
VVVVVVVVV
POLISH

Hi, my name is Nick- or I guess I'm Nicole now? Ugh, as you can clearly see I'm not a human nor a man but some weird female alien robot that can transform into a motorcycle. I know, that's a lot to unpack but believe me I haven't even gotten to what a roller coaster this situation has been for me. Cause, hard as it maybe to believe, I was a human man once, but that all changed like, a week ago.

So, it was the dead of night and I was preparing to go to sleep when I heard something crash right on top of a hill near my house. I wasn't sure what had happened but my curiosity prevented me from sleeping that night so I got my best night robe on and went out to investigate. When I got there I realized what had happened; a meteor had fallen on top of the hill. It looked so strange and alien, it didn't appear natural at all and going off its metallic texture, I assume it was part of some alien ship that broke off. I will admit, I am not the brightest person around and decided to go and touch the thing. Even if I didn't end up like this, a fresh meteor could be very hot so touching it was a dumb thing regardless.

What was my transformation like you ask? Well, the truth is I don't know. As soon as I touched it, I heard a loud metallic ring and then I passed out. I don't think I even dreamed that night, I really don't know what it feels like to lose your manhood, or your humanity- or being a carbon based lifeform. When I woke up, I was in some garage and I looked like this. A large naked robot with tits. Of course, I did spend the next few minutes freaking out wondering how I got here, why I was a woman and a robot at that. But I became really bothered by some annoying scratch marks and on my chest- er my tits.

Like, come on! I only just transformed into a robot and I don't have a clean sheen? That really annoys me! Thankfully I was in a garage so it had all the tools I needed to polish myself up. I was kind of afraid at first that I might make enough noise to attract unwanted attention, but I really needed to get rid of those scratch marks so I didn't care. Yeah, unfortunately I did attract attention and learned why I was in a garage. Some teenager found me and dragged me to their garage and… I think I know who was responsible for the strange smears I found on my chest.

That little shit is annoying but gawd, I feel this urge to protect him and let him ride me. As a motorcycle mind you! He might be a very horny teen, but I'm not some sick pedo! GAWD! Yeah, so this is my life now, a robot girl owned by some horny teenager. Whoopie doo….