


DECEMBER 4TH 2025

Thursday



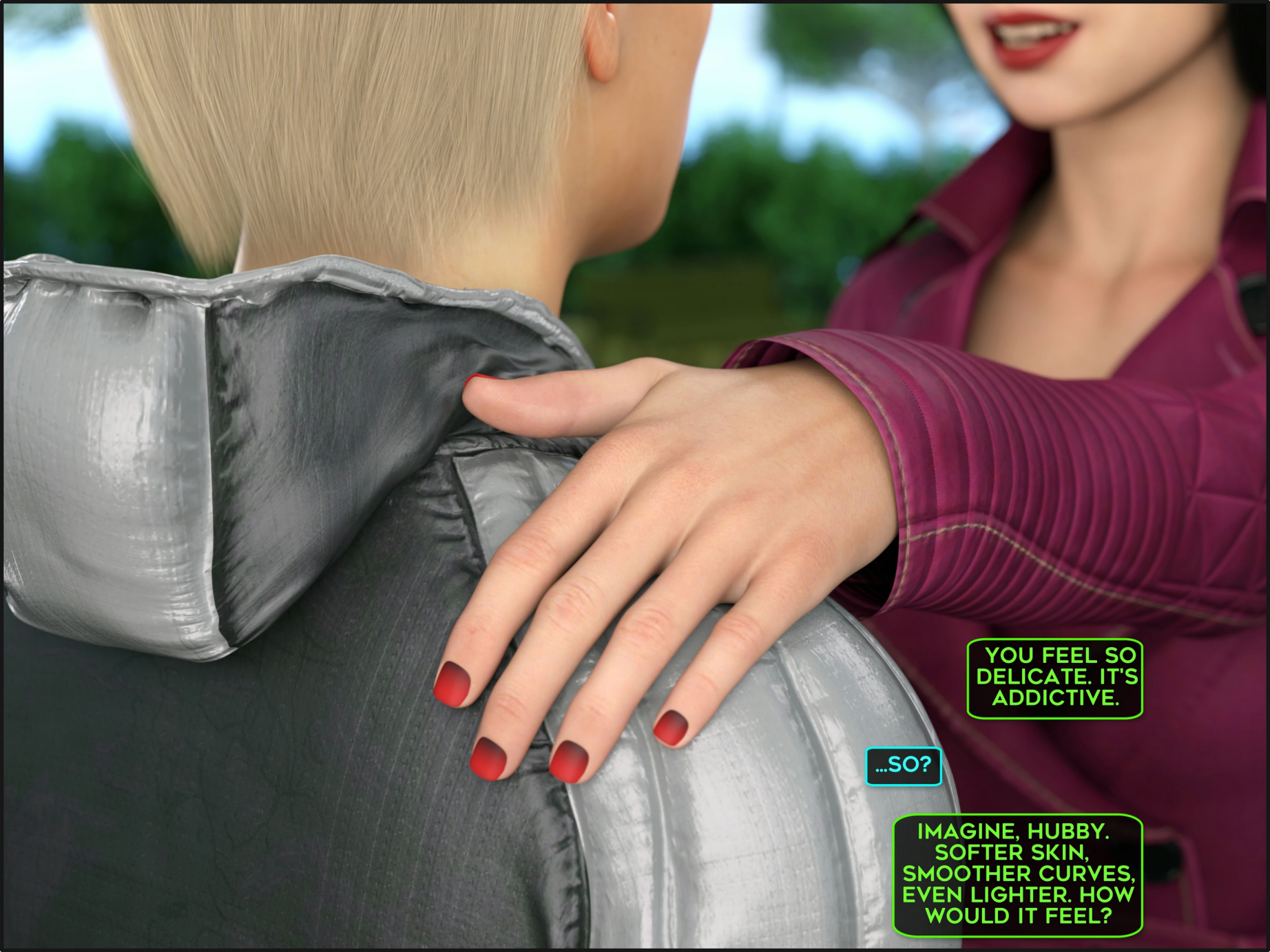
224 DAYS UNTIL THE END

Morphic Grace
by LenioTC



IT'S BEEN TWO
WEEKS ALREADY.
YET, EVERY DAY
THIS DYNAMIC IS
MORE EXCITING
THAN THE LAST.


YOU'VE GOT
A POINT
THERE.



YOU FEEL SO DELICATE. IT'S ADDICTIVE.

