

[TF Labs] Beginnings (Part 1) by Cowkites

The laboratory was as quiet inside as it was outside. A still night wasn't the best environment for a robbery, but the TF Industries lab was long abandoned and isolated on the far side of town. The two thieves that stalked it's halls that night had been confident that things would go well. Even if there was a little trouble, the supposed haul would be well worth it.

Of the thieves, Candace was the brains and Micah the brawn. They had worked a couple gigs together by that point and had built some trust, but Candace was nervous by nature. She admired Micah and his confidence, but kept her distance when he got bold. Micah, on the other hand, didn't seem to care one way or the other for Candace. He was confident in his own abilities and trusted Candace to do her research. There wasn't a fight he couldn't win, especially when his neurotic partner watched their backs.

"Slow down, Micah. The place looks abandoned but there's no telling what wild animals or homeless might've taken up residence here." Candace followed behind Micah. She kept her red hair tied up and hidden under a hood. Her slender back never left cover. She was quiet as a mouse and used her petite frame to her advantage.

Micah ignored her. He valued Candace's input, but knew she tended to worry more than she needed to. Micah was a powerhouse of a man. Over six feet tall and covered in muscle, Micah wasn't your average thief. His large stature wasn't suited to stealth, but he made up for it in intimidation and sheer power. He was used to more violent work, but took on a few high profile stealth based jobs to make some extra money. As usual, he wore a sleeveless hoodie and camo pants which were tucked into a pair of military issued boots.

"Micah," Candace hissed through gritted teeth.

"What?!" Micah yelled in reply. "What is it, Candace?"

The two had entered the main laboratory of the building. Micah stood in the entrance. It was wide and had two sets of doors as if it were used for decontamination or as some kind of airlock. Candace had stopped just short of the doors. Something had told her not to be hasty. It didn't take long for her to figure out why. She motioned to Micah and pointed above him to two cameras. Their motions were subtle, but they definitely moved. "We're being watched," said Candace.

"I thought you said this place was abandoned!" The vein on his forehead bulged. He was angry.

"That's what my intel said! Must be an emergency generator still operating somewhere." Candace trusted her source, but the more she had seen of the building, the more she had

started to wonder. While the outside appeared abandoned, the interior looked more maintained the further in it was. "Back up, Micah. We'll find another way further in. I don't trust this."

Micah looked up at the cameras. He then moved a few feet to the left. He snorted in derision as the slowly rotated to follow him. "Well they can't see my face anyway, but..." Micah grabbed a nearby piece of rebar and took a swing at one of the cameras. It connected with a loud, metallic *thunk*. "...fuck it. Right?"

"That was stupid, Micah!" Candace scolded him, a regular occurrence in their partnership. "It's bad enough you've been seen trespassing."

The burly man waved his hand in a dismissive gesture. "Oh please. I'm, like, ninety-five percent sure these are just dummies."

As if on queue, the two sets of doors on either side of Micah slid shut. Candace dashed forward to jam a piece of debris in between them, but was too slow. Micah cursed in frustration and bashed his fists against the glass to no avail. "I'll look for a shut off switch or something!" said Candace, "Just hang o--"

"There is no shut off switch," said a staticky, feminine voice, "I initiated the sequence and only I can stop it." On the other side of the chamber, a holographic image of a woman in a lab coat stood with her hand on the chamber. "It is a shame that you were not in the chamber, Test Subject Candace. This will make things...more difficult."

WARNING. TF-7 COMPOUND INTRODUCTION TO TRANSFORMATION CHAMBER
IMMINENT.

A square section of the ceiling lowered itself close to Micah as the walls around him started to close in. Close as it was, Micah could clearly see that the lowered ceiling was actually a giant chute with a set of metal doors. The doors started to open and pink slime dripped from the crack. Micah quickly dodged the first few drops then slammed his hands against the doors. A small metal lip on either side were all that he had to grip, but he had plenty enough strength to force the door closed.

