

## AN IDOL'S WORTH

Far in the distant future, mankind remained as disparate as it was back in the 21st century. Despite rapid advances in bioscience, technology and so many other fields that saw miracle medicines and surgical treatments that blended organics with machinery in a perfect hybridisation, it seemed nothing besides the most drastic measures could change basic human nature.

Differing ideologies continued to butt heads, nations bickered amongst each other, and animosity was a common vibe on the neon lit streets across the many dystopian city states erected across the globe, each one boasting their own unique attractions and/or aesthetic to stand out from the standardized, prefabricated jungle of buildings that removed all signs of individuality for efficient housing space to cram as many people as possible within them.

And in such a world dominated by negativity, one industry in particular would see an immense boom in profits across the board, from its legitimate, family friendly face to the seedy underbelly that kept growing bigger and bigger.

It was none other than the entertainment industry of course. While the world continued to embroil itself in conflict and the common folk had to work harder and harder just to eke out a living for themselves, entertainment in all its forms rose in popularity. Games, movies, TV shows, winning formulas across all platforms were replicated and multiplied, and in an age where questioning brought misfortune upon those without the authority and influence to back it up, no one seemed to grow tired of the endless repetition offered by the stagnant minds in charge of all things to do with producing the escape from reality they all desperately craved, looking for that one hit to last them through just another day...

...before doubling back down once more when the highs were gone and the dreariness of daily life settles in to torment them all over again.

But today's tale would be focused on one man in particular working within the still surviving idol industry that made up for only a fraction of entertainment as a whole but with even deeper roots dug into the behemoth than one might suspect. It was a facet of the old world that had persevered through many ups and downs to get to where it now was. But in its current state, the brutal and ruthless machine like nature it was known for so long ago as it ate and ground idol personalities into dust without even stopping to look at the mess of broken individuals it left behind was as terrifying as ever, and now in the current day, very few souls considered becoming idols once they knew about the borderline inhumane schedules they would be subject to if they ever handed that sheet of paper with their signature on it to one of the many handlers in charge of raising new stars to the spotlight.

Born *Noah Fredwell*, the star of this tale worked as one of these handlers. A dying occupation considering how companies were moving AI and robotics to the forefront of their workforce, removing the need to hire

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physical labor when they could simply throw robots and mechs that would never tire as long as they had power.

As much as he considered himself a valuable asset within the corporation for singling out and training potential candidates to stardom, what Noah didn't know was that the people he worked for were not simple minded buffoons twiddling their thumbs while they sat on all the profits he and his idols raked in for them. Behind closed doors, their hands fiddled away with the adult oriented side of the entertainment industry that served as the testing ground for a multitude of controversial experiments and ethical technology , pulling strings to 'divert' any assets of theirs that were obsolete to be repurposed and reallocated elsewhere in the company. Masking their disappearances behind layoffs and claims that they had left 'disgruntled' on their own terms if any nosy colleagues or family members came asking.

With rising advancements in human augmentation and surgical enhancements, the need to scout and nurture idols was immediately made obsolete when they could simply make one. Put together like a Barbie doll except the process was more akin to remodeling; taking a woman who was willing to hand over her entire being to the company and turning her into what the public adored most...a cold, harsh reality that Noah spited greatly.

What was the point of an idol is she was basically a copy pasted template with no defining factors outside of appearance? And when there were just so many others like her, even their looks served no purpose to differentiate them from one another. To Noah, the introduction of these mass produced women was a stain upon the principles of what it meant to be an idol.

Raised as a free thinker and an advocate for free speech, Noah has made his protests loud and clear within the company, stirring up trouble by picking fights with the management, going against the 'new scouting guidelines' catered more towards genetics than personality and passion while mocking what he saw as 'cheap whores'. A harsh but understandable statement when all one needed to do was to take a step back and realize how a majority of these new generation idols were dolled up in revealing outfits and overly tight clothes. But it wasn't as if they had a choice, to them, it was a godsend; being elevated from dreary lives as nobodies into pop culture sensations that had heads turning their way. But Noah didn't care, simply taking what he saw at face value and going with it.

Becoming more of a pain in the ass than he was a benefit, it would only be a matter of time before the bigwigs decided to let him go, uncaring of the long track record and reputation he had built with them as the man responsible for nurturing some of the greatest talent to grace the stage. But one man with a cozy seat amongst the secretive inner circle from on high had a different plan in mind, a plan that would take the concept of these 'new gen' idols they had in hand and replicate it over in their red light district businesses.

