

Jessica Gets to Know Izzy

Contains: Twinning, Identity Death, Gay Slurs, Male on Male Sex

Intro: The Woes of Stardom

“30 minutes until show time, Mrs. Rabbit.” A young PA announced, knocking on and cracking open a star-adorned door and peering inside.

In front of a large mirrored, and well-lit makeup dresser sat a tall, redheaded woman getting ready for a show. She wore a sparkling red dress that impossibly hugged her very shapely and very buxom body, a pair of long, slender purple satin gloves that daintily held a makeup brush to her face, and a pair of sparkling pink stiletto heels that seemed to be made perfectly just for her. She was the star of the show: Jessica Rabbit.

“Thank you 30, dear,” she said, waving her free hand dismissively at the PA, her back facing toward the young girl, not even turning around to address her. Instead the redhead’s eyes remained glued to the mirror in front of her, carefully applying the slightest touch of makeup to her already adorned face with precision.

The PA nodded, acknowledging the star’s focus and closed the door to her greenroom. After a moment Jessica sighed, realizing how flippant she just acted. Normally she wouldn’t be so thoughtless, but lately she wasn’t feeling her usual best. The stress of stardom was beginning to weigh down on her.

So many shows, so many rehearsals, so many fans that seemed to be becoming more bolder and more rude with each outing. The truth was, she needed a vacation; some time away from the limelight and the stress, but her husband was too busy with his own schedule to take a vacation with her. What’s more, even if they did find the time to take a break, she would still be recognized and mobbed no matter where they went. After all, who *wouldn’t* recognize the 6-foot tall bombshell walking down any decent street?

Jessica pursed her plump painted lips and sighed to herself once more, “Sigh, what is a toon to do?”

Just then there was another knock at her dressing room door. She waited for a moment for whoever was at the door to open it, or even just say something. Instead, there was just another knock.

“Ms. Jessica~?” a voice asked from the other side of the door. Something in the voice’s cadence immediately annoyed Jessica. Of course it was her, who else would be in a room with her name on it?

“Mrs. Rabbit, are you in there~?” the voice asked in a singsong way, much different from the softer tone of the previous PA’s.

“Yes!” Jessica retorted, her stress showing through once again, “What is it?”

She put her makeup brush down and turned around in her chair to face the door as it began to open.

“Yes, 30 minutes, I know, you don’t need to remind-” she snapped at the person, but trailed off when she realized she was not talking to the female PA from earlier.

Instead, standing in the doorway was a taller figure, cloaked in the shadow of the hallway. He, or at least she assumed it was a he, was wearing a long trenchcoat that covered most of his body, but even with the coat Jessica noticed some odd bumps and shapes sticking out from underneath it that don’t normally belong to a man. He wore gray fedora that covered most of his face and tucked away a set of blonde hair that seemed far too glossy to be natural. The few other parts of the stranger Jessica could get a peek of seemed just as odd, as she could swear he was wearing makeup and a pair of heels along with long press-on nails. She would’ve thought this was a woman if not for the very obvious masculine features on him.

“What... Who are you?” the redhead asked, cautiously studying him, “I’m sorry, but I’m not meeting any fans at this time, dear. I have a show starting soon.”

“Aww, that’s too bad~” the stranger snarked sarcastically, closing the door behind him, “I was hoping to get to know the famous ‘Jessica Rabbit’ more intimately.” The stranger grinned at her, his lips clearly wearing a bold color of lipstick, the very sight of which made Jessica uneasy.

“E-Excuse me!?” Jessica snapped, “I don’t know who you think you are, but I am **not** that kind of woman!” She stood up from her chair abruptly, standing on equal, but distant, footing with the intruder. She was preparing to yell, or fight, or run if necessary, uncertain of what he had in mind, when he put his hand up to put her at ease.

“Oh shucks, what a shame~” he said sarcastically, “But that ain’t what I had in mind.” He took a step closer to her, looking around the room in show.

“You see, I’ve been seeing you act lately. Watching closely, from a distance, of course” he smiles again, seemingly trying to come off as non-threatening, “And the whole time, I’m noticing something growing in you more and more; Fatigue. Exhaustion. Melancholy or whatever it’s called!”

She watched him closely as he began to pace back and forth in front of her, noticing he only seemed to move one hand in visible gestures.

“And I’m thinking to myself,” he continued, “*What could she possibly be sad about?* She’s got it all! Fame, gorgeous looks, a line of men and women who would die just to fuck her once~!”

