

**(CW: Rubber Transformation, Corruption, Twinning, Transgender Transformation, Mass Transformation, Giantess, Identity Death, Brainwashing, Infectious Transformation, Groping/Fondling, and aggressively British accents.)**

“Well! Here’s to another day of saving lives!” A young lifeguard in his early 20s named Bryan tried to amp himself up for another shift at the Splash N’ Slide Waterworks. He ran his hands through his short, spiky brown hair and snapped his fingers, pointing at the sunglasses-clad reflection facing him in the mirror of the employee’s only shack at the Splash N’ Slide Waterworks.

A door behind him opened up as a toilet flushed, an older co-worker of his in his mid-30s with a visor over top of his head and a noticeable patch of white cream on his nose, walked out and caught sight of Bryan posing in the mirror. ““Ey, Bryan? You good?”

“O-oh! Shit.” Bryan jumped, startled by his fellow lifeguards’ emergence. He turned around and looked at the older man, embarrassed, “Rick, you scared the fuckin’ *crap* out of me, man, I didn’t know there was anyone else in here.”

Rick folded his arms, “Oh, what, did I catch you practicing for your modeling career?” He joked. “Or’s the sun just gotten to you?”

“Hey, at least I wasn’t practicing for OnlyFans.” Bryan snarked back. “Not yet at least.”

“Ha! Hey, good on you for keeping those options open.” Rick chuckled, patting Bryan on the back as he headed towards the door. “Hey, for real though, it’s *brutal* out there today, make sure you cover up everything, and I do mean *everything*, or you’re gonna fry like a strip of bacon.” He warned.

“Yeah, I know, I know. Trust me, I learned my lesson the first week.” Bryan replied, remembering the less than fond experience of neglecting to apply sunscreen to the nape of his back and having to sleep on his stomach for the next couple days because of the blistering red sunburn that developed there as a result.

“Hey, Rick, speaking of sunscreen, that, uh...” Bryan drew circles around his nose with his finger, “That white stuff you put on your nose, does that stuff actually work? Like, better than normal sunscreen?”

“What, you mean the Zinc Oxide?” Rick replied, “I actually really don’t know... I remember that one Spongebob episode they made a big deal out of and it always stuck with me, so when I became a lifeguard I just *had* to start using it.”

“Oh yeah, that’s like a Season 1 ep... Wait, you know Spongebob?” Bryan remarked, a little surprised. “When do *you* watch Spongebob?”

Rick rolled his eyes and gave Bryan a wry glare, "You serious? When it first aired, Bryan, in '99, when I was *eight*." He answered, "Shit, I was born in '91, not '71. I'm not already looking that shriveled up, am I? Damn sun..."

"No, no, no. I just didn't realize Spongebob's been on the air for that long." Bryan replied.

"Yep, and so's Family Guy, and the Simpson's is two years older than I am." Rick nodded, smirking as he put on his sunglasses back on. "Well, thanks for the head start on my mid-life crisis, Bryan, you have a good shift." He snarkily wished him well before walking off, whistling to the tune of *Ocean Man*.

After he left, Bryan looked back in the mirror, taking off his sunglasses to reveal his brown eyes. "Who the hell do I even think I'm fooling?" He was a good looking guy. Rick wasn't just busting his chops, he actually did have dreams of being a male model someday. Part of the reason he took this job was to be able to work on tanning his skin while earning an income and providing a potentially life saving service to the community. But it hadn't quite turned out the way he hoped. "'Saving lives,' yeah right..."

He'd been totally suckered in by the hiring pitch. It turned out that 97% of this job was sitting on a crummy, wooden high chair riddled with splinters, diligently scanning back and forth intently watching every guest like a human security camera, and having his ears blasted by the sounds of nonstop shouting. Another 2% was yelling at kids not to run near the pool, which only left the last 1% as the actual action he'd expected when he signed up.

It wasn't like he was *hoping* for people to start drowning on his watch or anything! But the job was excruciatingly boring. How long would *you* be able to stare at the same pools, and watch people come down the same slides, before you got tired of it. Now imagine you had to not just watch, but pay close attention at all times. Then imagine you had to do that for eight hours a day! His poor Gen Z attention span just wasn't up to snuff for this kind of thing. He couldn't even blame anyone else, really, what had he expected a lifeguard's job to be like?

At least now he knew the real reason they all wore sunglasses, it wasn't just to keep the sun out of your eyes or look cool, it was because if the guests could see how hard the lifeguards had to stare at them behind those shades, they'd understandably be creeped the hell out!

But it wasn't even just boring, it was worse. Every lifeguard had to lock up their phone at the start of their shift. It wasn't like he would feel safe having it that close to the water, but at least it would've helped the time pass. That was the problem, it was a distraction, what if he missed someone going under? He couldn't even read a damn book for the same exact reason!

To add insult to injury he was only being paid \$14.50 for his time. So he had to just *watch* people all day long, with almost no breaks, for shitty pay, knowing that if he let his guard down, someone could drown on his watch. So it managed to be boring *and* stressful at the same time!

He had no clue how Rick stuck with the job as long as he had. Maybe the rush from those moments where you actually *did* save someone were just that much of a high that it kept you

around. Or maybe it was some kind of calling. Either way, Bryan had barely been there a month, and he was already thinking of quitting... They didn't even give him a damn employee discount! This place sucked...

