



Takashi Kenji is a heavy metal guitar player known for his edgy horror lyrics, his heavy dark make-up. A handsome pretty boy with a lot of female fans, he howls on stage of dark horrors. He reaches his hands into the crowd and his fans all go crazy.

Now after a little snap and some hypnosis, he was on his knees. He wasn't sure what happened but he felt irritated for a long while, he could feel there was something he had done that he couldn't recall at all. Something his producers had done to him. He asked them but they had laughed and dismissed him.

He was singing on stage again and he let out an unfamiliar squeak in the middle of it. He was able to hide it quickly by jumping on the next note. But he never made mistakes like this even for a rough and coarse music like this one. There was something that happened but he just can't seem to remember.



He was having sex with his girlfriend but he just can't seem to get erect.

"Something stressful going on at work, Kenji? You can relax with writing the music, a ghostwriter would be fine too."

"Nothing like that. Felt like something happened but can't seem to get a grasp on what it is." He scratches his head as he sits by the bed.

Kenji got off the stage again, he saw the three men chatting with each other looking at him strangely.

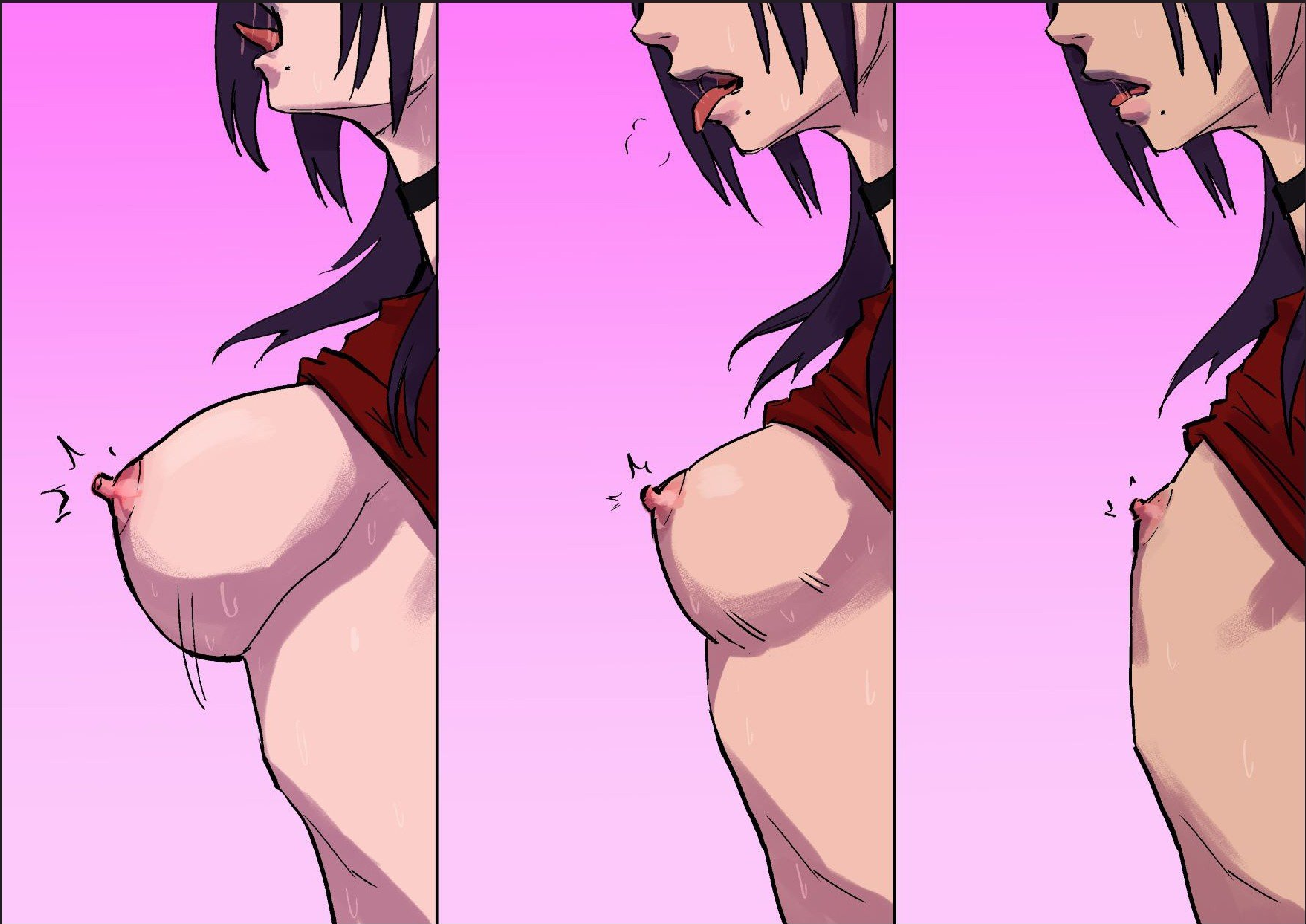
"Great work today, Kenji-san." He hears them say as his mind goes blank yet again.



