

I came across the object by accident. An exploration of a site where something had fallen from the sky, what looked like a crashed meteor. It was still smoking by the time I'd gotten there, much to my fascination. I had never seen an object ejected from the sky like that before. Even if it was something mundane, like a piece from a plane or something similar, I thought it was neat to be able to see first hand!

Yet, I didn't know what the object was at first. It looked like some sort of watch, black with a green hourglass in the center. It was entirely mechanical in design, like something out of a sci-fi movie rather than anything from a jewelry store. The green coloration ran all the way around the perceived strap, black outlines around it in a simple design. Not too flashy, as remarkable as I found its presence. Strangest of all, there didn't seem to be a scratch on it when any kind of fall should have easily broken it.

I wanted to reach down and pick it up but dared not to right away, thinking the object would be too hot and burn my hand. But, oddly, there was no heat radiating off the crater. Curiosity getting the better of me, I decided to reach down, gingerly, to pick it up. The object was quite cool, and I was able to pick it up with little trouble, putting it in my pocket and walking away, the only person in sight as best as I could tell. Not that I was stealing or anything. But, I did feel a little guilty all the same.

Against my better judgment, I decided not to show it to anyone. I don't know why I was compelled to do so. Yet, when I tried to research similar objects online, I was unable to discover anything that resembled the make or model of what I had. It made me a little excited to have such a custom piece, something that no one else possessed. It looked like it was mine to keep, whatever it was.

I was soon to find out the true capabilities of the device, and they were like nothing I could have ever expected. Exactly a week after I'd found the thing, a brilliant glow roused me from sleep around midnight. I lived alone in the country and wasn't easily woken up by anything, deep sleeper that I was. But I couldn't deny how intently the thing was glowing, even through the dresser drawers. It took me a few moments to realize what was happening, and even more to ascertain that the only possible source of the light could be from the watch.

Taking it out of the drawer, I looked it over, the entire thing glowing so brightly that I could barely make out the features. I couldn't even tell where the light was emanating from; it seemed to come from all over the device. It felt a little warm in my hand but not uncomfortably so as I turned it around and around to determine what was making it glow.

To my surprise, the warmth felt as though it was slowly radiating through my body, though steadily enough that I barely noticed it at first. It wasn't until the sensations started to

center in my groin and my penis started to come to attention that I really started to notice something was off. My cock was tenting my underwear *hard*, like the mere presence of the thing was the most stimulating object that I had ever been privy to.

Stranger still, it felt as though the thing was changing in my hands, growing thicker, longer. It was hard to see with the light emanating from it, but it was clearly altering as I ran my hands over it. I contemplated putting it down, not wanting my fingers to get caught in a mechanism or some such. But, something compelled me to hold onto it, a feeling of longing for the device like I could not part with it.

After a few moments, the glowing stopped, and I was left looking at something I could not have been prepared for. The glow was still softly shining from the top where the hourglass design was present. Yet, now, the entire thing was long, cylindrical, with a hole in the bottom and soft, fleshy shaded material inside a chamber leading to the top of the device.

It took me a few moments to figure out where I'd seen such a thing before. I was no stranger to sex toys, being a bachelor and all. But I was not expecting a random watch that had fallen from the sky to be able to transform into what I could only consider was a fleshlight. Even the inside of it matched the material of one of my own toys. In fact, the size seemed to fit as well, almost like it was made for me...

I don't know what came over me at the moment. Putting something on like that, over my cock, no less, was nothing short of madness. I had watched it change shape before my eyes, after all, in a way that seemed eerily...inhuman. But, something compelled me to try, and I couldn't help but pull it over my member, more curious than aroused. Still, at the thought of some fun, my cock grew powerfully erect, more so than I had been expecting given the circumstances!

I was surprised, among other things, to find out how *good* the thing felt over my cock. I mean, I had hoped it would be pleasant but...*damn*. It fit me like a glove, the material more comfortable and elastic than anything I had felt from my own toys. It really was as though it was made for me!

A moan escaped my lips as my cock was pulled into the tip, its head massaged expertly as though the toy had some sort of automatic function. I could feel it sucking in my member, straining the skin around the base but not painfully so. It was a steady, back and forth motion, making me feel almost like I could cum if it kept up like this. Only...I didn't.