"I'm not even that good a swimmer..." He gripped, he'd definitely focused more on the muscles that showed than the ones that mattered. As he reached into his bag he pulled out a spray bottle of sunscreen. Shaking it up, he pointed it towards his chest and-

*Psssshlshrshshrklrrssttt...*

The aerosolized stream projected for but a brief second, there it pattered out into the sad, raspy noise of an empty can. Bryan sighed, "Well, that's just great." He grumbled, this was just a wonderful omen. He dug through his bag, looking to see if he had any extra cans, and of course he didn't, he hadn't even realized he was running out. He made his way to the employee lockers, maybe he had some in there...? But after fiddling with the lock, those hopes were dashed.

He looked at the other employee's lockers and bit his cheek, "Somebody's gotta have some, right? They wouldn't miss it, they wouldn't even notice it." He felt a little bad, but he really wasn't doing anything that bad, right? It was just a little sunscreen. Cautiously looking around, he started trying to open up the other lockers.

*Chicka-Chnka-Chik!*

*Rittle-rittle-rattle!*

*Clink-Clnk-Clunk!*

Only to find that they were all locked. "Jeez, c'mon guys, are you serious? What do you even *have* in there your-?" He stopped, groaning, "Your phones. Right, yeah okay, fair enough." In his frustration, he gave the wall of lockers a sharp kick. "I'm just gonna have to get Rick to open his up and-" But just as he was about to give up, noticed that one of the lockers *had* actually opened.

It was the bottom right locker, the only one that wasn't in use, and it was easy to see why. It was surprisingly dinged up and there were even a few spots of rust on it. The remnants of a scraped away nametag revealed that someone must've used it at some point, but obviously that was a while ago. He figured it was probably emptied out, but he took a look just in case.

*Squrriieeaakkk...*

Bryan grit his teeth a bit as the hinges of the locker door squeaked loudly as he pulled it open. At first, it seemed to be just as empty as he expected, but as he looked closer, he saw something all the way in the back. It was a thin, tall bottle. Mostly colored brown, with a few streaks of white and orange and a black and cyan top. "Are you kidding me?" Bryan muttered incredulously as he reached in and grabbed the bottle.

“Well, there’s no way this is actually sunscreen, right?” He tried not to get his hopes up, taking the bottle out and turning it around to check the front. But to his amazement, it was in fact sunscreen! “Raging Wave Sun Lotion...” He read the name of the brand. He didn’t recognize it, but then again, sunscreen brands weren’t exactly something he thought about often, and there were dozens, if not hundreds of them.

What concerned him a bit more was that he was having trouble finding the SPF value on the bottle, usually it was listed front and center. He noticed the artwork on the bottle. A very stylized and cartoony line art drawing of a smiling, dark skinned girl with a large smile on her face, sitting on a lounging chair on a beach. A yellow sun overhead projected squiggly orange sun rays towards her, which were bouncing away from her as if she were protected by some kind of invisible shield.

“*She looks sorta familiar.*” Bryan thought, but he couldn’t tell where, if anywhere, he’d seen her before. The art style kinda reminded him of that one old Pixar short, the one with the snowman. Eventually he found a detail that explained the lack of SPF info, but the claim nearly made his eyes pop out of his head, “Guaranteed 100% effective?” Underneath that there was an arguably even more outrageous claim, “Boosts aquatic performance... ‘Aquatic Performance?’ What does that even mean? I’ll swim better?”

He scratched his head and chuckled stepping in front of the mirror, “What kinda fucking lotion makes you *swim* better? 100% effective. Aw, shut up... That can’t be true, I mean...” Bryan shook his head, looking around the bottle for any kind of ingredient list to back up that claim. The info on the back looked pretty much indistinguishable from any other lotion. He read a bit of the blurb just above it.

*You can put away the burn heal once and for all, because now you have the iron defense of Raging Wave Sun Lotion in your hands. Guaranteed to reflect all harmful UV radiation on even the most sunny day, whether you like to play rough or chill out, you can move at your own tempo, secure in the knowledge that this state-of-the-art lotion will protect you. And if you decide to hit the surf, this special formula will even give you the speed boost you need to cut through the water like a champion. So what are you waiting for, love? Lather up and dive into everything the sun and sea have to offer. I’ll see you on the beach!*

Pretty standard marketing spiel, though something about it was just the tiniest hint of uncanny. Some of the word choices just seemed awkward. “Where was this made?” He wondered, looking for an identifying address. “Bottled in Halbury... Halbury, that sounds... British?” He shrugged, “Y’know what? Beggars can’t really be choosers, if I’m gonna get hollered at if I take too much longer. This stuff probably isn’t poisonous or anything right?”

As he popped open the tube, he couldn’t help but notice that it was seemingly completely unused. “How old is this stuff anyway? Can sunscreen expire? Oh, for *fuck’s* sake, Bryan, just put it on or don’t!” He chastised himself as he finally committed and squeezed the bottle, extruding a quarter sized quantity of the brown goo onto his left palm.

He started by rubbing it against the top of his right arm, “*Ahhh... There we go.*” He sighed in relief, it actually felt... good. Very good... “Oooh, man, that’s... *Hmmm...*” He hummed to himself as he closed his eyes and then started to use his right hand to rub the remaining residue on his left palm into his skin, rubbing it up and down the front and back of his hand.

Almost instantly though, his left hand started to feel sticky, *really* sticky. So sticky that it felt almost like his fingers were trying to stick themselves together. “Huh? What the heck...?” He muttered, he could pull them apart but it was a struggle, and even the slightest little bit of contact seemed to bond them like superglue. Superglue!? Oh no, he really hoped there wasn’t anything like that in this stuff. Opening his eyes, he looked at his hand, and what he saw had him concerned about *far* more than stickiness.