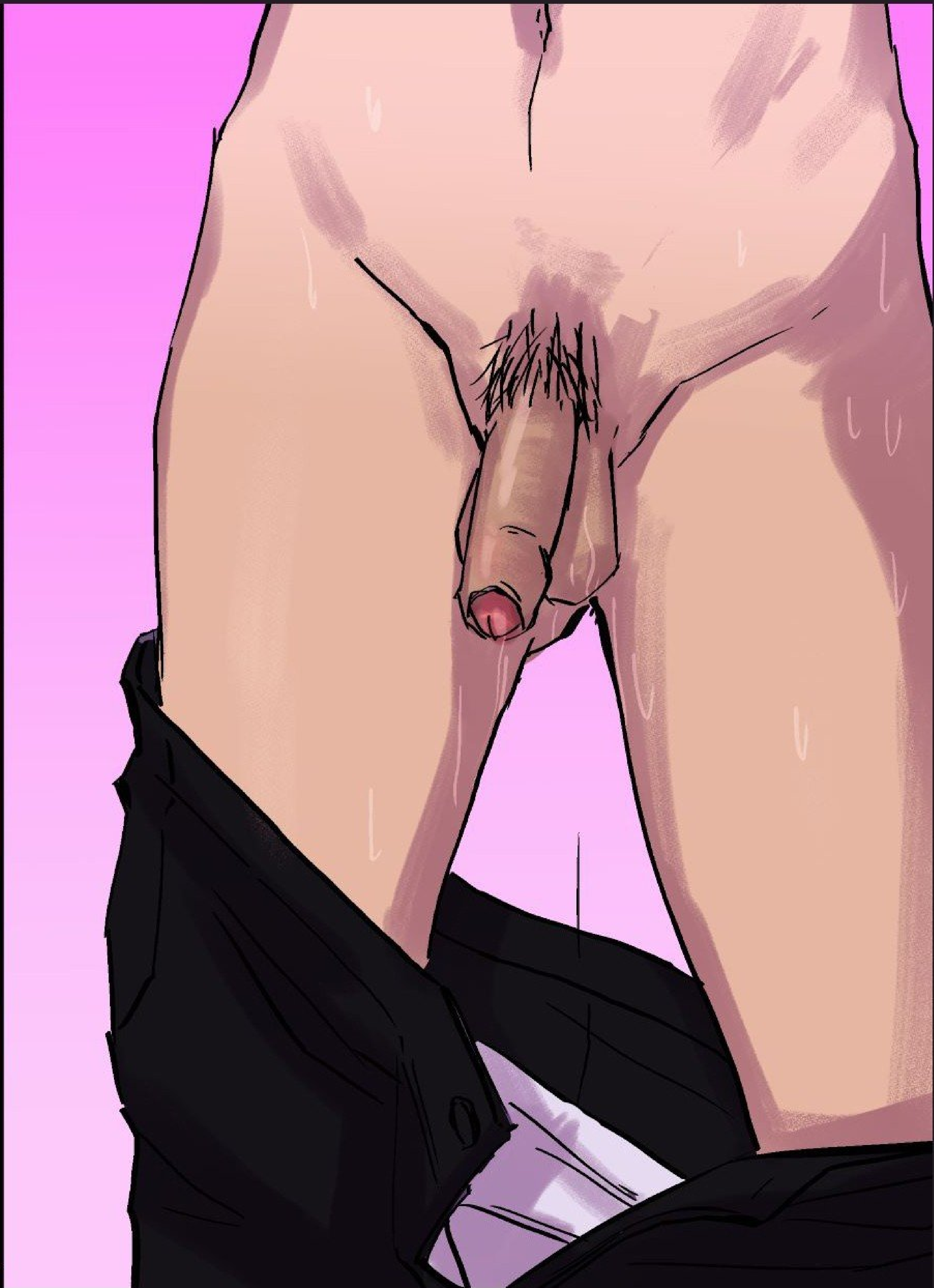
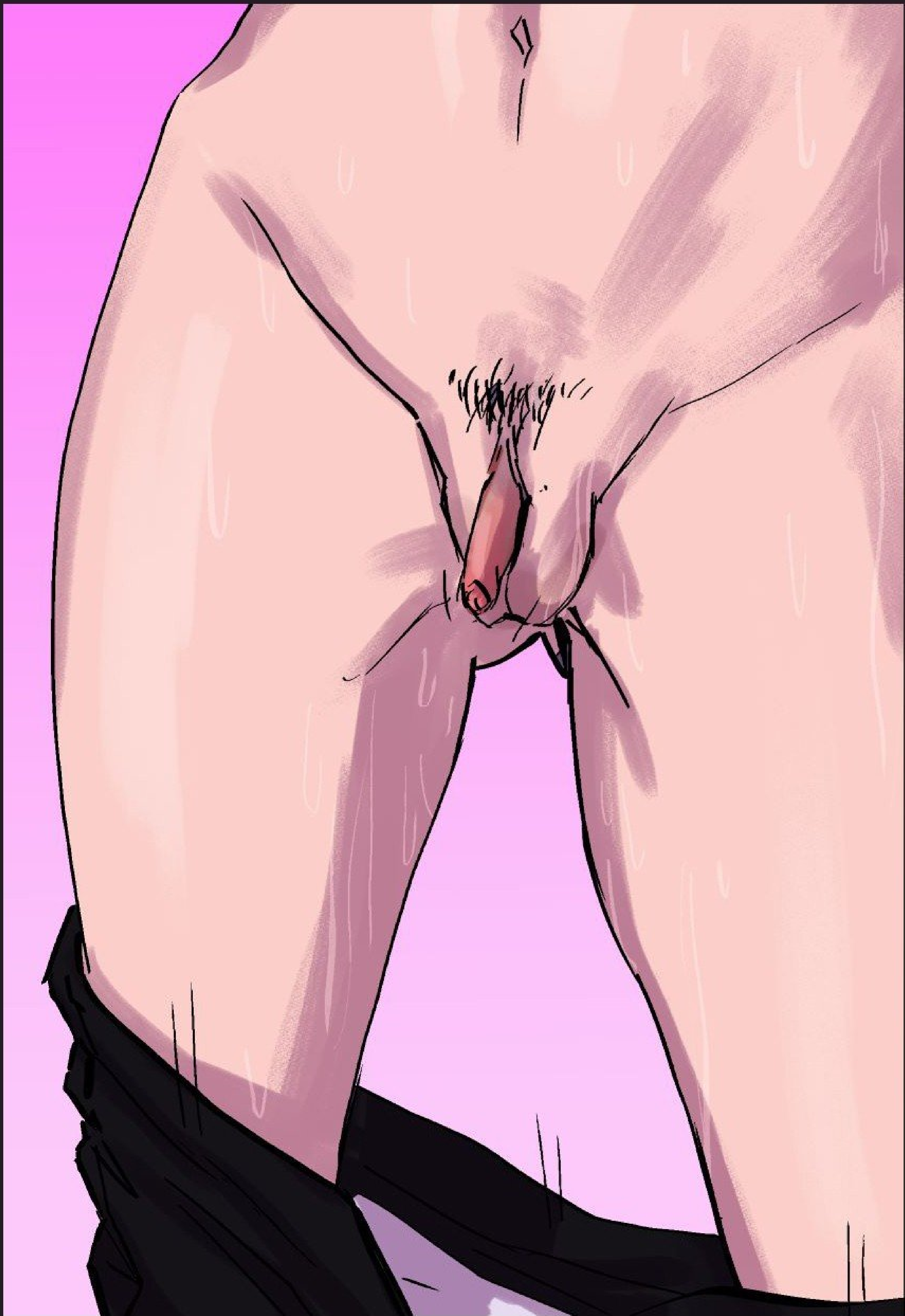
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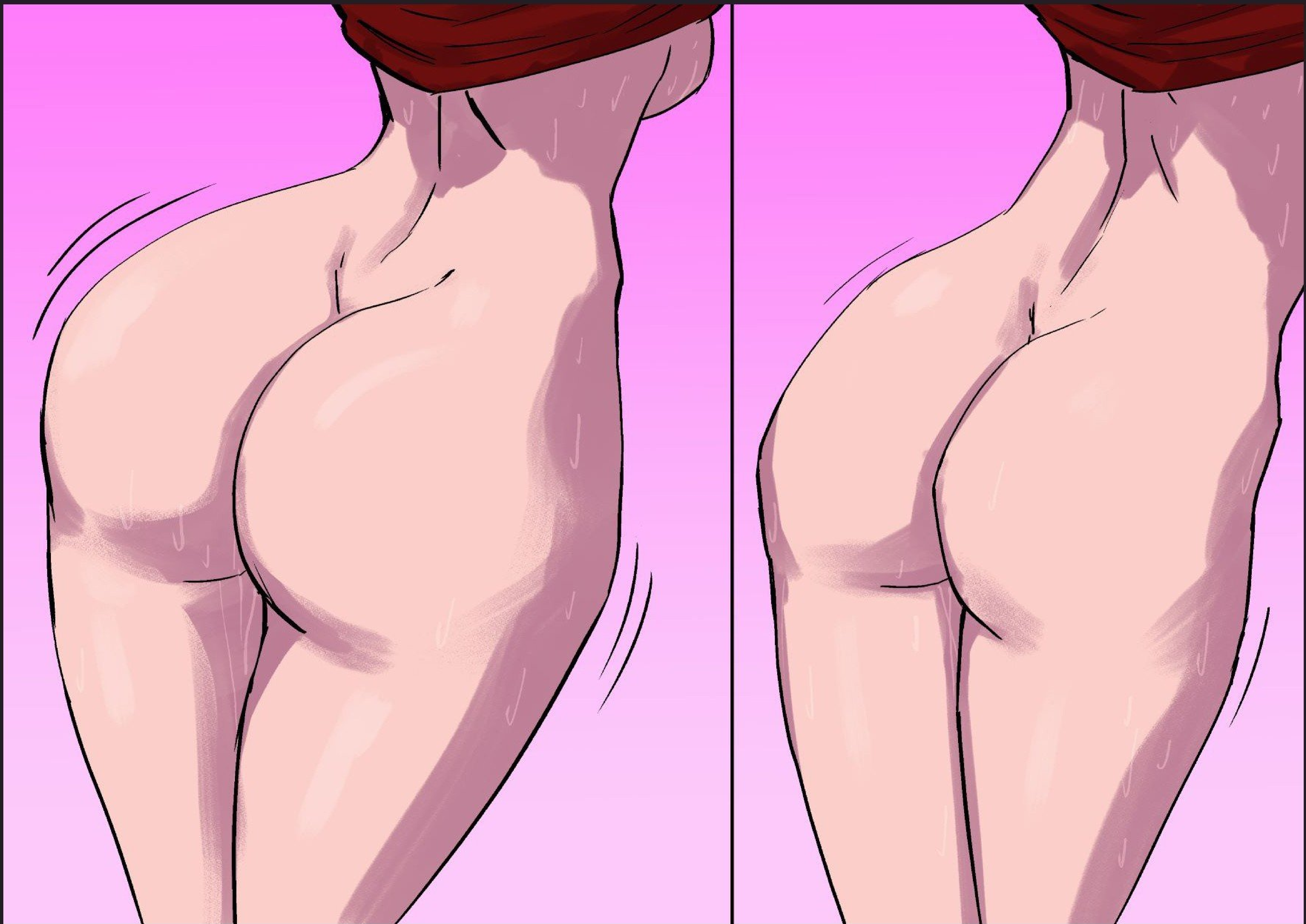
He followed them in the room, taking off his clothes slowly. As one of them kissed him with a pill in his mouth, as he swallowed it,



