grey color underneath, I stood there a few moments, enjoying feeling the warming tingle of being covered with soft gray fur from head to toe.

I could feel a slight bit of muscle forming over me, but it wasn't the drastic change I was used to. My eye teeth ached a little as they extended out past my lips, and I could feel my ears tingling as they started to get pointed, looking like the ears of some kind of elf. And my hair was changing color, a darker shade of gray than my skin. To top off the changes, my irises started to change green from their normal brown. My eyes still retained their white but the glowing green was almost unnatural.

The tingling stopped, and I looked at my mostly human form, adorned with canine-like features. It was the most human-like I'd ever seen my changes before. I had tufts of hair over my body, and my entire skin was gray, a lighter shade than my hair. But other than that I was...well, me. It was bizarre. To my dismay, my penis still remained its modern human size, and only a minor bit aroused from the changes thus far. I looked a little bit like a furry elf, or perhaps a wolf boy. I sighed in resignation. It was all I was going to get this time. But, at least it would make for an easy report!

"I think I'm done already," I said, trying to keep the disappointment out of my voice. The entire point of my enjoyment was to change into a totally new creature, to experience the world through its senses and all of the pleasures of its flesh. Yet this form was too...human. I suppose it made sense. If lifeforms on other planets achieved sentience then some would appear humanoid. Maybe that was an interesting thing to learn about on its own.

I started walking towards the terminal to make my report on my new body when another wave of tingling overtook me. What was going on? The change had never done this before, never happening in a series of spurts but rather always all at once.

"Hold that thought. It's not done," I said as I looked down to see the hair on my hands thickening. The color was changing, darkening towards the gray shade of my head and beard. It was spreading up my arms as the muscle underneath started throbbing and twitching with growth. This was more like it!

I ran back to the mirror to enjoy the sights. It was nice to see my arms bulking up, the flesh underneath becoming firm and packed. The look was rather fetching on me, and I didn't even need to go to the gym!

The light gray fur on my body was getting thicker and thicker now, darkening to the same shade as my facial hair. My thick gray beard darkened to black as the fur grew all over, covering my nose, my chin, and forehead. It even merged with the hair on my head, giving me an even gray coat.

My nose began to tingle and as I watched the entire surface began to blacken while my nostrils flared. I breathed in deeply and got a strong whiff of the chamber I was in. The scents of all the personnel and supplies that had been here over the last few days, or maybe even weeks! But the strongest smells came from my own body. I was exuding a thick heavy musk as my body bulked and transformed. I wasn't sweating; I didn't seem to be able to perspire anymore. But some sort of scent glands I'd developed were emitting a chemical that made me feel randy as hell!

In response to the alluring aroma, my cock grew taut and I resisted the urge to touch it. But I couldn't stop myself from looking. My member was changing, this time into a reddish shaft as the cleft melted away and the tip grew pointed. It looked just like a canine cock!

I watched the now-familiar features creeping over my face, my face stretching into the beginnings of a snout. My ears rose atop my head and started to point as fur covered them. My sloping skull adjusted their position as they started to twitch this way and that. The green glow in my eyes overtook even the whites as the tingling in my face ceased once more, its changes completed.

My body continued to bulk up with muscle, my arms, thighs, and chest all expanding as I watched on, elated. My elbows continued to grow pointed as the bones pushed outward, creating indents that were quickly covered with flesh. I reached up to touch them when I noticed my hands. My pinky fingers were withering away into nothing while the claws on my remaining fingers grew thick with dark nails. The digits themselves were extending and curving into deadly-looking claws. I was definitely becoming a canine of some kind!

Like my hands, three of my toes started to sport wicked-looking claws as the remaining two on each foot dissolved into my foot. My big toes started to rotate back along my ankle as the entire surface of my heels stretched back and raised a little off the ground. I could feel some sort of rough pads on the surface raising it up even more, putting me a little off balance. And then, once again, the tingling stopped.

I took a moment to admire my lupine visage. I really did look like a werewolf! The resemblance was uncanny. There were a few features that didn't seem to match what I'd hoped, but I had to say I liked the power I felt from my new muscles. And the smells were so much more potent! Perhaps not what I'd been used to from one of my last forms but still rather impressive compared to my human senses. I called over the intercom to let them know that I'd be trying some of the physical training gear to see what my body could do.

