

# Super Cow

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I know that Super Cow seems a tad hokey, but after thinking long and hard after the debacle that created me, it was the closest thing that I could think of that best described me. That and I was a grand fan of the cartoon Cow and Chicken.

My name is Danni Macaw; a simple, eighteen year old, tiny little girl – well... once upon a time ago that is – with no aspirations of anything other than to tend the farm, and be as strong and able-bodied as a woman could be. At the time, however, I could barely lift a single bale of hay.

It was at least a start. Most of the boys I knew couldn't even do that.

The day of the change, however, I remember standing in my room, eyeing myself in my bedroom mirror, a floor to ceiling thing that was attached to the back of my door, while I stood there naked and striking one of those poses I saw the female body builders use.

Rather unimpressive.

My chest was nothing more the buds, my hips were straight instead of broad and rounded, and the V-shaped wedge between my thighs was all of a downy gold... really nothing more than peach fuzz.

All of my friends were taller than me, and were fully developed. You guys think you have it bad in the locker rooms... well think of what we girls have to contend with. We have to deal with more ridicule, and hiding one's groin is a whole lot easier than hiding one's chest, or lack thereof. And if you even tried to hide your chest, you were ridiculed.

I sighed, and tried flexing my arms, getting shallow lumps, but that was about it.

Biceps and thighs... Those were really the only things strong on me, with both coming from lifting a lot.

I walked back to my bed and sat down on the soft sheets and blankets, and took time to looking at my small, rounded face. I guessed I was cute... perhaps it was enough to get some guy interested in me some day.

I chanced a look at my clock and sighed. It was five a.m., school would be starting in a couple of hours, and if I didn't get up and go now, then I'd be late.

Standing up and reaching over for my white cotton panties, I pulled them on before dressing in the rest of the things I'd set out for myself; a subtle white bra, white ribbed shirt and overalls, white socks and my work shoes... freshly cleaned of mud and manure. A pair bobby pins in the hair over either ear helped with that cute little girl look I was trying to garner.

Then shouldering my book bag, I once again looked at myself in the mirror, felt my chest, and sighed. But then I made a wish:

*I wish I were Big and Strong... and had the largest pair of tits in the whole world!*

It was wishful thinking, but of all places to get big, strong and busty was on a farm. Yes sir... good solid living, good foods, and lots of exercise and fresh air. At least I have myself a good working tan.

On my way out of the house, I fitted some scrambled eggs and bacon on a toast for a breakfast sandwich, and began the five mile walk to school.

## 2

That which made me was two fold.

My mother was a plump, hard working mid-western mother, one of those people who smiled so much that her eyes would disappear most of the time. She died when I was seven. I missed her so much.

Father, however, was a tall, lanky man who worked for the government. I didn't see him much any more. When mother died, he... changed. I've long since forgiven him for not being around. When mama died, something inside him died too.

The times we were actually able to spend together were rare and cherished.

I ran the farm now. Martha the housemaid cooked for myself and twenty other hands, and she was mother enough for all of us. There was a small head of cattle and horses here to run, and hayfields to cut for them all. All of this needed to be overseen.

That was my job before and after school.

Father arranged this. His connections with the government made this a governmentally funded farm, but in the meantime he had to do research for them. Whatever it was, he could not or would not divulge.

Top secret, hush-hush.

Ah, the life of a bio chemist.

But what I didn't know was that daddy got this farm on governmental subsidiary so easily because it provided the sorts of DNA samples he needed to work with. Daddy was working on a serum to make the ultimate soldier, the sort of chemically enhanced super soldier that governments have been trying to perfect for decades. But what even his employers didn't really know was that he'd succeeded.

However, those who *did* know that he'd succeeded did not have the best interests of our government in mind.

### 3

Doctor Matthew Macaw held up a glittering vial of a soft blue-green liquid that looked very much like clean fresh water. The casual observer would look at it and think just that. But what it did contain was a concoction of a tailored retrovirus that would reconstruct a human being and give them the properties of a super human.

One of his previous successes helped the metabolic rate of a human increase several fold while needing much less food to support such frames. Already the U.S. Military was "inoculating" their soldiers with that serum disguised as an influenza inoculation.

Lowering the vial, he loaded it into a small metal tube for transport, locking it in place... the metal tube a one pump syringe made to readily inject the serum into his first test subject; complete with a retracting, self-loading needle.

But, even as he was depositing it into the waist pocket of his doctor's coat...

"Hello Doctor Macaw." A decidedly feminine voice said, and Matthew turned around immediately to see a shapely, and very busty woman standing there before him, in skimpy red clothing with a low drooping neckline that showed off the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra. It

also showed the fact that her full and rounded breasts pushed upward atop her chest in spite of not having a brazier to support them.

“Hello Minerva...” Matthew greeted. “I see that you’ve been using the treatment that’s been designed for our soldiers... as well as a few others that haven’t been.” He looked openly at her breasts and raised an eyebrow.

“Just a glandular transformation; it’ll make my organization *millions* in the breast enhancement arena.”

“You should’ve waited.” Matthew grinned, and then noticed the man standing in the shadows a ways off. “My process is better.” He pressed the butt end of his pen against the outside of her tit. “These are still too soft, and also too small. I would’ve made you billions... especially since I’ve also created a like enhancement for men.”

“Really? Perhaps we can contrast and compare later then, Matthew.”

“Yes... later. But why are you here today, Minerva. And why did you bring the goon.”

The man behind her straightened and harrumphed in annoyance.

“I’m simply checking up on you, love!” she teased, and shrugged her shoulders to show off a little more of her bosom. “We haven’t heard from you in awhile, and we heard that you’ve made a recent success.”

Matthew stared at her for a time, running things over inside his head.

“No one knows about my success here, Minerva. Also, your arrival is quite timely to coincide with me recently changing the encryption on my computers. Having a little problem decrypting my five hundred and twelve bit system?”

Minerva folded her arms over her chest instead of under them and struck a pouting pose.

“The agreement was for you to share all of your research freely with us, Matthew.” She growled, now taking on the bitch queen role.

“With the company, Minerva... not with you.” Matthew retorted. “You are a suit, not a researcher. Your knowledge of the science is rudimentary at best. You wouldn’t even be able to understand it.

“Besides, my agreement was to provide a final product to my benefactors. I do not have a final product as of yet.”

“Oh... and what was that you just put into your pocket? Dr. Macaw.”

Matthew noticed that she’d dropped the familiar with him.

“A sample I intend to put into cryostasis.” He shrugged amicably, telling only half the truth.

True, it was a sample, and true it was going into cryostasis, but it was also a sample of his final formula. He’d already tested this on a mouse earlier, and watched as the poor thing grew so big and strong that it doubled its size, increased its mass by a factor of ten, broke from its cage, and took several tazer shots before someone shot it with a twenty-two caliber bullet in the head.

“May I see it?” she held out her hand for the sample, smiling darkly at him.

“Like I said, Minerva... you are not the afore-mentioned person in whom I transfer my research over to. It is only into Doctor Michael’s capable hands do I give over this research. You’ll have to wait for the research paper just like everyone else.

“Ta Ta!” he waved and started to leave, but Minerva’s companion moved in front of the door.

“Not this time, Doctor Macaw.” Minerva said while planting her hands upon her ample hips. “I want that sample.”

Matthew sighed, and went over to his table of chemicals and substances and began mixing things.

“And what would you do with it if I did, Minerva.” He said, planting several drops of something into a vial and blowing in a straw to mix it. “You’d sell it to the highest bidder, completely apart from the company, causing a very real danger for our fair nation while you retire on some tropical island somewhere.

“My research is for the United States, Minerva, not to some terrorist organization out there somewhere.”

Macaw placed a glove over his hand and picking up his recent project, stoppered the top with his thumb and held it for a moment.

“Now what are you going to do if I don’t give you what’s in my pocket?”

“Then I’m afraid that my ‘associate’ here will have to accost you, Macaw, and enter into some ‘heated negotiations.’”