"I don't know what this pink shit is, but I'm not gonna let you dump it on me," declared Micah. He looked back at Candace and motioned toward the exit. "Get the fuck outta here!"

Candace didn't wait around for any other instructions. She bolted back the way they came. "Sorry, Micah!"

"That is unfortunate," said the image, "The added exertion on her body will only worsen things for her. All the better for science." The hologram looked back at the lab and a number of drones shot up into view. They sped off into several small tunnels in the walls. "As for you, Test Subject

Micah, allow me to introduce myself. I am Alice, the A.I. that maintains TF Labs. The place you are currently trespassing in.”

“The place I’m trying to rob, you mean,” corrected Micah, “Speaking of...hnnng...fuck off already.” He strained to hold the doors in place. The effort needed to do so was immense.

“I will not ‘fuck off’,” said Alice, “It has been months since my last test subject. Once the doors wear you out, you will be my next. It should not be long now.”

“Technology ain’t no match for good ol’ fashioned muscle!” Micah growled at the A.I. in defiance. His muscles bulged outward from the exertion, sweat beaded on his forehead. His strength, much like his confidence, wore thin.

Alice’s projection appeared next to Micah. She studied him closely. “Test Subject Micah, your strength is quite impressive; however, if you are so adversed to the transformation, I suggest you let go.”

“Oh...hnnng...yeah? How ya figure, computer bitch?”

“The TF-7 compound changes its composition, and thus the results, dependent on the subjects observed features,” explained Alice, “If you wish to retain any of your strength, it would be best to let the doors open.”

Micah scoffed. He trusted Alice as much as he trusted the smartphone his niece always carried around. Technology wasn’t his strong suit and he was fine with that. “If I could...unf...if I could wring your neck, I would.” Micah’s strength had begun to fail him. The door cracked open and a thin sheet of pink slime fell toward Micah before he could force it back closed. The compound struck Micah square in the face. His teeth gritted from the strain, the pink slime found its way past his lips. Micah spat it back out, but it was too late. The slime had started to work on him. “Ugh...thith tathtes tewwible -- wha...what happened to my voith?!”

Alice materialized directly in front of Micah. Her eyes narrowed in observation. “Test Subject Micah, it would appear that the TF-7 has given you buck teeth and braces, hence your new lisp. Also, your voice’s pitch has been significantly raised. Some of the compound must have entered your throat when you spat. You sound very cute.” If Micah weren’t so distracted, he might’ve been caught off guard by Alice’s last comment; instead, he did his best to ignore the transformation and think of a plan.

The door had grown slick in Micah’s hands. The effort to prevent the doors from opening had drenched his body with sweat. Micah knew that if he didn’t do something, his transformation was inevitable. With no other options, Micah slid his right foot forward in an attempt to move out from under the door and minimize his exposure to the compound. He realized almost immediately that he had made a mistake. The change in position had compromised his already

loose grasp on the door. Micah let loose a girlish yell as he was drenched in the sticky pink slime.

“Nooooooooo! Get it off! Get it off!” Micah desperately ran his hands across his skin in an effort to knock some of the slime off his body, but it was no use. The compound was incredibly sticky and worked quickly to be absorbed into his skin and clothing.

“Yes,” said Alice, “The compound should absorb into your body quickly given your prominent display of strength and stupidity.”

“Thut up, meanie!” Micah replied, weakly.

Alice leaned in close to Micah. She towered over him. A series of digital charts and graphs appeared alongside her as she observed his transformation. “Not only has your ability to speak been hindered, but so too has your ability to be as rude; your muscle mass and stature shrink by the minute; and your clothing has already begun to change.” Alice made several notes in her journal. “Given my knowledge and the notes provided by my delinquent researcher, you are most likely to be transformed into a dorky sissy.”

“A thithy?! I’m not a thithy!”