The stranger began to make a rude sexual gesture with his free hand, wiggling his tongue between two fingers.

“Then I thought, ‘If she doesn’t want it, why can’t I have all that?’” he stopped and stared at her, “Why can’t I have *her* life~? And, well, I’m here to do that. In a way.”

It was then that he finally began to move his other hand from underneath his trenchcoat, pulling a flap away to reveal what was hidden.

Under his trenchcoat he was wearing a tight, ill-fitting dress filled with visibly off-color mounds of silicone breast forms that distracted just enough away from the noticeable bulge in his crotch, and from the comically large bucket in his other hand.

Jessica stepped back, utterly disgusted and confused at just what this stranger was proposing. She watched his hand lift the bucket up to show her the label printed on it in clear letters. Inside was what seemed to be a bright pink slime that jiggled with every motion.

“Perv-Paint~” the stranger crooned, “Normally I don’t need these kinds of gimmicks, but I got this specially made just for you! Packed with plenty of my own *special ingredient~*”

He dipped a finger into the slime and lapped it into his mouth, suckling on it a bit before releasing it with an audible **POP**.

A shiver ran up her spine as she listened to him monologue. She was prepared to run, but something about him made her freeze in fear.

“S-Stop! No!” she protested, “Whatever this is... You don’t have to do it!”

The stranger just smiled at her, grinning a set of creepy, uneven teeth.

“Oh, don’t worry,” he cooed, “You’re gonna absolutely love this, babe~!”

“H-Help! Help!” Jessica shouted, “Security-!!”

Her shouts quickly quieted as the stranger chucked the pink slime at her, muffling her voice and drowning her protests.

The slime began to coat her entirely, covering her head and sludging down her torso and arms in a thick goop. She tried to wipe it away, clawing and scraping at it, but enveloped her like a cocoon.

It covered her every curve and crevice, tightening in and probing every orifice. It wormed its way into her nostrils, down her throat warping her muffled screams, invading all her body from the space between her toes, into her very womanhood and beyond, until it was all too much to take and she passed out from it all...

Chapter 1: An Uncomfortable Transformation

Jessica woke up in a haze, her vision blurry, but it quickly improved by the second. By the time she could see clearly again, she had managed to sit herself up on the carpeted floor.

Looking around, she saw the same normal dressing room she was in, but no sign of the creepy stranger who attacked her. What’s more, there was no sign of the pink slime that had just engulfed her moments before.

“Was it all a dream...?” she murmured to herself, still a bit drowsy from the ordeal, “Did I just pass out from the stress?”

Jessica rubbed the bridge of her petite nose, shaking her head to try and clear the fog, thankful, at least, that no one found her like this.

“This is so embarrassing...” she grumbled, “How could I let it get so bad to the point of a fever dream? No, more of a nightmare!”

She shuddered at the memory of her nightmare, unnerved at the thought of how such a creepy pervert was able to get the upper hand on her, and what he might've tried to do if she hadn't woken up. What's worse, even after all that, she still had a show to do soon.

With her awareness of time regained, Jessica began to lift herself off the dressing room floor, but no sooner did she manage to plant her two feet again that vertigo began to hit.

"Ungh!" she grunted, "O-Oh dear. Maybe I need some water... Or a stiff drink."

She tried to take a step forward but as she did, an uncomfortable pain hit the pit of her stomach, spreading down her legs.

She clutched her stomach instinctively as it gurgled alarmingly, causing her the most unpleasant cramping she ever felt.

She doubled over as the pain pulsed out from her core. "Oh god-! Ugh!" she winced, "W-What is going on??"

Sweat began to permeate throughout her body as heat washed over her. The uncomfortable feeling spread from her core down her legs, making her knees wobble in a cartoonish way, until it reached her unsettled feet. There, the aching feeling focused in, pulsing faster, alternating between pain and numbness. The rush of sensation seemed to have caused her feet to swell as her pink stilettos felt like they were a size too small for her. But as the pain continued, so did the feeling of pressure in her shoes.

With every heartbeat and wave of discomfort, her feet seemed to grow and change, cramping in the tiny space of her stylish heels until she could take no more and immediately began to pry her swollen feet out from confining prisons.

"What-" she stammered between waves, "What in the world??"

Her eyes couldn't believe what they were seeing. Instead of the dainty, perfectly pedicured tootsies she saw and took care of on ritual, she saw a much, *much* different foot.