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And it just so happened that Noah's genetic makeup made him a perfect candidate to test out this new wonder tech the dark twisted minds had churned out from within their infernal laboratories down in the company's classified R&D department.

With an invitation to the private suites in the company's leisure sector under the guise of a friendly meetup to discuss his recent job performance, Noah remained unaware of the trap laid out for him, ready to spring its grip over him at any moment as he sets foot inside a cool, neon lit room doused in heavy shades of dark purple and glaring cyan. It made his eyes sting and his mind go mad with unease, but he didn't really have a say in the venue when it was supposedly one of his bosses he was going to meet. The place reminded him of a gaudy bar downtown rather than a respectable place for workers to rest in a high profile idol production company.

Scanning the room with narrowed eyes, Noah's gaze comes to rest on the burly man occupying one side of a social booth in the back, waving him over with a meaty hand. That left Noah puzzled for a moment but after a little contemplating and a shrug of his shoulder, the man heeds the stranger's invitation, stepping foot inside the tiny cubicle that felt mighty cramped considering the man's immense size in comparison to Noah's slightly smaller frame. Not that there wasn't space but the sheer difference was enough to make Noah feel nauseatingly boxed in. Shaking off the strange tingle of electricity that runs down his spine as he takes a seat on the posh leather cushioning facing the giant directly.

*'Look at the beef on this man...is he hired muscle or something?'*

In awe at the sheet musculature Noah could see clearly defined beneath the ironed out suit and trousers the smartly dressed man was wearing, the booth remains silent for just a bit longer before the russet hued man clears his throat, palming both hands under his chin with a wry grin on his face, smug eyes hidden by obfuscating sunglasses catching the light around their rims.

**"You're...Mister Fredwell? I assume? Is everything all right there? You're looking a little feverish there..."**

**"O-Oh no...everything's alright...I was just wondering if you were security or something...I was told I'd be meeting with Timothy today?"**

**"I'm afraid Mister Gettel's occupied today. The man has a terribly busy schedule today so he's asked me to stand in for him. You are aware of why you're here today, yes?"**

Frowning a little at the news, Noah lets out a small sigh before reclining against the backrest. Now that Timothy was out of the picture. Any hope of this being an informal catch up talk was thrown out the window. Timothy was the only man he could hope to trust in this increasingly sleazy company and now that

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he wasn't showing, he was left with this shifty looking fellow who he had never seen before, hiding his contempt and suspicion for the man as he looked him up and down once more, blinking out strands of hair as they slowly trickled down over his brow in slowly lengthening locks, tickling the nape of his neck while pouring down past his ears.

**"Yeah...discussing my performance or something right?"**

**"In short, yes. But there's something else I need to discuss with you in regards to that Mister Fred. I hope you don't mind a little extension?"**

**"I've got nothing else scheduled for today so...go ahead I guess...and please, Noah will do."**

Staring blankly at the smaller man for a moment, the agent takes in the sight of Noah's clothes beginning to form tents, empty pockets of air caused by his body undergoing a curious process as his overall bulk begins to vanish, slowly sapping him of muscle and rigid flesh in exchange for supple layers of fat, allocating shifting globules of liquefied flesh into new places like a disarray jigsaw puzzle putting itself together, sliding around unnoticed beneath the man's gradually darkening skin. A sight that puts a smile on his face as he nods in affirmation to Noah's request.

It was the least he could do after all, considering what was about to take place in a few minutes time...

**"Gladly...so, remind me again. What is it you do again? I know you're supposed to be one of our handlers but I want to hear from you directly."**

**"D-don't you already have my records noted down somewhere? What even is the point in all this? I thought this was supposed to be a review?"**

**"Why the rush Noah? You did say you wouldn't mind extending the session right? Come on, *indulge* a man for a little while, *won't you?*"**

Keeping his grin hidden before the sight of even more changes wracking Noah's body, concealed eyes zoom in to his target's uncertain face with the help of built in optical sensors, taking in the sight of dilating pupils and a cold bead of sweat trickling down a pale forehead as the verbal suggestion begins to take a toll on Noah's psyche, calming the tension he felt ever since stepping foot inside the booth as he nods his head. Leaning forward with a noticeable lump pressing his once flat chest forward, resting slender arms that end in petite palms tipped with stick thin fingers against the table.

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Sighing in abject despondency, Noah begins to recount his time working at the company, going over every little detail from the people he got to know to the idol's he trained in choreography lessons and counseling sessions. Even going so far as to include how he'd met Timothy and the friendship it sparked between them.