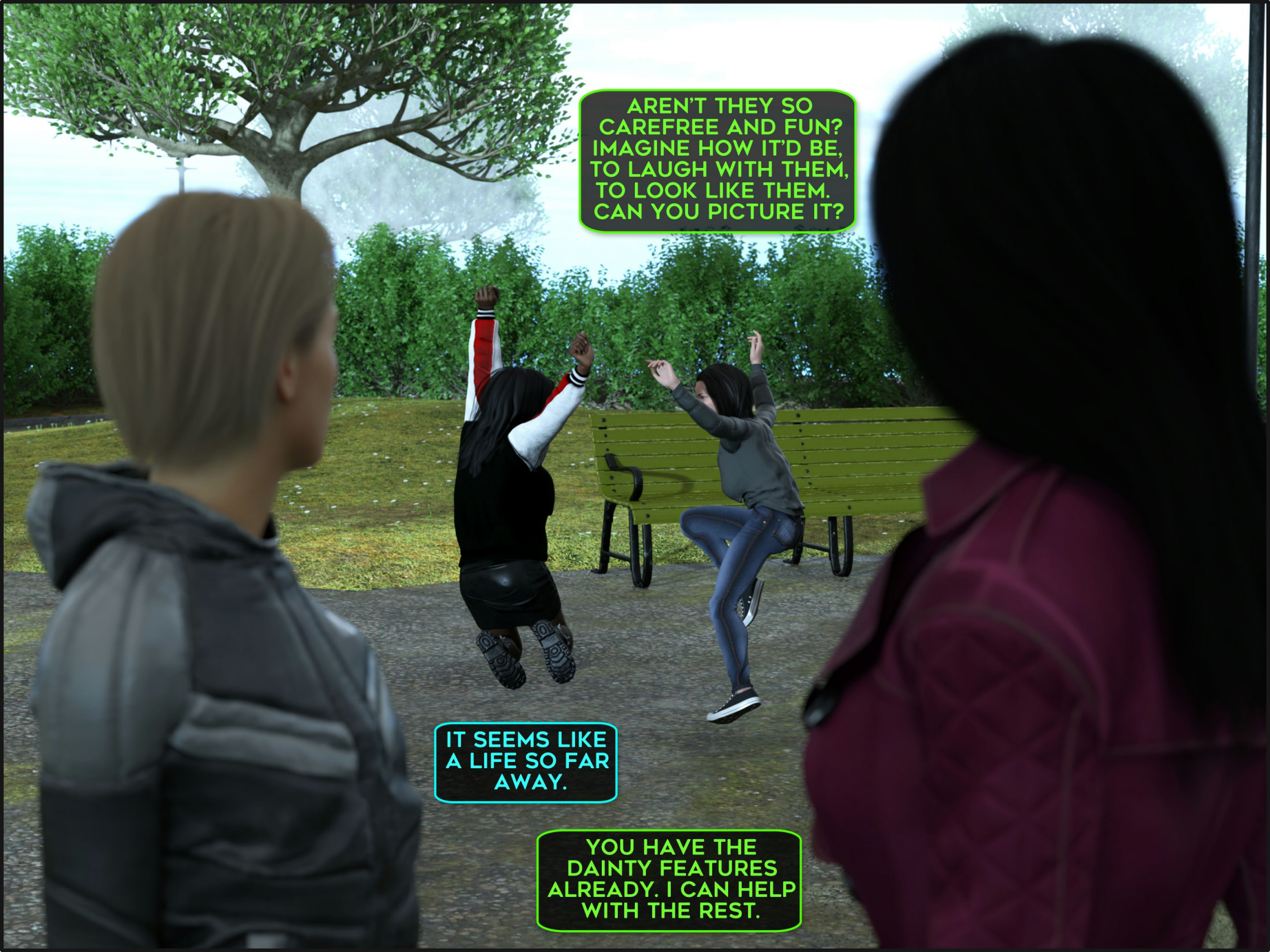
...SO?

IMAGINE, HUBBY. SOFTER SKIN, SMOOTHER CURVES, EVEN LIGHTER. HOW WOULD IT FEEL?



KNOW WHAT? I
WOULDN'T HAVE
THOUGHT TO FIND
MYSELF IN THESE
SHOES LAST MONTH,
BUT I GOTTA ADMIT I
WOULDN'T MIND A
DEEPER LOOK THIS
TIME.

GOOD
GIRL. I'M
PROUD OF
YOU.



AREN'T THEY SO
CAREFREE AND FUN?
IMAGINE HOW IT'D BE,
TO LAUGH WITH THEM,
TO LOOK LIKE THEM.
CAN YOU PICTURE IT?


IT SEEMS LIKE
A LIFE SO FAR
AWAY.

YOU HAVE THE
DAINTY FEATURES
ALREADY. I CAN HELP
WITH THE REST.



YOU HAD
ALREADY LAID
OUT A DESIGN,
BEFORE
TALKING TO
ME?!