These were easily 3 or 4 sizes bigger than her normal size. Her kempt and painted toenails were replaced with uncared for, uneven ones with chipped polish. What's more, the entire foot looked completely different in color from her usual skin. At first she thought it might have been because of the sight of some dirt she spotted, or the because of the layer of sweat that coated it, but on closer inspection, there was no denying the skin color was a much more dirty tan color than her own.

In a state of confusion and disbelief, she stared unblinking at the foreign objects attached to her, wiggling the toes as if to test if she could feel what they felt. To her

horror, she could. For all intents and purposes, these size 10 American feet were now her feet.

“No...” she whispered in bewilderment, “This isn’t real. I-I’m still dreaming...”

She tried to convince herself of this thought, but no sooner did she say these words did the pain in her stomach start up again. This time the waves of discomfort seemed to spread further and speed up with each pulse.

She watched as the mismatched tan color spread upward, not only covering her skin, but seemingly *replacing* it.

Her ankles began to push out, tendons stretching and tightening as the muscles in her calves began to change. Soon her slender, smooth legs were replaced by skinny, **mannish** legs, sprinkled with the odd, short dark missed leg hair from shaving. Her knees wobbled as they turned knobby, the tan climbing up her legs like a vine on a wall.

Just as her thighs were about to be affected, Jessica’s attention was pulled away to waist. She was finding it hard to breathe, not just because of the sheer panic she was experiencing, but from the tight feeling of her red corset dress.

She began to bloat around her waist, not enough to call her fat by any sense, but definitely not that cartoony thin waist she was known for. It caused her corset to strain and cut her breathing until she had no choice but to fumble and quickly undo the knot in the back, easing the tension and allowing her to breathe once again.

The entire ordeal caused her once shapely curves to disappear, leaving instead a very boxy figure that, while looking uneven compared to her upper torso, matched her mannish legs perfectly.

“Stop! I need to make this stop!” she protested weakly, her vision blurring from sweat and exhaustion, “I need- I need h-help!”

No sooner did she try to turn around and force her alien legs to move towards the door did a shocking sensation jolt up spine, stopping her in her tracks.

She grunted and groaned as she felt her bones shift and pop within her. Her hips compressed in while her shoulders and torso expanded. She could feel every muscle growing and changing, expanding and enhancing from a slender toon form into obviously muscular, though not too muscular, skinny arms of a man’s. Even her hands stretched the satin fabric of her gloves to their limit as they expanded to manly proportions as well.

The panic didn’t stop there as the arguable worst was about to happen. It started with a numbness in her chest, her nipples losing all feeling in them, a miracle considering the

painful alternative the rest of her was experiencing, but then that numbness began to spread throughout her breast. Instead of the dirty tan color that the rest of her body was currently developing, the color of her breasts took on a more yellowish tone, maintaining a sense of their bounce and buoyancy instead of taking on the skinny muscular form of the rest of her. But it wasn't until she could feel sensation in her nipples once again that it dawned on her the rubbery texture her bosom was taking on, until it was painfully obvious they had turned into a pair of gigantic false rubber breasts!



“My girls!” Jessica shrieked, “My best feature! How could they just disappear!? What is happening to me??”

Her chest heaved as she began to hyper ventilate, causing her breast forms to shift and slide a bit, so unsecured in her tight red dress it was a miracle they stayed on as long as they have.

She clamped a pair of manly hands onto her fake bosom to secure them as best as she could, praying they wouldn't fall out and reveal the manly chest beneath.

The awkward self groping held her frozen in place as the final changes took hold.

Her once curvy ass began to deflate, replaced by the tan shapely ass of a man, that freed up space in her high-end lace panties for something else of a man that was growing from her crotch.

Quickly, her folds began to close up, as the shape of her ovaries began to change and drop lower, pushing out from her darkening skin into a pair of large testes that perfectly complimented the long, flaccid cock that was once her clitoris. Her entire package was pressed firmly against her crotch by the tight panties, making Jessica groan in a confusing mixture of discomfort and pleasure.

She couldn't focus on that confusing sensation for long before she began to notice her hair begin to change. The bright red-orange strands seemed to somehow become even brighter orange and take on an unnatural level of sheen. It started from the ends and spread upward until it reached her scalp where, for a moment, she lost all feeling like she did her nipples, before regaining that feeling, but this time different. She could no longer feel the weight of each strand like she used to, instead feeling like it was all just sitting *on top* of her head instead of growing from it. What's more, it had grown so bright orange and shiny that it was more than obvious she was wearing a cheap wig.