Getting the go-ahead, I began planning out my routine. No sooner had I done so than the third wave of change overtook me. My cock grew rock hard from the implication. Would I be even more like a wolf this time? I felt all of my muscles bulging with power, adding layers upon layers of new tissue that pushed against the already taut skin and fur. My cock bulged and leaked from the sight. I couldn't deny how powerfully erotic I found the changes. I was becoming the muscled beast of my dreams!

My chest barreled out as my stomach stretched and lost its definition. I could feel my ribs pushing out to support my changing organs. My lungs swelled and eagerly drank in the air of my surroundings. My cock was rock hard at this point, and my thick hands longed to touch it. I wouldn't be able to hold off much longer, but the changes were coming so fast I don't think it mattered.

My hands swelled to match the powerful arms I had gained, the surfaces of my palms becoming adorned with thick black paw pads. My knife-sized claws grew thick and black, clearly deadly weapons for whatever planet this creature lived on. The fur around my fingers and paws was a little thicker than the rest of my arms, creating a beautiful contrast. The blade-like bone structures on my elbows and shoulders, meanwhile, elongated to five points. I wasn't sure their purpose; my arms were powerful but didn't really move in a way to use them properly. But they looked badass as hell!

My heels stretched out longer than my lower legs, while the space between them shrank, leaving me in an awkward stance. Though my legs were powerful and I figured I could run on all fours if I wanted. It left my stance a little awkward but I figured that once new neural connections formed I wouldn't have an issue. My toes grew thick while my nails dug into the earth. Like my fingers, the fur along my toes was dark gray, a lovely contrast to the lighter silver all over. But the strangest part of the changes was my final toe that had rotated back along with my heels. It was just as strong and flexible as the other two, and I found myself exploring with the bird-like feet before the rest of the changes took hold.

Finally, my face started to push out in a true lupine visage. My nose merged with my blackening lips and I snarled with delight as my teeth lengthened into pointy daggers. My tongue changed shape and color to green as it grew long and flat, filling up the new space within my muzzle. My ears were finally canine now, and to top off my look the fur on my head grew thick and shaggy and stretched out into a lovely mane that flowed down my broad shoulders.

One thing was still missing. A tingling from my spine made me wriggle in excitement. I could feel it growing out of my backside, a fleshy strip of skin and bone that lengthened and began moving on its own accord. Like a time-lapse photo, the grayish skin sprouted a field of

lovely gray fur. It was not the first time I had felt a tail growing, but at no other time was I more powerfully aroused.

It was too much. I couldn't help but grab my cock in my claws as my member surged and the base swelled up like a canine knot. My cock was so sensitive I could feel my seed churning in my swinging gray balls as it prepared to explode. I'd dreamed of this moment for many years, and there was only one recourse for the needs welling up from my member. I raised my head and *howled* to the sky in release.

I wasn't ready for the blast of energy that erupted from my muzzle. The force of my howl shot up and cracked the ceiling of the chamber, shattering the lights and plunging the whole area into darkness. Even the sounds of the intercom went off as the force of my cry disrupted the power.

Yet, at the same moment, my massive lupine cock shot over my paw and covered the ground in foul-smelling spunk. I was easily distracted by the intense release as I blew a load all over my fur, my balls churning out creamy cum. Never before had I ever expected to be a werewolf, or werewolf-adjacent being, and I had to say I reveled in the pleasure!

The sudden blackout caused me to blink. But as I did, I realized that I could see just as well as I had when they were on. Though the colors had been dimmed, none of the details had been lost. And my superior sense of smell and hearing already compensated for that loss anyway. I decided to try the exercise course, flying across the bars and racing down the track as well as I would before the lights went out, if not better.

Eventually, the systems were restored and recording could begin. I spent the next few hours exploring the powers of my new body. I was extremely efficient at physical tasks. My strength, agility, and stamina were off the charts! I could lift nearly a ton with my powerful upper arms, run around the track without being winded, and jump through every obstacle my team had set up.

The power of my howl was something else. We didn't have the time to develop tests to measure its full potential. But if I tried, I could control the power I put into it, focusing on destroying small rocks or blowing a wider range of the equipment over from the force of my howls. I loved the power this lupine body gave me!

Naturally, I gave my lupine member more than one test drive. I wasn't quite flexible enough to give myself a self-suck, which was something that I had always dreamed of. But I

enjoyed feeling my lupine rocket slide out of its sheath, growling as I came and felt the waves of pleasure from my body. My sexual stamina was amazing!

After a while, I felt the tingling that signaled my return to human form. It was a bittersweet moment, making me wish I could control what form I became so that I could use this transformation again. I thought briefly about trying to rub one out quickly but then thought better of it. I didn't think I could get away with it before I changed back.