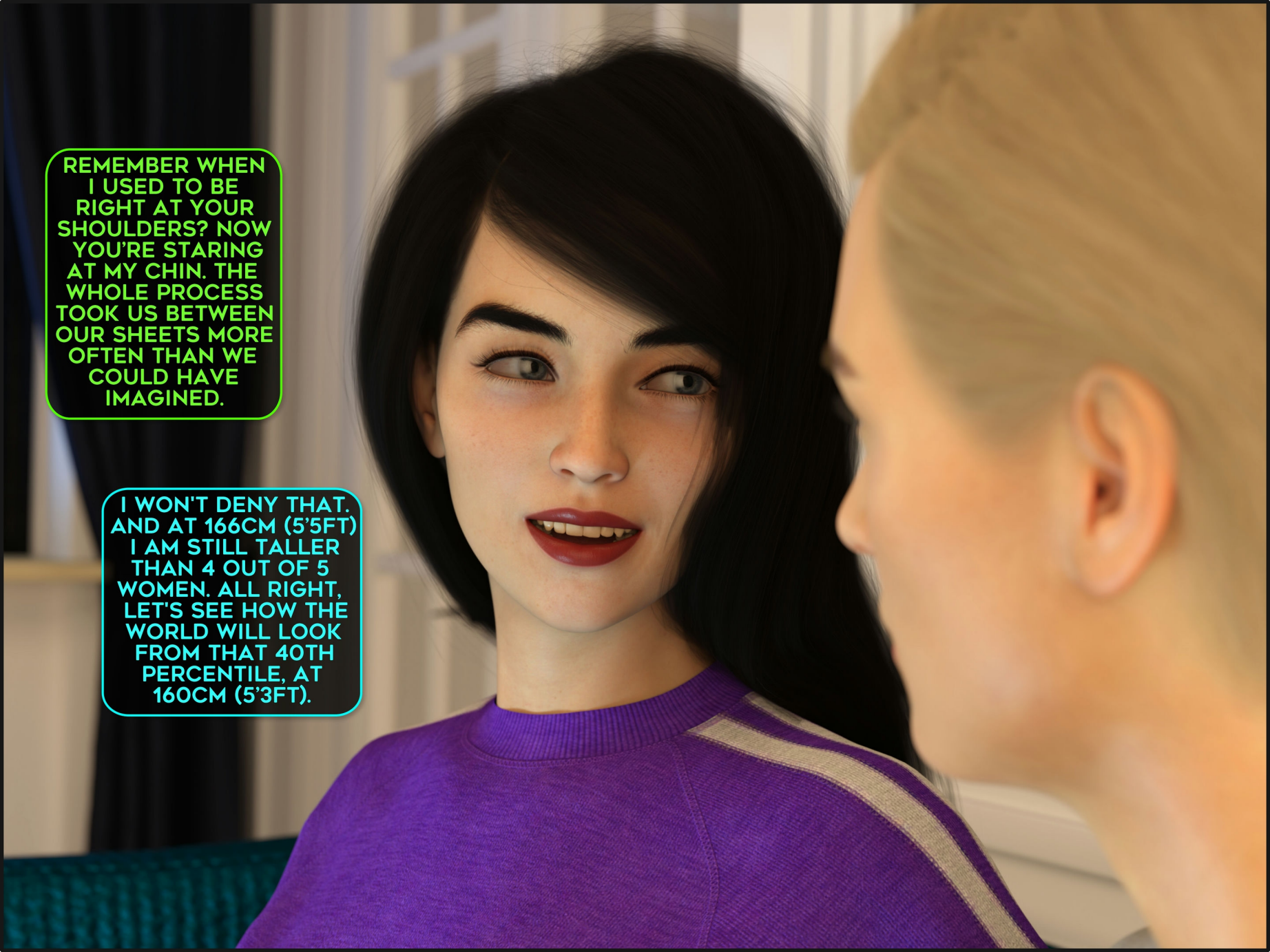
YOU'RE
WELCOME.
FOR THE
SURPRISE.



OKAY, I'M ON BOARD WITH TRYING TO BE EVEN MORE FEMININE FOR A WHILE. BUT WHY SO SHORT? I ALREADY FEEL... DIMINUTIVE.

IT'S NOT ABOUT WHAT I WANT, LOVE. IT'S ABOUT WHAT'S BEST FOR US.

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.

A close-up shot of a woman with dark hair and a purple sweater looking at a man with blonde hair. The woman is on the left, and the man is on the right, shown in profile. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a window or a doorway.

REMEMBER WHEN
I USED TO BE
RIGHT AT YOUR
SHOULDERS? NOW
YOU'RE STARING
AT MY CHIN. THE
WHOLE PROCESS
TOOK US BETWEEN
OUR SHEETS MORE
OFTEN THAN WE
COULD HAVE
IMAGINED.

I WON'T DENY THAT.
AND AT 166CM (5'5FT)
I AM STILL TALLER
THAN 4 OUT OF 5
WOMEN. ALL RIGHT,
LET'S SEE HOW THE
WORLD WILL LOOK
FROM THAT 40TH
PERCENTILE, AT
160CM (5'3FT).