All while his sole audience member pretended to listen, looking convincing only because all of his senses were trained on Noah's body which had, under the influence of whatever affliction was molding his flesh, gained pronounced curves especially prominent in his lower regions as pelvis bones snap outward, widening to accommodate for new organs currently being shaped from raw biomass, causing a buildup of heat that sustains the shimmering layer of sweat currently oozing forth from every single one of Noah's pores. Drawing further attention to his skin, which had lost its original deathly pale complexion for a livelier shade of oriental yellow akin to the smooth sand dunes of the Sahara, a haven long since lost to the hubris of man, replicated perfectly in Noah's buttery smooth hide.

Tugging at the loose hem of a wrinkled collar with dainty fingers and manicured nails, Noah halts the story to catch his breath, coughing in a raspy voice as his posture further degrades into a hunch, letting the sizeable orbs jutting out from his chest sag down and pull at his inadequate clothes, applying a mild level of strain against his shoulders as the firm, buoyant masses hang freely, tipped with the visible pin prick silhouettes of swollen nipples bereft of wiry body hair forming stubby tents in the sweat soaked fabric slowly turning pink as it becomes partly see-through, teasing the man with a glimpse of the true extent of the changes going on beneath.

**"S-Sorry...is there anything here I could drink? My throat...it's hard to speak with a dry throat..."**

**"Oh, I understand that feeling all too well...but before that, I think there's been a slight mixup in what you've told me and what the records have to say about your time here in the company Noah..."**

**"Oh? I'm quite certain I've told you everything there is to know...did I make a mistake somewhere?"**

Chuckling to himself at the sudden change in Noah's mannerisms while taking a special note of the way he tucks a stray lock of platinum brown hair behind rounder ears in an unmistakably feminine gesture, the man raises a hand over his glasses, depressing a switch that brings up a whole list of records pertaining to an employee that definitely wasn't Noah.

**"Say's here you've been working as a solo idol for years now...3 in fact, quite a short period of time before a sudden rise to fame...I don't mean to pry but, what do you have to say about that Noah?"**

**"Huh? An I-Idol? This surely can't be the-"**

**"Come now Noah, the database can't lie now can it? Come on, give me the *nitty gritty*, the *truth*."**

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With suave venom lacing his words once more, Noah's glassy black eyes blank out as neurons flare, bounced around inside his skull by the man's intoxicating words, forcing synapses to flare at a chaotic rhythm that stuns the man blind before a brief period of calm returns, hanging over the cubicle as Noah's tense shoulders visibly sag alongside the calm exhale of air leaving pudgier lips atop a face that was gradually losing its edge, chipped away by invisible picks before being softened by metamorphic hands shaping slant eyelids from half lidded oblong almonds, radiant lashes trimmed from bushy brows and a cute slant to a button nose replacing the broad narrow flats that once protruded out in the middle of Noah's face. Sucking in air that further dissolves the presence of an Adam's Apple bulging out from the petite pillar his neck had become, each breath acting like a syringe that injects the feminizing man's addled mind with new memories that float forth from the void.

And within this confusing haze of memories that soon became incredibly hard to distinguish from reality, Noah saw the world through the eyes of someone else altogether; a girl, born somewhere in the lower districts of the metropolis shrouded in eternal night. He could feel her loneliness growing up without a parental figure to guide her hand in the slums. Scraping by each day with the scraps she fetched off the street or if she was lucky; taken right off the shelves of oblivious food vendors.

*'But I swear I was...this can't be real right? Am I really...no...i'm a man...'*

Surprised at the fact that he was even considering the possibility of being female, Noah's brain continues to resist the mental poison seeping through it. But no matter how much he tried to affirm himself of his identity, the sensations derived directly from the continuing flow of memories was making it harder and harder to do so. Coinciding with the timing of the changes continuing to render Noah unrecognizable; with heavy D cup mammaries rising and falling with each labored breath hanging off the spot where growing pecs once laid inert. Plump thighs on either end of a salacious gap leading down to muscular yet lean calves ending off in waifish feet that now left gaps in the boots that confined them. And most concerning of all, a long, well cared for mane of hair extending down long enough to tickle the perfectly sculpted arch of Noah's spine, losing its former matte black coating for a metallic sheen of natural gold extending out from the roots. Earning him a whistle of approval from the man still scanning Noah, not even bothering to hide his blatant involvement in whatever was happening as his victim continued to tussle with the conflicting memories and the emotions it wrought within him.