his chest slowly inflated to a C



and his penis shrinks into a pussy, getting onto his knees again, he began sucking on their dicks.



Kenji's body was hot and steaming, transforming slowly, his chest slowly inflated while his penis began to shrink his ass bulging out.



His head was still blank as he stroked their cocks vigorously. He put one into his mouth, rocking his head back and forth as his body slowly becomes more and more feminine.

“It’s time for you to change to a more profitable business, Kenji-san.” One of the producers said as he turned Kenji around, his ass showing. One tight slap on it and he began moaning, his tongue flying out of his mouth from the pleasure. The pitch of his voice turned higher and higher, becoming that of a grown woman, the usual pitch he used to sing now her normal voice.

The main producer put it as they put Kenji against a wall and began pumping against his ass cheeks while continuously slapping it. Kenji continues to loudly moan while his breasts shook back and forth against the force of his push. His eyes go up as he moans with his head against the wall. That’s when he woke up from the ecstasy and realized he was being fucked.

Kenji immediately was in his dressing room again. His head was getting foggy. His make-up artist was just leaving.

“Damn it!” He yelled, trying to remember again what happened.

He was trying to recall something about his producers and something fleshy bulging in his hands. As Kenji looked on in confusion, holding his head, he looked down and saw a big bulge in his pants and realized that he was fully erect, he blushed in embarrassment and found himself feeling horny at the thought. He was going insane. But he had no idea what had happened.

His producer walked in again.

“Ah, Kenji-san, you look red, is something the matter with you?”

“Nothing. Nothing’s wrong. I am fine.” Kenji says, his face still red holding his hand against his head.

“There sure are a lot of girls coming after you, it must be a pain even with a girlfriend. Isn’t it?”

“Kenji-san you sure are an attractive singer, aren’t you?”



Another one forced it into his mouth. Kenji was jumping between clarity and delusions as he saw what was happening to him, he was glaring at all of them in anger as they fucked his mouth, ass, and pussy.

“S-STOP! YOU BASTARDS!” He finally yelled as he shoved one away from his mouth but he was immediately restrained from behind.

“I S-SAID STOP!” She kept yelling, but she found herself unable to resist the pleasure and allowed a pleased moan to escape her now soft lips.

“A-a-ahhh!”

She shook her head, her arms unable to move as they were held tightly from behind. Her ass bumping against the producer’s front making loud slapping noise.

“I think she’s realizing.” They said.



Kenji could feel his body getting hot as he licked his lips, looking at the producer.

“What seems to be the matter, Kenji?”

Kenji looks away, his body getting hotter as he realizes he wasn't thinking clearly anymore. As he got onto his knees crawling towards the producer, his leather jacket bulged by the growing of his breasts again, his tongue out as steam rose from his body again.



The producer smiled, unzipping his pants as Kenji approached him putting the man's penis in between her breasts. The producer sat down on the couch as Kenji could still feel his penis shrinking slowly.

"Now, now, what are you doing, Kenji-san?"

Kenji's eyes were only focused on the producer's dick as she had her tongue rolling around all the sensitive spots on the penis, having one himself before. He was both conscious and unconsciously doing it, he was consumed by an overwhelming desire even, he couldn't resist even knowing that this wasn't his nature.



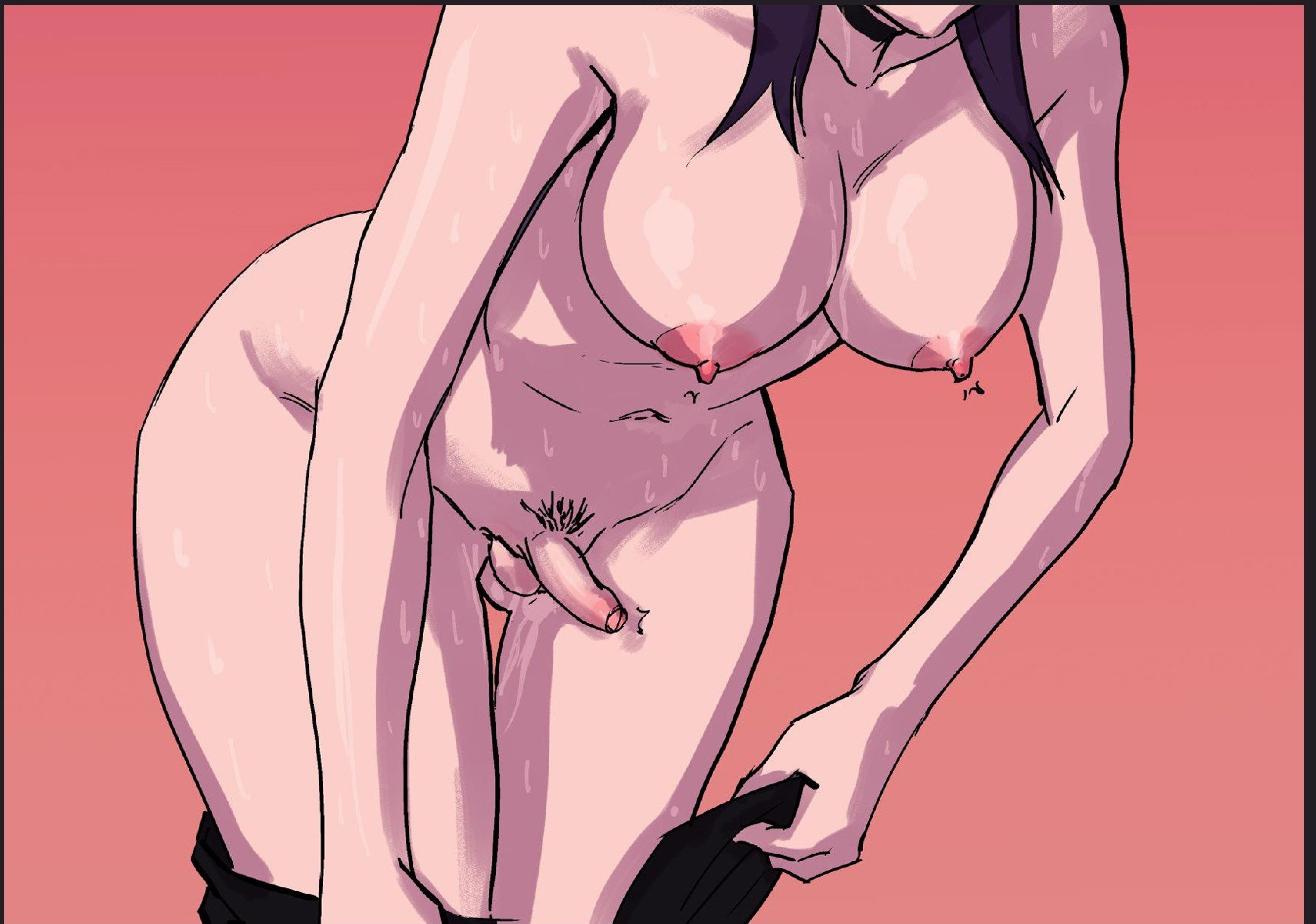
“This is what you like, don’t you, Kenji.”