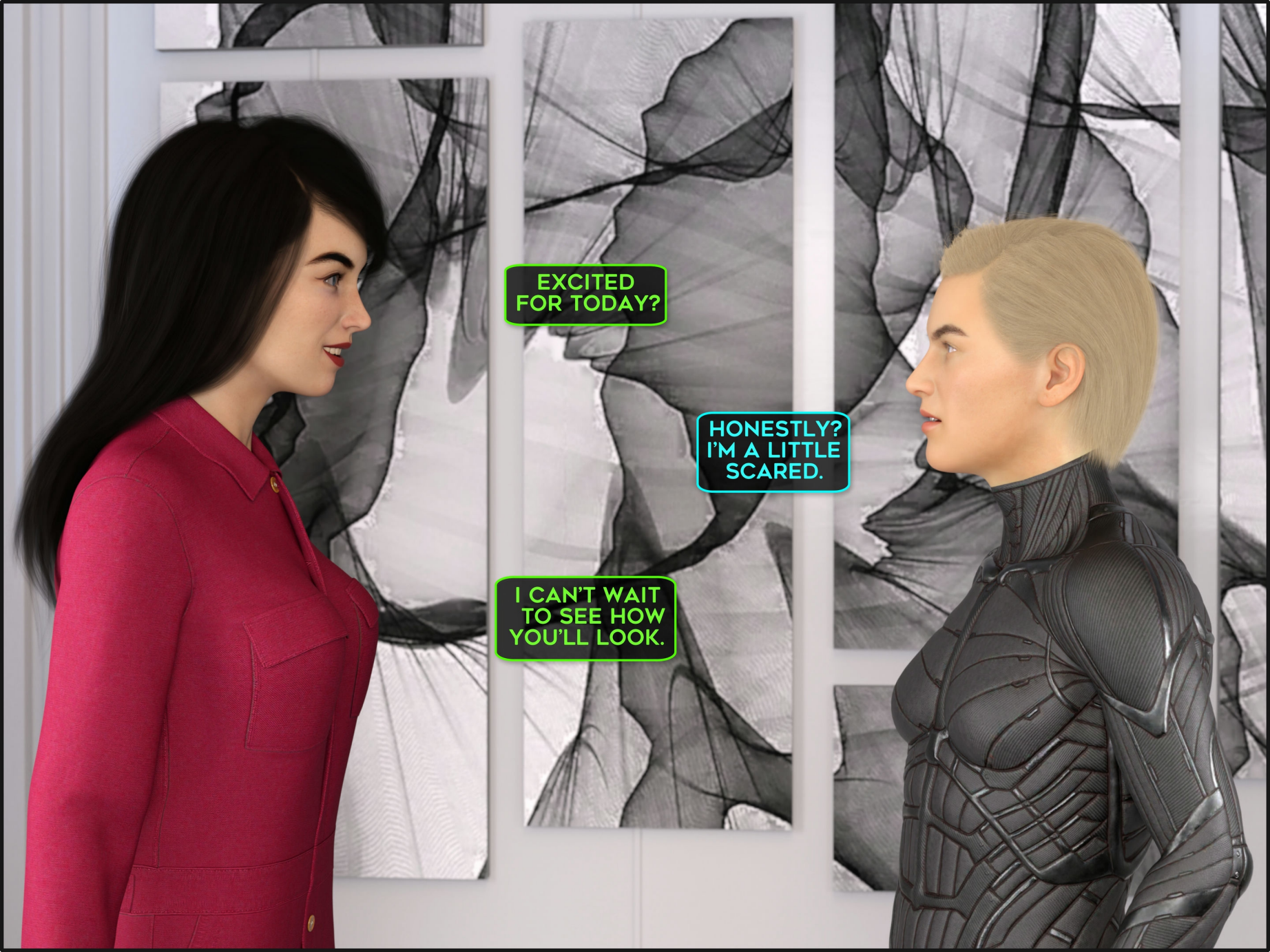
DECEMBER 7TH 2025

Sunday



221 DAYS UNTIL THE END

Morphic Grace
by LenioTC



EXCITED
FOR TODAY?

HONESTLY?
I'M A LITTLE
SCARED.

I CAN'T WAIT
TO SEE HOW
YOU'LL LOOK.









OH, JAMIE:
YOU'RE
BEAUTIFUL!

JAIM...?!
MY VOICE...

I'VE THOUGHT
ABOUT IT.
JAIME SOUNDS
MORE FITTING.



SUCH A
DELICATE
WAIST.

THANKS,
I GUESS...

AND THOSE
LITTLE PERKY
BREASTS, SO
LOVELY!