Matthew nodded, and lifted his hand to take hold of an air filter. “That’s what I thought.” He then covered his mouth with the filter, violently shook up the contents of the vial and lifted his thumb.

Whatever had been in there instantly erupted into a cloud of noxious green gas that filled the tiny room of his lab in an instant, and both Minerva and her associate gasped, choked and fell to the ground and started quivering.

“I’d love to stay in here and chat with you, you whorey bitch... but I have some MP’s to talk to, and unfortunately my nerve gas doesn’t last long.” He kicked the ‘associate’ that came with Minerva full in the groin, hearing a loud groan come from him. “That should incapacitate your friend a little longer however, so if you wish to have this vial,” he patted his pocket. “Then you’ll have to come get it.

“Good day, Minerva. And remember, never leave a bio-chemist around his chemicals when you’re about to attack him.”

Opening the door, Matthew turned a corner and hurried as quickly as he could out the nearest door. So that he could bypass security quickly, he reached up, pulled down the fire alarm and ran on his way out.

## 4

I walked through the mall at the edge of town. It was a place where one could buy anything in town, so it was sure enough to be open at seven in the morning and quite filled with people. Mostly of workers arriving at work and shop owners opening their stores, and early risers trying to get the best deals.

The Mall also served as the town square, and this modern building at the center of town was open at ground floor for cars, and was rounded on all sides by the school, the town hall, the library, and the town’s premier bar. Several tiers upward did the mall climb, with elevators on all sides, and the levels above the first all enclosed and climate controlled. In my hurry to get here I’d actually arrived nearly an hour before school and was just hanging around right now.

Father’s lab was also located here, though unlike most of the buildings surrounding the mall, this one was built down into the ground instead of up into the air.

I looked longingly over to the lab, wishing that I could spend more time with him. He’d been away from the house for the past three days straight. I was starting to get worried.

Going over to one of the local shops for an orange juice and a bagel with cream cheese, I sat down for the breakfast of champions.

## 5

“Fools! Get him!” Minerva hollered as Matthew ran headlong down the hall, dodging the awkward guards and the agents that had followed Minerva in here amidst the spraying water from the sprinklers.

Minerva was beginning to loose her temper, and despite that she’d brought dozens of lackeys, they were all missing their chances to capture the good doctor. *Lack-wits are a better description of them all*, she considered, kicking off her high heels and running in her stocking feet.

“If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself.” She tsk-ed, and then from between her voluminous breasts, removed a silvery chain, on the end of which was a small crystal vial.

“You.” She jabbed at one of her agents. “Get top side and catch him if he gets out. You,” she pointed at another agent. “Get to the security room and keep track of him. And tell the rest of all of you bumbling idiots to converge on the lobby.”

“Yes Ma’am!” the two of them spouted and hurried off down the wet floor. Minerva then looked at her vial, and then down at her new suit, and tsk-ed again before opening the vial and pouring it’s entire contents down her throat.

She stood there for a moment, licking her lips pleasingly, sucking more of the delicate liquid from the vial before capping it again. She felt the warmth of what felt like power sliding down her throat, and instantaneously settling into her bowels, to which it was instantly absorbed into her blood stream.

An erotic pounding began behind her cunt, powerful and throbbing as raw, hot, physical power began to pulsate into her bodice. The drug, though temporary, was nonetheless very potent and very... stimulating.

She gasped, feeling her nipples hardening, feeling her body firming up as it tensed just before climax, and she groaned, as she felt liquid heat flowing into her body filling up her sinews with growing fire. And then there was a tremble and then an engorgement.

Minerva’s body began to swell, her arms flexing of their own accord to feel the unmitigated *power* flowing into her!

“Yes!” she cried, feeling her ribs barrel outward, her breasts heaving powerfully as they too swelled and firmed up, popping the buttons holding her suit jacket closed about her as her tits filled into a very tight little undershirt.

Her hips widened as her thighs and arms thickened, her skirts and sleeves bulging around her thickening arms as she grew larger and larger, her neck flaring outward, as her shoulders and rear bulged.

Rents and tears formed all about her bodice as her black lace panties tucked neatly between the cheeks of her rear, fitting snugly against her crotch as her burgeoning breasts tightened her undershirt firmly about her bodice. Those rents and tears burst open then as her outer clothing shredded about her bodice, her sleeves bursting open and her skirts snapping about her legs as her muscles bulged outward into the open air. Thigh-high socks slid down to her knees; her cunt bulging wide and open with her sensuality beneath her panties, while the bases of her breasts pushed downward beneath her undershirt.

Feathered sides and a bulging back held aloft a pair of mighty breasts, and powerfully built arms that held the strength of an Olympian weight lifter. Thick calves and heavily muscled thighs erupted out of once slender legs, with a tight rounded rear and full and rounded pubic mound at the base of a navel, the latter of which was rapidly creasing into eighths.

She cupped her cunt with her hands as a micro orgasm erupted from it, her body growing taller and leaner by the moment until her head was nearly brushing against the low ceiling.

She loved this drug, even though it only lasted maybe an hour, *and if this could do this, then imagine what the concoction Macaw has can do to me*; she thought, sliding her hands pleasingly over her enormous rack, becoming surprised as the collar tore a little.

And then this hard-bodied Amazon tossed her mane of fiery red hair, and with a maddened, sex-crazed look within her eyes, she chased after her quarry; her enlarged, stockinged feet pounding against the floor plates with every lunging step, her titanicly shaped breasts swaying against her chest with each swing of her meaty arms.

“Matthew! I’m coming for you!”

## 6

I sat there, staring decidedly at my nails debating on whether or not I should go see my dad, knowing that he was a very busy man and probably wouldn’t be able to see me.

Sighing, I looked longingly at the door to the lab, and then down at my wrist watch, and then again back at the lab door. Nibbling on my lower lip, I picked up my juice and shouldered my bag and then again looked at my watch again.

*Half an hour before school starts*, I thought biting my lip again. Then swallowing my heart, I strode forward toward the Lab, a nervous smile on my face in the hopes of actually seeing my dad.

## 7

Matthew Macaw was now on the run from a seven foot tall giant Amazon woman. He dreaded the thought of her ever catching him, and so he used every little trick he knew to escape her grasp. Through corridor after corridor did he run, narrowly escaping her at some turns, feeling her clawed hands from her long fingernails making grabs for his coat, and he became overly thankful that he’d altered himself as much as he’d done, for it allowed him to keep *just* ahead of her.

*If I can get to the main lobby, and can get out and find a place to take cover in*, he thought, and over turning a pot on his way along, tripped Minerva up and heard her cursing as she slid and tumbled down the hall, spilling out of her top. The twin cannons of her enhanced bosom now



pressed solidly against the floor, with her shirt – like a child’s shirt on her – now all bunched and matted about her neck.

“Mother F-” she began, trying to pull the wet white fabric of her undershirt over her immense breasts, cursing all the more as Macaw got further away from her, and abandoning the effort, she got to her feet and ran after him.

At last he was in the main corridor, having just aptly gotten passed one of her agents.

Cursing loudly and openly, Minerva straddled the agent, pulled him up to her with her breasts pressing against his chest. “You are *so* going to get fired.” She hissed, and reaching into his coat, pulled out a gun complete with silencer. Then kneeling upward, her crotch straight in the face of her agent and her breasts hanging out and wobbling from her chest, she raised the gun, and took aim...

## 8

I stepped into the entrance to the lab amidst pure chaos. There was a bell ringing deep in the lab, and there were men in uniform that looked very much like firemen and security guards. Water could be seen spraying from the ceiling and people scrambling everywhere.

I just stood there dumbly, immediately looking for papa, looking from face to face, and then scrambling forward to the nearest person in a lab coat in an attempt to get some information from him about my father. But then there was some yelling, and someone down the hall was thrown down before my father rounded the corner right after him and tried to run as quickly as he could toward the exit.