Everything culminated in one final wave of sensations as she felt her face painfully restructure. Her jaw pushed out, squaring out her oval head into more of a rectangular shape. Her nose, cheekbones, and browline protruded out, as her lips thinned, erasing her once delicate features and replacing them with imperfect manly hills and valleys that could belong to any man on the street, but certainly not to Jessica.

Her whole face then turned that same dirty tan color as the rest of her, except covered in a layer of delicate makeup and foundation that Jessica had just finished putting on before the entire nightmare began.

Yes, Jessica Rabbit's whole body now looked entirely like just a bad crossdresser dressed in a perverted costume of her former self...

Chapter 2: Putting my Face On

Jessica stood there breathing heavily. Her legs wiggled slightly, her bare feet planted firmly as they tried to adjust to her new center of gravity to stay upright. The pain had dissipated, but the entire transformation had left her feeling winded and strange.

It was over, or at least, she felt like it was. Taking her hands off her heaving chest, she began to pat herself down, examining herself with her hands as if to confirm if what she was seeing was real.

“No, this can’t be real! I- **Oop!**” she says to herself, covering her mouth with a gloved hand as the sound of her voice startled her. Her voice had deepened several octaves, and taken on a cadence that, while obviously masculine, had a falsetto tone, as if trying, and failing, to sound feminine. “This isn’t my voice! This isn’t *me!* What has happened to me??”

In growing panic, she sharply turned her head toward the mirror, causing her wig to shift slightly, finally seeing exactly what she had turned into.

Jessica stared at the dresser's mirror, unable to recognize her once feminine self in it.

The reflection staring back at her was queer, foreign, nothing like she was used to seeing.

Yes, she still had her iconic hair makeup look, which normally looked perfect on her, but now they looked completely awkward and unmatching on the boxy shape of this manly face she wore. The cheekbones were too high for the blush she wore, the lips were too thin for lipstick shape she had before, and the browline created awkward hills and valleys that distorted her usually sensual eyeshadow.

No, nothing about this matched what she was used to seeing at all. It was so awkward, so strange to her...

But the more she stared and studied her new face, the more increasingly familiar it became...

"That man.. that pervert from earlier..." she murmured to herself in her deeper, effeminate voice, "I look just like **him!**"

Jessica gasped at the realization that should have sent her into a state of panic, of fear, into another round of hyperventilation, and for a moment it almost did...

But the more she looked at herself, the more she grew curious at her reflection; at the person staring back at her.

Yes, the hair, the makeup, and the outfit she wore was different from what the stranger wore, but it was his face she was staring at once again, without a doubt.

"Who was that 'man'?" she muses to herself, entranced by her reflection, studying her eyeline, noticing her eyes had somehow turned from her normal green to a dull brown.

"Why did he turn me into him?" she asked, tucking her wig hair behind her ear to get a clearer view of her face, "Into- into...?"

Izzy~

"...Izzy?" The name popped into the back of her head as if unlocking a core memory, unearthing something that began to sliver into the recesses of her mind.

"His name is Izzy..."

She stepped towards the mirror, her larger feet clomping down in a less than elegant stride with each step.

"He's Izzy, and I'm Jessica..." she trailed on, as if trying to piece out a puzzle, "But... I don't *look* like Jessica..."

She puts a hand to her face, letting her manly, gloved hand run across her cheek and masculine jawline.

"I look like Izzy..."

Her eyes and fingers continue to examine herself closely, taking in every new pore, every new razor bump from shaving, and every bit of acne gained from apparently poor facial cleansing, all lightly covered by Jessica's usual makeup.

"So if I look like him... Then I could *be* him... This...I-Izzy...?"

That very idea made her heart race, inducing a state of exciting fear into her.

"No, no! That's not right. That's silly!" She shook her head dismissively, shaking herself out of her stupor.

Obviously, she was Jessica, a gorgeous, successful toon woman at the height of her career! But, obviously, she didn't look like all that. She didn't *look* like a success, or a toon, or even a *woman!*

"But, what if..." she mused, turning towards the mirror again, "What if I wasn't Jessica for a bit? What if, instead, I could be... *this?*"

She gave off an uneasy smirk from her thin, painted lips, her other hand joining the examination of her face, tilting her head to get a better view of it.

She took in everything, from her larger, unpainted ears that didn't fit her earrings as well anymore, her darker tan neck skin that did not blend in with the paler foundation makeup she wore, and even the roots of dark hair that peeked underneath the seams of bright orange wig hair.

