

The Hallway of Transformation

For Matthew Nuckles

By TheSpiralledEye

I couldn't believe what I was looking at; it was like something out of those old movies I used to watch back when I was a teenager. The shopfront was shabby, with its windows filled in with thick velvet curtains caked in dust. There were faded posters stapled to the fabric or women in various salacious poses that would have been enticing were the images not so sun bleached with age. Three giant, flashing neon X's stood above the door with the words 'Adult Video Store' just below it.

I thought the internet had killed off places like this years ago. Yet here I was, the flashing sign indicated it was open too. I'd gotten all my porn off the internet ever since I was a teenager. Once or twice I'd picked up one of those smutty magazines after turning twenty one but not really found them worth it. Especially with all the choice at my finger tips in the comfort and privacy of my own home. But I was curious and that same curiosity drove me across the street and into the shabby store.

All at once I was thrown back in time; racks and racks of DVDs and even videotapes filled the room. More tacky posters decorated the faded walls and there was a man sitting behind an equally ancient looking cash register, flipping through a magazine and not acknowledging my presence. Then again, maybe that was the sort of service people who frequented these sorts of places wanted.

Idly I wandered the shelves, not really finding anything that caught my eye until I reached the back of the room where a velvet curtain hung. There was a paper sign that simply said 'Viewing Room' written on it. What did that mean? Could people take their rentals in here to watch if they couldn't wait to get home? The idea made my stomach turn in knots, I couldn't imagine being *that* desperate.

"Go," the man at the desk grunted without looking up from his magazine. "Enjoy the show."

Show?

My cock twitched slightly in my pants, did they have girls back there giving lap dances, or maybe more? That brought a grin to my face and I pushed past the curtains and stepped inside.

Instantly, I was disappointed. There were no women to be seen, in fact, it seemed like I was the only person at all. The room was actually a corridor with TV screens embedded in the walls every few feet, each with a different movie playing by the looks of it. What was this, some sort of fun house for porn?

I was going to turn around and walk out again when a sound sent shivers down my spine; a moan. It was so full of pleasure I couldn't help but turn and tip toe over to the first screen to see what had caused it.

"Blonde Busty Bombshells" I muttered, reading the plaque next to the tv.

The screen showed three slutty looking blonde women as writhing against one another. One was eagle spread, being eaten out by her cohort while sucking on the tits of the third. They were all moaning and shivering as if they were always just a single stroke away from orgasm.

I reached up and pressed a hand to my skull absentmindedly, feeling my own blonde hair slowly growing. On some level, I could tell it was growing far too fast to be normal but I was so engrossed in the film I forgot it instantly.

"Maybe it's worth checking them all out..."

I moved to the next screen which showed a woman groaning as she stared into the camera and massaged her breasts. They were huge; almost comically large melons that she could barely hold up in her hands. Not unlike my own. I could feel them slowly swelling as I watched, imagining those hands on them.

My nipples were hard as I felt them growing heavier and heavier, a soft moan escaping my lips as they too plumped into perfect copies of the botoxed woman on screen. My bra strap was starting to strain with the sheer weight as my tits kept growing the longer I watched, I slowly felt myself bending over to better balance as my centre of gravity shifted.

Funny, I didn't remember putting on a bra this morning, or any morning. But I must have. With melons this big and hefty I would have to. It was tempting to stay here, watching the woman get closer and closer to cumming just from her own hands but I moved on; I didn't want to blow my load on the second screen after all.

I moved on to 'Gangbang', a not very original title but who looked to these films for the artistry. I groaned, watching a big booty woman being fucked by no less than three men. Every time one finished they would be replaced with another. Her ass was mesmerising as it bounced with the force of every thrust. It bounced and jiggled, just like mine every time he walked.

My own bubble butt was swelling into existence and I flinched as the woman on screen had hers slapped. I could see the skin ripple with the force and I wished it was me in her place. With my new butt I wasn't so top heavy and could walk again. I grinned ear to ear as I made my way to the next screen, enjoying the sexy sway of my hips; how had I never noticed it before?

The next screen held a proper film scene, with a woman applying her makeup as she got ready for a night of whoring. She carefully applied thick fake lashes, not unlike mine, and thick red lipstick. I could feel the makeup slowly moving across my skin as I watched; dark purple eyeshadow, thick mascara with plenty of holding powder to make sure it did not smudge to hell and back.

The next film was a lot more exciting, a woman on a pole slowly dancing for the pleasure of the audience and camera. She twisted her body around, showing off her unnatural curves and thick thighs. I moaned, feeling my own hips stretching; that felt so much better now that I had such good strong hips to support my heavy butt.

The music was muffled by the cheap speakers but I could still make out the tune. I hummed it to myself as I wiggled on the spot in time to the tune. I could feel my tits and ass moving to the beat, it made me feel all warm and tingly inside. Moving my body to the beat felt oddly good, especially while watching that woman dance around the pole. She was really sexy, I wished I could be as sexy as her.

After a while the video began to loop and I moved on; I was really feeling horny now after all this teasing and was so excited to see what the final screen had in store. A beautiful, naked woman smiled at me before the camera swivelled to show an equally hot man. He grinned at the camera and reached towards it before lowering it down onto the bed.

It took me a second to realise what was going on, this was filmed from the woman's point of view; while she was being fucked! The camera moved jerkily with each thrust as the man began to pound into her. The view swivelled down to show the woman looking between her own legs, watching the cock slide in and out of her.

My own pussy got wet just watching; fuck it was so hot. I was so horny now I was tempted to reach my hand into my skirt and get off right there in the hallway. My self control was wearing thin as I listened to that woman moan as she got closer, getting me closer with her. Finally, the camera jerked and I knew she was cumming; fuck I was nearly there myself.

With a groan I stepped back out into the shop, apparently the hallway was a loop and I hadn't even realised. My heels clicked against the floor and the man behind the front desk looked up and smirked.

"There you are, about time you got here."

“Huh?”

“You’re due in the studio, come on.”

I blinked in surprise but followed along like an obedient little lamb; something about this felt...right. I’d never really been much of a thinker reality, I preferred being told what to do. He led me behind the front desk and out the door there. Anybody would assume, as I had, that it led to an office but that was far from the truth.

Right there behind the shop was a full on studio; several sets that looked oddly familiar. They were the same ones I saw in those videos, but there was more than that. I’d been here before, yes!

“Oh I remember now! I work here!” I giggled and the owner smiled and shook his head.

“You put most airheads to shame, you know that darling.”

“Aw thanks, doll!”

“That wasn’t...Oh well. You don’t need to be smart in this line of work do you?”

“That’s why I do it!”

I happily skipped over to the bed where a camera man was waiting and laid myself down.

“Now, we want you to spread your legs nice and wide while you masturbate.” He said. “Make sure to give the camera all the juicy details.”

I was so wet from my walk through the corridor that wasn’t going to be difficult.

“And don’t cum too quickly, I want at least three minutes of teasing before you squirt.”

That, on the other hand, was going to be tough.