“Yeesh...”

Kenji splurts incoherently while she sucks on his dick, making the suctioning noise as he sucks it, her tongue rolling around and swallowing while moving her hands up and down on his dick.



The producer leaned back as he could feel it coming, Kenji felt the bulge of his penis growing larger, as she held onto the producer's cock tightly and the producer cums all over Kenji's face.



Then it wore off again, Kenji realized what she was doing, she wanted to do something but the next thing she knew, she was slowly taking off her clothes, her shrinking penis erect.



N-no...wait...I-I..." Kenji begged looking back at the producer as he was ready to put it into Kenji's asshole as her penis is still transforming into a pussy.

The producer penetrated her holding onto her arms as he pumped into her asshole. She moaned her tongue sticking out as black tears rolled off from his mascara.



She saw herself in the mirror, she had looked like a goth woman, he had the androgynous look before there is no doubt looking at the mirror of the woman being fucked. That is a woman.

“Ah, ahhh, ahhh! N-no!” She kept moaning, as the producer held tightly on her arms, not letting go.

She had wanted it to stop but it also felt too good. Kenji cums the last time as a man as his penis fully becomes a pussy. Kenji falls to ground and laid there panting, her heart pounding, the last of his semen still dripping by his newly-formed pussy.



The producer flexes his hand and arm then lifts Kenji up by her now fully formed and well-shaped ass. She notes how surprisingly strong he is before leaning in to kiss him and he inserts his dick into her pussy.

Her eyes flew up again.

“Y-yes! A- ahhh, yes!”

He pumps upwards holding her ass.



“D-don’t stop! A-ahhh!” Her moan intervally interrupted by the pump as she wrapped her arms around the producer who finally sat down again.

She held him down and started moving his hips more. Her buttcheeks slapping against his thighs with her legs on the sofa, her moan getting louder and faster,



her eyes going up again as Kenji cums with her female pussy for the first time. She is twitching as the producers semen fills her pussy and she could feel him all the way inside of her.

The producer smiled, "I think I will keep you as you are."

The woman with the dark heavy make-up was about to enter the stadium, screaming male fans around her when a woman ran towards her.

“Kenji! It’s me, Kenji!”

“Who is Kenji?” The woman asked.

“Who is this?” The producer asks Kenji.

“I-I don’t know.”

“Kenji! You are a man! Remember that you are a man!”

Kenji looked at her longingly one last time as the producer put his hand around her and escorted her in.



ARATA WAS PLANNING TO LEAVE THE AGENCY, HE WAS PLANNING TO BLACKMAIL THE PRODUCER TO TERMINATE THEIR CONTRACT.

HE WAS GRINNING AS THEY SAT DOWN TO NEGOTIATE IN THE DRESSING ROOM. THE PRODUCER WAS WITH A WOMAN THAT ARATA HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE BUT SHE LOOKED LIKE KENJI, THE HEAVY METAL SINGER THAT USED TO WORK FOR THEM. BUT THERE WAS NO WAY THAT COULD BE KENJI.

ARATA TOOK A SIP OF THE COFFEE AS HE THREW OVER THE DOCUMENTS DETAILING THE UNPAID TAXES AND AMONG OTHER THINGS

"ARATA-SAN. SO YOU SAY YOU HAVE DAMAGING INFO ON THE AGENCY." THE PRODUCER TIPPED HIS GLASSES UP, PICKING UP THE DOCUMENT.

"YES, I DO. AND IF YOU DON'T WANT IT SPILLED, MY CONDITION ISN'T UNFAIR, TERMINATE ME FROM MY CONTRACT."

THE PRODUCER BEGINS LOOKING THROUGH THE DOCUMENT AS HE PULLS THE WOMAN CLOSER TO HIM AND WHISPERS INTO HER EARS, SHE LOOKS AT HIM LOVINGLY AND BEGINS TO KISS HIM.

"HEY, TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY!" ARATA YELLED IN ANNOYANCE SLAMMING THE TABLE. THE PRODUCER SMILED AND PUT DOWN THE DOCUMENT, PUSHING THE WOMAN ASIDE AND LEANED FORWARD WITH HIS HANDS CLASPED TOGETHER.

"SO YOU HAVE FOUND OTHER OPPORTUNITIES ALREADY? THE CREW TELLS ME YOU HAVE BEEN GETTING HARD TO DEAL WITH ON THE SET. YOU KEEP GOING OFF THE RAIL. YOU KNOW I AM LOOKING AT THE IDOL BUSINESS, SEEMS LIKE A BETTER DIRECTION FOR THE AGENCY."





HE WAS BACK IN BED AGAIN, FUCKING THE GIRL FROM BEFORE.

SMILING AT HIM. THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT SMILE, IT LOOKED SINISTER.

HE CUMS, THE GIRL SUDDENLY WRAPS HER LEGS AROUND HIS BACK AND PUTS HIM IN.

"YOU WILL SERVE HIM TOO..." SHE WHISPERS INTO HIS EAR.

"W-WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!?"



M-MY BODY
IS CHANGING,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING!?

SHRINK

SHRINK

SHRINK

FLIP

A-AAAAAAAAH!







EXPAND

PERK

I'M GOING TO...
I'M GOING TO...!

W-WHY IS IT
SHRINKING...
AND WHY
AM I STILL
HARD?

EXPAND

EXPAND

EXPAND

SPLOOSH

SHRINK

SHRINK

SCHLICK

YOU WON'T
BE ABLE
TO RESIST..

PERFECT.

THROB

POKE

I-I AM A
PLAYBOY.
I LIKE GIRLS.
THERE IS
NO WAY.