Seeing everything so different from what she once was made her heart race, her cheeks blush and made her blood begin to flow throughout her body.

"What if I *pretend* I am this 'Izzy'? Would that be so bad?" she ponders aloud, giving an uneven smile in the mirror to show off her less than perfect teeth. "J-just for a little while, of course!"

She poked and prodded herself again, poking her cheeks playfully and running a finger over her new, protruding Adam's Apple.

"It would be my best chance to finally get that vacation I so desperately need!"

She stepped closer and closer in her curiosity, until she walked so close to the dresser that her thighs smacked right up against the hard wood. She gave it little mind, as her attention solely focused on her own reflection.

"Hmm, but if I'm going to pretend to be this 'Izzy'," she thinks, "I can't just go around acting like my usual self. That would easily give me away!"

She leans back from the mirror and turns, trying to better overall angles of her new body to study it.

"I have to know how to act like *Izzy*... I need to know what *Izzy likes*."

With an excited smile, Jessica sat back down in her makeup chair, placing a finger on her chin to ponder.

Thinking back on earlier, she tried to remember the details of the stranger, the 'original' Izzy. Although he was somewhat hidden beneath his hat and trenchcoat, she recalled him wearing several things she already had on. A wig, a tight dress, earrings, that was all accounted for already, but then she remembered just how pale his face and neck looked compared to the rest of his body...

"Makeup~!" she gasped in a Eureka moment, "He wore a ghastly amount of makeup! So, he must love makeup~!"

She giggled to herself cheerfully like a child figuring out a puzzle.

"And luckily, I have a *ton* here to work with!"

Jessica quickly reached down and opened the various dresser drawers of the table, taking out every single piece of cosmetics she could find and placed them on its surface. It didn't matter how bold or mismatched the color looked, or how excessive it might be; every piece of makeup had a place on her face.

With a sense of fervor and excitement, Jessica began to put layer upon layer of foundation on to herself, not even bothering to remove what was there before. Instead just covering it all up in a thicker makeup and building up from there, covering every inch of her face until it smudged onto her neck, ears, and hairline. She did not even bother to blend any harsh lines between her naturally tan skin tone and the much paler foundation.

From there, she began to add even more layers of blush onto her high cheek bones, giving her a face shape more akin to Maleficent than Rabbit. This was followed by a garish amount of glittery purple eyeshadow that travelled well above her browline, making it look entirely unnatural. Luckily she countered this with an obscene amount of eyeliner that made into an impossible shape, as well as several sets of long, exaggerated false eyelashes. Topping it all off with the thinnest, most arched eyebrows she could possibly draw onto her forehead.

Finally, she shaped and smeared layer upon layer of red lipstick far beyond her natural thin lip line until it looked like she had thicker lips than she ever had, but in no way looked natural at all. She topped it all off with several spritzes of whatever sprays she had on hand from setting sprays, followed by perfumes, and topped off by hairspray of all things!

“There~!” she said, satisfied with herself, “Now it won’t go anywhere~! Ooh, and in record time, too!”

The entire makeover only took ten minutes or so, insanely fast for anyone, but it all came naturally to her, as if she had done exactly this sort of look many times before.

Again she began to examine herself in the mirror, taking in just how thick and heavy all this makeup looked, how heavy it felt on her face, and even oddly good it all tasted. She looked even less like herself than before, if that was even possible, but that thought filled her with devilish delight.



“Mmm~” she purred, biting her lip as she made sultry faces in the mirror, “I look like such a **whore**~!”

The words slipped out of her without thinking, shocking herself. She would never call herself slutty, let alone such a vulgar thing as a whore!

“It-It’s okay,” she argued to herself, her eyes blinking in disbelief, “It’s just part of the act! Of course, *I* would never say such vulgarities, but *Izzy* would. Yes, that’s all.”

She nodded to herself, breathing in and reassuring her sense of self, “But you know, I really do look quite rambunctious and... slutty~”

Chapter 3: Getting into Character

Jessica leaned back in her chair and struck a small pose, tilting her body as if making love to some unseen camera.

“Let’s see, now that we have the makeup look set for *Izzy*,” she pondered to herself, “What *e/se* would such a man like?”

Her eyes scanned her reflection once again, searching for a new point of focus, until they wandered down to the yellowish tint of her fake bosom. She gave a small pout before giving them a poke with her gloved fingers and sighing.

“Sigh, what a shame,” she said to herself, “These really were my best features, but I bet such a perverted man like him gets a kick out of false breasts like these.” She reached to grope her chest to punctuate her sentence, but a strange sensation began to fill her as she grabbed them.