That’s when he saw me and hesitated. The next moment I saw him spasm as a spray of red erupted from his back and then spasm again on the other side in the same way before he began to crumple to the ground. I was there then to catch him, and cried out as my hands touched the wet slick blood against his back. He looked up at me, more blood coming from the corner of his mouth. People crowded in, and I felt a panic rising up deep inside me as I weakly managed to ask for help.

“Help... someone help.” I panted.

“Danni...” I heard him whisper as more people gathered around, and despite all the noise, I was suddenly very attentive to him. “Danni... I am sorry.”

“No papa... everything will be all right. We’ll get you a doctor, a vet, anything! **SOMEBODY HELP US!**” I screamed then to the crowd directly around us.

When I turned back to him, however, he was pulling some sort of cylinder out of his pocket.

“May all your dreams come true, Danni...” He whispered, and actuated the cylinder with his fingers, spreading the two sides just before a long needle erupted from one end. Right after that

he plunged the thing right into my right butt cheek, and I spasmed with surprise as I felt a tiny motor inject a load of some fluid into my butt.

Then father slumped against me, and I stood there with a piece of metal sticking out of my rear, and my father now slumped against me.

Just then some paramedics arrived and took him from me, and only then did I manage to remove the inch long needle from my posterior and stare at it. Then collapsing the thing and planting it in my pocket, I hurried after the paramedics – holding my pride with one hand on my rear – and climbed aboard their ambulance as they took my father immediately to the hospital.

## 9

Minerva raged, raising her hands high over her head as her target was removed from her, still alive, wounded, but still alive, and her muscles flexing over her engorged chest forced the shirt to tear right down the front to burst her enormous breasts out into the open.

“Damn it!” She screamed out and thundered her fists down onto the floor, those enormous tits dangling from her chest doing a bit of a ripple before settling again. All of this was done right in front of her agent, who was still beneath her, and lifted his hands momentarily, thinking to cup and coddle those breasts but thought better of it.

*If she forgets, I may just be able to keep my job*, he thought, and so just laid there, until she nudged forward and rose up to settle on her knees. Right before his eyes her panties tore and burst open to disgorge a moist and rounded pubic mound, which likewise disgorged the sweet scent of her womanhood.

“Get me some clothes and get me out of here.” She hissed. “We need to follow that van.”

## 10

I paced in the waiting room now outside of the Operating Room, biting my fingernails down to the nub while feeling an odd numbing feeling in my rear, which strangely seemed to be spreading.

It’d been hours since they’d taken him in there, and I was so full of nervous energy I couldn’t sit down, so I just kept on pacing. Besides, it hurt when I sat down.

It was an eternity before the doors opened and a doctor exited the room pulling his surgical mask down.

“Miss Macaw?” he greeted as he approached.

“Y-yes? What about my father?” I demanded immediately. “Is he ok?”

“I’m afraid he’s in a coma now Miss Macaw. We were able to patch him up, but there’s no way that we can foresee how long he’ll stay in his present condition.

“What happened?!”

The doctor took my hand and deposited two small little pieces of flattened metal into my relatively much smaller hand.

“Someone shot him.” The doctor said grimly and deposited his hands into his lab coat. “Thankfully the caliber was small, but they both came dangerously close to killing him. One was lodged in a rearward piece of his rib close to his spine, the other in his lung just beside his heart.

“Whoever was shooting at him was either an exceptional shot and knew what they were aiming for, or incredibly lucky in their shots. But, my dear, someone was trying to kill him for some reason.”

I thought about the vial he’d injected me with and felt my bottom briefly.

“If you’d like, I can provide a police escort for you to bring you home.”

I thought for a moment, and then shook my head.

“Where’s my dad? I want to be with him.” I said instead.

The doctor nodded, and directed me to follow him. “This way miss... we have him under observation right now.”

I was then led down the hall, to where they had him hooked up to machines of all sorts. Without another word, I saw down beside him and waited, the doctor leaving me to my peace.

## 11

Minerva now sat on a bench wearing only a trench coat. She’d long since shrunk back down to normal size, and was now sitting outside Macaw’s door where his daughter was watching over him. Her agents had already looked over the good doctor’s things in storage, and the vial was nowhere among them, and being that the vial wasn’t on the floor anywhere back at the lab, then that meant that his daughter had it now.

One of her agents sat down beside her and handed her a parcel.

“It’s about time. I’ve been waiting here for hours.” She said snatching up the parcel and checking it’s contents, a simple nurses outfit and a fake id.

“Sorry ma’am. The specialists had trouble with the duplication.”

This meant that the ID had taken all the time to do.

“Whatever,” she said dismissively, and looking around, stripped out of her trench coat to stand naked briefly in the center of the waiting room. There was no one there, and thankfully the nurses were between shifts, so she was able to dress quickly without any problems. The agent tactfully didn’t look directly at her, but thanks to his shaded glasses, was staring avidly at her body shaped like a porn star, and was readily enjoying himself over it.

Finally Minerva did her hair up into a bun, and shifted her breasts to push them up higher.

“Now, you...” she stabbed a finger at the agent who’d just brought her, her clothes. “If the girl leaves without me, you are to intercept her and bring her to the van. We must have her checked!”

The agent nodded, and patting at her hair, Minerva stepped lithely forward, and opened the door to the room Matthew was in.

“Hello?” She cooed. “Are you Danni Macaw?” she asked with her most plastic smile. “Hi! You must be just that same person. I’m Nurse Betty; I was told you’d be here...”

## 12

I looked up at the woman who’d just walked into my father’s room and blinked.

“Yes... yes I am.”

“Ah good. I’m afraid that I have to bother you for just a little bit, dear.” She said and stepped further into the room. “Some of the people at the lab said that you were there with your father, and, well, there was a problem in the lab, and the CDC wanted for us to make sure you’re all clean.

“You understand.”

She took my hand and pulled me upright, and dumbly, I followed her upward. “Oh just come with me dear... this won’t take long, and then we’ll have you back to your dad before he ever wakes up!”

Not knowing what else to do, I was brought into an examination room.

“Just take off your overalls there dear; I’ll be ready in a moment.” Nurse Betty said, and pulled on a pair of rubber gloves. My mind numb from this day’s occurrences, I stripped out of my overalls into my underwear and handed the nurse my coveralls. She balled em up and turned her back to me, did something with them for a moment, I supposed that she was checking for any sort of contamination. She then put me through a thorough, and rather embarrassing sometimes, examination.

Every bit of fluid that was possible was taken from me. Blood, saliva, urine, even a wash from my more sensual fluids. I never knew that touching oneself there could bring out such an arousing reaction.

There were times in which I thought she was doing some of it for her own pleasure; massaging my chest, feeling up my rear and even giving me a close examination to my crotch... asking me if it were "tender." After the examination, I was given my coveralls back and sent on my way with a smile, and in my daze of the whole thing, I was unaware of missing the little metal vial my father had injected me with.

I merely went to go sit at my father's side, and remained there for hours before the doctors sent me home, telling me they'd keep me posted.

And so I walked home... all in silence.

## 13

"It's a negative Ma'am." The doctor cringed who'd been looking over young Danni's body fluids. "Not a trace anywhere. The vial is also a negative. Doctor Macaw was very thorough in this one. Unlike the other experiments we've liberated from his labs, without any notes we wouldn't be able to crack this one."

"What?!" Minerva demanded. She'd been hoping to inject herself with the serum within a day or two. "How can that be?"

"If there was anything in the vial, it's gone now. After injection, a static charge was sent through the vial to destroy any resins that were left over from it. And likewise, the good doctor could've injected *anyone* in that crowd, not necessarily his daughter. And if he even *had* injected the girl, there would be something at least in her blood stream right now. She would've also exhibited some sort of change, but there's nothing in there aside from the usual enzymes, bacteria and what not. A slightly higher level of estrogen count I've ever seen, but that can hardly be construed as something to transform any human being into a super soldier. Then again, that could all be due to onset of puberty.

"If he'd injected his daughter, then the serum is a failure, and if he'd injected someone else in the crowd, then we would've detected a change by now at one of the hospitals."