WHY...CAN'T...
I...RESIST...
AT...ALL...?

MU...

CHU

HAH...



YOU ARE
NOW OUR
CUTE IDOL
TRAINEE,
SHINNA-CHAN.

LICK

REALLY!?
YAY!
THANK YOU,
PRODUCER!

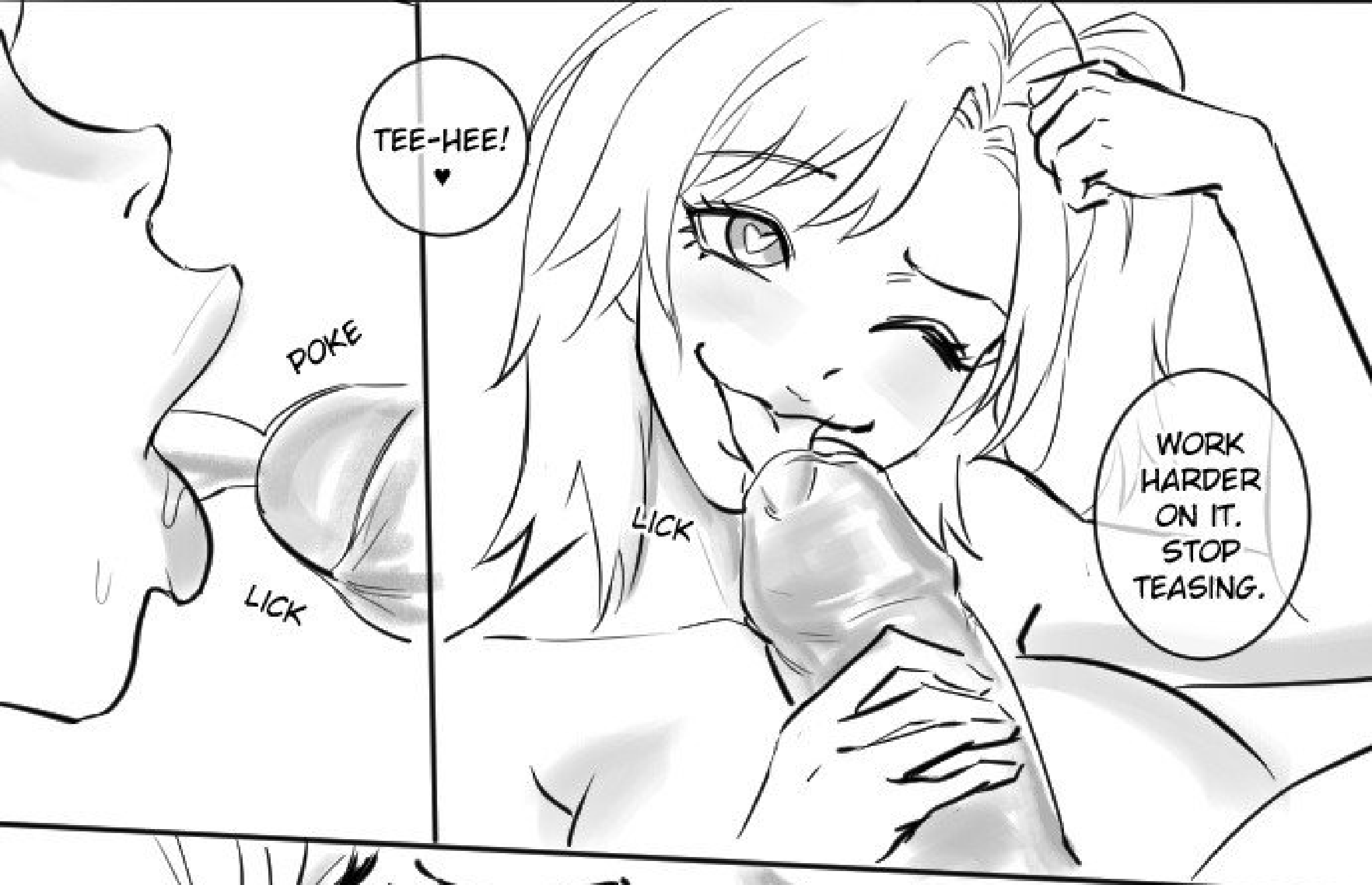


THROB

THROB

DAZED

DAZED





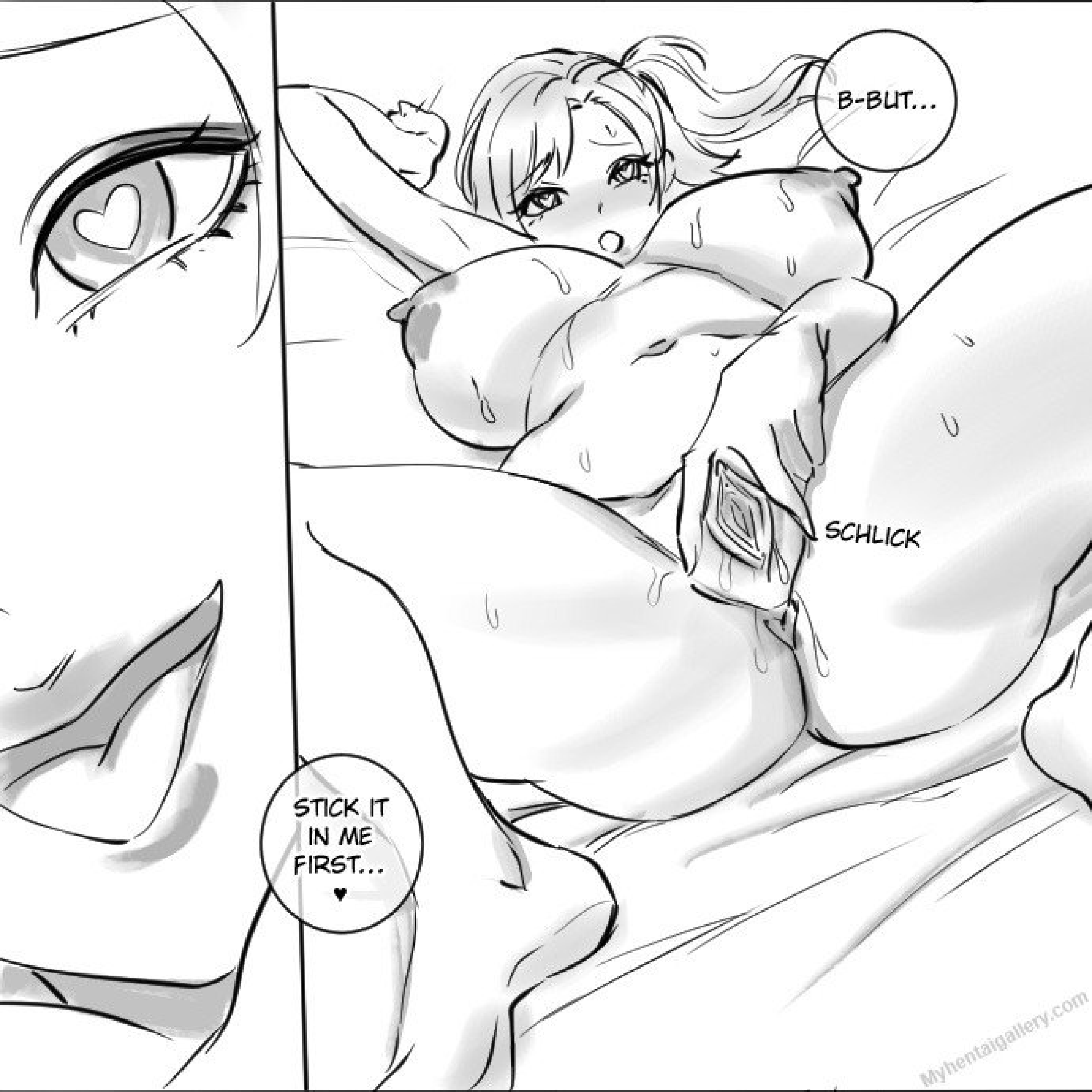


NOW,
SHINNA-CHAN...