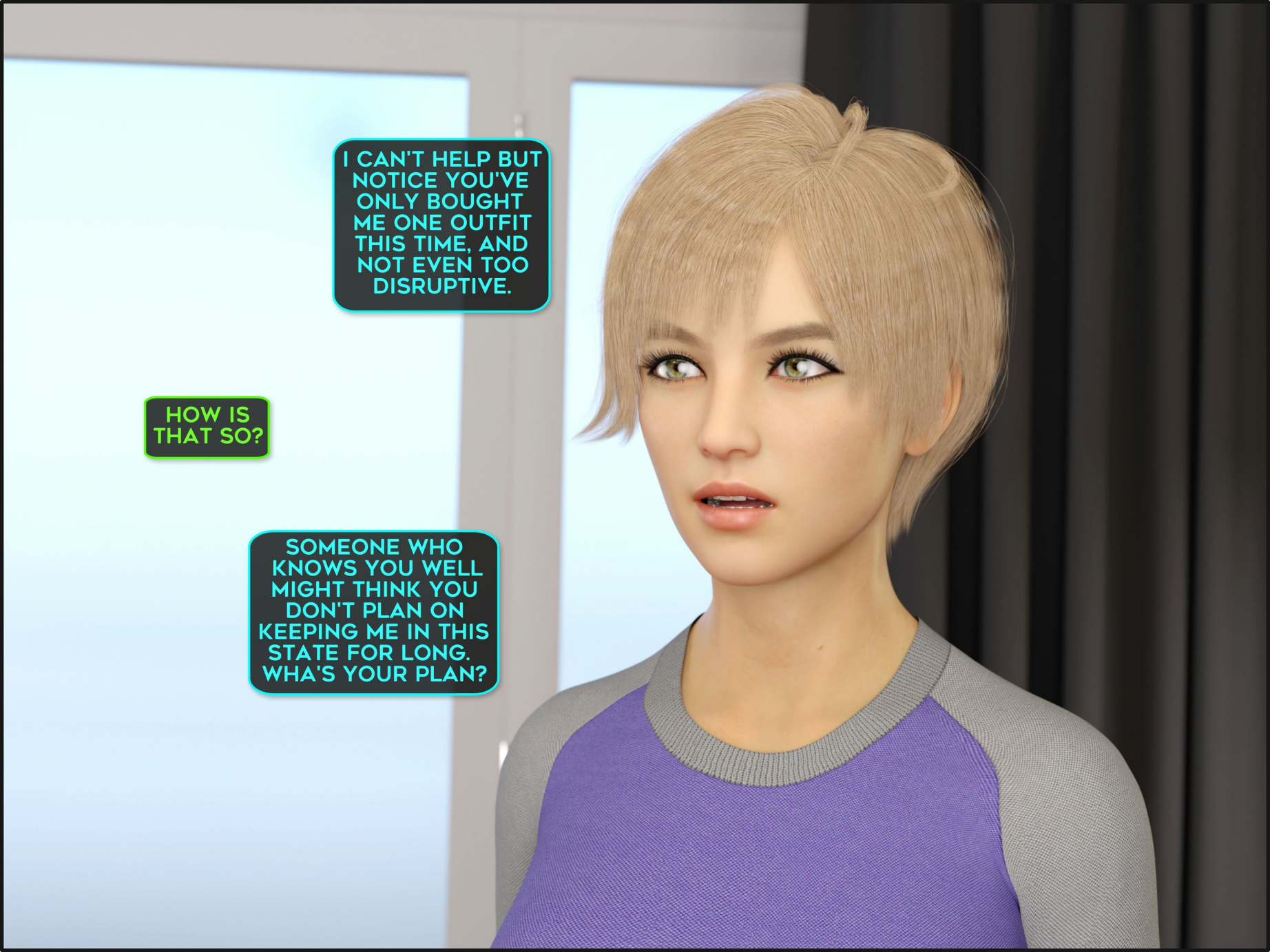
MISSING
SOMETHING,
JAMIE?

I... I DON'T
KNOW HOW I
FEEL ABOUT
THIS.



I DON'T EVEN
RECOGNIZE
MYSELF
ANYMORE.

THAT'S THE FUN
PART: EXPLORING
THE NEW JAIME. AND
I PLAN TO EXPLORE
EVERY BIT OF HER.



I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOU'VE ONLY BOUGHT ME ONE OUTFIT THIS TIME, AND NOT EVEN TOO DISRUPTIVE.

HOW IS THAT SO?


SOMEONE WHO KNOWS YOU WELL MIGHT THINK YOU DON'T PLAN ON KEEPING ME IN THIS STATE FOR LONG. WHA'S YOUR PLAN?



YOU'VE ALWAYS
BEEN A KEEN
OBSERVER.

SPILL THE
BEANS.


A SIMPLE
QUESTION FIRST:
ARE YOU
ENJOYING BEING
A WOMAN?



DO I HAVE
TO SAY IT
OUT LOUD? I
DON'T KNOW,
COME ON.

AND IF YOU
HAVE TO BE
WOMAN, WHY
NOT GO ALL
THE WAY?

LAST TIME I
CHECKED I
ALREADY WAS A
100 PERCENT
FEMALE.



I MAY HAVE
ALREADY PREPARED
A DESIGN. WE
COULD APPLY IT
WHENEVER WE
WANT... EVEN NOW.

OH? AND
WHAT IS IT
LIKE?


HAVE I EVER LET
YOU DOWN? WON'T
YOU JUST TRUST
ME FOR ONCE?