Minerva stood there and thought for a moment, tapping her long fingernails against her firm thigh.

"Get a list of the people who were in that lobby today, and have them followed, but I want a class-A surveillance on Danni Macaw for the next forty-eight hours. Macaw has already shown himself to be tricky... I want to make sure that he hasn't designed something here to throw us off."

"Yes ma'am." The doctor said, in response. "I'll get right on it." And left.

Minerva watched him go, pursing her lips in thought. *What final trick do you have up your sleeve Matthew?* She then shook her head and went to her rooms to retire. But first, perhaps something to satisfy her cravings for the night... muscular transformation was, after all, exceptionally erotic, and she still had all this pent up sexual energy inside her. Perhaps a good screw for an hour or two....

## 14

My life was quite simple over the next two days, everything coming in as a haze and a blur, with the thought that was forefront in my mind was that father was currently lying in a hospital bed like a vegetable.

I'd wake up, go visit my father in the hospital, go to school, go visit dad, and go home; eating only before I left home and before I went to bed. What was strange, however, was that I've developed an insatiable desire for fruits and vegetables as of late, with very little desire to eat meat of any sort, which was very strange indeed for a farm girl like me who was brought up on eggs and bacon loaded with grease all her life.

The other strange thing was the feeling of some weird pending change, as if something were stirring within my bowels ready to erupt from me; and with it... was the feeling of constant observation. Like I was being looked after.

Both together were very disconcerting.

But then inexplicably, that final oddity – of being watched – went away at the end of the second day, but in its place, as if it were sure that the watchful eyes were no longer, the thing stirring inside me began to steadily grow, but ever so slowly. And then the third day since the accident in the lab dawned... a Friday.

And that was when my life changed.

I crawled out of bed on the morning of that third day, sitting a moment with the covers off my naked body, feeling the cool air of morning touch my skin pleasantly and forcing a realm of goose bumps to rise up against my flesh. Blinking away sleep I stepped forward, not very lithely, not very gracefully, bumping into this and that and stumbled into the bathroom adjacent to my room.

I flipped on the light and walked up to the counter, and stared blankly at my naked image in the mirror while my mind continued to wake up. But as it slowly returned to me, I presently began to come to know of a strangeness... something had changed about me. I blinked at my image, trying to discern what it was looking for changes.

But then I noticed something. Normally when I leaned up against the counter like this, my womanhood was partially below the counter and my palms were flat against it. But now I could

see all of the subtle wedge between my legs covered in a downy blond hair like a stripe downward between my legs, and my fingers had to steeple themselves to hold me aloft.

I blinked at this, but again, noticed another oddity, and when I did, I turned my torso ever so slightly, and found that the shadows indeed weren't betraying me, and to be sure, I lifted a hand to one side of my chest, and felt an undo softness there that wasn't there the night before. My flat chest had now blossomed into a subtle little bud, and in the cold air of my bathroom, I actually had an erect nipple.

*That's never happened before;* I thought inwardly to myself, raising my other hand disbelievingly to my other breast and began massaging both of them. And as my fingers tweaked my erect nipples, I felt something trickle down inside my navel, collecting between my coltish thighs in a warmth that began to throb, the throbbing raising to a sensual high, and, as I watched, saw the glitter of moisture between my legs in my reflection in the mirror. The feeling of all that, the wonderful, wonderful feeling grew in intensity and releasing the buds against my chest, not quite yet an a-cup I looked down at my body and turned, looking over my shoulder at my image for more differences.

As of yet, however, those were the only ones. *But it was a start!* I thought, and climbed into the hot shower, probing my new found femininity for a good while before washing myself down with a soapy wash cloth. I couldn't help but play with my budding breasts, while in the shower, feeling the hot water patter against them helped my loins grow hotter as I felt something soft and wet slowly leak out between my legs.

It was a wonderful feeling.

I just leaned against the shower stall then, lifting my chin so that I could feel that wonderful feeling of the shower water pattering against my chest, and likewise feel my nipples slowly erecting; hardening till they ached as their areola swelled and spread, and the nipples swelled into tiny nibs atop my chest.

I felt so strange experiencing these feelings, especially the sense of change growing within my loins.

Shutting the showers off, I grabbed a towel and began to dry myself off, and then stepped lithely out of the tub, and then paused, for a moment before taking a few more steps, realizing that even my movements were different.

*I've never been lithe before,* I remarked, and amazed at how my form moved. It was as if all the years of not being a woman were so suddenly being piled on me. *It's about time!* I smiled.

I began to dress, putting on my silk panties and white ribbed cotton shirt again – why put something in the laundry after wearing it once when you can hang it up to air out and wear it again a few days later? – And my usual coveralls.

It was the same garb I'd been wearing when daddy had gotten shot. Then I felt my rear, at the place where the needle had poked me. For the first time I wondered exactly what had been in that vial....

But then dismissing the thought I stepped forward, feeling myself floating on air as I walked, and likewise fondling my new breasts a couple times, reveling in my new sexuality. Going down stairs and picking up a couple green apples, I set off for school.

Walking to school was always an arduous task. Several miles of walking eventually pained my legs by the end of it, but my strides were long and full of purpose, and I seemed to cover the distance in record time. I arrived nearly an hour earlier than I normally did. Pausing for a moment I felt my legs, and was amazed to feel how firm they were. And even through the denim of my coveralls I could feel blood pumping through them. It was then that I saw the length of my arm peeking out of my sleeve, and lifting my hand, saw that there was a little more meat on it, a few more striations and folds in the flesh. And likewise as I rose up and paused, my thighs pressing close together, I felt more throbbing blood coursing through the folds of my womanhood in an excited sort of way. Making sure that there was no one around, I felt my crotch, and felt that the pubic mound had swollen since this morning.

*What's happening to me?* I wondered and pulled up my sleeve, seeing a definite bicep now. I'd always been strong, but there'd never been any definition to my body before now.

Now that I was concentrating on it, now that it was quiet here in the early hours of the morning, I could actually feel a feeling of... of *growth!*

It was as if that thing that had been writhing inside me for the past few days, the thing that I'd mistaken for anxiety over the past few days, coupled with the feeling of being watched. But as soon as that feeling of being watched went away, as if the thing writhing inside me were just waiting for it to go away, it had begun to grow inside me. And it was changing me...

I thought for a moment and then shook my head. Now I was beginning to think silly. But regardless, I felt my breasts, cupping them for measurement. Though it could be my clothes, they *did* feel bigger now.

Sighing, with an ever so small smile upon my face, *if I am growing... then I hope that these keep doing so;* I thought and then stepped toward the mall where the shops were beginning to open.

I had a little more of a bite to eat, a little sweet for the morning to go along with the apples I had for breakfast, met a couple of friends and socialized for a bit. I decided not to visit daddy today. The hospital would tell me if he woke up.

When I went into school, I subtly became aware of people looking at me, and when I saw that it was usually the boys, and usually them checking me out, all of a sudden I felt lighter than air, gained a spring in my step and began to smile with a blush on my cheeks.



*They were checking me out!* I grinned, for the first time in my life actually reveling in the fact that the guys were actually looking at me. I even got a couple of them come up to me and ask me my name. *They thought I was a new girl!* I left them wide-eyed and slack-jawed when I did tell them my name.

I went through most of the morning, through the first three hours of school, still feeling myself transforming as the hours drug along. Finally in Social Studies, something new began to happen, and I began to feel rather warm. A wonton pressure was beginning to press behind my crotch, a rather pleasing feeling as a burning slowly rose up through my whole body.

I sat there, becoming rather uncomfortable while the professor droned on, and after a few moments, my hands slid between my legs as a subtle throbbing began within the muscles of my labia, and I let out a small, imperceptible sigh as the pair clenched tightly. More throbbing arose in my chest, all the veins in either of the bulging pair focusing straight toward my nipples, which slowly made them clench and fill till they ached. A flush rose up upon my cheeks and breasts, and I began to sweat to the point where my clothes were sticking to my body.