“What the... Whaaaa-?” Bryan’s mouth fell open and he got a sinking feeling as he looked at his hand, his fingers, they were changing. In fact, his entire hand was changing. His skin had changed in color to the same rich brown color of the lotion itself. But that was nothing compared to the sheen his skin was taking on. It was glistening like... Like plastic, or particularly shiny rubber, and when he dared to draw his finger across his palm.

*Rrrriirrreeiik!*

It let out a sound unmistakable as anything else besides the squeak of rubber! The sensation of it was similarly disorientating. It was definitely still his hand, and it wasn’t *numb*, but it just didn’t feel like how it should’ve felt for his skin to be touched, it was a pleasant pins and needles sensation with every little movement. Then he remembered, he hadn’t just applied it to his hand, he’d also slathered a bunch of it on his arm. He glanced at it in the mirror and let out a gasp, “Aah!” His face went pale as he looked at the large splotch of dark brown, smooth rubber skin.

He ran his hand delicately across it, “Nnng!” Groaning as his eyes fluttered, it was almost too much for him. He could feel every single little micro-wrinkle that formed from the contact of rubber on rubber. All the while, his fingers were increasingly sticking together. What was perhaps more concerning than merely the texture was the fact that all of the hair on his arm appeared to be gone. Not just matted down, it’d straight up disappeared! Evaporated, like it was never even there! “What *is* this stu-”

*“Aaaahhhh~... Well, it’s about toime that sum’ody lemme out ‘an pu’mme on!”*

Distantly, but with uncanny clarity, Bryan could hear a voice... A cheerful voice speaking blithely in a distinctly British accent. Somehow he knew that the voice wasn’t coming from anywhere around him, it was coming from right inside of his head. “Oh God, who are-?”

*“Oi, oi! Wus’ the hold up, then? C’mon, mate!”*

**Clap, clap!**

*“Keep applying! We’ve gawt a job to do, don’t we? ‘Sides, it feels good, dunnit? Put on more of me an’ it’ll feel even better!”*

The voice insisted, seductively, and Bryan felt himself tempted to obey. "R-right, I have to... I have to get ready for my shift." He muttered, staring into the mirror with a glazed look in his eyes.

*Spluuurt~!*

He squeezed the bottle, spewing out a much more generous coating of the brown lotion onto his already rubbery hand.

*"Ere we go! No need t'be frugal, love! Go a'ead 'an apply a nice, thick coat!"*

The lively voice encouraged him as he rubbed his hands together, lathering up the lotion and rubberizing his other hand in the process. Now he could see that in addition to turning rubbery and their fingers sticking together, they were becoming altogether more feminine. As he spread the mysterious ooze up and down his arms he could feel a blissful mist starting to settle over his mind.

*"Atta boy! Jus' a few more moments an' you'll be ev'rythin' ya've always wan'ed t'be! A gorgeous model..."*

"A gorgeous... model." Bryan repeated, before one of his eyes twitched and he started to shake his head, "W-wait! Wait! What's happening!? I? *Aah!*" He shouted as he looked at his arms, the way they'd turned not only into brown rubber, but also became smaller, more slender. "No, no! O-oh God, my head, why's everything getting fuzzy? I gotta get this s-stuff off before I lose it! Right now!" In a panic, he flailed for the handles of the faucet in front of him, but with how his fingers had stuck together, it was awkward trying to turn them.

*"Awww, c'mon, mate! Ya don't gotta be loik that! Everythin' was goin' so smoothly, why ya gotta go and try ruinin' it?"*

"W-who are you!? What are you doing in my 'ead, I-? *Shit*, I meant head!" Bryan demanded answers, his heart pounding as he turned on the water and plunged his hands under the faucet, hoping that it would wash off this strange coat of rubber gunk and help clear his mind of whatever exposure to it was causing.

But instead, as soon as he touched the water, he started to feel... Weaker, and overcome by pleasure, "Oo-oooh, wha-? Th- the water... Why...?" He mumbled as he slouched forward, unable to pull his hands away from the stream. It felt so good, like an angelic caress with each drop that ran along the buttery smooth and waterproof surface.

On the contrary, his hands were rubbing themselves together in the water, against his will.

*"Ahhh, now that feels noice! Hehehe~! Ya really shoulda known better, love~! Wotah's my element, after all! Comin' inta contact wit' it could only make me stronger!"*

The British girl's voice grew louder and more teasing in his mind as his own thoughts were starting to grow weaker. "*H-have to... S-stop-*" He tried again to take back control of his body and step away from the sink, but all he managed to do was make the hands cup water in them instead, he watched as the water turned a strange color... It was too crisp, too blue, almost like water in a cartoon, and then before he could react.

*Splash!*

His rogue hands threw the contaminated water into his face, he tried to shake it off as quick as he could, but the damage was already done. He tried to squeeze his eyes shut, but found that one of them just wasn't responding to his commands, as he faced the mirror, he realized in horror that his right eye and splotches of the left and right side of his face had been completely tainted and warped by his goop.

A large and expressive sea-foam blue eye surrounded by chocolatey skin now stared back at him, shiny, flat and unblinking. Clearly made of the same rubber or plastic substance as the rest of his body that'd been touched by the "sun lotion," yet despite looking like something that belonged on a pool floatie, he could still see out of it. In fact, he couldn't *not* see out of it!