It was true that breasts protruding from her red dress were rubbery fakes, her sudden grab caused them to shift and rub against her chest underneath. The very feeling of something rubbing against her pectoral nipples seemed to send a shivver down her spine.

“Oh! Oh my~” she blushed, kneading and groping at the falsies curiously, “It seems he *really* likes this sort of feeling~”

Jessica continued to grope herself sensually in front of the mirror, biting her lip and moaning softly as she watched herself act so lewdly.

“Mmm, oh yes~” she purred at the mirror, “You really are such a pervert, aren’t you, *Izzy*~?” She wiggled her chest and hair a bit, making her false breasts bounce.

“You must *love* dressing up like such a tart and fondling yourself to your own reflection, don’t you~?”

She moaned as she bent herself over the dresser table, closer to the mirror, knocking over some palettes of eyeshadow and powders onto the floor. The whole sensation made her warm and her blood rush quite a bit, causing something down below to start to grow.

Her cock began to stir to life, wiggling and expanding in her lacey panties, pushing the soft fabric aside until it sprang free from its confines and caused a tent to form in her glittery red dress.

“Oh-! That’s right, you have one of these...” she paused for a moment, shocked at the sight of something so lewd and foreign sticking from *herself*. “I-I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised about this... and it’s not like I’ve never seen one before. After all, my husband-”

Jessica’s thoughts turned to her husband for a moment, remembering his quirky personality, his devotion to her, and how he made her laugh, but when she tried to think about their intimate times together, as husband and wife, she suddenly grew softer. What should have been a thought of arousal instead seemed to cause her new member to deflate a bit.

“W-Wha? What happened?” she let a hand go from her breast and grabbed at her softening member, shaking it a bit to try and get it going again. “Why isn’t it getting hard...? C-Could it be that.... *Izzy* isn’t attracted to my husband?”

Something in her head told that this was true, that whatever attraction she had to her Rabbit husband had faded away somehow. This made Jessica sad for a moment, wondering if this was such a good idea anymore, but something about how good she felt just a moment earlier kept calling back to her. Dominating her thoughts.

“Okay, so, if he doesn’t find my husband attractive ...” she mused, “Then what *does* he find attractive?” Her head turned back to the mirror to look at the *Izzy* in it, interrogating him as if he were another person.

“What gets *Izzy* hard as a rock~?” she asked, seemingly answering herself, “Well, he likes dressing up like a *total slut-!*” she lowered her hands down to her narrow hips and slid her hands up her sides, accentuation every “curve” on her body before dramatically flipping her wig to the side flirtatiously and spanking her flat ass. “-And actin like a total **fag~!**”

Jessica gasped at her words once again, shocked at the vulgar speech escaping her lips, especially after performing such a lewd action on herself. But deep down, she knew what she said was true.

Izzy really *did* like dressing up in slutty versions of women in their clothes, putting on pounds of heavy duty makeup on his face, and acting like a horny *queen* in front of a mirror! She knew this to be the truth deep inside her. Those very facts and realizations made her cock stir and rise up again, instantly forming another tent in her dress.

“Yes...Y-Yeah~!” Jessica exclaimed with renewed fervor, “It *must* be all true. Izzy *does* like all that!” Her hand found itself instinctively going back to groping her false breast while watching her reflection closely.

“And if Izzy does love doing all that~” she continued, “Then *I* must love doing all that too~!”

Jessica moaned as groped her tit even harder, biting her lip once again, while her free hand began to grab at her cock over her red dress.

She began to softly masturbate through her dress, all the while, watching herself slip into a state of ecstasy in the dresser mirror, making sultry and slutty faces at herself.

“Oh g-goodness-! Oh f-fuuuck~!” Jessica felt her words shift, filtering from her usual polite etiquette to a more crude, lower-class tone, “Fuck, this feels so fuckin good~!”

A dark stain began to form in Jessica’s dress as precum leaked from her cock and smeared through the fabric.

“Oh shit, I almost forgot!” she exclaimed suddenly remembering something important. She turned around, not pausing her self molestation for a second, noticing her pink stilettos still laying where she left them when her feet started outgrowing them.

“Can’t forget this important piece~” she reached down, nearly losing a breast as she picked up a heel, “No lady costume’s complete without a pair of these~”

Her hand quivered and her mouth watered as she brought the shoe closer to face, giving her heel a long, deep whiff of her old smell, before giving a satisfying sigh.

