

Viv hadn't intended on her night turning out like this at all. She had not left her apartment seeking a romantic encounter, but here she was, kissing another woman with a sense of desperation she had never experienced before. Seriously, the emotional thirst was so extreme it felt like she might dry out and turn to dust if her lips were separated from her paramour's for one moment longer than it took her to take a gasping breath. And while her current situation seemed somehow essential to her survival, Viv had harbored no expectations of a bathroom hookup this evening—much less one that would have her heartbeat pounding in her ears.

In fact, since her outing had been devoid of that drive for romance, there was no way she could have anticipated being pinned to the far wall of the pub's only bathroom. She certainly wouldn't have considered how cold tile could be such an invigorating feeling on her heated skin or how it would feel to have her ass squeezed through the sweater dress she had worn.

Even if all of those things *had* been her plan—which, again, none of them had been—the punk-rock-styled and fit-as-fuck badass pressing her naked thigh against Viv's crotch was the kind of person Viv fantasized about *being*, not *being with*. And while everyone wishes they could be someone else, for Viv, the desire was... complicated.

As a shapeshifter, becoming someone else should have been as easy as falling out of bed, however, Viv wasn't so lucky. Something about her physiology was off, quirked. Any attempt to alter her physique or stature resulted in migraines that were damn near debilitating. So, instead of being able to add that extra foot of height or all those pounds of muscle, her talents were limited to manifesting surface-level changes. She could do her makeup. She could alter the color of her hair or eyes. She could also transform skin-tight clothes into other outfits—that was her favorite ability.

Now, though, she could feel herself... *growing*. With each desperate gasp of breath between kisses, there was more of her pressing into the tile and hottie sandwich she was part of. Her forever slight figure was developing curves without so much as a twinge of pain in her skull. After years of wearing swimsuits morphed into outfits tailored to her exact measurements, the feeling of her clothes becoming too tight was foreign and also kind of exhilarating.

She threw herself into the kiss, her tongue pushing forward between her partner's lips. The woman—Viv was having a hard time recalling her name—kind of giggled and moaned at the same time.