

//File Archive:: Video Log Transcript -- DCBMAGAF.PrGF:001

Good morning!

I'm Doctor Lorraine Reed, subsection research head, Division of Cosmetics, Body Modification, and Gender Affirming Care. This is officially Log #001 for project *Golden Frigate*.

You must forgive my excitement. In all honesty, this project has been an obsession of mine for some years now. Even after the hundreds of projects I've contributed to, I feel that this singular invention may be the breakthrough that defines my career.

Ah, apologies. First things first. Experiment summary.

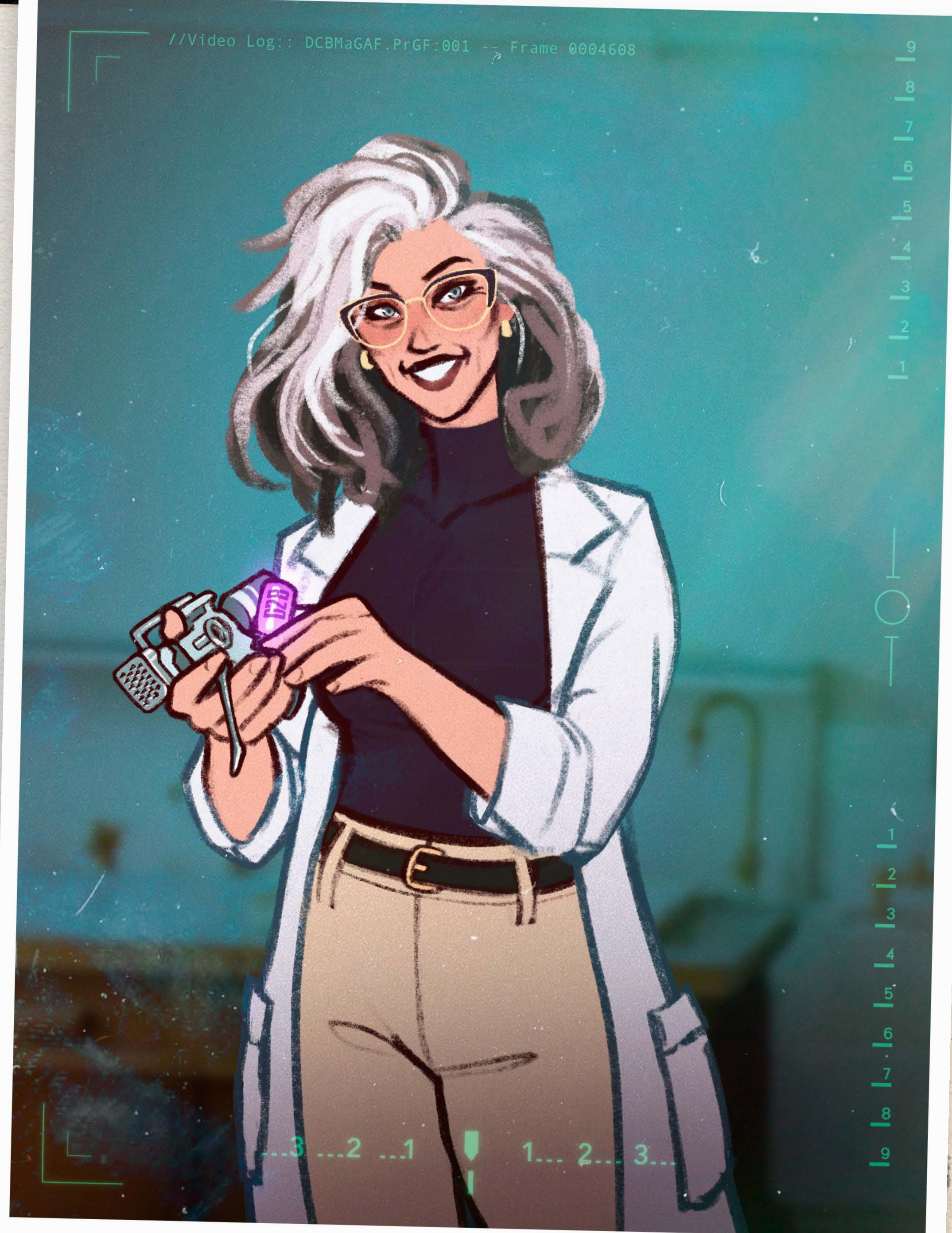
Project Golden Frigate is a test of Serum G28, an anti-aging formula intended to restore youth and vitality to the user. The serum introduces a carefully selected cocktail of cellular augmentations adapted from so-called "biologically immortal" animal species. Specifically, the sample sources include the jellyfish *Turritopsis dohrnii*, the aquatic salamander *Proteus anguinus*, and multiple species of sea urchin and lobster.