“Here we go~” she said, cramming in her size 10s into her size 6 heels. She grunted and moaned as she struggled to force her large, sweaty feet into such a small container, but eventually she managed to do so. They were uncomfortable to walk in, but she didn’t seem to care as the thought of wearing authentic Jessica Rabbit stilettos filled her with a perverted delight. The pain made her feel alive!

“Finally~!” she exclaimed, striking a sexy pose to herself in the mirror, “My Jessica Rabbit look is complete~!” She blew a kiss toward the mirror and sashayed around the room like a model on a runway, trying out her best “Jessica Rabbit” poses. “God I look so fuckin sexy as her~!”



But... wait a minute... I am Jessica Rabbit...?

Her internal thoughts confused her, “Wha? No, I- I mean, yeah, I am Jessica Rabbit, but I’m just pretending to be her~!” she said out loud.

No... I’m pretending to be Izzy... right?

That thought made her pause as she stared off, unable to decide how to feel about what she was saying.

“N-No, why would I do that?” she asked herself, seemingly getting back a moment of clarity. “If I was just pretending... Why would I *look* like Izzy?”

...I’m not...

“Why would I know *exactly* who Izzy *is* and what Izzy likes~?”

.....

The inner voice was growing quieter as her Izzy logic began to win out.

“Y-Yeah~!” She smiled, regaining confidence in herself, and beginning to grope again.

“I know exactly who I am~” She again slammed thighs against the dresser, getting as close to the mirror as she possibly could, cooing to her reflection.

Of course she was Izzy. Maybe part of her used to be Jessica, but it was so much better to be Izzy! And *this* Izzy knew exactly what **he** was~

“Mmm, yeah~” *he* said as he started to grind his crotch against the wood of the table, “I’m a gross, perverted faggot **whore**~”

He puckered his lips and planted a passionate kiss onto the glass mirror, leaving behind a thick stain of lipstick. “I love crossdressing up like a slut in stolen women’s clothes~”

He slammed his cock against the dresser, grunting deeply to emphasize a point.

“I love *shoving* things up my ass and playing with my nipples like a faggot bitch~”

He began to lose his reasoning in his growing lust, reaching around the desk and picking up whatever tube of lipstick he could find before defiantly sliding it between his butt cheeks.

“Ooh, yeah~! My slutty ass is *hungry!*” He panted heavily as he pushed in the tube as deep as he could, not caring how easily such a small object could get lost in there. In fact, he was almost hoping it would, moaning deeply as his sphincter began to swallow it into its recesses. He then felt around underneath his loose breastforms, fondling his erect, dark nipples directly. He rubbed and twisted so haphazardly he nearly lost the false breasts altogether.

“Mmmn~ Ffuck yeah~!” He moaned in ecstasy as he doubled his fondling and humping efforts, feeling himself almost coming to the edge, “I-I *love* turning women into perfect copies of myself and **fuckin** them raw~!”

He yelled out the last explicitive loudly as his attention drew away from the mirror and focused entirely on humping the dresser furiously.

“Yeah~!! Fuck being Jessica!” he moaned out, “I’m- I’m Izzy! I’m **lzzzyyyyyyy~!!!**”

With his final declaration, Izzy unleashed the largest, and first, load of his life, shooting out ropes and ropes of thick, pungent cum, shooting it all over the dresser table, his dress, and even on to his ill-fitting shoe.

“Ohh fuuuck~ Oh yeahhhh~” he gushed out, falling onto the dresser table, the sheer force of his climax causing him to lose his breath, growing weak in his knees.

“Hehehe, can’t get any better than this~” he claimed as he let his tongue hang out onto the dresser table, letting a line of drool pool beneath him.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Chapter 4: Self Love

Jessica-Izzy was too exhausted to get up and answer the door, but even if he could, how could he explain what had happened to him; what he had just done to himself?

“Oh Miss Jessica~?” a voice called from behind the door. It had a feminine sing-song tone to it that sounded all too familiar. It was the same voice he heard back when he was still just Jessica, the same voice that triggered his transformation, and the very same voice he currently sported as he panted on the table.

“Oh god, *pant* yesss~?” Izzy called out in a same sing-song tone toward the person behind the door, “Come innn~”

The door opened slowly, revealing that same stranger from before, still wearing that same trenchcoat and hat that concealed the no doubt naughty, feminine outfit underneath; revealing none other than the “original” Izzy.