Werewolves were always one of the inspirations for my love of transformations. This had been the closest I would ever get to being one unless we found a way to repeat the changes that the watch could bestow. After a few moments, I stood there human and naked, the watch detached from my arm and falling to the ground.

“Ready to go again, Colin?” My colleagues asked over the speakers. I looked up and nodded. My body felt revitalized after each change, as though I was being returned to my human form in perfect shape, without hunger, fatigue, or ailments. It really was a wonderful device, and someday if we better learned to control or replicate its ability it might end up solving a lot of worldly issues.

I strapped it on once again as it hummed to life and began streaming through its database for another form to change me into. Once again I felt the tingling spreading over my hand, as I was now used to. But this time it felt a little...different. I was getting hotter and hotter, sweating in the stifling air of the room. But quickly it became worse and worse. I stopped sweating, even the water in my body evaporating into steam as my body temperature rose ever higher. But it didn't leave me feeling uncomfortable. I could tell my temperature was rising but it no longer seem to bother me. In fact, the hotter I got, the better I seemed to feel. I could see the steam rising from my body but I didn't feel dehydrated in the slightest.

“Colin? How are you feeling? The temperature spike, it's beyond anything that we can register,” I heard over the system. Was I really getting that hot? There was no way I could be able to stand such a temperature. How was the watch able to keep me alive like this?

My entire body started to glow from the intense heat and soon the normal tone of my skin was completely gone. My entire form was bathed glowing yellow, all of the features of my skin, hairs, cells, and external structures simply melted away. I could feel my internal organs melting away inside me, yet there was no pain or discomfort. I apparently didn't need them to function anymore. Perhaps the very heat of my body was enough to keep me alive. But I felt no ill from changing into this form. In fact, I felt more powerful than I had before!

The edges of my skin burned to a blackening crisp as the layers that remained began to harden. As I watched the flesh underneath continued to heat up, forming a glowing yellow fluid that looked disturbingly like some sort of magma. It quickly took shape over my extremities, my hands, and feet. I could still move my fingers, though I only had three and a thumb on each. My feet reconstructed into an oval shape with two toes on each. Even though most of my body was now semi-solid magma, I was able to hold my form just fine.

My face, my mouth, nose, eyes, and ears all became enveloped with the heat and simply melted away. Yet I could still see as well as before, though perhaps it was a bit distorted from the heat welling off my body. It was as though every part of my face was now made of fire, my eyes, my nose, even my tongue! Yet I could still hear and see as I did while human. I could smell a little better and was thankful that the stench of burning flesh did not come with this particular change. The fire enveloping my skull burned hot around me, the remaining skin creating a mask of sorts that reminded me a bit of the Ghost Rider. I had to admit, it was an interesting look!

I watched as the reddish-black molten skin covered me, remaining stable as flames and lava pooled around underneath. It wasn't lava, not really. I reached in to touch it, quickly realizing it was solid. Not that I could really feel. I was aware of the ground under my feet, the hardness of my skin. But this form didn't really need tactile sensation the same way any carbon-based lifeform did. I had to smile at that. I was becoming maybe the first non-carbon-based life form to be discovered!

The change was done. The watch, for its part, was still attached to my magma-like wrist, unphased by the intense heat wafting off my body. I heard a barrage of concerned yells from the intercom but I simply flashed them a thumbs up to let them know I was indeed OK.

I took a good look at my form in the mirror, enjoying the way my molten skin accented the flames and magma underneath. It was almost like wearing clothes, in a way, though I was functionally naked. The skin looked a bit like a suit of armor, with shoulder pads and a face mask. But there wasn't anything on my body that needed covering. There appeared to be no external genital, much to my disappointment. I found myself wondering how this species reproduced.

It was time to give this body a test drive. I wanted to be careful, lest the chamber wasn't built to handle the heat that I could generate. I started lifting, conscientious of the amount of heat I was putting out. Yet still, the metal immediately started to heat up and melt from the intense heat in my hands. I quickly found that I was unable to hold anything. I also noticed distinctive scorch marks on the ground from where I was walking. I certainly would have to wait till the change back to make any reports, lest I melt our computers.

Next, I played with the amount of heat that my body could produce, noticing that I was subconsciously holding back significantly. I extended the heat around me and was shocked when a burst of fire shot forth and hit the ground a few dozen feet away. I tried it again and I could indeed shoot balls of flame at will. The range and width improved the more I practiced. I could even extend my fire in other ways, such as a deep exhale that burned like a flame breath of sorts.