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF OUR
NEW CONTRACT?

MM...

LICK

HEE-HEE...
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO ME BUT I
WILL LUV
WHATEVER THAT
YOU WANT ME
TO DO, PRODUCER!



B-BUT...

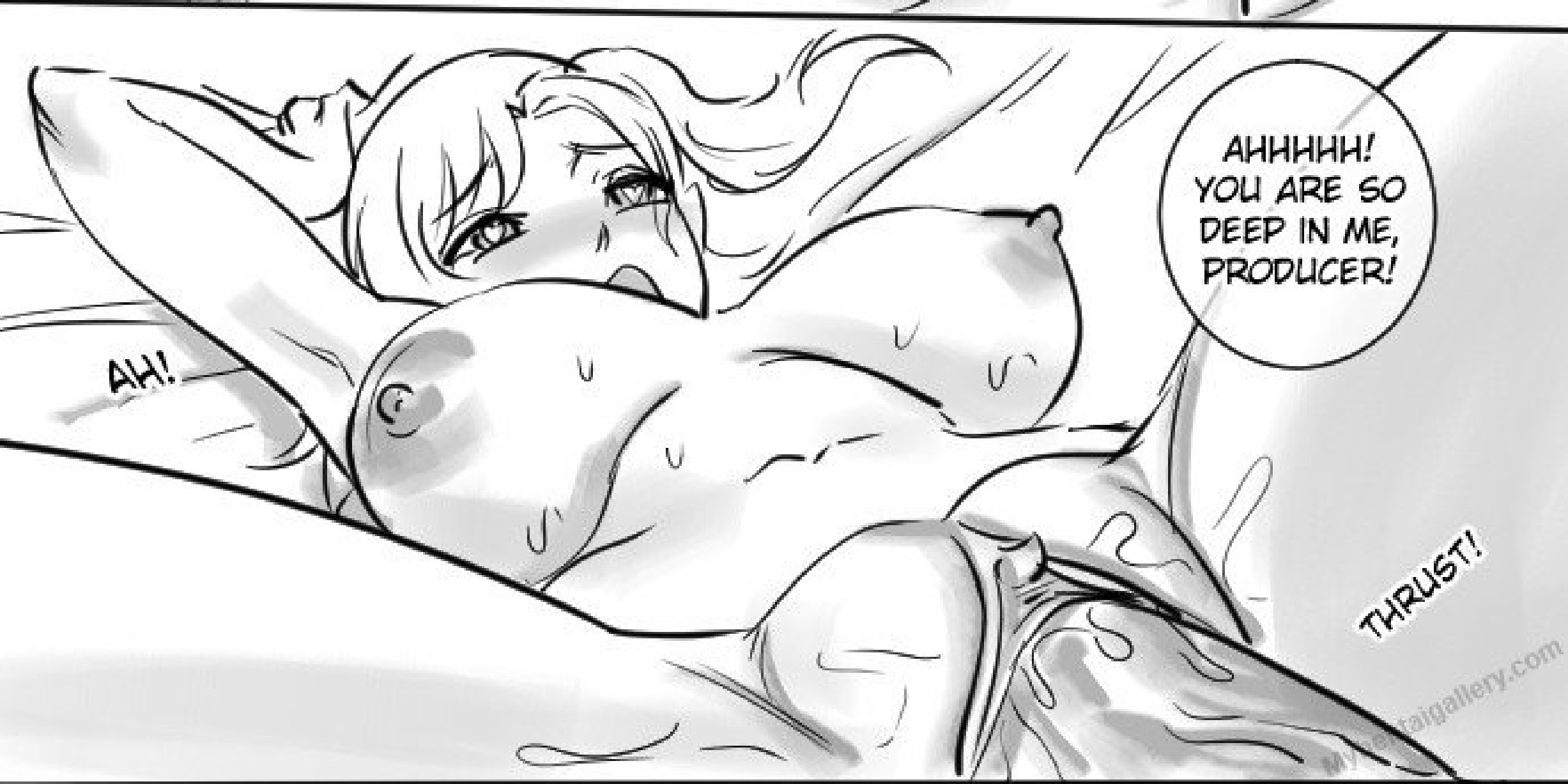
STICK IT
IN ME
FIRST...