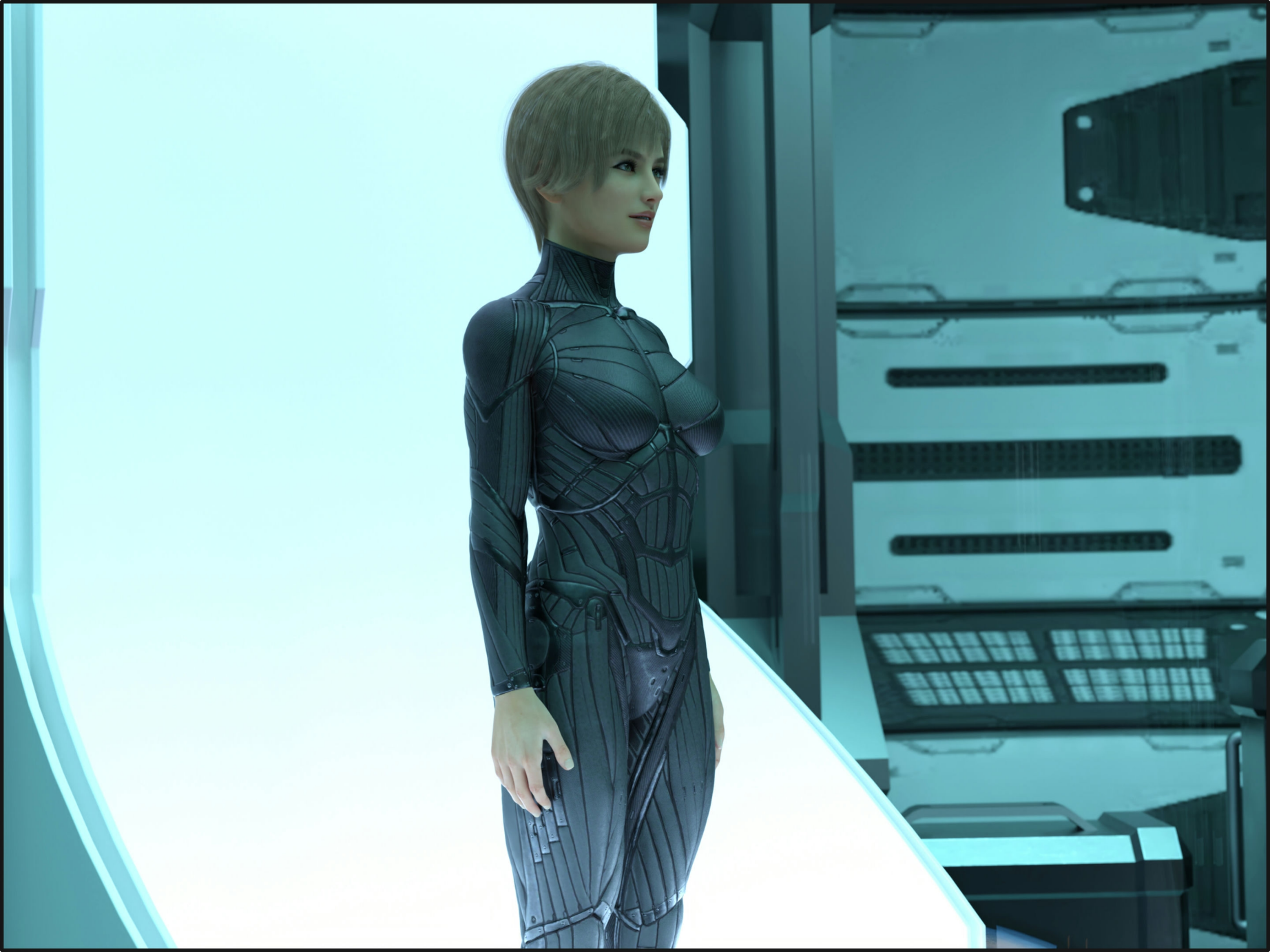
YOU COULD HAVE
JUST LOADED IT
HALF AN HOUR
AGO. I APPRECIATE
YOU TALKING TO
ME FIRST.

ARE YOU
SAYING...?

YEP. I MAY
REGRET IT.
BUT LET'S
DO IT.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a red button-down shirt, stands in a futuristic, metallic control room. She is positioned behind a large, dark console with two prominent rectangular screens. The room is filled with various pieces of equipment, including racks of modules and glowing panels. A speech bubble with a red border is positioned to her right, containing the text "I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, HUBBY." in red, all-caps font. The overall lighting is dim, with blue and white highlights from the equipment.

I LOVE YOU
SO MUCH,
HUBBY.









WHY ARE
YOU STARING
AT ME?

OH MY... YOU'RE
PERFECT!
JUST PERFECT.

THANKS, I
GUESS...


A woman with long black hair, wearing a red jumpsuit, stands in a futuristic, industrial setting. She is looking towards a woman with blonde hair tied in a ponytail, who is wearing a black, highly detailed mechanical suit that covers her entire body. The background features various pipes, panels, and machinery, suggesting a high-tech environment. Two text boxes are overlaid on the image: one on the left and one on the right.

FOR WHAT?

NO. THANK YOU.

A woman with long black hair, wearing a red suit, is shown in profile on the left side of the frame. She is looking towards a woman on the right. The woman on the right has blonde hair and is wearing a black, form-fitting, futuristic suit with intricate patterns and a high collar. She is looking back at the woman in red. The background is a futuristic, industrial setting with large, metallic, glowing blue structures. A speech bubble with a green border is positioned between them, containing the text: "FOR TRUSTING ME. FOR LETTING ME SCULPT YOU."

FOR
TRUSTING ME.
FOR LETTING
ME SCULPT
YOU.



