

“Jason!” Jason’s mom yelled, and from the tone of her voice, she was not happy. Jason put away his laptop and went to the kitchen, where the dishwasher was overflowing with bubbles. His mom looked as if she was ready to turn into the Hulk.

“Did you put dish soap in the dishwasher!?” his mom yelled.

Jason was a prankster, and it seemed that no one is safe from him. He is 17 years old, has short brown hair, and was 6’, he wore black jeans, and a white shirt, and his eyes are green.

“You told me to wash the dishes, and last time I checked, dish soap washes dishes,” Jason explained, keeping a straight expression on his face. His mom on the other hand, sighed deeply.

“Jason, I have endured your pranks for long enough, now you messed up the kitchen. So I am going to have you clean up the mess!” His mom yelled, surprising the teen.

“It was just a simple prank!” Jason yelled back, which he soon regretted.

“Pranks don’t cause damages! So you better clean this up, or else I am kicking you out of the house!”

Jason froze as he stared at his mom, and he could tell that she was serious. He sighed to himself and asked “where are all the cleaning supplies?”

His mom pointed to the closet in the hallway before leaving the kitchen. Opening the closet, Jason got all the supplies he needed, all except some gloves. Digging in some more, he found a pair of dark purple gloves, now they didn’t look like the gloves that he needed, so he ignored them, finally finding some yellow gloves.

He closed the door when he saw the same purple gloves on the doorknob, he blinked in surprise as he swore that he left them in the closet, but he figured that he may have taken them out subconsciously. He shrugged his shoulders and walked to the kitchen. Not noticing that the gloves disappeared from the doorknob.

He got back to the kitchen and began to clean up, all the while grumbling to himself. “It’s just some soap, it’s not like it can do any damages,”

As he was cleaning, he didn’t notice that the gloves re-appeared on the kitchen counter, and was changing the area around him. Such as making the kitchen look more expensive as the countertop was changed from simple wood, to marble.

All the while, Jason was still grumbling to himself. “I bet if Eva and Flora did it, mom wouldn’t have had a problem,” the thought caused him to stop. Who was Eva and Flora? He didn’t know any girls by those names.

“Jesus, I must be losing my mind if I am thinking like that,” he said to himself, going back to his cleaning. All the while, the gloves were continuing to change the kitchen, making the sink better, and adding another sink right besides the other one, the floor got new tiles, and all the dishes and utensils were losing their grime and rust, making them look almost brand new.

After working for more than half an hour, he finally cleaned up the kitchen, ignorant to the changes made to the kitchen.

"All done cleaning it up, I had no idea it was such hard work to clean up a kitchen, but it looks as good as new now," Jason said to himself, when he went to pick up all the supplies, when he saw the gloves on the counter. He walked over to them, picked them up, and began to inspect them.

They seemed to be made out of a silk-like material, and look like they could fit his hand.

"I'll try them on, after I put everything away," Jason put the gloves in his back pocket and put everything away, not giving any thoughts about the kitchen's new look.

Some time later, Jason was in his room, looking at the gloves in his hands. All he could think of was how the gloves would feel on his hands. Taking one of the gloves, he slid his hand into it, it ending on his wrist. He had to admit that it felt extremely nice, so he put the other glove on too.

He didn't know why, but having them on made him feel calm, and as such he began to think about his life.

"Why do I always pull these pranks? It doesn't make anyone laugh," he thought to himself, his hair turning blue and began to grow longer.

"In fact, that is why I don't have a job, or think about the future, I am just too immature," his eyes turning blue, even the whites of his eyes took a dark blue colour.

"I mean, how am I supposed to become a teacher, if I don't act mature?" his hair became longer, until it reached the middle of his back, and gained a shine as if it was conditioned daily.

The thought that he wanted to become a teacher never crossed his mind, in fact he never wanted to become a teacher, yet now it felt like he always wanted to be one. So much so that his room gained a bookshelf with guides and lessons.

Jason felt a weight on his chest as two bumps were beginning to fill up his shirt. He put his hands on them and sighed. "Why didn't I wear a bra today, these things are killing me,". The moment he said that, a black bra appeared on his growing breasts, threatening to rip his shirt.

