

Perverse Poolrooms, Part 2 (Recoloring, Slime TF, 2nd Person)

The second pool yawns before you like a pool of acid, a shining bright green, like Mountain Dew. You can only hope it tastes better.

Approaching cautiously, you peer into it and wince at the unfamiliar reflection that greets you. Instead of a young man, it's a beautiful young woman, and though you've never seen her in your life, you can't help but recognize your twin sister. The similarity is undeniable.

Stepping back from the edge, you pause and look down at yourself. It's still a little hard to believe what's happened. In a sense, you suppose it's no more ridiculous than your having been transported to this strange, pool-themed maze in the first place, but at the same time...

Taking your hands, you raise them and lower them, eager and yet hesitant. Do you dare? You're alone, after all (a quick look around confirms this), and even if you weren't, do you think anyone would blame you? You've just been transformed into a beautiful, curvaceous woman! You've got as much of an excuse to touch yourself as anyone has ever had!

Finally, your desire overwhelms your caution. You plant your hands on your firm new breasts and gasp as they sink into the generous mounds of fat, their presence igniting two tiny flames—one in your boobs, and one farther down. The harder you squeeze, the hotter the fire becomes.

For almost a full minute, you simply stand there and grope yourself, grabbing great clumps of fat and wrapping hands around nipples to tweak them oh so hard. Biting your lip, you screw your eyes tight and shudder—you'd never imagined that touching your chest could feel so good.

Releasing yourself, you let your breasts flop back into their natural, heaving position and pause for a second to catch your breath, which has started to fog the air. In the meantime, you turn your attention to the second of the fires your self-exploration has started. Spreading your fat new thighs—God, they're like tree trunks—you examine the plump pair of lips nestled in the bikini bottoms between them. Do you dare? It's a little farther into no man's land—literally—but then, you've already taken the first few steps, haven't you? Why not go a little farther and confirm what you suspect?

Your fingers hover over the edge—that is, the entrance—for a few more seconds, trembling in eager anticipation. Your heart pounds, your body burns. Sweat runs down your face and joins the puddle at your feet. Finally, you can hold it in no more.

Your fingers dive into a pool of their own, and their entrance to these sticky waters is electric. You throw back your head in a scream that drives you wild, unable to believe that it's your own voice that you're hearing. And the pleasure—

Snatching your hand away from your groin, you freeze there for a second, trapped in a state of erotic suspension. If you go any farther, you'll be on the floor playing yourself like a piano

before you know it. No, you've got to keep a cool head and focus on getting out of here. Who knows what kind of danger is lurking around the corners?

You return your gaze to the obstacles ahead of you. The pool shimmers like a batch of Hollywood acid. Dare you dip your toes in it, even knowing what it might do to them? If the first pool turned you into a girl, who knows what this one might do? Eating your flesh might be the most merciful item on the menu.

Unfortunately, you don't have any other route to take. (You suppose you could retreat, but you'd have to swim through the pink pool again, and you don't know what that would do to you either. What if it turned you into a girl again? A girl²? You don't care to know.)

So you turned your attention back to the green and take an anxious step forward, sweat beading on your brow. Raising a leg, you hover it over the ocean, wondering if you dare go any farther, whether you dare take the risk at all. In the end, your courage wins out, but only barely—closing your eyes, you dip your toe in the soup.

It tingles a little, but not half as intensely as you'd expect if it were acid. Opening your eyes, you pluck your toe from the water and study it suspiciously. It looks the same as normal, so far as you can tell. Well, maybe it's a little greener than it was, but that's probably just the water, isn't it? Time to take the plunge.

Lowering yourself to the pool's edge, you take a deep breath, squeeze the edge, and throw yourself into the water with a splash. Heart pounding, you swim for the far edge, frontcrawling as hard as you possibly can. You don't want to be in this stuff for a second longer than necessary.

As you swim, that faint tingling sensation spreads through your form and leaves you shivering. You don't know what it's doing to you, but it can't be anything *too* drastic—you don't know whether to be relieved or worried by that. At any rate, it certainly isn't swapping your sex again. You don't know whether to be relieved or worried by *that* either. Is it even possible to turn back?

Finally, your fingers strike the far edge of the pool. Tightening your grip, you haul yourself out of it and roll onto your side, panting and wet. Slowly, the tingling sensation starts to fade.

Once you've recovered your breath, you force yourself back to your feet and look down at yourself, searching for any sign of a change. As far as you can tell, you're the same as ever, though (...ever meaning as of ten minutes ago, in this case). The only difference is that you're a little greener, but that's just the water coating you, isn't it?

...Isn't it?