Before I realized what was happening, a new glow started to emanate from the device, illuminating the room in that eerie green light that had woken me up. The shape of the tip stayed the same, though I could now see that some of my clear fluids were leaking from it, as though it

was hollow. Touching the area, I could feel the fleshlight was warm, almost the same temperature as my skin. And the texture was all wrong, even over the stickiness of my own fluids. It was almost like the former metal was...organic?

The fleshlight started to pulsate then, sending my body into shock as the warmth started to intensify. A bizarre fluid sensation started over the shaft, playing into my skin, as though the device was somehow...fusing to me? Was that right? It couldn't be, yet, the pulsating of veins along the surface of my skin made it seem like something was being pumped into me. Rubbing the material made me aware that it was now more like my own cock than a metal object. It really was like the fleshlight had merged with my cock, as impossible as that was.

Lost in the sensations from rubbing my altered penis, I barely noticed that my fingers were started to tingle, making me flex my digits to try and alleviate it. Looking down, a black sheen had started to play over them, spreading down to the base and covering them up to my wrists. Weirder still, two of the fingers seemed stuck together, as though glue had them held fast. It only took a second to realize that the skin was fusing, much as it had done between the fleshlight and my cock.

The black texture, meanwhile, took everything from my hands, the indents, the nails, and even the bones, as best as I could tell. Whatever material comprised them now, they felt stronger, if that was even possible. The tips of them were pointed, almost looking like claws, though I no longer had nails. Soon, I was left with only two fingers and a clawed thumb on each hand.

The spreading of some sort of green material covering over my arms was forgotten with the sensation of something pushing at the sides of my chest, as though trying to make itself known under the skin. I was shocked to see two green joints painlessly burst through. A little wet from being covered in some sort of green ooze, they started to push almost sensually out of the flesh, twitching a little from a new joint in the center. It appeared now that I had a second set of legs sticking out of my sides, making it look like I was some sort of bug!

Yet, I could scarcely feel concerned about the whole ordeal with my cock throbbing as intently as it was, making me leak sticky fluids from the glowing head. I was getting impossibly horny, though even stroking myself off wasn't bringing me any closer. Still, the sensations were prompting me to keep up my frantic thrusts like I was a man desperate.

The substance from the fleshlight was still flowing into me from my altered cock, clearly the source of my changes. But, there was no getting the fleshlight off my cock, even if I was inclined to. And I didn't think that I was inclined to, not with the powerful waves of pleasure that were flowing from my member. Nothing I had ever fathomed of experiencing could come close to replicating the sensation, and I only found myself wanting more!

All of a sudden, something unexpected poked from my temple, wetly bursting forth with a spray of fluids. I couldn't reach up to tell what it was, stroking my cock with both hands as I was. My new arms didn't seem to have any fingers or joints, rendering them inert. So, I was forced to feel the slime from the new protrusion dripping down my face, covering my mouth, my nose, and even my eyes, effectively blinding me!

Thankfully, I didn't have to worry about my lack of sight for long. Something erupted from the sides of my head, like some sort of tendrils or stocks made of mobile muscle. They were twitching this way and that, and I found that I could move them almost independently, even though I was stunned by their new abilities.

Suddenly, heat erupted from the ends of what I could only call eyestalks, for that's what they opened up into. I now had four eyes, each looking in different directions. It made me dizzy for a few moments before my brain adjusted itself to compensate. My vision was a bit different, having an easier time viewing the darkened corners of the room. It was clear that I was becoming some sort of nocturnal being, though not one that I was remotely familiar with.

That gave me a moment to reflect on the situation at hand. I was becoming an insect, albeit a very sexually charged one. But it was like nothing I knew existed on this planet or any other. Was I some sort of alien being now, or, at least, turning into one? I knew I should be terrified over what was happening, that I was becoming some sort of non-human entity, some sort of freak. But at the moment I was too aroused, too horny to care as I stroked myself off into what felt like completion. The only maddening aspect was that I was evidently not allowed to cum, likely until whatever process this was finished with me!

The goo, or whatever it was, seemed to settle over my face, though was still dripping down my body to meet the rising green flesh. It seemed to be oozing white-colored fluid down my chest, seeping into the skin and changing my insides. My organs all started to react to the intrusion with panic, as though they were either being altered into some sort of alien physiology or dissolving altogether. I had no way to be sure, but I figured I now lacked a skeleton or anything of the sort.