All of these organisms have incredible abilities to lengthen and regenerate telomeres, the repetitive nucleotide sequences at the ends of our chromosomes. Telomeres protect our DNA from progressive degradation, and normally their gradual shortening is a significant factor in aging and eventual death. The decay of these structures represent a hard limit on cellular multiplication, and the rate at which they fail define a species natural lifespan.

This project proposes that by adapting the regenerative processes of these species, we can lengthen human lives or even eliminate the symptoms of aging altogether. By combining these augmentations with a mitosis stimulant, the serum can rapidly replace old cells with new ones to restore energy and youth to an aged subject. If this works the way I believe it will, we may be one step closer to true immortality!

I've volunteered as the first test subject for human trials. I know it's rather unorthodox, but I have the utmost confidence in my research thus far. That and, to be completely honest, I'm quite eager to experience the benefits all my hard work has promised. I've been lucky to be as healthy as I am in my older years, but there are quite a few things I miss about being young.

I'll administer my first dose by dermal microinjection once I've finished these baseline measurements and assessments.





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My god... just *look* at me.

Ahem. Apologies.

It's been 74 hours since my first dose of Serum G28. The initial results have surpassed even my *wildest* expectations.

My readings are indicating rejuvenated skin, enhanced muscle tone, and healthier storage of nutrients and body fat. But I hardly need the readings to tell you that, you can see it plainly. I'm *gorgeous*. My face looks like it did 50 years ago, and my body... Hell I don't even remember my curves looking this good back then!

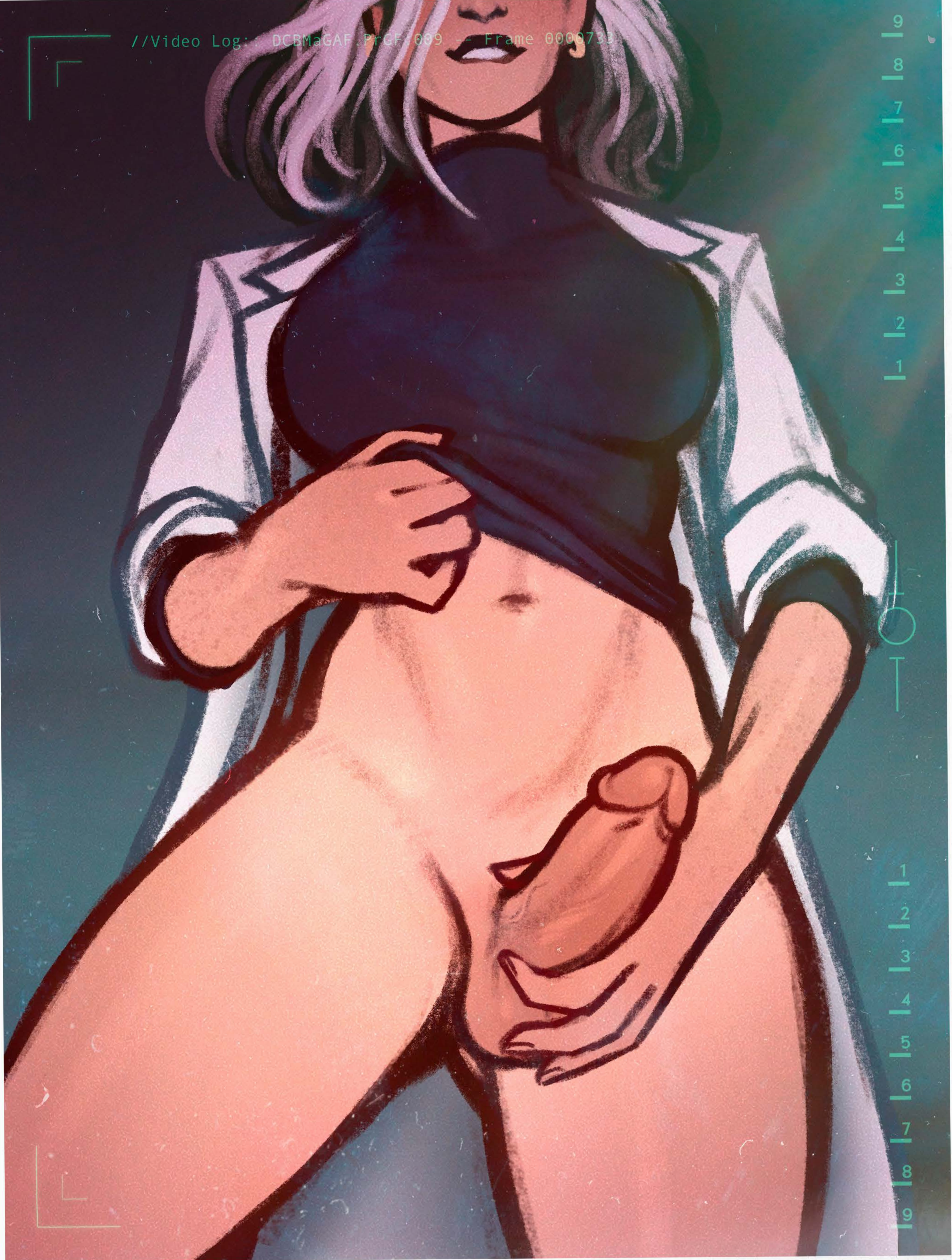
I can *feel* the difference too, like night and day. All my senses are so much clearer. Moving is so much easier, all my aches and pains have vanished. I had the urge to jog this morning, and finished 10 kilometers before I remembered I should be feeling fatigued. I'm *floored*.