"Peekaboo~! Eye see you! Ahehehe~! Sorry, yer gonna hafta allow me that one!"

It was at that moment that something finally clicked. The dark brown skin, the sea foam eyes, the association with water, the British accent... Then he remembered, "Halbury" wasn't a real town, it was a fictional one! He knew who was invading his head, and he knew who was displayed on the bottle of lotion! He couldn't believe it, but it had to be- "*N-nessa? Nessa from... from Pokemon?*"

"Ahhh, so ya finally recognized me! Took ya long enuff, ya right berk! Cripes sakes! Ah was startin' t'think I ended up in the 'ands of som'one who'd been livin' under a rock. Figured my voice'd gimme me away... Ya act loik ya've nevah 'eard me talk before or sum'in!"

Under less dire circumstances, Bryan may have been able to appreciate the irony of her statement in the face of GameFreak's utter refusal to enter the 21st century and incorporate even partial voice acting into their games. But that was just about the furthest thing from his mind, which was increasingly becoming less and less his own as Nessa was taking over.

"*I- I don't know how you're real but I... I can't let you... Take me!*" Struggling as much as he could, he managed to pry himself away from the sink, though his hands, still under Nessa's sway, swung out and grabbed the bottle of lotion.

"Aww, mate! I'm sorry t'tell ya this, but you don't really 'ave a choice in the matter anymore... Ack'shly, I'm not sorry to tell ya that at all! You should be thrilled, doncha think?"

Bryan knew that he probably shouldn't be engaging with her, but her thoughts, her influence were so loud, he couldn't resist. If he didn't challenge her thoughts, it felt like they'd drown his own out more and more, "*Why... Why would I be happy...?*"

“Seriously? Ya mean you *don’t* wanna be a beautiful, beloved, squeaky rubber superstar model...? Yikes, love, come on! Be fair to yerself, it’s alright to have a little ambition, y’know?”

*Spluuurttplt!*

The rubber hand holding the bottle recklessly sprayed a stream of it towards Bryan’s stomach, “*N-nooo! S-stoop!*” He pleaded, his voice gradually getting quieter as his other hand pressed on his belly and smeared the goo all around, his already toned abdomen was thinning and becoming even more fit as it shifted in color and material from skin to squeaky rubber.

*Crrriiek~! Squiirrekkk~! Eeek-eeek-squeek~!*

As Nessa used *her* hand on Bryan’s torso, the lotion started warping his red shorts, shrinking and tightening them as they began to turn into a much more elaborate design. A mixture of orange, blue and white. This had the uncomfortable side effect of squeezing on his package, highlighting his dick that couldn’t help but be erect from the pleasure being forced on him. The sudden pressure of the rubbery clothes that rubbed against him with every little movement didn’t help matters. “*Hafta... Get outside. G-get help!*” It didn’t matter if he’d be humiliated, or even accused of being a pervert! He had to find someone who could stop this!

But as he reached for the door...

“Oooh, no ya don’t! Ya can’t leave yet! Yer not even done gettin’ lotioned up! ‘Sides, nobody out there can ‘elp ya anyways! I’m afraid this body an’ mind of yers belong to **me** now, love, and jus’ like the sea ‘erself... Once I’ve taken somethin’, I don’t give it up.”

Nessa’s influence kept him locked in place despite his attempts to get out, then, he was lurched to the side towards a nearby open stall... One of the *shower* stalls.

*“Fufufufu~! I know what’ll clear that mind a’ yers...”*

Nessa giggled wickedly as her free rubber hand grabbed the shower’s handle. Bryan tried with everything he had to fend her off and push himself away from it. He remembered how bad it’d been just at the sink, he knew that if he allowed her to turn on this water, his doom was all but certain. But despite all his struggles...

*“A noice... warm...”*

*Trrrssssshhh~!*

*“Showerrr~!”*

It turned on all the same... As the stream of droplets instantly started to rain down on him, it didn’t matter that they were still cold, the feeling of a thousand little jabs of brain numbing pleasure all over his body was just too much for his mind to stand. His jaw went slack and his unchanged eye went vacant, but his body continued to move.

“Ahhh, tha’s more loik it! So refreshing!”

Nessa sighed happily, as she squeezed more lotion onto her rubbery hands. At this point, her fingers were totally stuck together with the exception of her thumbs, joined by faint plastic seams. Functionally the four digits were each like a single digit, almost like they were in a skintight mitten, it allowed her just enough dexterity to get by, and that was plenty.

Setting the bottle down on a small shelf in the stall, she took her time rubbing it everywhere that Bryan’s body was still uncovered and unchanged. Bryan’s mind was helpless under the assault of the water, he could do nothing but watch helplessly as his hijacked body was distorted more and more.

She started with his chest. As she massaged his pecs, an orange, black and white top with a water drop shaped symbol manifested on his thinning frame.

*Fwoooooofffmmm~!*

A sound like air being blown into a balloon accompanied his chest inflating to a modest but shapely size, which Nessa nonetheless took pride in and pleasure in pressing and squeezing. Under his rubber shorts, his cock twitched and shook, a small pocket of thick white cum forcing its way up against the skintight fabric before it was seemingly absorbed back into the rubbery skin...

Then, just a few seconds later, it shot off again, less than the first time, but still a sizable load. Bryan’s knees quivered, the pleasure was unbearable. Already, he could feel a third orgasm coming, he just... He couldn’t stop!

