

# Happy Goo Year

By Abe E Seedy

This was gonna be her year, Kelly could feel it. A new year, a new start, and a new, wildly experimental formula for her to try out. The fluid in the glass went from lavender to bubblegum pink as she held it up to the light, but no matter how much she swirled it around it never lost its thick, syrupy consistency. It looked about as appetizing as drinking cotton candy, but still. She hadn't requested it for the taste. She closed her eyes, uncorked the bottle, and held it up to her lips, leaving it there for the 30-odd seconds it took for the stuff inside to slowly slide down the glass and glorp into her mouth.

Swallowing heavily, Kelly choked it back, trying not to focus on what it felt like. At least it didn't fight her on the way down, so she'd had worse in the past. Still, when it hit her stomach in a single, wet thud, she knew she wasn't going to give it a high rating for its palatability index. But it stayed down, and that was the important part.

Putting the empty bottle back in its container, Kelly moved over to the mirror that formed one wall of the testing chamber. She squared off against her reflection, regarding her body with a practiced eye. Given that it was nearly midnight there was no one else around to record her observations, but force of habit led her to talk through them all the same.

"Subject is Kelly Karczewski, Lab Volunteer 362. Adult human female, 5 foot 8, caucasian, uh... brown hair..."

She floundered a little, spinning her hand in front of her face as she thought. Normally the directors were around to do the initial level-setting evaluations, and she was just now realising she'd never paid attention to exactly what they talked about.

"Figure - not as curvy as she'd like", she continued eventually, encompassing her breasts with her hands and squeezing for a moment before the feel of fabric made a thought hit her. "Subject just now realising she's forgotten to undress as per protocol", she hissed, "so she is attempting to remove her standard issue lab coat and unflattering scrubs."

Fortunately the company designed their uniforms with such considerations in mind. Kelly found the right strip and pulled, and both her top and bottoms peeled apart and allowed her to step out of them with barely a stretch. That said, there was more resistance to their parting than she was used to, and, looking down, Kelly confirmed that the changes had already started.

"The subject appears to be increasingly sticky", she narrated to herself, "with her skin taking on a, uh..." She clicked her fingers as she searched for the word, but the soft squelch her forefinger made as it hit the base of her thumb was more distracting than it was helpful. "Viscous!", she managed eventually. "Subject's skin is increasingly viscous."

She spent a few moments more just sliding her fingers over her hand, feeling the growing sensation of slimy smoothness in the contact. "Subject confirms - it feels pretty damn good."

Turning back to the mirror, Kelly belatedly realised that she was still wearing her lab coat, even though the rest of her clothes were now lying in a sticky mess on the floor. She went to take it off, but instead took a moment to appreciate her reflection. Her skin was just starting to brighten in colour and soften in texture, and with the plain white of the lab coat over the top, it was quite a distinct look. She struck a quick pose, closing the coat around her and leaning forward coquettishly, appreciating the way the fabric got just a little damp and translucent as her chest pressed against it. That must be yet another little twist the company put into its uniforms, but it did give her another idea...

Pulling back away from the mirror, she concentrated on the relaxing low-temperature sensation that was pooling outwards from her stomach. It was an odd mix - her skin felt clammy, but instead of warmth there was this delicately frozen core spreading from the centre of her body. It felt invigorating, and in the same way that she'd jump feet first into a cold lake, Kelly leaned into that sensation. She took a deep breath, and as she locked eyes with her reflection she was pleased to see her body respond, her upper torso expanding in a way that exaggerated her movements. A few seconds more and she was able to concentrate on it further, sending her increasingly fluid mass to exactly where she wanted it to be, and she turned side on to the mirror as both her chest and her rear pressed outwards, each barely contained by the increasingly damp fabric of her coat.

Kelly grinned, altering even her hair with an absent thought, tightening it up from her standard long braid to an exotic punk style that she'd toying with for a while. By now every part of her body had taken on the consistency of the fluid she'd drunk, and she spent a few moments turning back and forth to appreciate the way her colour changed in the light. But even just that little motion was enough to slide her coat over - and even a little through - her new, gooey flesh, and the sensation of *that* turned her thoughts to other matters.

She bit her lip as she opened up her coat, sending her hand sliding down her chest and towards her crotch. This was it, this was the moment that it all hinged on. The rubber met the road for all the wild stuff the company did when your fingers pushed in over your slit and found it just *different*, in this case all slick and smooth and slimy in a way that felt just right. She pressed inside herself and her body moved in a way that it never had before, sliding up and opening large enough to accommodate just... anything she could have wanted. Her other hand was on her face, absently pawing over her elastic features, and there was a weird sort of symmetry to the way her tongue stretched outwards as her other hand pressed inwards. The slickness was intoxicating; she felt so smooth, so pliable, so malleable, like she could pour herself into any fantasy she wanted and she'd fill it perfectly like water in a contoured glass.

Shuddering, she bore down as she felt an orgasm approaching, finding her hand losing a little bit of consistency as she desperately pressed into it. She couldn't tell if that helped or hurt the

situation, but in either case it was enough, and she slid slowly down the wall before eventually reforming in a contented puddle on the ground. After a few moments of lounging happily, Kelly eventually remembered that she was in Observation, and that meant she had access to a whole suite of cameras to record her experience. It might have been too late for a live feed, but she could still provide a pinup to spice up the lives of some of her more amenable co-workers. She looked different enough that she'd probably have plausible deniability too, which would make for a fun mystery for the office for when they all started back from vacation.

Kicking her coat out of shot - and thereby removing any potential her name tag would be in view - Kelly drew along the ground with her slick finger, making sure to leave enough of a trail to spell out the number 2021. She then triggered the nearest camera, making sure she gave her most enticing smile as she looked up at it.

With that done, she rose smoothly back to her feet to inspect the results. It looked *good*, perfect to spur some approving discussion among her chosen group. She just needed to choose a good name for the file, some witty little pun she could save the image as to add to her flirtatious little joke. Something like... Wishing Goo All The Best, or Happy Nude Year?

Hm. Well, hopefully she'd think of something better than that.