Where he once thought nothing of going to the toilet, Noah now had to contend with vivid images of using public restrooms, sitting down on the rim, dainty legs pressed together while urine comes pouring out through her urethra instead of a penis. And while his former life held nothing eventful in regards to his reproductive system, she could now feel the stab of ice cold fear at the sight of blood soaking the tissues she had been using to wipe her privates with after a particularly painful session in the toilet.

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*'T-This can't be...no way...'*

Alongside the particularly awkward first hand view of a woman's life however, more 'heartwarming' moments were beginning to take root within Noah's susceptible brain, moments that made him wince in disgust, made worse by the fact that his oppressor was no longer content with waiting for the process to run its course, rising off his side of the table before sidling over to Noah's seat, shifting him over onto his now immense lap like a father cradling his child, except the man's intention for him was anything but innocent, grabbing ahold of Noah's buttoned up shirt before forcefully tearing the inadequate and baggy thing in half, freeing the immense milkers that had been struggling to break free, copping a squeeze with a callused hand harshly grabbing ahold of his right breast, flicking an erect, pink nipple with deft fingers that earn him a shocked, womanly gasp of surprise from Noah, opening himself up for more perverse acts as the man's other hand moves to insert a meaty index finger down his mouth, pistoning in and out of it with lewd, wet noises filling the air, all while the flaccid thing between Noah's spread legs continues to recede, slinking back into smooth folds of repurposed skin, nerves and flesh, forming dull purple folds of wet flesh and puckered lips to replace the wrinkled sacks they had devoured moments ago.

Every hit delivered by the man's finger to the back of his throat and a stunted jerk of a dainty neck blurs the nostalgic, happier moments in highschool and beyond, fading for a youth spent hanging out in clubs and alleyways after being recruited and picked up out of her streetside barrow by one of the 'friendly' women that seemed to frequent the privacy of the back alley space her old home used to be in. And it was in that seedy pub she had been introduced to all those years ago where she would finally learn why they always made so much noise screaming as they were bent over against the wall, blushing in embarrassment after remembering how she always thought they were exercising.

Instead of sleeping with one of his former protege after an accidental fall during a dance lesson, her first time had been lost to a well paying customer on her first night walking the show floor in nothing more than a skimpy bunny girl costume, sowing within her young heart a dark addiction for the carnal bliss she had basked in on that fateful night. No longer questioning how a homeless orphan girl would even get by her first period alone as more details begin to flood in about who her new...no, who she really was. Shattering Noah's persona under an overwhelming barrage of sexcapades with the men who sought her services, the adrenaline rush brought on by daring escapes from the many criminal acts she had to commit to if she wanted to live to see the next day and finally, the relief she felt after being told by her pimp that she had passed some DNA test needed for her to participate in a gig offered to their establishment by a big name idol entertainment company. Each word from here on out would begin to make less and less sense to Noah as her IQ begins to dwindle alongside her discarded identity as a Caucasian male. Without an education and almost half her life spent taking it raw in so many ways that tested her flexible body's limits, her brain was neutered, wiped clean and made retarded with a heavy dependence on augmentations just so she could remember the songs her producers wrote for her to sing with that perfect voice of hers, alongside the vocabulary and grace needed to maintain the dignified noblewoman persona the public knew her for.



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*'And they love it when I sing...everyone does...especially when they fuck me real hard...shit, I think I'm getting...wet!!!'*

With a squirt of ejaculate spraying forth from between juicy labia, Noah's unconscious body spasms in the man's grip, twisting in the throes of orgasm while a sonorous sigh comes through muffled as he extracts his finger from her mouth, laying the newborn woman down on the couch with a string of saliva hanging between his index finger and her pert, pink lips. Tracing the sleek contours of her rounded cheeks and shapely chin with the hand that had managed to free itself from the heavenly pillows below. Moving back over to his seat just so he could marvel at the full glory of Noah's transformed body in all its feminine splendor.