The harder skin of what I assumed was a carapace was covering me all the way down to my groin now, creating massive indents of black skin to be covered by interlocking white armor. I was a little sad to see my chest gone, the work I'd put into it covered over in goo, but more than eager enough to discover what this body would grant me. The segments seemed to match the placement of my new arms and former ones. Shoulders were still present, though not nearly as broad as they once were. It looked more like I had the underside of a bug, though left me wishing I had more of a point of reference.

All that remained of my head were thinned, angular features, a grinning mouth opening through the ooze with simple, pointed teeth over a flicking tongue. I wasn't sure what I would be eating from now on, but, lost in my masturbatory efforts, I was remiss to care. I could easily see that a green orb, similar in shape to the one on my cockhead, had opened up on my forehead, between where my eyes had been. Its purpose was unknown to me, so I didn't give it much thought, more focused on the other changes overtaking me.

The white goo had spread all the way down to my ass cheeks now, filling them in as they started to push my backside down into a protrusion of sorts. I immediately thought *tail*, though was proved wrong when it seemed to pull my anus along with it. The growth was the diameter of my backside, tapering at the base with my anus. I couldn't help but think what it would be like to have a toy for my repositioned hole, though had no time to grab one, let alone find something to fit my changed anatomy.

My, abdomen? Was that the right term? was still growing, the oozing white flesh giving way to something thick and flattened, almost like a shield or diamond, made of sterner stuff than the otherwise flexible flesh. I realized I could move a joint at the back almost like knees, which left for a pleasant sensation in tandem with my masturbation. It was an odd sort of growth, its purpose lost to me at the moment.

My own legs felt weak, leaving me to get down on my knees, using my extra arms to press against the dresser and wall for support. My toes were all being sucked inside, leaving the center one to form a green, tapered point that looked similar to the ones that adorned my new pairs of limbs. It seemed that, with the crack of an additional joint above my knees, they would soon match the insectoid ones that sat on my thorax. It was uncomfortable to try and balance my weight on them, almost like that wasn't their purpose. Then, how was I supposed to...?

The sensation of something prickling on my back made me rotate my eyestalks in time to see two, thin-skinned points were erupting through the skin between the armor, raising their way over my head. Their purpose was confusing to me until they started to fan out with thin veins and membranes that spread all the way to the tips. Their edges, far from smooth, seemed peppered with dozens of indents, almost as though a clip had pierced them. They were almost the width of my body, damp from having erupted within my body.

It wasn't until they started buzzing of their own accord that their purpose became clear to me. I started hovering in the air, effortlessly as they fanned the ground with their slight breeze. Though I could tell that the muscles within my back were moving them, I felt no strain from the process, as though I was meant to be held up the entire time through their power. It was equal

parts wonderful and amazing. I may have been some kind of bug-monster, but at least I could fly!

The tingling changes over my form seemed to come to a head now, as best as I could tell. They now began to center in my still-human penis, even though it was already twice the size of its former humanity. The crown started to thicken, spears poking from around its circumference as they stretched out into mini tendrils in their own right. It almost looked like a starfish, though was lightening in color to match my former human shade, despite the metallic-like structure of the fleshlight that had comprised it. To top off the look, a series of ridges ran down the length of my phallus, reminding me of the segments that comprised my upper body.

The moment the tingling faded was the moment that I realized it was time to cum. I'd been stroking off my girth the entire time, excited it was a two-hander from the sheer size that the fleshlight had granted me. My balls, significantly larger though still human-shaped, were hanging heavily underneath me, filled with what I could only assume was alien semen. But, I didn't care at the moment. I only needed to cum it all out and experience the true pleasure this form could offer me!

I couldn't hold back against the sensations any longer and I didn't want to, not with the promise of pleasure that came with them. A strange buzzing hit my eye stocks, where I believed my hearing to now be. It was as though something was crying out, a sound of ecstasy that was nearly beyond my comprehension. It took me a few moments to realize that it was the sounds of my own cry of release as my massive, alien cock spasmed sticky goo all over my hands, oozing between the fingers. The scent was so compelling, I was even prompted to reach down with my new mouth and taste it, finding it better than the sweetest nectar.