You rush for the nearest mirror, shaking yourself off as you run. Wait. No, it's *not* the water! Your skin— Your hair— Even your eyes... It's—!

You're *green*. Green, green all over, in various shades. Your hair is a grassy dark, your skin the shade of the pool, and your eyes sparkle like a pair of giant emeralds.

For several seconds, you can only stand there, staring at yourself in the glass. For some reason, your change of color strikes you a little harder than your change of sex, perhaps because it no longer means you look normal. Before, you could have returned to society and lived your life with only a few minor difficulties—now, you’re in for the long haul.

Leaving the mirrors behind, you continue your trek through the maze. At the very least, you have confirmation of something you’d suspected ever since leaving the first pool. The waters in this strange labyrinth aren’t normal—each time you swim through them, they change you. The scale of that change seems to vary, though to what extent you don’t yet have enough data to say.

You suppose it could all be coincidence, of course. Maybe you’ve simply stumbled upon the only two pools in the maze with these properties. You doubt it though. That seems like a little too much to swallow, and the sight of a third pool around the corner, its waters a bright, unnatural blue, makes you think you’re not wrong in your assumptions.

It looks a little stickier than the first too. Thicker, somehow. You almost suspect it’s not water at all.

This time, you don’t hesitate to stick your toe in. Though you’re certain this pool will have just as ridiculous an effect on you as the previous two, you’re beginning to realize that if you don’t hurry up and plow on, you’re going to be here forever. Still, you don’t quite have the courage to leap straight in yet, so testing it with your toe it is.

Unlike the previous two pools’ contents, this one feels a little cold against your skin, and when you pull your foot back, it sticks to you, refusing to release you, until at last you step back and it snaps with a resounding plop. It tingles, like the other two, however. More intensely than either, as a matter of fact.

For a moment, the sensation checks your courage. What if you’ve been wrong in your assumptions? What if *this* is the pool of acid? Stumbling back, you hesitate, wondering if retreat really *was* the best option all along.

Finally, your surprise fades. Returning to the edge of the pool, you scan the surroundings, confirming there’s no space for you to sneak around the edges. Nor convenient rafts or anything else you could use to row across the surface. Sighing, you brace yourself for the inevitable. Here goes nothing...

You strike the waters with more of a *spot* than a splash. As you’ve seen, the stuff is thicker than normal water, though sadly not so thick you could run atop it. Instead of your impact throwing you straight to the bottom, you sink slowly. It’s enough of a surprise to make you forget all about your urgency, at least for a moment.

But as you approach the bottom of the pool and the familiar tingling of transmutation (or possibly acid) returns, you remember exactly why you want to be out of here as soon as possible. Heart pounding, you paddle madly for the surface.

Breaching the skin of the pool—and skin really is the right word—you gasp for air and force yourself into the hardest frontcrawl you'd ever swum. As your arms slap the 'water', exhaustion washes through you. It feels like you're swimming through treacle.

Kicking as hard as you can, you force yourself on, gulping down every mouthful of air you can get, but you're still not moving half as fast as you'd like to. Worse, that familiar tingling soon returns, stronger than ever and growing more intense with the second. Spreading through your form, it leaves you shaking all over, vibrating like you're about to explode. Just what is happening to you *this* time?!

As it reaches your new nipples and groin, the sensation becomes particularly unbearable. For an instant, you slam to a stop, pausing to pant for breath and resisting the urge to finger yourself. Only as the tingling intensifies again do you remember your need to hurry. Heart pounding, lungs aching, muscles burning, you force yourself on as fast as you can swim.

With every stroke, continuing becomes harder. Soon, only the desperate urge to reach the other side is enough to keep you going.

And then you notice it. As you raise your arm to take another stroke, you see something you should have noticed half a minute ago. If not for the color change, perhaps you would have.

There are bubbles in your arm.

Your limb strikes the surface of the pool with a great splat, and as it does it disperses, losing what shape it has, so that it would be impossible to tell where your limb ends and the pool begins, if not for their colors. Squealing, you slam to a stop and study yourself in terror. It's not just your arm! Your entire body is translucent and full of bubbles. Even as you watch, one of your breasts slides down your chest, threatening to melt into the water.

You can only squeal in terror. It *was* acid after all!

Panicked, you swim madly for the other side and struggle to heave your glutinous new body out of the water. It releases you reluctantly, with a sound like a tearing tape. Flung free, you strike the tiles with a splat and dissolve, barely able to hold yourself together.

In the obligatory mirror, you examine yourself with wild eyes—they seem to be the only part of you unaffected. The rest of you is slime, thick light green slime, bubbling and pouring out of shape each time you relax your will.

Sitting there, you swallow. Well, at least you know it's not a coincidence now.