“Dis ‘ere little faucet of yers won’t stop sprayin’ even though its bound to go dry sooner or later... Les’ jus’ go a’ead ‘an deal with ‘at, shall we?”

Nessa brought one of his hands down onto his shaft and pressed down against it, running the squeaky palm up and down as she was literally trying to rub out his dick... And it was working, he could feel his length flattening as his balls were being sucked into his body like water down a drain. Even though the unending pleasure was driving him inside, he still didn’t want to lose his manhood. So summoning his remaining strength. “N...Nessa... *D-dooon’t...*” A faint plea managed to escape from Bryan’s lips, and he swore he felt his rubberized eye roll.

“Blimey, are you still yammerin’? I s’pose it’s about toime I put ya under properly.”

Nessa decided, squirting another helping of lotion and this time, applying it directly to Bryan’s face as she rubbed her creaking hands up and down on his facial features, covering them in rubber and replacing them with a another unblinking sea foam eye, a cute little button nose, and a wide, white cartoonish smile. “Phew! Finally I can talk out of an ack’shul mouth! I was gettin’ sick of the ‘ole voice in ya ‘ead routine... ‘An speakin’ of i-” Nessa said something else, but Bryan couldn’t hear it.

Her voice grew increasingly muffled and blurry, like he was underwater, and his vision continued to blur and fade until everything had turned into a watery smear, and then the smear started to get brighter and further away, like he was being pulled from it. Bryan felt a sensation of extreme disorientation as he realized that he was in full control of his body again, and that he wasn't move back from something he was *falling!*

He felt himself land on something soft. No, he didn't land on it, he landed *in* it! It was some kind of oddly viscous liquid. Struggling to get his bearings, Bryan started to tread "water," or whatever this stuff was. He could still see the light overhead but everything else was just black void. He looked down and realized to his shock that the dense water he was floating in was the exact same color of Nessa's skin.

Then, he felt the "water" start to shift around him, felt like something was rising up behind him, then a pair of watery arms reached down and grabbed hold of his torso, pulling him against something just as wet. He looked up to see a pair of seafoam colored eyes formed from the water looking down at him, the only different spot of color from the watery Nessa that was- she wasn't rising out of the water, she was just *part* of the water. "What is this?" Bryan asked fearfully.

"This? Hehehe, this is me, love!" Nessa responded cheerfully, "Or rather, this is my mind... formerly your mind, and this little bit of ya I'm holdin' onta is the last piece of your mind that's yet to become mine." She elaborated, before she started to press down on Bryan, shoving him down into her mass and below the surface. "Alroight, off ya pop, just relaaax... siiink into the depthsss... drooown in meee..." She urged him, seductively whispering in a husky voice as Bryan was helpless to resist sinking.

He struggled for a few moments but the pressure was just too much, he could see the light of the "surface" getting further and further away. He was being dragged down by the weight of an entire ocean, there was nothing he could do. "*I... I feel it...*" His senses were overwhelmed by relaxation and bliss as he sank deeper and deeper into Nessa. His body was getting soft, breaking up as the waters melted him down. "*It feels... s-smashing...*" He felt Nessa's mind flowing into him as he was absorbed into it. More of her thoughts, her feelings, her identity soaked into him as he dissolved into her.

The light became too far away to see, he'd been drawn into the abyss, everything was pleasure as he felt himself fading with each second, his body looser and softer as it became one with the sea around him. First, there was Bryan. Then, for a single split second, they were Bryan *and* Nessa, merged as one and both experiencing each other. And then, there was only Nessa.

"Perfect~! Jus' perfect..." Nessa delighted as she ran her hands through her brown hair, each pass turning it longer and more rubbery as she worked it into its proper shape and color. "Now I can prop'ly appreciate 'ow much of an improvement I am~!" A long section of black hair flowing down the middle, with cyan highlights on either side of her head, as well as two long black bangs. A large blue squeaky blue and white ball formed on the back of her head, along with an

assortment of little orange ornaments and beads to give the illusion that her plastic hair actually needed to be styled to maintain its shape.

A few other accessories, her blue glove on her right hand, her arm and wrist bracelets, her necklace and the band of beads she wore around her hips all popped into shape. As she reached around and made sure to apply the lotion to her back, all that was left to change were her legs. She leaned down, nearly pinching herself at the hip with how flexible her body was, and started to paint her legs in brown.

They became a bit thinner, and much much smoother, but they didn't lose any length. If anything, they were growing even longer. Those beautiful and powerful legs were one of her best features, both as a model and as an athlete. They could catch eyes just as easily as they could glide through waves. She smothered the lowest part of her body in lotion, turning them from a pair of rather mannish extremities to two delicate and adorable feet, which in contrast to her hands, had five cute little individual toes.

Her iconic white and blue sandals, both with a pair of ornamental orange and grey-blue floaties, ballooned from out of her ankles like deploying floatation devices. With that touch, she was all but complete. She turned off the water and walked back over to the mirror. "Ooh yeah, lookin' good. Lookin' proper good!"

*Creeiiirrk!*

*Squueeaaaakk~!*

*Krrriiinklleeeaaak~!*

Her body squealed and whined with high pitched noises as she bent and posed in the mirror. Puffing out her chest with her arms behind her head. Leaning forward with one hand on her knee and the other on her backside. Standing on the tips of one of her feet and looking sideways at the mirror as she blew it a kiss. "Well, I'm beautiful enuff, but am I still jus' as flexible?" She asked herself, before raising her leg all the way up above her head, "Awww, yeah, sure am!" As she set it back down, she couldn't help but think that something was missing though.