Alice smiled at Micah as if he were a naive child. “Take a look for yourself, Test Subject Micah.” The holographic A.I. stepped back from the chamber. A small, tube-shaped drone then flew into the chamber. It split open and a mirror descended from its form. Micah watched the mirror slide down, panicked for what he would see. It was far worse than he had thought.

The A.I. was right. At least half the slime in the chamber had been absorbed into Micah and already he was half the size he had originally been. Even seated on the chamber floor he could tell that his height had been drastically reduced. His muscle mass was all but gone. Freckles and acne joined the braces to make Micah appear all the more like the nerdy kids he had picked on in high school. His short brown hair had turned long, red, and frizzy. The slime that still coated his hair crept back its length and solidified into a large, pink scrunchie with a bow to tie his hair up into a ponytail. Brown plastic horn-rimmed glasses appeared on his face just as his vision worsened horribly. They framed his feminized features well and further cemented his dorky appearance. “I-I wook wike a guw! Make it thtop!”

Alice shook her head. “Unfortunately, the process cannot be stopped. Fortunately, the transformation will affect your brain as well. This will make things far easier on you.”

“My bwain?!” Micah struggled against the slime that remained on his hands and legs, but it wasn’t fully absorbed. It kept him firmly stuck on the ground.

“Perhaps if you did not wish to be transformed so much, you should have listened to me,” chided Alice, “Although, it would appear that you will be quite the obedient helper from now on.”

“Wha--?” Micah looked back at his reflection. The rest of his clothing had started to transform. His plain black hoodie had changed color to a pastel yellow. Its hood was turned into a white doll collar and cute white buttons appeared down the chest. Sheer puff sleeves appeared on either arm. The compound that remained on the shirt then solidified into a keycard with the ‘TF Labs’ logo on it. There was a picture of his sissified, dorky face on it with the name ‘Molly the Sissy Lab Assistant’ in pink, bold font. “Molly?! My name’th not Molly!”

Alice raised a digital eyebrow. “Then what is your name?”

“My name ith...mmm-muh...muh...Molly!” Molly’s eyes widened in panic. He had completely forgotten his old name. Had he even ever had one?

The A.I. disappeared and reappeared next to Molly. “And what is your profession?”

“I-I’m youw thithy lab athithtant,” Molly lisped. His head spun in a daze. The slime that had been absorbed into his system had made its way into his brain. His perception of reality had started to twist into what the compound saw fit. As he was changed mentally, so did he continue to change physically. The slime on his lower body had finally been absorbed. His once strong legs had been transformed into hairless, pale little things. His loose-fitting pants and military boots were made into a white pleated skirt and untied pink sneakers. Knee-high white socks formed around his shins while the last bit of slime beneath his skirt worked its magic. While Micah had been the owner of an eight-inch, girthy member; Molly had a cock that was barely the size of his petite, feminine pinky. His tiny, smooth junk was cradled delicately by a pair of cartoon princess print cotton panties.

“Very good, Molly,” praised Alice, “Now that your *routine check-up* is complete, why don’t you come help me w--”

Hisssssssssss...

Molly’s head felt foggy. He giggled to himself as her crotch grew warm and wet. A puddle of urine spread out from his crotch and pooled around his thighs. “I-I feel thilly, Alithe...”

“Interesting...” said Alice, “...it would appear that your earlier machismo has caused the TF-7 to rid you of your continence.”

“Huh...?”

Alice smiled sweetly. A drone zipped over from across the lab, a thick diaper dangled from it. "You aren't ready for big girl panties, Molly. You're going back into diapers until you're ready. Lay back."

Molly did as he was told. He spread his legs as gloved, metal hands snaked their way into the chamber. Some part of him felt he had forgotten something, or perhaps that something was off about the situation. He eventually decided that it must've just been that he didn't want to be diapered, that he would miss his pretty princess panties. This worry dissipated from his mind when he looked down at the thick, pink princess diapers he had been taped into.

"All done," said Alice, "Now, my little lab assistant, would you like to help me catch a thief?"