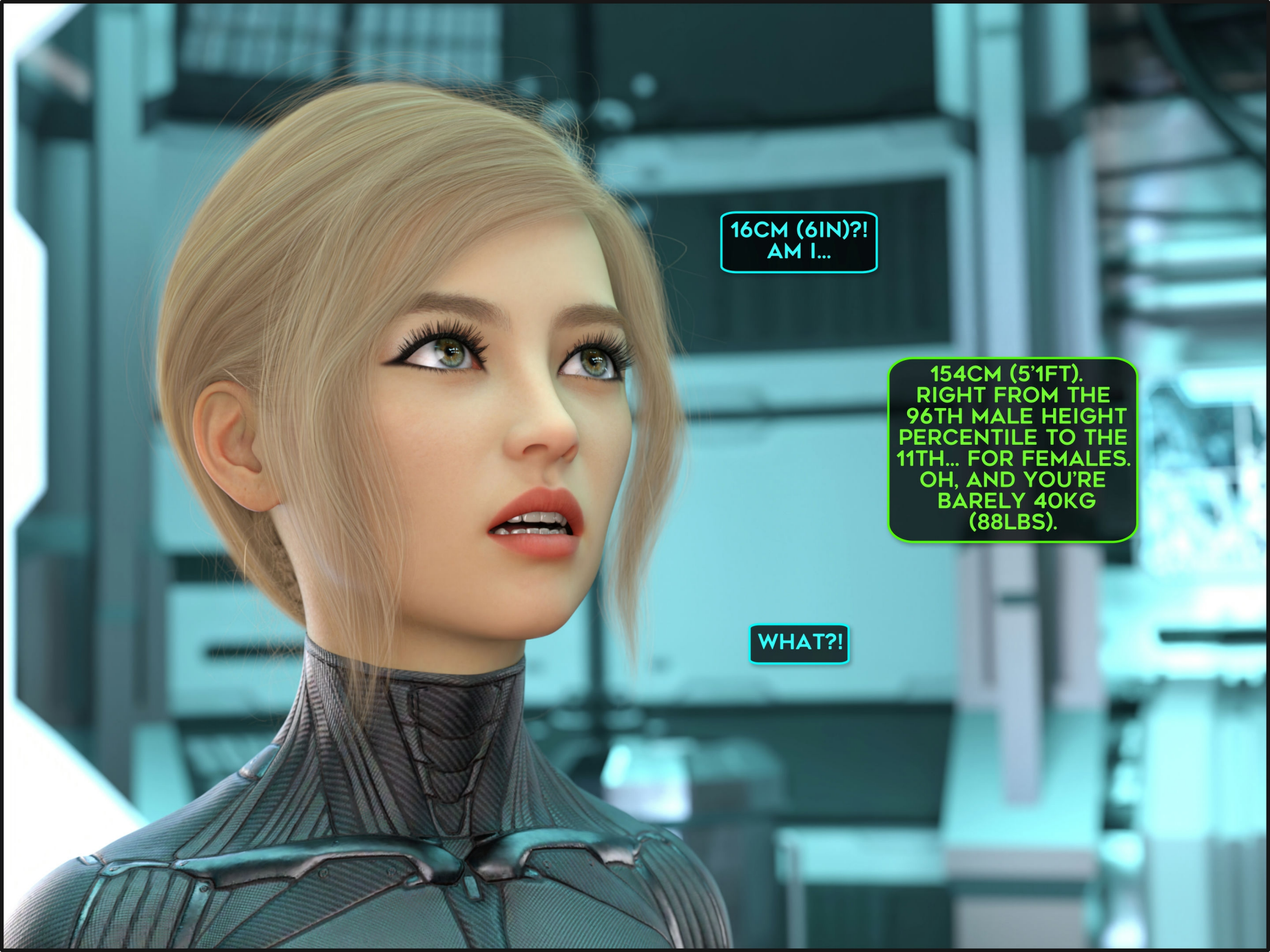
I STILL DON'T
GET WHY YOU'RE
SO OBSESSED
WITH... THIS?

AT FIRST, IT WAS MOSTLY
OUT OF CURIOSITY. THEN...
I SAW THE POTENTIAL. THE
CHANCE TO REDEFINE
OUR ROLES, OUR
RELATIONSHIP. I WANTED
TO BRING TO LIFE A SIDE
OF YOU WE COULDN'T
IMAGINE EXISTED.



BUT I'M
SO TINY...
WHY?!


IT'S INTOXICATING. EVERY
TIME I SEE YOU, IT'S A RUSH.
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE
BIG STRONG MAN AND I
WAS... THE OPPOSITE.
YOU WERE 30CM (1FT)
TALLER. NOW I TOWER OVER
YOU BY 16CM (6IN).



16CM (6IN)?!
AM I...

154CM (5'1FT).
RIGHT FROM THE
96TH MALE HEIGHT
PERCENTILE TO THE
11TH... FOR FEMALES.
OH, AND YOU'RE
BARELY 40KG
(88LBS).

WHAT?!



ENOUGH TALKING
ABOUT NUMBERS,
MY DEAR SCIENTIST.
AREN'T YOU DYING
TO TAKE A PEEK AT
THE MIRROR?

YOU CAN
SHOUT IT OUT,
LITTLE ONE.

IS THAT...
ME?!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
THIS IS
REAL.



WAIT... I
LOOK LIKE A
COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT
PERSON!

WHY ARE YOU
ALL SCARED ALL
OF A SUDDEN?
WASN'T THAT THE
WHOLE POINT?


YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
WHAT HAVE
WE DONE?!

A close-up shot of a woman with long, straight black hair and blue eyes, wearing a red polo shirt. She is looking slightly to the left with a serious expression. The background shows a hair salon with a wooden wall, a string of warm-toned lights, and a mannequin head with long blonde hair on the left.

**TAKE A DEEP
BREATH.**


**IT'S NOT THAT... WHAT
IF I NEEDED TO GO TO
A HOSPITAL? OR IF
SOMEONE ROBBED ME?
YOU KEEP CALLING ME
JAMIE, BUT LIKE THIS... I
HAVE NO IDENTITY!
I AM NO ONE.**

**YOU'RE YOUNG AND
HEALTHY. AND IF
SOMEONE DARES TO
TOUCH YOUR PURSE,
I WILL THROW HIM
ON THE WALL WITH
THESE SEXY
MUSCULAR ARMS.**




ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?! I CAN'T STAY THIS WAY. IT'S WAY TOO DANGEROUS.