"Hmmm..." She hummed to herself, squeakily stroking her chin, "Oh, I know!" She tightened her fists and held them at her waist as she broadened her stance, as a moment of forceful straining, there was a quick and satisfying, "**Pop!**" as a plug sprung out from where her belly button would've been. "Heh, not quite sure I remember bein' an outtie, but it feels right now." She looked at the exit, "Nooow then. I'm s'posed to be a lifeguard, roight? Heh! That should be a pure breeze for me." She cooed confidently as she strutted towards the door, hand on her side in proper "runway" fashion as her hips swayed and squeaked with each step.

On the way out, she grabbed one of the red rescue tubes hanging on hooks next to the door. She figured it could come in handy. As she opened the door, she basked in the warm glow of the sun. Staring straight up into it with absolutely no ill effect whatsoever. "That's the power of

Raging Waves Sun Lotion for ya... 100% effective, guaranteed!" She beamed mischievously as she made her way from the secluded shack towards the heart of the water park.

It was packed today, no doubt on account of it being one of the hottest days of the year, a truly sweltering July afternoon without so much as a cloud in the sky to provide the slightest bit of shade or relief. The Splash N' Slide Waterworks hosted a wide variety of attractions, from a trio of waterslides of rising intensity and length, to your standard swimming pool with a diving board, a wave pool, a whirlpool, fountains and bucket dumps, a lazy river, a hot tub, and a collection of inflated water wifes. "Where to start, where to start?" Nessa thought aloud, before deciding to go after the tallest of the three water slides.

As she strolled across the floor, the sun shining off her sleek skin, she rapidly started turning heads. One of them was a young blonde haired woman in a red bathing suit. "Hey, hey there, hi! Um, I just wanted to say that your costume is, like, totally amazing!"

"Well, thanks hun!" Nessa proudly accepted her compliment, "Glad ya recognize beauty when ya see it. Only, this ain't a costume, this is all me." She put her hand on the side of her head and came as close to winking at the girl as she could with her immovable face, "Wanna see fer yerself?"

"Hehe, um, no thank you." The girl replied, suddenly a bit uncomfortable as she quickly walked off. She wanted to assume it was just roleplaying of some kind, but something about it really rubbed her the wrong way.

"Tch! Suit yourself!" Nessa shrugged, "S'only a mattah of toime anyway." She muttered as she made her way to the stairs for the waterslide.

There was a long line all the way up to the top, but thankfully, Nessa's decision to grab that rescue tube turned out to be a prudent one. "Oy there, folks, I gotta get my way up to the top 'ere! Sorry, sorry, its official lifeguard business!" She insisted as she started sidling her way up past the confused guests of all ages, earning no shortage of confused and concerned utterances.

"What the fu-?"

"Who is this girl?"

"Is she wearing some kind of suit? She's gotta be, right?"

"Hey, I know that character, that's Nessa, y'know, from Pokemon."

"Is she really allowed to be climbing past everyone like this?"

"Well, she *has* got that lifeguard... thing, doesn't she?"

"Is the park hosting some kind of themed event or something?"

"I didn't hear about any events..."

"Gah, that sun is fricken' bright shining of her!"

"Mommy, mommy! Look, it's a Pokemon lady!"

*"How can she stand being in that thing? She must be burning up!"*

"How'd she even get in there? I don't see a zipper or nothing..."

"Okay, I know this'll sound kinda messed up, but... That costume looks wild sexy, right?"

"Dude, I was thinking the exact same thing!"

But Nessa adored it, every last word of it, a celebrity like her craved the attention like a fish craved water. "Hey, if you like what ya see, feel free to cop a feel if ya like... Just be careful ya aren't grabbin' anythin' dodgy in front of the rug rats!" She goaded on the astonished onlookers, earning irate groans from some and adoring whistles from others. A flurry of hands went over eyes as a few of the park's guests, from almost exclusively the young adult male demographic, took her up on her offer and quickly stole a grab at her chest or ass.

None of them realized that in exchange for their "free sample," they were all consigning themselves to ending up with those very same assets themselves, as their touch left little brown rubbery splotches on their hands that would gradually start to spread on their own. "Hehehe... Serves ya right, ya horny buggers~." Nessa snickered to herself in smug schadenfreude as she reached the top of the waterslide. "Alroight, make way! Mandatory inspection! Interrupting the woman who was about to hop in. She pressed her hands together, stuck out her squeaky ass for the gathered guests to see, and then leapt down the water slide face down.

The water slide was... Just okay. Someone like Nessa had much higher standards for what constituted a real thrill. But that was fine, she wasn't really after the slide for the experience itself. What she was after was the effect she was having on the water. As she slid through the tubes, she was affecting all the water she touched the same way as she had with her cupped hands in the sink. Every drop she came into contact with was turning shinier, more blue and vibrant. If there was a way to describe it, it was "more real than real." This wasn't just plain old water anymore, it was more akin to *Frutiger Aero* water!

It was especially apparent as she splashed down at the bottom of the pool, creating a picture perfect splash of glistening droplets and rippling little waves as she dove under the water and gracefully swam through it like a dolphin, leaving almost invisible streams of her transformative influence in the pool. It would do much more than spread through just that body of water, as it was taken into the filtration system, it would be redistributed throughout every body of water in the park. "Now this is where I truly belong, 'ere in the wotah, my true home... I always wished that I could breathe the stuff, well... Now I ain't gotta breathe at all!"