My fingers clenched around my crotch as my clit likewise erected, and this time my sigh was a little louder, and I hugged my stomach as I felt the fire in my loins rise up into my abdomen.

“Professor?” I said, raising a hand up into the air.

The professor stopped and turned, as did several of the eyes of my fellow students, which wasn’t the sort of attention I wanted right now.

“I... I think...”

“Miss Macaw... are you all right?” the Professor said, looking at my face. I could only guess what he saw there, because he was immediately concerned.

“I think...” I swallowed hard. “I think I need to go to the bathroom.”

The professor nodded and I snatched up my bag and hurried off out of the room. Half way to the bathroom, I felt something lurch inside my crotch, and I cupped it with both hands, groaning audibly through the vacant hall now, squeezing my eyes tightly as something odd and very, very wonderful pressed from the inside of my body against my cunt. Then I ran to the bathroom, opened the door, hurried inside to the nearest stall, the handicapped one, pushed all my weight against the door and locked it.

Another, more powerful lurch hit me from the inside and I moaned this time, and pulling off the straps of my coveralls, I let them fall to the ground around my ankles, and amidst pushing my panties down, I began to feel a wet pressure well up inside my loins. I squeezed them tight, but a minute spray erupted outward, and not even taking the time to turn around to sit, I sat with my legs spread wide facing the back of the toilet and erupted.

A hot jet of syrupy liquid erupted from my crotch in a rush, bursting in several jets of sensual pleasure.

Steam actually began to rise up from the bowl between my legs, and my hands rubbed into my crotch, feeling the downy hairs mix with the sticky fluid as a final minute jet erupted from me to filter through my fingers. But in its place, my body began to throb sensually as I caressed my clit with two long fingers, and lowering my gaze to my chest, I watched as right before my eyes the beating of my heart helped inflate the pair two more cup sizes till my bra was straining from their firm expanse. But that wasn't all that was changing. I was also growing, and everywhere I looked, I could see my body thickening and lengthening, firming up moment by moment. I could even feel the hem of my shirt slowly rise up along my ribs.

*What's happening to me?*

My eyes clenched as I felt my arms thicken along with my legs, my waist compacting while my hips flared ever so slightly, while among it all I heard someone banging on the stall next to me.

“Hey! What the hell are you doing in there?!”

My eyes snapped open with surprise as I looked over to that wall, breathing hard and heavy while my hips continued to rock before looking down at my body. I looked at the steady rocking of my hips, felt my vaginal muscles clench and grind as I rocked backward, squeezing out a little more seminal fluids from inside me with the motion while I probed my insides with my fingers.

“I'm... changing. Mind your own business...” I snapped, and then closed my eyes and gave off a low groan. “And these pants are...” a gasp escaped my throat. “A little snug.”

That seemed to shut her up, but my transformation was ending even as I said it, ending with the folds of my crotch tightening like a grinding fist between my legs as they too swelled into a full and fleshy mound at the base of my abdomen. There was a prickling sensation about it, and cupping the still pulsating mound between my legs, I felt the warm slick of sticky fluids that covered it lacing in with my pubic hairs; and biting on my lower lip I immediately grabbed for the toilet paper to clean my thighs, hands and crotch off.

Standing up, a comical sight with my panties and overalls bunched up around my ankles, I looked down at my body, cupping my full and rounded breasts, capped with a pair of nipples that were even now creating little lumps in the front of my shirt as they grew so steadily hard.

My shirt had crawled upward along my ribs, till the hem of it stopped just below my sternum, with my now rounded, full breasts bulging just above it. I had to see them then, and pulled my shirt up over the pair.

My bra, built to hold a much smaller pair of tits, now did nothing more than cup the lower bulges of the two; with my erect and hardened nipples peaking above the supporting ridge of the cups. Taking my shirt off, I then undid my bra and sat down properly on the edge of the toilet to reapply my bra, stretching the straps out to their maximum extent. The straps had been cutting

into my sides and shoulders. Now, not only did it sit more comfortably, but the cups held my tits a little better.

Before I put my bra back on though, I looked down at the pair... amazed at how well they kept themselves aloft, and prodding one with a finger, was likewise amazed at how full, at how rounded either were. It was almost as if I didn't need a bra. Habit and the fact that the pair did sag a little forced me to close my bra around the pair. It did have the additional affect of pushing the pair together, and the warmth trapped between the pair felt oh so good.

Pulling my shirt back on, I again stood and made to pull my panties back on, but stopped, fingering myself again as I heard the girl in the other stall leave finally.

My clit was still erect, and massaging the twin folds of my crotch with my fingers briefly, feeling the newly gained firmness of my pleasure mound, I then turned my attention to the rest of my body.

My legs were thick with muscle, and I could see the separation between my outer thighs and inner thighs now; my inner thighs having sunken below the outer, and those outer thighs were full and strong, with long calves. It was then that I held out my arm, and actually made a muscle, and was amazed as a full and rounded bicep popped up to push the short sleeve of my shirt backward around my shoulder.

It was then that I felt my stomach, feeling how firm it had become. Where it was once rounded, there was now a beautiful crease going straight down its center to bisect my navel.

It was the sort of body I've always dreamed about. If this was puberty, I hoped it kept going!

At last I pulled on my panties, feeling the once semi-loose garment fitting nice and tight around my widened hips and lengthened pelvis – *nice and snug* – and then came my overalls.

Immediately, I became aware of a new adjustment. Though the cuffs of the legs still came down to my ankles, they were much less baggy due to the length and breath of my legs, and they were quite snug around the hips and played right over my rear and crotch. The shoulder straps likewise had to be adjusted a couple inches apiece. The flap which used to thoroughly cover my chest, not only helped to support the expanse of my breasts, but its front pocket now disappeared beneath the shelf that became of the bulging twins.

I gave my tit one last pleasing and affectionate squeeze, and shouldering my book bag, walked out of the stall on my way out of the bathroom, but chanced to look at myself in one of the mirrors on my way out.

I was looking into the face of a stranger.

The color of my eyes and hair were still there, but my skin had turned into a softer white, with a gentle blush against it with a great mane of blonde hair surrounding my face, neck and shoulders. Lifting a hand, I pushed my hair back and stepped forward; dropping my book bag on the floor I

stepped forward and braced myself against the sink. The weight of my breasts fell into the front of my shirt, and my thighs pressed together while the fingers of my free hand gripped at the porcelain sink as I leaned forward a little more; marveling at this beautiful creature standing before me in the mirror.

*What's happening to me?* I wondered, touching my face, feeling how soft it'd become. The bell rang then, and I stepped out into the hall into a rush of my fellow students, noticing immediately that I was nearly a head taller than even the boys now, my body now in the form of a full-grown woman it seemed; I detected a whole lot more stares as I walked through the crowd. Jealous looks from other girls, stares at my face, chest and rear from the boys, and even some catcalls and obscene gestures were made my way.

Those last gestures struck me though. It wasn't the type of woman I was. It wasn't what I wanted, and slowly, my head began to sag against my shoulders. Then, hanging my head fully, my feet just continued to carry me forward, and while the halls cleared, I made my way straight down the hall and kept walking, pushing open the door and exiting out into the town square.

There, out in the sunlight, I held myself with my pack dangling off one arm, my newly engorged tits pushing against one another as they hefted up higher atop my chest. I didn't know how to feel about this whole situation, and deep down, I felt a queasiness groaning deep within my bodice. It took me a moment to realize that that feeling inside me was yet another change trying to take me.

## 15

I'd recently run into an alleyway, my book bag fallen upon the ground by my feet while I hugged myself tightly. My eyes rolling, I gave off another low groan as my transformation continued, allowing me to actually feel my body swelling, my legs lengthening, my hips rolling and shoulders broadening while my ribs pushed outward. My breasts swelled all the more, filling in my shirt until it became painful to breathe, and then after a great snap, when my bra broke open, the strain released and my breasts filled my shirt more easily.