Suddenly, I realized that I was even very aware of the heat in the ground as I walked, and I reached out with my senses to feel it. I began by concentrating on the area where I walked and allowing my fire to extend down into the ground below where I'd been. I could extend my flames in straight lines from where I'd been walking, and even feel flames through the ground that were not connected to me in any way. All at once, I realized I could bring heat towards me and was shocked when a section of ground lifted out and came towards me. It was like telekinesis!

I experimented by moving the earth above my flames and found myself wondering, with amusement, if it could support my weight. I figured what the hell and jumped aboard, shocked that I could ride the earth like some sort of hoverboard! I could only get so far on it before it burned up under my feet but it was still an exhilarating experience! With more time to practice, I wondered how well I could control my abilities.

Yet through all of this, I still found myself wondering just how the life form I had become reproduced. There was tingling inside that reminded me of the arousal that I'd felt from all my previous changes, but it was centered in the core of my being this time. I channeled the little bit of focus I had towards my center and gasped at the tremor of pleasure. Was this how I could... in this form? I reached inside once more and felt the waves of heat that radiated off me in waves. This time I held my concentration on the heat rising from my body as the magma under my skin started heating up and flowing freely. In response, the magma of my groin started pushing out, creating what I could only call a pseudo penis. It felt as though touching myself!

I reached inside myself more forcefully, feeling the heat rise and the warmth and pleasure radiating through me once more. My magma-like cock grew harder in response, and I felt tremors of warmth overtaking me as I touched myself. The more I focused, the greater the heat, the longer the phallic magma, and the better the feedback.

So enraptured by the self-pleasure I was feeling, I was hardly aware of how the heat radiating off my form was affecting the surroundings. The ground was starting to melt underneath me as the pool began evaporating and the plants around started dying. As my

masturbation grew more intense some of the metal equipment began to melt, unable to retain structural integrity in the rapidly increasing heat.

“Colin, what's going on? What are you doing? If you don't stop you'll...” A voice over the intercom started but soon it cut out. I was too far gone to care. The heat around me was growing rapidly and each wave of warmth from touching my magma cock made it better and better. Not only was I immune to my own flames and the hotter it got, the better it felt. I could even feel parts of me extending out past the shell of my body as the heat I radiated increased. I was getting so close, I wasn't going to last long!

“RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” I bellowed as my cock burst from orgasmic release and caused my entire being to become enveloped with flame. I felt a burst of energy explode from my form, but I was too enraptured to care. All that mattered was the lovely flames, the warmth of the earth that made up my very body!

I came down from the orgasm, feeling satisfied with the powerful release. Yet as my eyes blinked back to life I realized what I had done. The entire area around me was engulfed in a powerful flame. I could smell the trees, the metal, all of it burning away. Quickly I became afraid of the ability I possessed, how damaging it could be when I lost control.

I tried to stop it, to reduce the flames. It seemed that I indeed could, which was a relief. But by that point, there was very little left to save. I was standing in a smoldering pile of rubble that had been one of the most expensive research facilities on the planet.

There came a crackle over the loudspeaker, surprising since I'd assumed it hadn't survived. But I was not even allowed that small luxury of being able to temporarily avoid the consequences of what I'd done, intentional or no. It was time to face the music.

“Sooo, do you want to explain it to the general, or should we?” My friends asked as I stood there, the heat from my body diminishing somewhat in a reaction I assumed was an embarrassment.

Needless to say, we had a few days off after that. Thankfully the damage to the overall building wasn't too extensive. The research facility was toast though, to put it simply. A new one would have to be constructed, with equipment better suited to handle the evidently wide range of alien physiologies that we would encounter from the watch.

I was sure that there was great discussion over the value of such a thing. Surely government officials didn't see the benefits of simply learning alien physiology when there were military applications to the research. The form I'd just taken was rather dangerous, after all. I could only hope I'd be allowed to keep changing forms and not forced into a combat situation. Even if my own reasons were selfish, I couldn't imagine performing such research to harm others intentionally.

Those thoughts kept me up for the next few days while I waited to return to work and write up the analysis on my experiences. Still, the prospect of using the watch again, for whatever reason, kept creeping back into my thoughts. For the chance to change again, to keep exploring new bodies and new sensations of pleasure, I could do it. And given my experiences already, there was no doubt in my mind that I would be chosen to undergo more trials. There were literally thousands of forms waiting for me to try, stored in the tiny bit of alien technology that granted me the ability to live out my wildest fantasies.