“Miss Jessica!” the original started in a sarcastic, concerned tone, “I heard some *awful, dreadful* noises coming from your dressing room and I simply *had* to come see if you were okay~!”

Jessica-Izzy smiled at his counterpart, amused at his little faux concern. He pushed himself up as high as could from the makeup dresser, his knees still too numb to support himself.

“Oh you must be mistaken, darling~” he said in a matching playful tone, “There’s no ‘Miss Jessica’ here; only Izzy~” He did his best to strike a sexy, yet awkward pose on the table, moving one hand behind his head while the other supported his weight.

The original smirked at his clone, closing the door behind him as he stepped forward.

“Ooh, you’re right! Who could ever mistake *you* for Jessica Rabbit~?” Izzy began to take off his trench coat as stepped closer to the faux redhead, tossing it off to the side along with the fedora hat that concealed half his face.

Underneath the giant coat, the original Izzy’s outfit could finally be seen. He wore a tight, skimpy white dress that could barely contain a pair of large, yellow-toned false tits he stuffed in it. The dress was stained yellowish gray around his crotch with what could only be dried up cum and hints of pre that had been oozing out from his bulging cock. He seemed to manage to squeeze his sweaty grippers into a pair of matching white

heels that he awkwardly, but confidently strutted around in. His face was covered in thick, heavy layers of foundation and makeup much like “Jessica” only with light blue eyeshadow instead and lips in a color that he called ‘dog-dick pink’. To top off his look, he wore a platinum blonde wig in a fluffy updo bun that *might* have once been considered classy, but on him it just simply looked down-right trashy.

Jessica-Izzy smiled sinisterly as he recognized this outfit and hair was exactly the look once worn by “Jessica Rabbit’s” old toon rival, now sexy twin: **Holli Would**.

Holli-Izzy sauntered up to his redheaded clone, reaching down and lifting him up to sit him down on to the dresser table. The two Izzies locked eyes, licking their lips as they drank in each other, near perfect mirrors of one another. Perfect versions of themselves.

“Mmm, you really turned out great, if I do say so myself, Izzy~” Holli-Izzy cooed as he brushed a manicured finger through Izzy’s orange wig hair.

“Mmm, you’re one to talk, Izzy~” Jessica-Izzy responded pressing his false cleavage against his doppelganger’s chest, “You must’ve been really horned up if you stuck your dick in the slutty blonde before you dressed up as the Rabbit~” He flicked a strand of Holli-Izzy’s fake blonde wig as he playfully mocked the former Miss Would.

“Ah shut up, you know you like the look,” he retorted, giving a sexy little growl as he showed off his imperfect teeth and false nails, “You like any bitch as long as she looks just. Like. Us~” He pressed himself closer to the redhead as he spoke, grabbing onto the seated Izzy’s waist as he snuggled himself between his twin’s legs.

“Yeahhh, you’re right about that~” Jessica-Izzy purred as he wrapped his arms around the blonde’s back, drawing him in. “I’d fuck me, *any* time~”

The two closed their eyes as they pressed their lips together, moaning softly as they began sucking each other’s lips. The taste of the other’s thick lipstick filled their tongues as passionately kissed, loving the flowery taste of Jessica’s ruby red lipstick and the fruity taste of Holli’s peach lipgloss.

Their makeout session quickly turned from somewhat sweet to downright filthy as their kisses became sloppier and sloppier. Instinctually, they knew what the other hungered for as their tongues took turns invading the other’s mouth. Their makeup smeared and rubbed off against each other as no amount of powder or sealing spray could fend off the amount of friction, sweat, and saliva the two were currently producing as they violated one another’s faces.

They opened their eyes to see just how slutty the other looked wearing the other's makeup, but neither dared to stop licking and moaning for even a second.

Their persistent face suckling caused both men's groins to stir; Izzy's white dress tenting up and poking into Izzy's thigh as Izzy began to get his second wind. Their cocks met and rubbed against one another, the twin heads frothing with matching slow grinding until finally with a wet smack, the two pried themselves off one another in time to see the results of their makeout session.

"Mmm, fuck~" the blonde Izzy uttered, "You're fucking perfect, you know that~?"

Jessica-Izzy snickered at his twin, still gyrating his hips to keep frothing, "Of course I am, baby~ I'm *Izzy*~" He drew in his clone for another sensual kiss, holding it long before releasing in an audible gasp, "And I hope I stay Izzy foreveerrr~"

The two continued their lustful kissing, taking in each other's tastes and mixing their juices together, knowing full-well this was just the beginning of their devious evening...

