

It had been a slow day at the Faustus HQ, as Vulcan, in her feline Faustulan form, ended her rounds for the night and reverted to her human looking self with a smile. With no big alerts to worry about, internal or external, she could go back to Rita's house for the evening and spend time with her best friend, which she was looking forward to immensely. The halls of the massive Faustus HQ tower were empty, giving off only the electric hum of the lighting as she cheerfully whistled to herself during her walk out.

"Everyone's gone home for the night, just little old meeee all aloooone and I have this whoooooole building to myself~!" she giggled to no one in particular.

Her long strut down to the exit was interrupted, however, by the sounds of beeping from an office to her right. Curious, she peeked in and saw that a computer had been left on, seems the intern or whoever had forgotten to switch off before or she left for the day. Heh, how silly of them! Now Vulcan could see what crazy stuff they'd been searching throughout the day like the nosey parker she was!

With a mischievous smile, the nanodroid raised her hand to the computer, her intrinsic computer abilities allowing her to remotely access it and pass any company conceived firewalls and blockers, and she was quickly inside the computer, the mouse replaced with a tiny, chibi imitation of her head. Scanning through the files and history, her eyes widened and a gloved hand went to her mouth as she saw...*things* that this person had searched. Searched in company time no less! Noir was so going to be an unhappy kitty when she found out about this!

"Yeeeesh what a dirty boy! Or girl, or, whatever they are!" she gasped, shaking her head. "I am soooo telling Noir about this, nobody looks up *boobies* on company time except for 'daddy'! Er, Mr Reiniger. Errr...well whatever that guy is, I can't call him what mommy calls him..."

Exiting the computer, Vulcan was about to finally leave when she passed by the room's blinking modem, and her nanite powered wifi connection suddenly spiked, causing her to tense up as a large number of files were suddenly beamed into her wirelessly. Her eyes blinked rapidly until it stopped, leaving her to breath out, shrug and continue like nothing had happened.

"Urgh, what was that...?" she groaned, shaking her head.

The dizziness subsided, so Vulcan shrugged it off and continued on her way...unaware of the slow but steady changes to her body. The faint sound of creaking rubber filled the air as she walked, her body slowly stretching taller, going from 6'4 to 6'5...6...7...slowly. Her gait, a playful, almost skipping walk slowly altered as the nanodroid's hips flared out suddenly, becoming more of a strut. A small, stubby tail wiggling free above her butt, swaying with her hips as she walked.

"I feel so...weird..." Vulcan grunted; rubbing her head...and then yelping when she realised her head did not feel the shape it should be. "What the?!"

Vulan's face was stretching out now, protruding into some manner of snout. Her pigtails were also blowing up in size and stretching out into what seemed to be...wings? She rushed to the hallway mirror to get a better look and just stared in shock. A tingling in her chest began, and she realised that now her breasts were beginning to swell; expanding from their already not too ungenerous size into much larger spheres, leading to Vulan cupping them in her gloved hands in bewilderment. Her exposed skin began to turn green, developing into scales as her tail grew larger and more powerful, a rattle forming on it...she was some sort of rattlesnake?

"Why is...wh-whoa!" she yelped, nearly losing her balance as her feet formed into high heels, pushing her up another few inches in height.

Another bout of creaking rubber made her twist her body to glimpse at her rear, and she saw that her butt was blowing out rapidly to match her still growing chest, which had reached the size of basketballs. Her butt cheeks were like medicine balls before they stopped expanding. To make it worse, her jumpsuit shifted around, almost completely exposing her massive breasts save for a small bit of fabric to the side of each globe, and the change left her rump almost totally exposed too, like the backside of some bikini bottoms.

"Whoa...oh my..." she muttered, finding her voice had deepened from its usual childishness to a sultry, seductive lilt. "This is interesting...but why did I change?! I shouldn't be this, well, what Mr Reiniger probably Googles!"

Then it hit her: That modem. Maybe she downloaded some sort of weird virus from it? It'd explain the buzz she got a few minutes ago. Sighing and rubbing her head, she began to try and walk again, finding it much harder to keep her balance with both high heeled feet and her overexaggerated bombshell of a body, the jiggling from her butt and boobs being an almost alien sensation to her.

"Gotta get home...maybe I can fix it there..." she mumbled, embarrassed.

*Grrrooowwwllll*

Hungry at a time like this? Vulan almost chuckled out loud, seemed no matter what shape she was, some things didn't change. A snack from the cafeteria of the base wouldn't hurt before she went home. Navigating herself to the elevator, she pressed the ground floor button and hummed a ditty to herself as she went upwards. The elevator dinged and she wobbled towards the mess hall, rubbing her exposed, scaly stomach in anticipation.

The lighting was still on, courtesy of back up generators, and as nobody was around, she felt free to help herself to the kitchen section. Slinking across the tiled floor and between the tables, she got over the counter and approached the fridges and freezers storing the lunch time grub, rubbing her hands together. Another rumble from her stomach coaxed her into this company theft, and soon she'd opened up a fridge and began to snack on the contents. Ham? Chomped.

Chicken? Gulped. Sausages? Devoured. Vulcan felt her slender stomach bulge as she ate, patting it as she continued. She wouldn't eat *too* much, just enough to satisfy her hearty appetite.

"Mmm...wait, I'm a snake. I wonder if..." she mused, eyeing up the freezer nearby.

Opening it, she saw an entire frozen turkey sitting there, and she flicked her now forked tongue around to lick her lips. First time for everything after all. Taking the poultry out, she opened her mouth wide, a *crick* as her jaws unhinged wider than should be possible, and she shoved the bird into her maw, shuddering at how cold it was. Closing her jaws over it, she let out muffled squeaks as she tried to will herself to swallow, until with an almighty *GULP*, it slid down her throat, to her mild discomfort, and caused her belly to now look like she was pregnant.

"Oof...errrp, yummm! ...Oooaaauuuww oh god brain freeeeeeeze!" she squealed, clutching her head and shaking, her stomach gurgled as it worked at the ill gotten goods she'd consumed too, the sheer cold of the turkey giving her a bellyache.

"That was...a bad...idea..." she whined, tongue slithering out of her mouth.

Composing herself, Vulcan knew she definitely needed to leave now, and began to waddle towards the exit, distended stomach sloshing as she did. She hoped Rita wouldn't mind her changes, though seeing as she was still herself, she doubted she'd mind.

"BUURRRRP!...excuse me!" she blushed to noone, her belch catching her off guard.

"Okay, get to Rita's house and sleep this off, get Noir to fix me in the morning... I can do that!" she chanted to herself, approaching the door to leave and-

*Wedge*

"Oof! I...huh?" why had she stopped? "Hrrrgh! ...Uh oh."

She was stuck

Her gargantuan medicine ball butt and hartman hips had gotten stuck in the door. On one hand, now she could finally petition to get them turned to double doors, on the other, she had to call Rita to say she won't be over tonight. A fact which saddened her.

Using her internal wifi system, she mentally called Rita's cellphone, and waited for it to pick up.

"Yeah, Reety? Vulcan here, liii can't come over tonight, ran into a..." she wriggled, no luck "*Big* problem at work. Be over tomorrow though okay? Phew, glad you understand, see ya!"

Content that Rita wasn't upset, she went back to moping at her predicament...she'd have to call Noir now, no doubt the feline would be both irritated at the late night phoning and amused at the sight when she turned up.

"Fudge..." Vulcan spat.