I felt my back spreading wider, my rear tightening as the crotch of coveralls was steadily brought tighter between my cheeks and into my crotch. The cuffs of my shirt pulled up tighter into my arm pits, while the cuffs of my coveralls pulled up over my ankles. And then inexplicably, the transformation stopped, leaving me breathing heavily while my cunt throbbed and pulsated between my legs like a breathing thing. Leaning my back against the wall closest to me, I sat there slightly with my thighs parted so that I could cup the hot, pulsating mound of my femininity; which was even now trying to swallow the seam between either leg of my pants to the point where my womanhood was showing off more than it should.

I was breathing heavily, feeling the surmountable weight of my tits heaving against my chest with almost minimal effort. Lifting my arm, I flexed my bicep, watching as the powerful mound clenched and rose like a tennis ball against my arm, and I gasped at the feeling of the blood streaming over that growing power, feeling my nipples hardening a little more against my chest at the feeling of so much power coursing through me.

Slipping a hand underneath the flap of my coveralls, which now had sunk fully beneath my breasts, I felt my now bare stomach and all the tight little muscles forming there. Though there were no creases other than the one going straight down my belly yet, it was still beginning to feel lumpy with my growing strength. Then something shifted as I straightened slightly, and I felt the seat of my panties slide into the crack of my rear.

This time when I flexed my arm, the bicep thickened mightily while my forearm and tricep flared, growing wide with growing muscle. I could actually see more creases in them, and feeling my thigh through the denim of my coveralls, could feel a powerful pad of muscle trailing over my upper thigh.

I was getting stronger... quickly and intensely, growing to something bigger and better than I ever was before. It was sheer power, and above all, it was intensely sexual. I knew already by the way the front of my panties stuck to my crotch that I'd already creamed enough to force a layer of sticky mess to cement the layer of cotton straight to my wet cunt.

A sheepish grin crossed my features as I gave my pleasure mound an affectionate rub.

I think I was beginning to like all this!

I'd grown a foot since this morning, with my breast size having grown five cups in the same time frame. Reaching underneath my shirt, I pulled my bra out from underneath it and reset my shirt about my bust, which was doing just as well to keep my tits in and supported than this flimsy little thing ever did.

My bra had snapped right in the front between the two cups, and I held the thing up for perusal before dropping the thing in the trash and resetting my breasts with my hands, I smiled warmly at the feel and heft of the pair, at how round and firm they were. And how warm!

Pressing my thighs together, I admired and marveled at the fat ladies that were even now still growing subtly against my chest, and squeezing my thighs tighter together, I creamed a little more into my panties as I smiled drunkenly with my own sexuality before stepping out into the light from the alley. This time, as I walked by, grown men were admiring me like the boys had, and grown women shot me evil looks and slapped their boyfriends and husbands for even looking at me.

I went straight to the nearest malt shop and ordered a big strawberry shake, leaning *way* over the counter to give the young man attending the counter a good look at my breasts which weighed down the front of my ribbed shirt. My nipples, as hard as rocks, pressed even further downward, and each popped up over the edge of the counter as I rolled my back. The two nibs showing translucent with my swollen areola through my shirt were an added bonus for him. Though I was a little leery and afraid of this attention earlier today, I now flaunted it... bending over so that my tight coveralls conforming to my rear and crotch showed others the full form of my behind and the pouch of my femininity just beneath the rounded bulges with but a glance.

With my desert in hand, I righted myself, sucking at the thick straw steadily with the cup nestled gently between the front of my breasts, it's chill hardening my nipples all the more.

But then while drawing long and hard against the lengthened and thick straw of my drink, swallowing indiscriminately, I chanced to look across the mall square at a woman who was sitting at one of the many tables here. There were two men dressed in suits who had the demeanor and swagger of hired thugs, and she was speaking animatedly to a man in a white lab coat.

It was this woman who drew my attention. She was beautiful and exotic beyond compare, but there was something cold about her. It was a strange sensation about her that gave me the impression that perhaps she was lacking a heart... any form of compassion.

My eyes narrowed a little more as I watched her, still sucking absentmindedly of my treat. *I've seen her somewhere before*, I thought, probing my mind as to where it was. Something important... somewhere...

I could feel my nipples beginning to harden and draw erect of their own accord again, meaning that another spasmodic transformation was on its way, but I shook off the feeling. I concentrated on her, continuing to focus on her until I heard something shallow and shuddering happening right beneath my face, and I looked down to see that I'd drained my shake and was now making a load sucking noise each time I drew for more. The sound had likewise drawn several eyes toward me, one pair of which was that woman, and when I looked up at to everyone in apology for the sound, I focused on that woman, and my eyes widened suddenly with revelation.

*That was the nurse that was outside papa's room who examined me! But why is she dressed as an executive now? Nurses don't make the sort of money to buy clothing like that.*

This woman however looked at me in surprise too, and the two of us just merely stared at one another. Then biting on my lower lip, I picked up my bag and made a hasty retreat. My cunt was beginning to throb now, and I could feel a fire of real growing power in my loins. It'll be best to get away from the public so that I could transform again. But as I made a hasty retreat, I nonetheless felt that woman's eyes on my back.

## 16

“That was Danni Macaw's face, but that wasn't her body it was strapped on top of.” Minerva commented. “That is the body of a woman who's been taking steroids all her life, and female growth hormones to boot. Care to explain doctor?”

Minerva turned to the man in the white lab coat who'd been sitting right across from her; a cold sweat suddenly breaking against his brow.

“Yes, yes, I was just getting to that.

“Like I was saying, the reason why we were originally unable to find any traces of the serum that Doctor Macaw had created, was because he laced it in what we call ‘Carcerands.’ Up until a predetermined activation, the entire mass of it would just settle in its injection point like inert fat cells waiting it’s moment to flood the host’s bloodstream with whatever was contained inside it. It’s a new development similar to the gel caps surrounding every day medicine, but much, much smaller; a plastic bubble just large enough to surround a single molecule or living cell of something. The bubble keeps the substance inert until the bubble breaks open. Due to the neutrality of its nature, the body’s immunity system doesn’t react to it and try to expel them from the body.

“It’s greatest quality is that its rate of deterioration can be timed.”

“In this case... a release time of forty-eight hours.” Minerva chimed in, finally seeing the genius of Doctor Macaw’s ingenuity.

“Yes, well after the time frame any known serum starts taking effect. Most, as you already know,” he glanced briefly toward the great expanse of her breasts, where which a special locket resided in which was contained a serum that would make her as strong as Hercules. She was never without at least one dose on her. “Take effect immediately, and though their effects may be slow, something noticeable would’ve been detected by then.”

“He timed it... the bastard timed it so that we’d stop looking just after his dear old daughter started transforming.”

“Indeed he did... but that’s not all, Minerva.” Minerva turned her head to stare at the doctor. “It appears as if Macaw is using Carcerands inside of Carcerands, timing the release of certain stages in the growth, where the mixture which is released is even more alien and potent than the one before. Despite the electric charge that destroyed the contents of the container that he used to transport the serum in, he did nonetheless underestimate the resiliency of the Carcerands he was using. Likewise, they are timed so that the speed of the process is exponential, the body prepared faster and the growth becomes more and more violent. Also, to cover the intense pain of transformation, of your skin being stretched and rebuilt over and over again, a horde of enzymes are likewise released to intensify the sexual pleasure of the host organism. An extremely potent aphrodisiac is laced in all the stages we’ve encountered so far. It appears as if human sexuality is used not only to cover the pain, but to also provide a drive for the process.”

“Drive? How so?”

“When a person is in a sexual high their blood and breathing pump faster, hence distributing the contents of the current stage of the serum throughout the whole of the body the fastest, which then allows instantaneous growth and transformation at a hyper-metabolic rate. But due to the hyper-metabolism, our subject will desire food in ever increasing quantities until the serum runs its course.”

“And how long will that take?” Minerva asked acidly.

“We... don’t know yet. All we know is that it is progressing at an alarming rate. Thankfully we are getting samples of the serum as they are released, recording all chemical data as needed. We’re really excited too! Macaw is using gene-therapy and retroviral DNA recombination.”