The tightness of his shirt didn't bother him as he got up from his bed and walked to the bookshelf, losing an inch with each step until he was 5' 3". All the while his hips began to expand, making his pants quite painful to wear.

"Why did I put these on, they barely even fit?" Jason said to himself, His body hair fell out, but disappeared before they hit the ground. His feet became smaller, making his shoes quite loose. His stomach lost any fat, it going up to his breasts, changing them from D-cups, to close to F-cups, yet his shirt still held together.

Jason was looking for a book when he felt a pain in his crotch. He hissed in pain as his manhood slowly went into his body, turning into a virgin womanhood, his boxers turning into black panties. His, now her, shoulders cracked in as her waist caved inwards. Her hands became slender and her face lost any blemishes to become almost beautiful.

Her hips stopped when they reached to shoulder width, and she felt that she had something stuck in her throat, so she coughed to try to get it out. Each cough not only made her voice go higher, but it aged her to. Each cough also giving her knowledge, from her time in highschool, to what she is learning in university too.

The coughing finally stopped when she was now a 26 year old woman, her voice was now like a woman's, and a majority of her books became college textbooks. Yet she was facing another problem, what was her name? She couldn't remember it.

"Calm down, you can remember, did it start with a J, no that doesn't sound right. No wait, it started with a V, but what was the rest?" V thought to herself, giving up when she couldn't think of anything, so she got one of her textbooks and brought to her desk. She sat down and opened it up.

The tightness of V's shirt was disappearing as it morphed into a more stretchy material and was slowly turning into the same purple as her gloves. The sleeves of her shirt were receding up her arm, even pass her shoulder. The shirt finished changing into a halter top when it shrank to fit her new body.

The pants were shrinking up her legs and fusing together at the legs. The denim material changed to cotton and was turning white, it tightened around her hip to fit her form as the changing skirt stopped at the middle of her thigh.

Her shoes were losing any laces it had as the top of it disappeared, the bottoms became thin as the colour of the shoes became the same colour as her top and gloves. Her shoes were now simple slip-ons.

Her gloves on the other hand began to go up her arm, hiding more skin as it almost reached her shoulder, but just stopping. Her clothes in the closet changed too, some becomes dresses, other becoming the very same clothes she is wearing. Bra's and panties appeared in her dresser, and her room changed to fit her new life. Yet the changes weren't finished yet.

V's skin was turning blue, and was gaining a slick look and smooth touch, almost as if it belonged to a dolphin. Her nails lengthened into claws and her teeth were gaining more points as her canines became sharper. Her mouth and nose pushed out, her nose turning black and triangular, with it becoming slightly wet. After she got her new muzzle, she put one of her hands to her head as a headache was coming.

"I hope I kept some Advil somewhere for this," V said to herself, grimacing as the headache got slightly worse as a white fin came out from her head, her ears lengthening as her hearing got better, she could hear the music from her neighbor get louder with the improved hearing. Her ears soon gained the very same fin that was atop her head as she got up and left her room to find some Advil.

"Why do they need it so loud?" She asked herself, ignoring the loud rip that came from her skirt as a long blue tail was growing from the bottom of her spine. Her new tail stopped at half her height as dark blue spines came out from the top of her tail, and a tail fin reminiscent of a dolphin grew from the tip. Her neck got a smaller version of the fins as it went around, finalizing her change into an anthro vapoleon.

V got to the washroom and opened the cabinet, not even bothered by the fact that she was now a pokemon, and grabbed the pills. She took one and swallowed it, her headache gone immediately as she gained knowledge of attacks known to her species, and remembered what her name was, Venessa Vapoleon.

Venessa put away the pills and left the washroom, yet she felt off, like she knew that others should be living with her. Yet that couldn't be as she was living by herself. Still names like Jennifer, Yuna, and Sara were persistent.

"Who are these people? Maybe if I study some more, I will stop thinking about these names," Venessa thought to herself, she walked back to her room and continued on her studies, besides how else could she become a responsible adult if she layed around and did nothing.