So far the only unexpected side effect has been a change to the appearance of my eyes. For reasons I'm not yet clear on, my sclerae have begun to darken while my irises have taken on a silvery mirror sheen. My best guess is that this is some unexpected interaction between my new organelles, perhaps some recessive adaptation suited to the lightless depths of caves or deep water. Bright sources of illumination have become less comfortable for me, but my optical performance has improved in low-light environments.

It seems that the Facility is as intrigued by my rapid results as I am. They've assigned me a team of lab techs to assist in my experiment. I appreciate their support, of course, but I'm not entirely pleased with the quality of these assistants. They're rather... *green*. Barely more than postgrad students, eager to please and excited to land their names on a published study.

Ah well. Experienced or no, I'll whip them into shape soon enough.





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WELL. This certainly wasn't in any of my predictions.

Late last night, while I was soundly asleep, I experienced a series of vivid dreams. They began normally, familiar sequences relating to my time at University. I can't even guess how many times I've dreamt of showing up to my lab period, only to look down and realize I was naked. Only this time, things went in a different direction.

Unlike my usual anxious stirrings, this time I felt a strong sense of satisfaction at my state of undress. My fellow students were showing curiosity and enthusiasm for my body, a far departure from the mocking laughter my mind usually conjures.

I walked among them, cool air on my skin, and gently guided their hands to touch me. I lost myself among their stroking fingers, the kisses and suckles of their questing mouths. The carnal pleasures blurred together into a hazy wash in the way dreams do. But before long I realized: in all this ecstasy of sexual congress, I was the one doing the thrusting. The peculiarity of it took a moment to pierce the rosy fog surrounding my mind. I paused, and looked down. In place of my previous anatomy, I was sliding into my classmate with an enormous throbbing **cock**.

I awoke with a start. My covers were soaked with sweat. I could still feel echoes of arousal, waves of sensation vibrating through my body. I wiped the sleep from my eyes, and then switched on my bedside lamp.

And there it was. Bulging up the covers over my hips, pulsating faintly with heat. My hands shook as I gently tugged the covers down, and I gasped involuntarily as the cloth brushed against the very tip. It was like an electric shock. Pulling free from its restraints, my penis sprung upward and swayed gently from side to side.

Hesitantly, I wrapped my fingers around it. There was no denying it. This was VERY real. The bulging flesh grew more rigid under my touch, and I was overwhelmed by the instinct to stroke it. To feel more, to lean in and complete what my sleeping mind had begun. Distantly I thought about how reckless I was being, how I should bring this to my lab team for immediate examination before anything else happened. But those thoughts felt quiet in my mind while I masturbated in a frenzy, thrusting my hips as I heaved shuddering breaths through my teeth.