Minerva laughed. “So, no regards for international law in the name of science, eh doctor? Good... at least you created this wonderful new toy for me...” She chuckled and turned her eyes back to the doctor in front of her. “Record everything! *Triple redundancy!* I want a copy of the research you undertake and prepare a sample of the serum for transport. My superiors will be very glad to get their hands on this one.” She chuckled and then rose to her feet. “Good day doctor.” She said as she began walking off, and then without even looking over her shoulder at her body guards... “Find where she went and put her under surveillance again. Keep me informed in everything that happens to her.”

The pair gave off a muted “Yes Ma’am” and then hurried off. Minerva then fingered the crack between her breasts. *How strong can she get?* She wondered. Then, reaching into her handbag pulled out her cell phone and made a call.

“Supply... this is Minerva. Transport a canister of the G-111 growth formula to my quarters. I will be there in one hour.

## 17

I leaned up against a wall, breathing heavily, rubbing my stomach steadily as it groaned and made noises. I could actually feel my organs realigning as the build up for transformation rose inside my loins like a rising fire. Steadily, it grew in power on a never ending cycle, applying pressure against my crotch as it swelled outward and spread, erecting the thick nib of my clit into my panties, which then pushed against the denim of my overalls. A creamy moisture leaked into my panties, moistening it anew as it sucked deeper between the swelling lips, dragging upward around the bulge of my clit as it ached and throbbed and...

“Ohhh!” I moaned; shuddering in my rising heat as a subtle muscle spasm began to make my whole body quiver.

My eyes tightened as I bent over further, feeling each and every last muscle in my body suddenly tense and clench. There was a muted pain behind it, but the swelling orgasm in my body echoed like a dry heave deep in my chest as my breasts hung from it like the ripened fruit on a tree, with my nipples pushing the cloth of my ribbed shirt further outward.

My hand on my stomach slowly reached downward between my legs, cupping my crotch as I felt it pound heartily into my hand.

And then there was a movement behind me, and opening my eyes and turning toward the sound, I saw a drunkard stagger to his feet and look at me, looked at my position, and my apparent state of mentality.

“Well... isn’t this a pretty s... a pretty s.... pretty sight to wake up to?”



“G-go away.” I panted, and tightened my eyes again and groaned as I rolled my hips forward.

“But I *am* home. You’ve walked into... my home.” He licked his chops. “And it’s so long since I’ve had a ‘guest.’”

I felt his hand on my rear before it dipped downward to finger my crotch and then back up again. I tried to squirm away from him, but he kept pawing at me.

“S-stop... You don’t know what you’re doing.” I pleaded as the throbbing in my pussy immediately began to hammer between my legs.

“C’orse I know what I’m doing. Now just sit right there, and let Big Jack take you and all.”

He pushed the straps of my coveralls off my shoulders, and they caught in the crooks of my arm, but helped lower my coveralls down over my rear to reveal my bare ass to him, and my panties that were even low drawing tight between my butt cheeks.

But even as he made to unzip his trousers, I cried out, and he took a step back in surprise. A hot sweat began to rise up against my flesh, making it glisten with moisture as I creamed into my panties again, and with the sound of wringing reeds and stretching rubber, my body suddenly became engorged.

A rippling motion came over the whole of my body as it began to stretch, and the wino took several more steps backward with his bottle still gripped in his hand, and tripping over his own feet, fell into the trash of the alley we were both in, and he looked up at me, suddenly sober and awake.

Inch by inch I grew larger, my body lengthening steadily until the pitch of sounds coming from my body changed in pitch and my muscles began to bulge. My waist narrowed, with the compressing form of muscle compressing my guts inward, while my back bulged and spread. My ribs began to flare then, pushing my chest forward as my tits themselves began to swell.

“Ah!” I cried out before gritting my teeth against the orgasmic transformation happening to me, especially when my hips began to flare. “Oh!” came my next breath of ecstasy as my pelvis sunk lower between my legs, my thighs bulging with more muscle which immediately began to crease and swell.

My arms flexed, my biceps swelling steadily outward, as my triceps and forearms flared. It was then that I heard ripping, and looking to my arm, to where my shoulder met my sizeable bicep, I watched in alarm as the tiny strip of cloth of my shirtsleeve tore and then popped open from all the powerful muscle. There was another pop that jerked my attention to my other sleeve, and I raised my arm to flex it as the sleeve tore open to reveal my bulging shoulder, and even more bulging bicep!

I then turned, flexing both arms now, feeling the power flowing through them, so intoxicating, and then felt my shirt slowly slide upward over my ribs to compress only about my upper back and boobs. Topping either of my breasts, my nipples erected nice and tight underneath the stretched fabric... as tight as snare drums.

Then my calves bulged outward, and I felt a pair of more pops as the seams at the cuffs around my coveralls suddenly snapped open around the massively swelling calves. And then I gasped as all my clothing tightened about my body, my coveralls that had been dropped beneath my rear slowly sliding back up again as my hips and rear continued to flare outward. But then the front flap dropped with the straps as I lowered my arms, and the wino watched as my stomach steadily compressed into six individually overlapping muscles, bordered on their sides with a pair of long, sinuous lats.

And then the transformation ended, and sizing myself up to my full height, I opened my eyes with a hungry look upon my face, my womanhood pressing into the front of my coveralls behind my front flap while the shoulder straps dangled about my knees. The wino looked up at me, and then at his bottle of booze, and then threw the bottle away before running away as fast as he could.

I didn't have time to feel the indignation of someone running away from me in fear and horror; I simply felt the raw, ensuing power throbbing through my body! I breathed hard and heavy, experiencing the firm tightness peaking atop my tits with my nipples as hard as stones, and between my legs with my throbbing clit as its ever-thickening size pushed the lips of my cunt apart.

“Ah!” I gasped, reveling in the aftershocks of my orgasmic tantrum that had reverberated through me like an earthquake.

The feeling of full body engorgement was intoxicating!

It was then that I paused and looked over myself, sighing deeply in satisfaction from the sensuousness my own body was giving me.

Smoothing my hands over my hips, I breathed in deeply, watching with fascination as my breasts heaved upward and forward like a vast mountain range being forced upward, my shirt spreading and stretching around it. I held my breath there, and then slowly lifted both arms, feeling their might and mass thickening and intensifying, until I at last clenched my fists and flexed both. The massive power of my biceps bulged with might, rising and flaring wider and wider while my triceps flared outward. I groaned and then gasped, letting out the breath of holding air as I felt my blood pumping rhythmically through the powerful arteries over those massive biceps. I released and then flexed them again, their masses growing larger and higher, and then I flexed again, and felt the muscle engorge with blood and hormones, and within my ears, I heard more ripping as my sleeves tore even further open. And then strangely, I felt my knuckles brushing against the top of those biceps.

“Hmm,” I sighed and then lowered my arms, striking a pose now as I felt my crotch throbbing between my thighs as I pressed my legs together, the warmth between my legs and the compression of my arteries there drawing out a little more moisture from within.

My hands moved over my abdominals, feeling each of the six, tightly packed patches of muscle, and the two laterals surrounding them, before I stuffed my hands into the front of my coveralls and fingered my crotch tantalizingly. I was amazed at the thick bulge throbbing at the peak of my vaginal muscles, and at the slick smoothness of how easily my moist, white cotton panties slid over my womanhood and downy muff.

My eyes opened again, and I realized that I didn't even remember closing them. I then looked down at my body as my sensual high continued to wane. I must've been over seven feet by now, with a body that was stronger than even a *male* Olympian body-builder. My shirt was tight about my bodice, showing off every contour, every caressing turn of my flesh over my hardened body. It showed off my fully erect nipples and the supporting bulges of my areola beneath them. Though my coveralls – now nothing more than a pair of tight hot pants – split open at the calf and now tight about my thighs and knees, likewise showed off the bulging folds of my femininity, which had both swelled to either side of the thick bundle of seams between my legs. And to top it off, the straps of my panties, stretched to near breaking, were peaking high above my broadening hips outside the coverage of my coveralls, and creating a definite thong that could likewise be viewed on my backside.