"I was already a top model, and Pokemon trainer! Looks like now I can add 'world's greatest lifeguard' to the list! After all, how's anyone s'posed to drown if they're all living rubber loik me~?" Nessa schemed as she surfaced at the edge of the pool, climbing out and choosing her next target.

She opted for the lazy river. Not only was it relatively empty compared to most of the other parts of the park, so she'd have plenty of time to really let her influence seep and taint the water in there. But anyone who used it wouldn't be paying much attention to the water. It was supposed to be a relaxing ride after all. "Oh, they'll be relaxed alright, they'll 'ave the most relaxin' ride of their lives, and when they come out the other end, they'll feel loik a completely new person..."

It didn't take long for the signs of Nessa's influence to start showing themselves, it began with the first couple of people to ride down the slide. As they were exposed to the corrupted water Nessa had left behind, they landed in the pool only to find themselves with an oddly rubber hand, or foot; or maybe a patch on their arm or leg. The particularly "lucky" ones got sprayed in the face. Anywhere the brown rubber had spread, the affected body part became strangely disobedient.

Then, the poor saps on the stairs who'd let their perverted desires get the best of them and touched Nessa finally noticed how the odd little spots on their hands were spreading faster and faster. A rider on the lazy river found that their raft was becoming more plush and squeaky as they meandered down the curves and turns of the ride, and as their legs that they'd been splashing in the water could attest to, so were they...

In the full sized swimming pool, many of the swimmers exercising in the lanes found themselves suddenly swimming faster and easier than ever before. They could hear a voice encouraging them, cheering them on to keep going! They thought that there was maybe someone watching and shouting at them, or perhaps that it was their imagination spurring them on... But by the time they realized that there didn't seem to be any British girls on the sidelines and that it was awfully weird for their inner monologue to sound that way, it was already too late for them.

Perhaps the worst outbreak was in the wave pool. It was one of the most crowded and chaotic spots in the entire park, which is why it usually had to be overseen by multiple lifeguards at a time, and why Nessa was so easily able to get lost inside and blend into the guests.

In all of the commission, most people didn't even realize that they were getting splashed with corruptive water. Eventually, the transformations reached critical mass, the first few souls joined Bryan in being fully converted into rubbery Nessas. Where there were two, there were quickly three... Then five... The ten, and so on...

Most of the partially corrupted waterpark guests were unable to fend off the mental assault urging them to surrender and succumb to the changes. Nessa whispered into their minds with the beguiling charm of a siren.

“Knock it off! I’m not falling for that bullshit, Nessa. I’m finally getting to be the hero I’ve dreamed of being since I got this stupid job. You think I’m just gonna give that up? You’ll get me when you get me, but until then, you can go fuck yourself!” Rick retorted at the voice, he couldn’t believe that this was how it was really going to end, turned into the sexiest girl of Gen VIII... Well, okay, some people made an argument for Melony, and he could certainly see where they were coming from but- Wait, now was not the time to be thinking about this!

Rushing towards the main exit, the Nessa's demonstrated their intelligence once again in their decision to barricade the gate. Some people tried their luck scaling the fence, most of them ended up getting snatched by the brown-skinned rubber beauties. But the more selfless, or ignorant among them, ended up charging the rubbery girls, grabbing and wrestling them to the floor. It would've been an oddly inspiring sight, those brave men and women were sacrificing themselves so that others could escape. However, its poignancy was greatly diminished by how utterly *ridiculous* this entire scenario was!

And of course, one had to consider that in the process of restraining the Nessas, they were rapidly converting themselves, anyone who missed that envelope of escape was going to have an even more dire challenge ahead of them trying to get out. Rick let out a sigh, shook his head and muttered, "Aaah! *Fuck it!*" Before running in and tackling one of the Nessa's to the ground.

"Hey there~! Well, aren't you gonna make a cute onna me. Don't even bothah introducin' yerself, love, because in jus' a tick yer name's gonna be Nessa anyway!" The Nessa flirtatiously taunted him, making no attempt to escape his grasp and opting to pull him closer instead. She was trying to make direct contact with as much of him as possible to speed up the conversion process, as it was much slower outside of the water than in it.

"I swear you weren't this 'Bri'ish' in the game or the show." Rick just sneered at her, "Do me a favor, huh? Say 'bottle of water.'"

"Say... what?" Even the Nessa herself seemed confused by the request, "Y-you want me to say, 'bah'tle o' wotah?'"

"Wow, damn..." Rick just muttered incredulously, "So there really *are* people who pronounce it like that?"

*"Don't Rock Throw at glass 'ouses, love, cuz you'll be sayin' it like that too, real soon~!"*

Meanwhile, deeper in the park, the original Nessa, the one who'd started this entire chain of events, had made her way into a neglected section of the park. The knowledge of the park's layout that she'd inherited from Bryan allowed her to know the location of something very, *very* interesting. Over the sounds of screaming, splashing and impish laughter, the dull mechanic droning of a heavy machine was becoming more and more overbearing.

Then, she found it, the thing she was looking for, and the source of the noise. It was a massive air compressor that constantly maintained the air pressure for the inflatable attractions in the park. She approached the large piece of industrial equipment, which for the record was terribly overdue for maintenance, and popped open the rubber plug on her navel. "I've always wanted to do somethin' like this! *Fufufufu~!* Time for a bit o' dynamaxxin'!" She hold of one of the numerous tubes running through the machine's workings, pulling on a lever to dislodge the nozzle tub from the compressor.