I seemed to hover there for an eternity, relishing the twin sensations of flight and of orgasm. I felt my cock could easily go again, and I wanted to explore all the levels of sexuality that my new body afforded. But, right now, elated as I was over my new abilities to fly, I found myself heading for the window, opening it with still sticky hands and lifting myself off into the night. Certain no one could see me, the woods were mine to explore, to find a spot in the air where privacy would be mine to pleasure myself as much as I could imagine!

The mid-morning light roused me from sleep, though I had a difficult time returning to consciousness. It was as though I was partaking in the most vivid dream, turning into a fly monster and masturbating before flying out into the night to do it all again. The images were so surreal it was almost impossible to deny them as true. But, they had to be fiction, a product of my brain coming up with such an impossible scenario. Right?

Yet, as I went about my day, my mind remained fixated on the device that sat in my dresser drawer. I'd been too shy to use it again, to see if it was still a watch or a fleshlight as I'd imagined it to be. I knew that a single glance would prove to me that it truly was just a watch and that the whole thing had been a fiction. No matter how vivid my imagination, surely I couldn't have actually transformed like that. Still, there was part of me, an increasingly insistent part, that wasn't so sure.

Even coming home that night did not give me the courage to check the drawer and see the status of my mystery object. Though I was curious, I was sure that it was a fake memory on my part, and finding out the truth would disillusion me. So, with that in mind, I was left only to watch the drawer with the device each night, hoping that it would glow by its own accord...

As it turned out, I would not have to wait long to see my wish become fulfilled. One night, not too long after the first encounter, I awoke to the same green glow coming from the drawer, just as intense and brilliant as I recalled it to be that first time. Even through my sleep-addled state, I became wide awake, excited for the truth of the scenario. It was happening again. I could use the device to change once more!

Wasting no time, I got up, eagerly playing my fingers over my penis. Though the idea of physical transformation had been foreign to me before the other night, now I couldn't imagine anything more arousing than turning into something inhuman and rubbing one out, only to experience all life as that alien being had to offer. To fly again, to experience such pleasures was its own version of heaven!

Allowing the watch to touch the tip of my cock, it immediately stuck to the skin, fusing with the tip and spreading like some sort of organic metal over my member. It began pumping its greenish, glowing fluids through me, preparing me for the transformation. I was elated, waiting for my extra limbs to grow, my cockhead to flower and my inhuman seed to spill from my human-shaped orbs as I hovered and flew through the air, prepared for my nightly run.

Yet, that did not happen. At least not in the way that I was expecting. The tingling seemed to focus on my member, the metallic sheen giving way to a bright red that was far too intense for my human skin to manage. I stroked with attention, noticing that the skin was rougher in some places, though no less sensitive. In fact, the throbbing pink veins seemed to be pumping the erectile tissue impossibly taut, making me gasp as my cock soon grew to double, even triple its former girth!

The reason for such a fat dick was soon evident as the skin started to split back from the urethra, as though tearing down the middle. Yet, there was no pain as the skin peeled harmlessly down the head, effectively separating the shaft all the way down to the base. As the two halves filled in, I was soon aware that I now possessed twin members, each twice the size of my former human maleness!

The warmth of change was seeping into my muscles now, a light burning as though from the exertion of a good workout. In mere moments I was larger than I felt I could manage over my frame, and growing still if the tingling was getting more insistent. It was rippling under skin that was getting far thicker than its human equivalent, losing its hair as it changed to the same red shade as my penis.

A tingling from my pinky finger was preceded by the sensation of it being sucked into my hand, the other fingers thickening to make up the space. Soon they expanded to the size of sausages, the nails popping off as the ends became a little pointed though not too different than their human equivalents. I flexed them a little, feeling power in the fingers that were beyond anything that I had as a human. I was becoming a bodybuilder surpassing anything that the human form could manage in mere moments, and it made my cock harder than anything I could recall!

All the while, the muscles in my shoulders were hulking up, weighting almost heavily on my frame. I had to squat a little, my legs not quite enough to take the bulk from my much-larger upper body. Still, they, too, were extending, thighs and calves bulking up with the strength to support the muscled behemoth that was slowly becoming of me. I soon felt taller, stronger, and sturdier than I had been in all my life.

The sensation of something poking at my underarms came to my attention next, making me feel a little queazy before I felt the growths pop froth from my tougher skin. There was no mess, no fluids as the growths burst forward. They continued to push out of my flesh, making me wince a little from the uncomfortable sensation. They soon stretched the length of my arms, making me to certain to as their purpose. Even though I'd had extra arms not days before, it was still bizarre, to say the least!