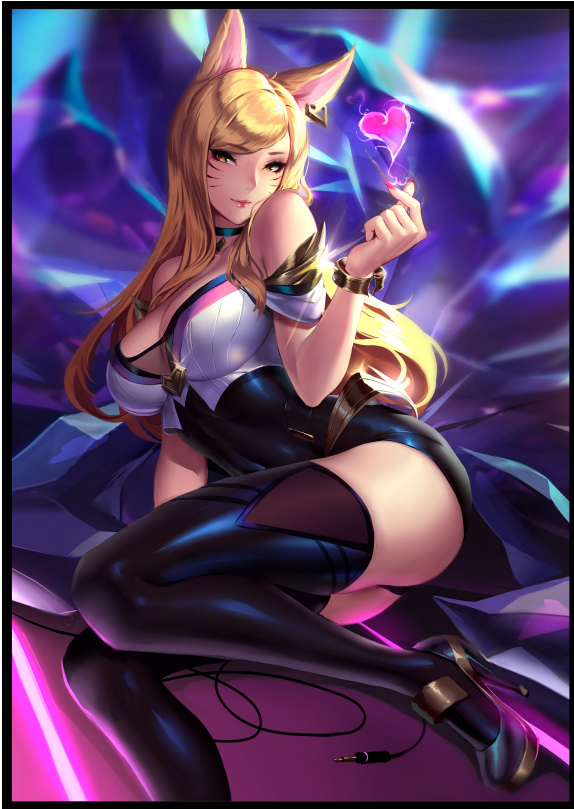
An hourglass figure with undulating lines that made it a gorgeous sight to take in, a smashing rump elevating her height just by a little bit, hefty yet firm breasts that bordered on the DD range guaranteed to give anyone a good night's rest if they were to lay their heads upon them and beneath a side swept fringe of gold lies the emotionless visage of a goddess, blushing fiercely against the euphoric wave crashing through her body as evident by the sight of a growing damp spot in the baggy pants sliding down her thighs. Despite the ill fitting clothes, her unnatural beauty shone through it all. Cementing Noah's new place in the company, not as an outdated recruiting agent but another of their new generation idols tailor made to make the men swoon over her...with a not so respectable side to her day job as just another bombshell babe meant to smile for the cameras and mesmerize hearts with her soulless soprano.

**“Impressive...so smooth...warm...like the real thing...Mister Gettel will be absolutely pleased with how this one turned out...now, how about we give the outfit alteration settings a go~”**

Interfacing with the holographic menu overlaying his vision, the smug man navigates a suite of strange icons and buttons before giving the green light for whatever digital cocktail he had put together to work on the half naked Korean gal lying limp before him where a beady eyed man in his early thirties once sat. Gaping in awe as he watches her clothes begin to ripple and shift before it all starts to creep like living slime, conforming to her body's right curves to form a futuristic, midnight black latex leotard with repetitive hexagonal patterns and gold accents running down its sleek length, bearing a spacious cutout near the top that leaves her shoulders and the top of her breasts bare, providing just enough cover to support the jiggly melons while squeezing them together to bring emphasis to her cleavage. But with no proper underwear beneath, the new water resistant dressing does little to staunch the ongoing trickle of juices sputtering forth from the woman's aching snatch, her body's response to the memories, both vain and erotic filling her thoroughly emptied brain. Filling in the gaps Noah once occupied as the new personality installed by her makers takes control of her buxom vessel. Shaking her head just as animalistic growths manifest in the form of fluffy vulpine ears, raising her ass off the couch to give the flurry of crystalline tails protruding from just above her rump room to breathe and stretch as they flex and curl like a divine aureole.

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Although this sort of thing would have been impossible to achieve in the days of old, the technical wizardry displayed by the eggheads down over at R&D theoretically enabled rapid alterations to both genetic material and inanimate mass on the fly. Including costume generation, bodily alterations and even more peculiar additions like the ones the blonde woman sported, wiping tears from her eyes just as a symmetrical set of claw-like markings appear over her flushed cheeks. Transcending simple costume design into the realm of outright fantasy with endless possibilities.



With the technology proven a success, the light was now lit for more drastic measures to be adopted all across the company when it came to recruiting talent and especially the reallocation of 'used' resources like the former Noah Fredwell who no longer remembered ever being some stuffy old idol agent with an obsession for the 'good old days'. Instead, the flirtatious woman whose very appearance was drawn from an archive of forgotten female character designs that once drew global appeal millenia ago was now one of the very women she once labeled as cheap whores...although in her case, special care had been taken by the man who had done this to her in making that statement all too real in regards to her salacious past and the raunchy future that awaited her as the light of intelligence returns to full glow within those golden eyes of hers. Shifting in her seat so the creamy cutout of her thighs were purposefully left exposed before her boss' eyes..along with the clear outline of her privates squeezed tight by the overly tight leotard. Grunting in that accented voice of hers that had the man tingling in his seat.

So soon after feeling her up, adding a voice to the body was enough to have him raring for seconds...but he would stay his hand for now. Because in a few minutes time, he would have this naughty sexpet all to himself...