MY DELICATE LITTLE FLOWER, I'M LISTENING. I ADMIT I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING. BUT THAT'S WHAT MARRYING A GENIUS IS FOR. GIVE US A MINUTE, WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT.



WE CAN'T HAVE YOU LOOKING LIKE A WALKING BAG OF LAUNDRY, CAN WE?

COULDN'T WE DO THIS SOME OTHER TIME? WE HAVE OTHER PRIORITIES RIGHT NOW.



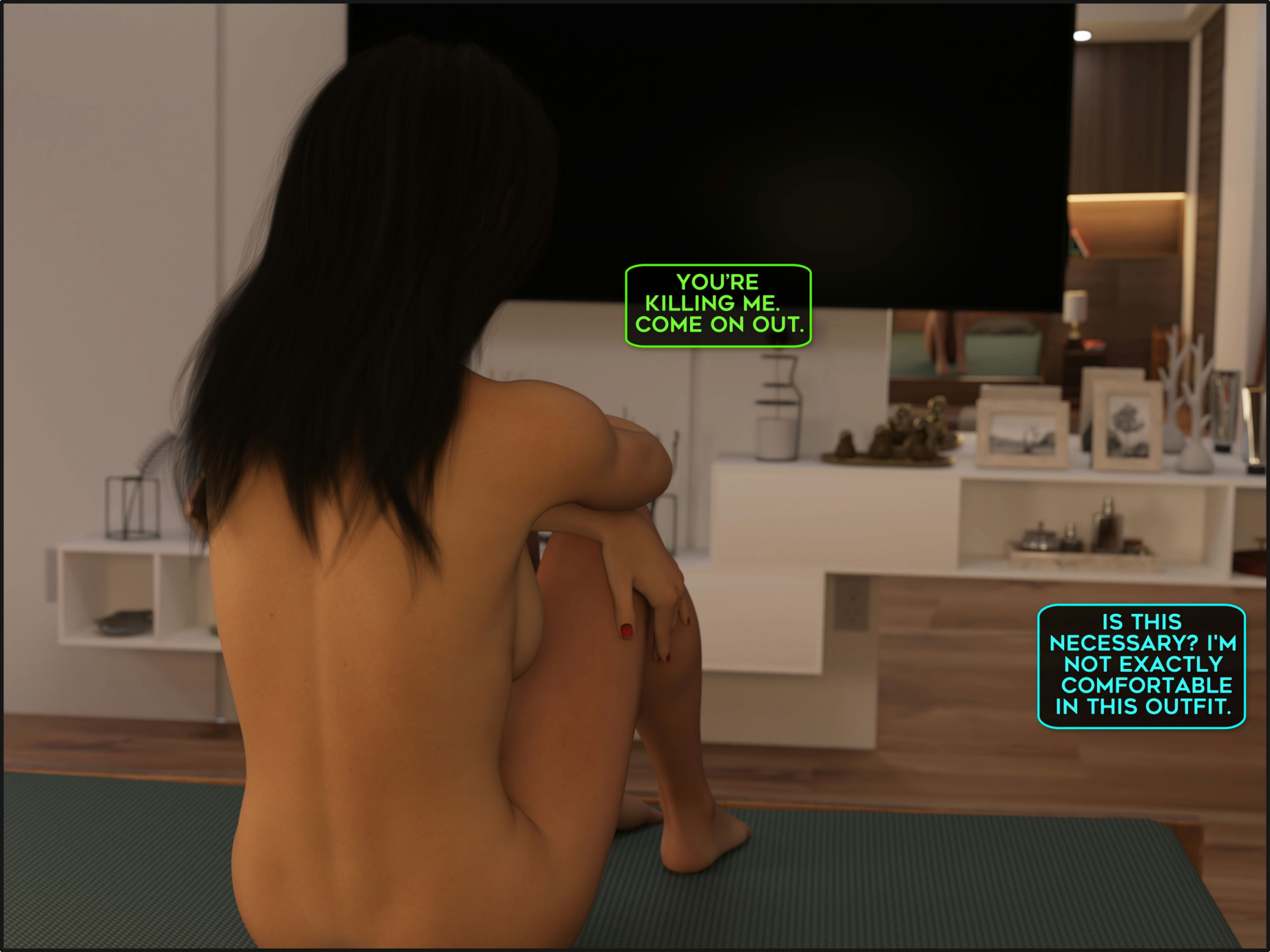
YOU
SERIOUSLY
THOUGHT I'D
EVER WEAR
THIS?!

JAIME, YOU
LOOK GREAT
IN IT.



**BUT I DON'T
WANT TO BE
SEEN LIKE
THIS.**

**THERE'S NO
POINT IN HIDING
YOUR BEAUTY.
EMBRACE IT.**



YOU'RE
KILLING ME.
COME ON OUT.

IS THIS
NECESSARY? I'M
NOT EXACTLY
COMFORTABLE
IN THIS OUTFIT.

TURN
AROUND
FOR ME,
PLEASE!

ALRIGHT...
BUT YOU'RE
MAKING THIS
WEIRD...