SCHLICK



YOU
NAUGHTY
GIRL...



AHHHHH!
YOU ARE SO
DEEP IN ME,
PRODUCER!

AH!

THRUST!

AH!♥

HAH...♥

COME ON,
ARATA,
I THOUGHT
YOU WOULD
PUT UP A
BETTER FIGHT
THAN THIS!

DO YOU EVEN
REMEMBER
WHO YOU ARE?!

Y-YES! I WAS
AN ARROGANT
ACTOR WHO GAVE
MY MASTER A
LOT OF TROUBLE
BUT NOW I WILL
OBEDIENTLY
SERVE YOU!

THRUST

THRUST!

THRUST!



KEEP TOUCHING
ME, PRODUCER!
BE ONE WITH ME,
PRODUCER!



YOUR FACE IS
SO CUTE NOW,
SHINNA-CHAN!

PINCH



PUT ALL OF
YOU IN ME,
PRODUCER!



P-PRODUCER...
PRODUCER...

YOUR SEED...
PRODUCER...
♡

THRUST!

THRUST!



AHHHHHHH!!

SPLURT!

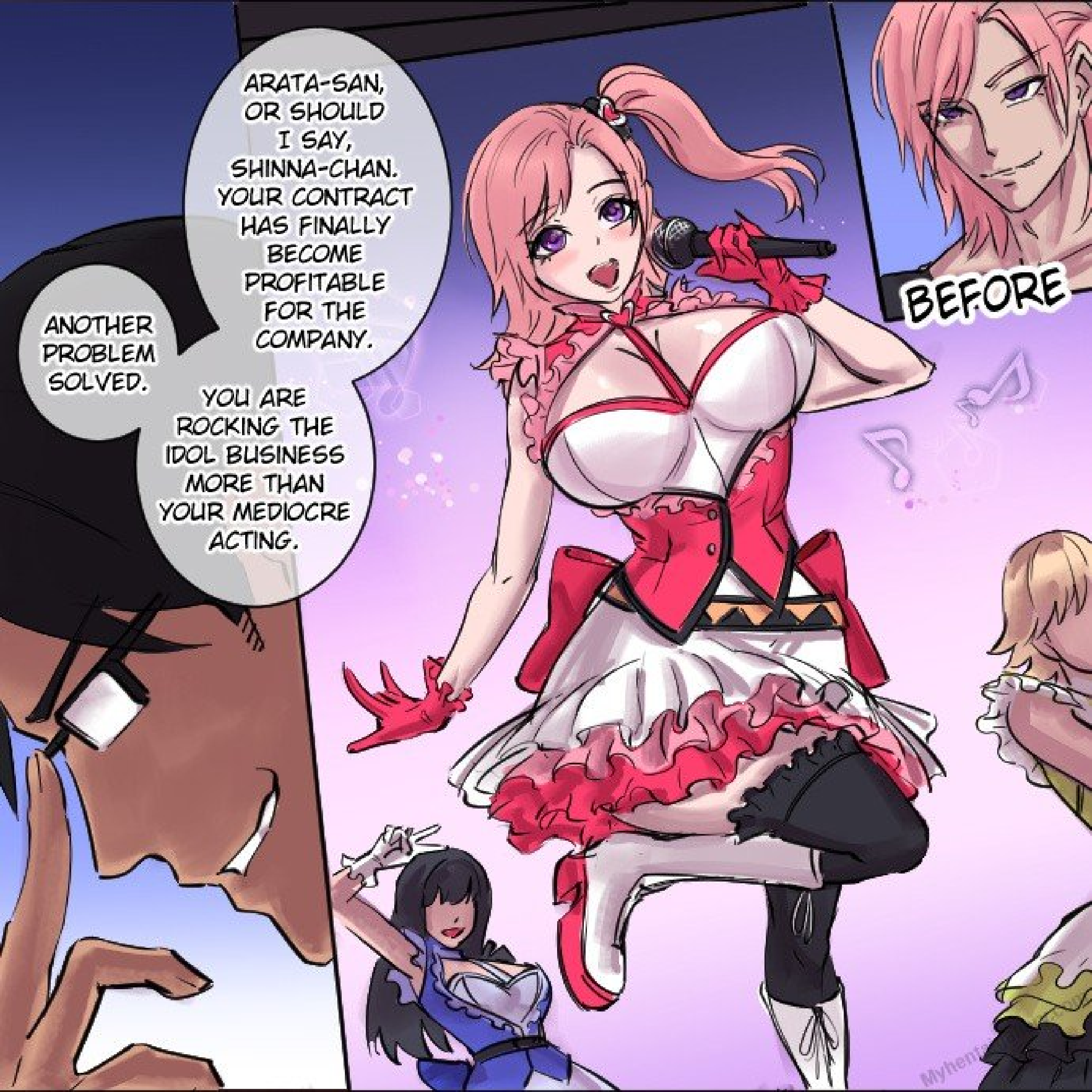
SPLURT!

ANOTHER
PROBLEM
SOLVED.

YOU ARE
ROCKING THE
IDOL BUSINESS
MORE THAN
YOUR MEDIOCRE
ACTING.

ARATA-SAN,
OR SHOULD
I SAY,
SHINNA-CHAN.
YOUR CONTRACT
HAS FINALLY
BECOME
PROFITABLE
FOR THE
COMPANY.

BEFORE





AM I RIGHT,
SHINNA-CHAN?

YEESH...
PRODUCER...
♥

NNH...

SUCK

SLURP