**"Magnificent as always *Abri*, even asleep your grace never falters...you *were* asleep weren't you?"**

**"Mmmhm...sure was~ See? I even remembered to give you a peek. Or is this not *nitty gritty* enough for you?"**

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**“Definitely my dear...but I think you and I both know the nitty gritty stuff just won't cut it, right?  
So, how about it? Wanna do it?”**

Purring seductively with a husky air of sexual annotation, the fox girl easily crosses the distance from her curled up position, taking to all fours like an animal, raking the polished glass table with gaudy magenta nails, whipping the air with her reflective tails that refracts the purple ambience of the lounge into an ethereal spotlight centered around herself and Barry, losing his calm, calculative nature once hormonal instinct takes over, leaning back to give the minx some space as she finally lands on his lap, straddling him like a horse rider with her damp loins nudging up against his painfully erect pecker.

**"Whatever do you mean by 'it' Barry baby? Are you implying that I'm some perverted tramp? Or are you actually asking me to fuck you right here and now?"**

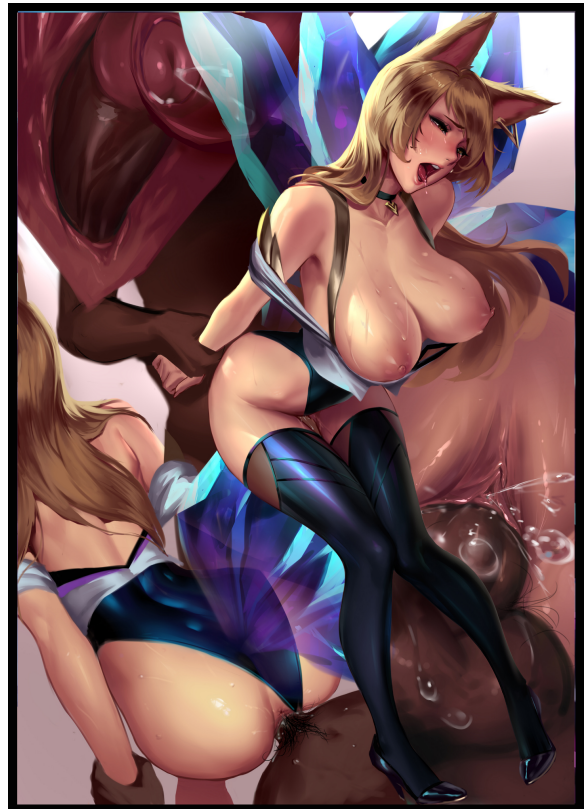
**"And if I say yes to both?"**

Snorting softly under her breath as her tails curl around her man to undo his prim and proper clothes, Ahri pushes off the couch with her legs, landing gracefully on two feet with Barry lifted along by her tensile limbs, removing them from the cramped cubicle and into the open lounge with the ample space required for the fun they were about to partake in.

**“Do you really have to ask? And you do know...I don't give a shit what anyone thinks of me...after all, you were the one to teach me all that, weren't you Barry? As long as the profits keep coming in, everybody's happy~”**

**“Damn right you are...now c'mere babe, lemme at those puppies!”**

Squealing in mock enthusiasm as Barry forcefully pulls down Ahri's leathery white top, the muscular beefcake lunges forward, biting down on a juicy left tit while peeling aside the sopping wet strap of her leotard with his other, spinning the stunned woman around with an expert maneuver from bulky arms until he was right behind her, in position to invite himself into the perfectly molded cocksleeve awaiting his member with a single thrust that had the horny idol screaming in pleasure, struggling to remain standing after the



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hormonal rush of feel good hormones blitzes through her body, stunning Ahri's mind after that sudden and intense penetration, wasting no time and momentum as she returns the favor, slamming her meaty rear into Barry's solid thighs in an effort to drive him deeper, feeling devilishly helpless once he grabs ahold of her frail wrists, leaving her hanging off of him while he used her like a doll, just the way she liked it.

Unbeknownst to Ahri or Noah, songs using her synthetically replicated voice produced under the company had gone live months ago, acting as a beta test of sorts to see how well received she would be in the eyes of the public, and now that their overwhelming support was heard, they would all be rewarded soon with the physical appearance of the digital diva they all craved to see in the flesh for so long.

And in a few months time? Many more artificial idols like the twisted rendition of Ahri currently bent over to let a man do her silly would soon come to life, taking center stage as yet another batch of mass produced entertainment pieces to keep the masses occupied while the world burned down around them...

**THE END**