When I reached climax, something bright happened behind my eyes. The world faded into white, and my ears roared with a sound like the ocean. When my perception gradually returned, I was sprawled back on my bed. I could see streams of fluid arcing out from my tip, streaking over me and soaking into the sheets. Slowly, the twitching wracking my body abated, and my new appendage slackened enough to rest gently against my stomach.

My team is buzzing with hypotheses for why this has happened. The most promising explanation, in my view anyway, is a phenomenon called Galtian Self Image Enforcement. It's an obscure term, named for a scientist that theorized that one's subconscious self-image can have powerful influences on processes that transform one's body. It's been so long that I've mostly forgotten, but when I was young I did have occasional fantasies akin to this. Those were different times, and I remember suppressing these improper thoughts for the flights of fancy they were. Clearly though, my mind has not forgotten that sense of longing.

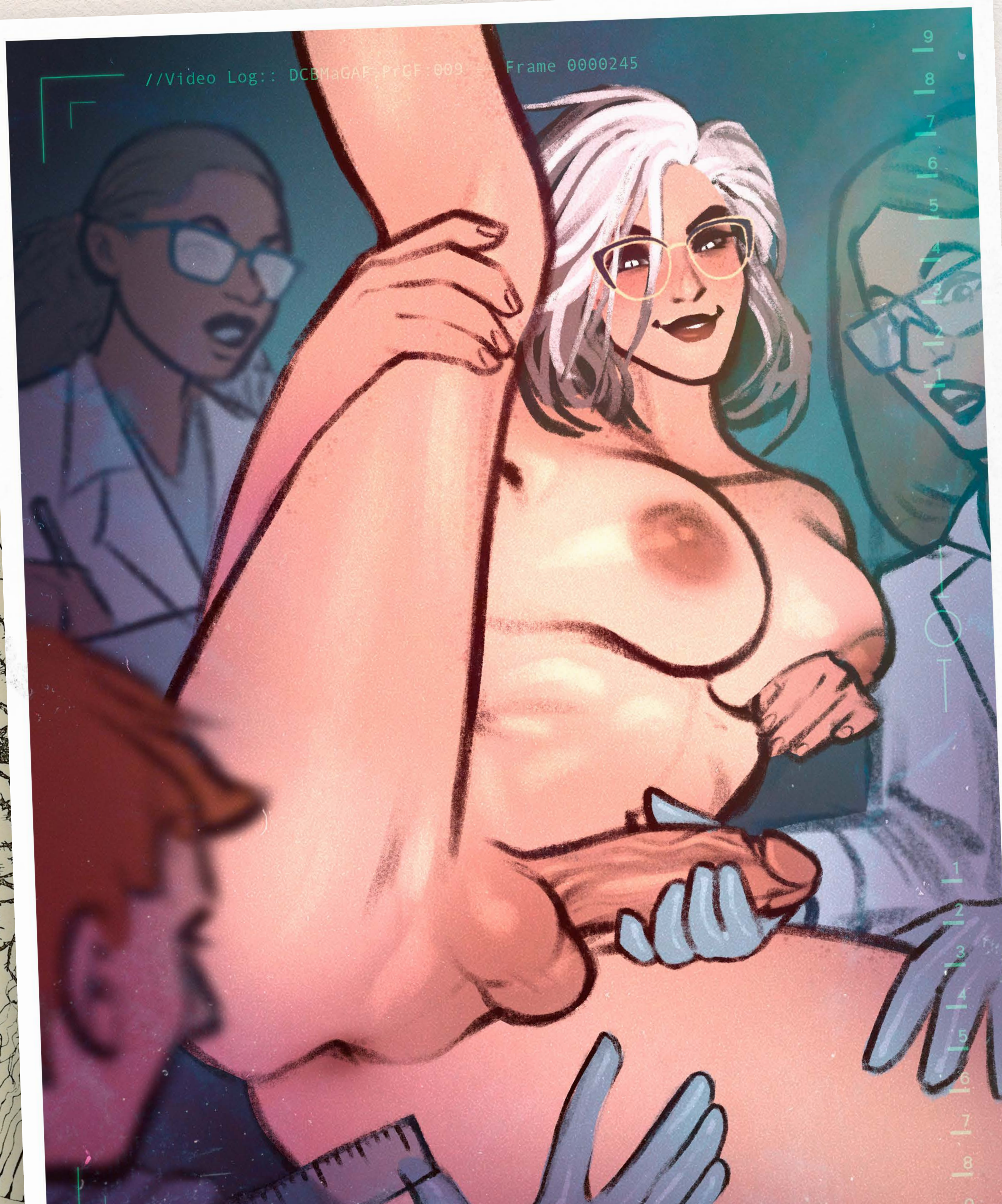
If I was still that young woman, I would be mortified at this. But now... I don't know. When I see myself in the mirror, when I feel the bulge of my cock against my skirt... I'm taken by a sense of euphoria. It feels right in a way I never knew I felt wrong.