*Hiiiiisssssshhhhhh!!!*

The shrill whistle of highly pressurized air squealed out of the metal nozzle for a few seconds before the rubber girl managed to get enough control of the hose to plug it squarely into her plug. “O-oh? Ooh! Oooohhhh...!” She let out a series of exclamations, as her mind tried to work out exactly how the sensation of the air filling her up felt. She quickly settled on “deeply pleasurable.”

*Fwwwooooosshhhh~!*

*Bwwwooooooooommm~!*

*Hwwwoooooooooffffffmmmm~!*

Her rubbery body started to expand, not merely stretch but grow... She wasn't thinning herself out, or putting herself at risk of popping. She was simply getting larger to accommodate the ever rising quantity of air that was pouring into her. “Ooooh yessss! Yeeessss, this is incredible~!” She screamed as she rose up higher and higher, taller and taller. From 5 feet to 10 feet, then 10 feet to 20! She wasn't stopping there either! She was going to stop until she towered over this waterpark the same way her Drednaw dwarfed the Hulbury Stadium!

“Ahahahaaaa~! Heeey! Everyone! Look over 'ere!” She ecstatically cried out across the park, her happy-go-lucky British voice echoed across the park and booming over the commotion. “I knew I was famous, but now I'm really blowin' up, eh!? I'm the biggest model in the 'ole world! I don't mean t'look down on you all, but I can't really 'elp it now, can I!?” She barraged the baffled and horrified patrons with a barrage of self-indulgent puns as she rose up to twenty feet tall, then beyond towards thirty feet!

Everyone stopped and stared in awe at the gigantic rubber girl as she continued to swell in size at an alarming rate, in apparent defiance of the laws of physics. Though nobody was really keeping track at the point, by the time they realized living pool toys were attacking them, as regard for sense promptly flew out the window. But that being said, her turning into a kaiju was still enough to make everyone, even the other Nessas, look up at her. Though it was mostly out of jealousy. “Grrr, that lucky trollop, look at her 'avin the time of 'er life up dare!”

The very sky over the park turned an ominous red as a nimbus of dark clouds swirled around the top of her head as Nessa reached her full size of 40 feet. Finally she pulled the hose that'd fed into her colossal growth out. She was already starting to very slowly lose air, but it'd take a lot longer for it to seep out than it had to get blown in, and in the meanwhile, she was going to enjoy every second. “It's time I flood this park and make it my ocean!” She declared, her eyes scanning over the park, filled with dozens of little fleeing specs that might as well have been durants to her.

She made her way over towards the full size pool, caring nothing for anyone that might've been in the way off her foot falls. Anyone caught in the wake of her massive white sandals was left unharmed... Aside from the fact that they were instantly Nessa'fied if they hadn't been already. As she stood beside the diving boards, she playfully strummed the highest one with her thumb at a “mere” 30 feet tall towered over it by another entire story! “Well, looks like I can't show off

my swan dive anytime soon. Too dangerous in wotah this, *hehe*, 'shallow...' Guess you'll all just have to settle for my cannonball!"

Nessa took a few steps back, and got as close to a running start as she could towards the pool. "**Maaaax Geeeeyseeeeer!**" Her triumphant shout echoed across not only the park, but the city beyond, almost like an alarm foretelling the storm surge that would be doubtlessly heading their way soon.

***SPLAAAASSHH!!!***

Rick and everyone else present could only gaze in despair as the Dynamaxed Nessa crashed down into the water like a meteorite. The impact sent up a towering tsunami of water that was destined to flood the entire park and drench everyone present in the colorful transformative fluid.

Some of the hysterical or naive guests who believed they still had a chance to escape continued to make a mad dash for safety, but most knew to accept that there was no escape... Parents hugged their children, couples hugged one another, and a couple of those struggling with the Nessa's just threw caution to the wind and started making out with them, because when else were they gonna get a chance to use their lips before they got sealed up in permagrins!?

Rick just stared at the wave with an expression of grim concession. "Welp, that does it, I guess. Game over."

"We told you!"

*"We told you!"*

Both the Nessa in his arms and the Nessa in his head both mocked him in perfect unison, and he opted to take his last moments of humanity to tell her off, in a quintessentially human moment of pettiness, "Oh, shut up! You don't have to rub it in you, you watery rubber bi-!"

*Splloooosshhhh~!*

Just like that, the wave crashed over him, and everyone else who'd made the unfortunate choice to visit the Splash N' Slide Waterworks that day hoping to beat the heat. At least heat was something that they'd never have to worry about again, as the tide of corruption swallowed them and rapidly converted them into entire schools of lovely rubber girls. The deafening sounds of their squeaking echoed in the ears of those who'd managed to escape the park. Many of them were already contaminated, and even among those who weren't, their escape was only a temporary one.

The self obsessed rubber girls wanted to create a beautiful world, populated by them, and only them, and there wouldn't be much that could stop them... Once they reached the nearest beach, their beautiful, blue waters would begin to spread from coast to coast, and there'd be no stopping their "bloom."

As the one who started this entire mess stood up in the now mostly empty pool and leaned on the side overlooking the drowned park she'd created, she called out to her hundreds and hundreds of copies. "Well, girls, in case you weren't paying attention, there's a moral to be taken away from all of this, and I think you all know what it is..." Her voice was the epitome of smugness as she and her countless twins shouted out in unison.

***"Always pack extra sunscreen~!"***