The formation of new fingers at the end that started twitching as soon as the bone and tendons and muscle allowed them confirmed their presence on my anatomy. I flexed them independently from my original hands at first, and then more rapidly, moving them in time with my 'primary arms', if such a term could be accurately used.

By this time, my forearms were gargantuan, almost double the circumference of even my massive upper arms now and still growing. New protrusions soon jutted out around my shoulders

and lower arms, giving me an almost bestial impression, likely indicative of how hard my skin was now. I was powerful beyond belief, certainly nothing that could be measured by human standards. It was as alien as the insect I had become last time, in some ways even more so when considering my extra arms and overall human shape.

Naturally, my first inclination with the new appendages was to tend to my needy cocks, both of them grabbed with the lower arms and making me grunt in a tone that was clearly inhuman. My members both throbbed and leaked with the knowledge that they would soon erupt with a spray of jism, my massive balls clearly ample enough to supply such assets. They hung down heavily, making me glad that I was not inclined to wear underwear that night. I would be in need of a whole new wardrobe if that were to be the case!

My other, upper arms were busy teasing the rest of my body for all the erogenous zones that they could find. It was fascinating to feel my pecs expanding, flattened, and massive on my frame as the skin ripped and tore and reformed with more muscle than I could possibly contain. My stomach was pulled taut before a bulging six-pack overtook it, my chest easily four times the size of my former humanity. I was getting impossibly hard from the stimulation, an Adonis of a being if there ever was one.

My thighs and calves, though small in comparison to my upper body, were still expansive enough to support my increased stature. I stroked myself off towards the inevitable end, my feet planted firmly on the ground as I continued to play with myself. I was to lose most of my toes, the skin between them reducing before fusing the digits until I only had two on each foot. I didn't mind though; their almost rectangular shape was more sufficient than my old feet at holding up a body that was at least five times heavier than my old one!

By this point, the only place untouched was my head, though it soon became devoid of hair, save my beard, which altered from its usual blond towards something dark as black. I blinked a few times, my eyes watering from the formation of something above them, connected to their same ocular nerves. As I blinked again, I realized that I was doing so from four eyes, not my usual two. I was certainly double the man I had been, in more ways than one!

It was the extra cocks that had all my attention by this point, however. Determined to make the most of my masturbatory experience, I stroked off with everything I had, playing over my muscles with two arms while masturbating with the other two. I was going to cum soon, each massive testicle enough to blow a load from each of my double dicks. It was overstimulating to think about my mountain of muscle, my extra eyes, and arms, and my lovely cocks...two of them...so much stimulation...so much pressure...

“Oh fuck...here it comes...uuggghhhh!” I managed to grunt out in a deeper baritone as both of my cocks shot in tandem, the force of the jism hitting the wall with a *splat*. It felt so good to eject so much seed, making me grunt and pant from the sheer force of it. Seeking hands accentuated my pleasure beyond anything that I could have prepared for, teasing every crack and crevice of my new body and making me shake to the core. I was a beast of a man, and I loved it!

To my shock, coming down from my orgasm didn't seem to provide the relief I had been hoping for. The testosterone needed to fuel my mammoth physique, or, rather, whatever alien equivalent this body used, made me horny as hell, no ill on my libido from even such an intense release. My cocks only retracted slightly before they were ready to go again, just as hard and as eager as before.

A sly thought occurred to me as I reached down with my upper arms this time, using them to masturbate my cocks. I had a myriad of toys in my drawer, didn't I? And the extra arms to use them to full effect. An anus to fill, balls to tease, two dicks to pleasure, all sorts of masturbatory experiences to test! And an entire night of stamina to match my wildest lusts...

I awoke the next morning, knowing this time with certainty that I had changed the night before. Even though my sperm had been cleaned up, this time, the acts of physical strength could not so easily be covered up. My broken dresser was all the proof I needed to know I had been that massive muscled specimen. The flashlight really could change me. And not into the same being twice, it seemed.

That begged the question, of course. How many forms did the flashlight contain? How many myriads of possibilities for masturbatory pleasure existed within its database? The more I thought about it, the more my cock started to grow erect, even after I had cum so many times last night. Yet, I would hold off, for now, at least. I wanted my next time to be with the flashlight once more, to experience whatever alien form it could make me into next!