Contrary to the board's suggestions to pause, I've decided that the experiment will continue.

Aside from my new appendage, perhaps the most striking difference I've noticed since beginning my treatment is in the way my lab techs look at me. Their eyes... *linger* in ways they previously did not. I've been around long enough to recognize the hunger in their gazes, even if they're still too young to know its full shape. I must admit, I do feel a familiar satisfaction in capturing their attention. I would blame the serum for reigniting old passions, but in a sense they've always been there. Set aside, but certainly not forgotten.

I have more than enough experience to know the signs. Flaring nostrils, dilating pupils, flushed skin and shaking hands. Was it always so obvious? They want me. Want to feel me under their fingers, to run their lips across my smooth new skin, to feel my weight on top of them as we rock back and forth together. They're holding back. Keeping their appetites in check out of uncertainty and a sense of propriety. They shouldn't. I'm old enough to know quite well that I want it too.

I don't have the patience for this foolishness anymore. I'm going to see what this body can do, and if any of my staff members feel inclined to join in? Well, then they are free to do so.



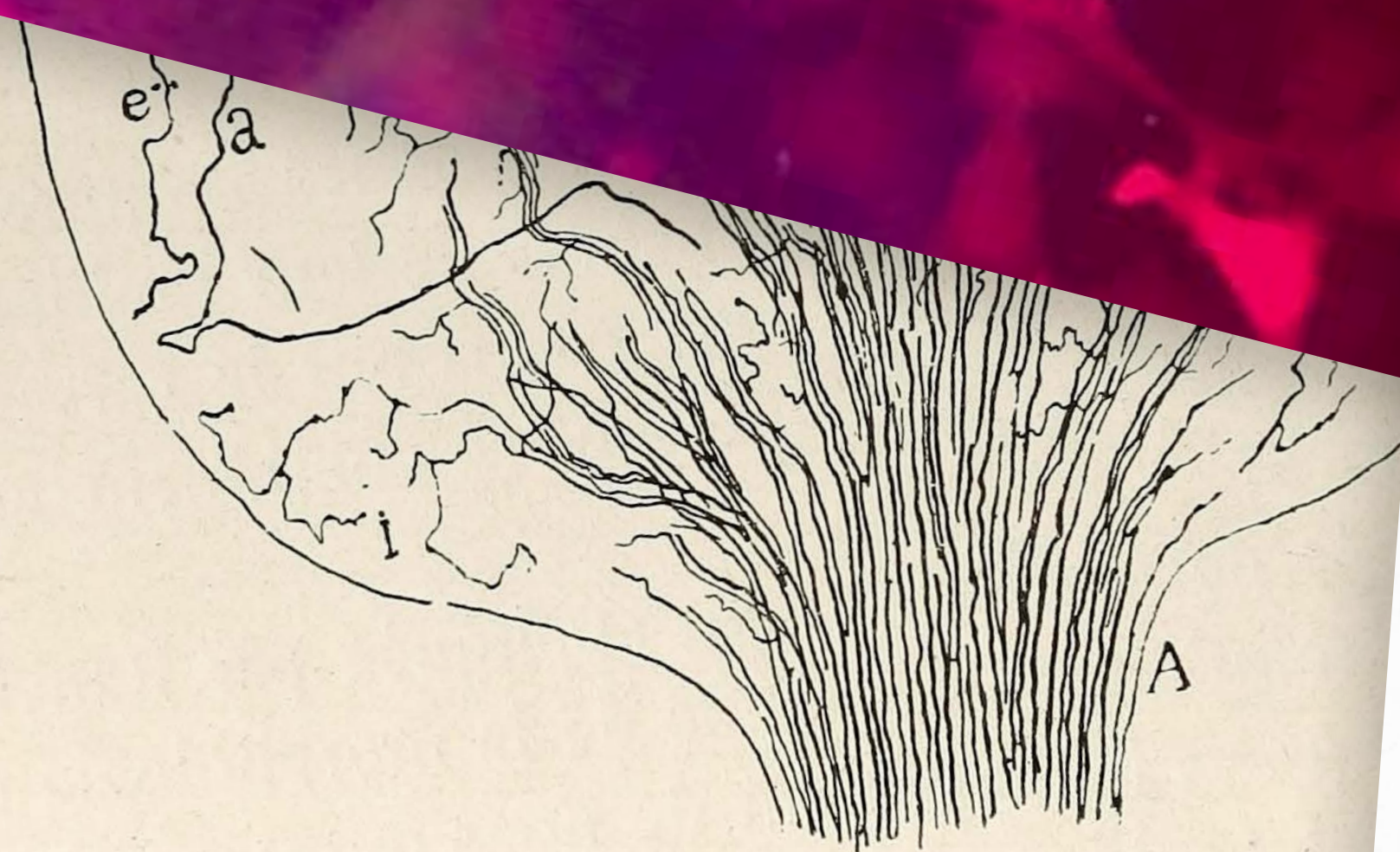


FIG. 32.

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At this point, it's obvious that the alterations to my body have far exceeded anything resembling my younger self. Frankly, I'm growing beyond what can even be considered conventionally human.

Without telomere decay to restrict them, my cells are dividing at an unprecedented rate. My metabolism is converting nutrients to body mass at a speed that strains belief, and I have no idea when this unbound cellular multiplication will end. I've reluctantly paused my Serum regimen for now, but the changes show no sign of slowing.

At my last measurement my height had reached 2.86 meters. When we measure again this afternoon, I will doubtless have exceeded that as well. My changing size has made maintaining appropriate lab apparel a challenge. Within 15 minutes, clothing that once fit me becomes too tight and restrictive. I've even accidentally torn open one of my favorite turtlenecks! For now, I've decided to sacrifice a degree of lab safety and go about my tasks nude. A regrettable necessity, but one my team doesn't seem to mind.

On that topic... I debated whether or not to include this in my report but I do believe it's pertinent to the project. *All* of my lab techs have continued to show marked arousal at my rejuvenated body. It's become an ongoing source of collective distraction, so I've started taking steps to relieve them. Needless to say, my return to sexual activity has been extremely enjoyable. Both for me, and for the team.

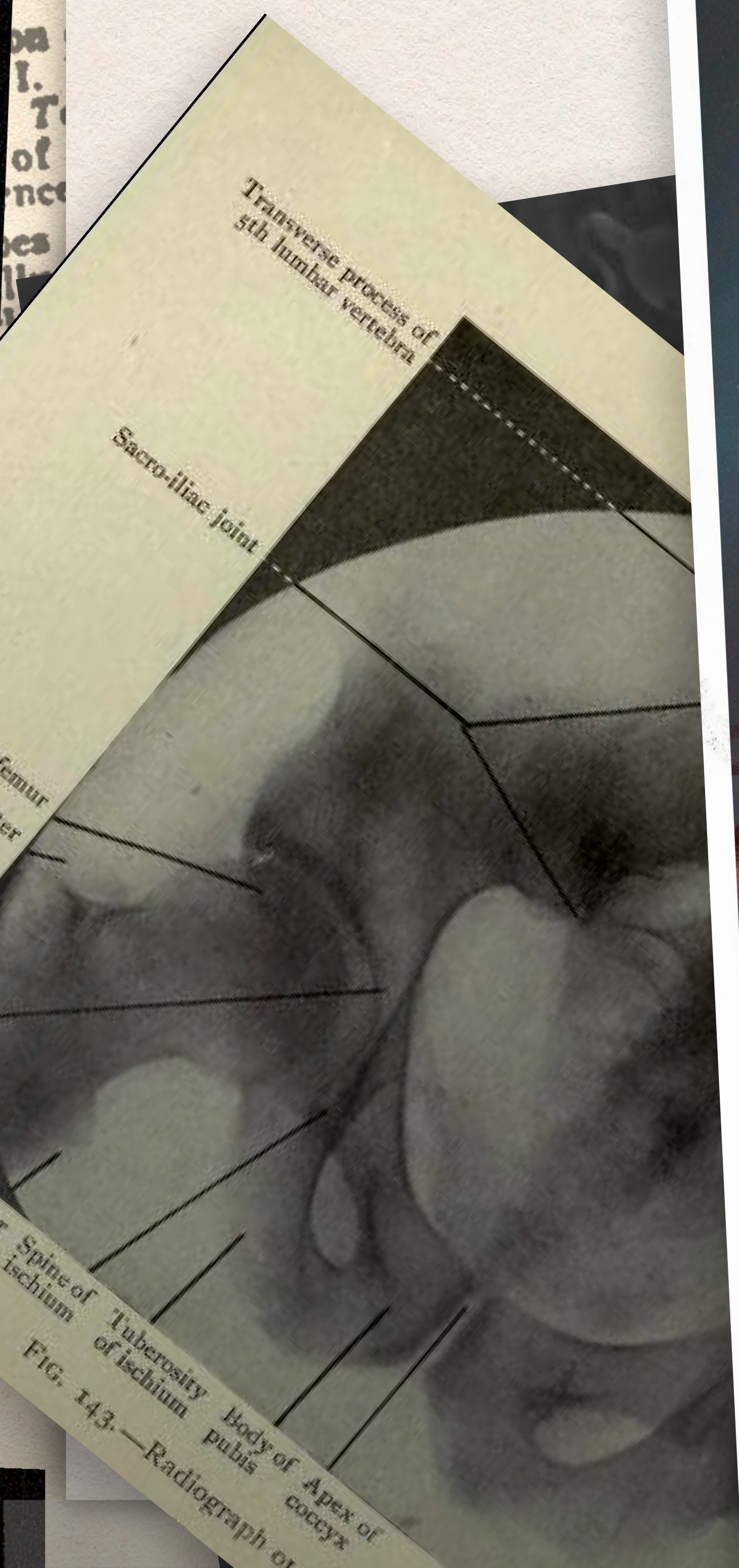


The changes aren't stopping. I can feel it constantly, like something unfolding underneath my skin. Each night, I fall asleep wondering what I'll see tomorrow in the mirror.

I'm not just growing bigger, not anymore. I'm developing mutations, new features that I cannot explain or fully understand. New patterns of coloration are emerging on my skin, bleeding through to the surface from somewhere deep inside. I can see small points of bioluminescence rippling in rows across my body, rhythmic and otherworldly like the lights of a comb jellyfish.

My appetites have continued to grow as well. I find myself making use of the lab techs once an hour, if not more. They're more than eager to oblige; I need only make meaningful eye contact and within minutes they're losing themselves in lust, moaning and gasping as they worship my throbbing cock. I wonder if this effect I have on them is chemical in nature, or if their adoration is a natural response to someone suffused with so much vitality.

Now that I consider it, their abundant sexual stamina does seem abnormal. I'll have the team examined. Perhaps their intimate contact with me has had some side effects.



I feel as though I've tapped into something ancient. Something unimaginably powerful, and distinctly *inhuman*. Nothing in our modern science can account for the way these separate cell structures across entirely different species are uniting and flourishing into something... *else*. It's as though these fragments of immortality are re-combining to replicate some common ancestor, impossibly old and utterly unknowable. I feel new pathways unfurling in my mind, bringing faint echoes of abyssal memory I cannot quite grasp.

And then there are the urges. Lord, the *urges*.

I'm learning to control them... to isolate the sexual frenzy into contained sessions of my choosing. But they're always there. Thrumming at the back of my mind like a lightless flame.



I know how I must sound. I must come across as a woman possessed. But next to all the foreign sensations and incomprehensible knowledge blooming in my mind, somehow the urges still feel utterly *me*.

That's the truth I used to fear most of all.

This has been inside me all along. All it took was one step beyond humanity to set it free.

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In my professional estimation, this experiment has fully run its course. While Serum G28 may not have achieved it's purpose as a practical anti-aging treatment, the results we did achieve are far greater than anything I could have dreamt of. I look forward to reading scientific journals about my work for centuries to come.

For now I leave my research with my assistants, who have more than proved their dedication to the project. The subtle changes to their physiology indicate that the serum has taken root in their cells, though without an active mitosis stimulant their evolution will take place over the course of decades. It is their decision to make: Undo the serum's effects or embrace them.

As for me, I have no intention of spending my newfound immortality in a lab. I think I'll explore the world's oceans for a while. See what unfathomable horrors lurk beyond the lightless depths. I'll feel right at home.

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//Recovered footage:: Deep Sea Monitoring Station F67209.7009