Everything about me was huge!

My tits were larger than my head now, and my body was larger than any human being I've ever heard of before.

*And still, so beautiful,* I thought giving my breasts an affectionate rub, which were even now showing a great expanse from underneath my ribbed shirt. Right about now would've been a good time for these transformations to stop. I was quite satisfied now, but I could still feel that churning might deep inside my belly right behind my pelvis and crotch, and even while I focused on it, I detected yet another transformation back building there.

I hastily looked up into the sky at the waning light, and then quickly down at my watch, but saw only a thickening of the downy hairs there, the same color as my hair but was likewise gathering into deepening tufts along my forearms. But my wristwatch was no longer there, and a quick look around me found that it had snapped off. Picking it up, and piecing the part together, I held it up to my bulging arm and found that even in the last transformation, my arm had increased at least by twice its original spindly size.

Biting on my lower lip, I checked the time quickly – it was nearing nine p.m. – and I quickly stuffed the watch into my pocket, picked up my bag and started heading home. Wishing that papa was awake. I needed someone to explain all this to me.

I'd managed to sneak out of town without being seen. This late at night, there wasn't too many eyes to watch me, especially in the way that I took out of the city; crawling over walls and fences and avoiding all sight. Which, for a seven foot tall Amazon with enormous breasts was an exceptionally difficult thing to do.

Out in the fields, however, I was able to walk cross-country, over the open fields, idly taking my time. As I walked, however, I looked around me for the continuing sights of landmarks I always used to navigate my way to school and home and back. It was odd to see these landmarks from the other side, but strange enough, I seemed to be passing these landmarks quicker than I usually do... over rough, uneven ground, going through the back ways, which, now that I thought about it, was the long way home.

I paused, looking down around my breasts at my thighs that were even now straining in the remainder of my coveralls, noting how long my legs had become, and, strangely, that my shoes hadn't burst out of their seams. True, the laces had all popped, but nothing more than that...

But these long, powerful legs, seemed to be driving me forward faster and further with each striding step. But as I paused there, I felt the back building of raw power and might, posing for a titanic release, and the back building helped the pulsating in my crotch to intensify. I groaned and felt my clit erect between my legs again, thickening in a powerful erection that peaked just passed my labia and throbbed excitedly. I groaned and immediately stepped forward again, stepping mainly on my toes instead of my heels, which was another rather odd change. Most humans walked from heel to toe, instead of the other way around.

Shaking my head, I stepped lithely forward feeling that same constant flow of power sliding into me the back building slowly gaining in power as I traveled, to the point where I could feel the constant throbbing in my loins with each step. About a mile from home, I paused in my travels and looked down at my femininity, feeling the folds of my crotch beginning to swell, felt my clit erecting harder than ever, and lowering a still small hand, I caressed the bulging mound of my cunt and felt the folds spreading open as they thickened with tightening muscle.

I started to labor in my breathing, feeling the warmth of my cunt pressing against my inner thighs, felt a full body throb take me as blood began to course through every last inch of my body, and the feeling of engorgement took me. Panicking, I immediately bolted for home, my long legs pounding against the ground carrying me blindingly forward over the ground. At last the milking barn loomed up before me, and I practically tumbled to a halt directly before it; collapsing immediately to my knees, feeling the full unbridled power of my womanhood as it ached and groaned somewhere far beneath the pleasure I was getting because of the pain it caused.

My hand clawed at the bulging mound at the base of my abdomen, and I gasped, cried out a little of my pleasure as my chest lifted with my shrugging shoulders, my nipples erecting hard and steady, aching atop my chest as my whole body rapidly became moist with pleasure.

Opening my eyes, I was already dizzy with the erotic power aching in my loins as I felt a little bit of my feminine juices squeeze outward from the lips between my legs, again moistening my

panties before I forced myself to rise. Holding myself, stumbling half blindly forward, I managed to find the door to the milking barn, entered it, and turned on the light after the door closed behind me. I hugged myself, hefting my breasts upward and pressing them together, and then groaned as it felt like something suddenly pierced me from between the legs, and entered deep into my abdomen. In response, a return orgasm rocked in the opposite direction, and I felt a squeeze of ejaculate erupt into my panties again... thick and creamy, it was soaked up by the front of my panties, and slowly crawled backward along the bundled cloth that was dragging deeply into my rear.

“Ha... ha...” I breathed, squeezing my eyes tightly, feeling another eruption between my legs as the engorgement began to pressure against my flesh, and I felt myself growing toward the point of transformation again as I again sank straight to my knees.

Then I suddenly bent over myself, my breasts pressing over my thick thighs as a tremor flowed through me, and against my back, I felt my spinal column crunch and realign as it turned outward, rising above the top of my back, and... and *extending!* Even past my rear!

And then my hips rolled of their own accord, and I felt my spine lengthening outward bulging outward over the rear flap of my trousers before telescoping into a long tail before ending in a puff ball of hairs the same color as my hair. But the feeling of this thing extending from me tugged on my crotch and pubic mound, pulling it ever so slightly backward with it, all the while the twin folds of my crotch bulged all the more.

Gritting my teeth against the insurmountable pleasure, pleasure so great that it was almost painful, I hugged myself and bent over my lap, my legs steadily spreading wider until the bulge of my cunt was pressing against the floor.

“Ah!” I gasped, and my eyes tightened as another orgasm rocked my loins, piercing me deeper than the last.

And then the saturation of pure, unbridled *power* erupted through me, and I again began to grow. Muscle strained and groaned, swelling with every breath as my back spread wide and hefted high above my back, creasing and re-creasing as it lifted like a mountain range. And then my breasts began to engorge, veins and arteries all swelling around them, pumping into them as I felt them engorge and swell, growing larger and meatier until they actually pushed against the floor before me. My nipples erected outward, stretching my shirt all around as both its waistband crept higher up onto my chest, revealing more and more of the titanic bulges that were the bases of my tits, catching on my nipples, before a tear occurred across my back. My eyes opened a little, and I felt two more tears at the shoulders with my neck widening along with the rest of my back.

Another orgasm erupted from me, and this time a series of ejaculate erupted into my panties – once, twice... three times – thoroughly wetting them and the crotch of my coveralls, the force of the orgasm rocking me backward before I caught myself with my meaty arms. My breasts heaved then, and my shirt finally pulled up over my nipples and slid straight up to the peak of my chest as the pair steadily filled with a sloshing warmth.

I groaned, rubbing one of them as my hips widened, feeling the thick veins supplying my erecting teats, feeling as though my flesh everywhere else had the feeling of hide now, the titanicly bulging pair now felt like ever-soft felt... like a horse's nose. But I could also feel something sloshing inside them... of... of Milk! And opening my eyes, I witnessed a bead of cream squeeze out of one and then the other of my nipples which had erected to the length and size of a cow's teat, but stood erect and hard.

And then my transformation accelerated, and within seconds I evolved and transformed, grew and blossomed all the more, feeling my form shifting through seconds now instead of whole minutes. My neck and waist lengthened, my body ballooning broad and wide, my ribs flaring open and wide as my abdomen sunk beneath the barreling mass and between my broadening hips. I gasped with surprise and felt my breath catch as my body reshaped into a more feminine shape than the bulbous thing it had taken just a sort while ago.

My arm snapped outward to my side, my gaze leveling upon it as every muscle practically doubled in size in a series of spasms all the way down its length, and I gasped before my other arm repeated the same thing. Then I felt my chest clench as its twin thick pads of muscle supporting the great expanse of my breasts thickened like a slab of rock beneath the swelling mounds of woman flesh, my arms flexing of their own accord as the breadth of my shoulders flared with yet more powerful muscle.

Then another rapid growth occurred as the very center of my back erected upward, creating an almost razor edge where my spine was while my waist compressed upon itself further; my pelvis sinking deeper between my thighs, as those said thighs suddenly widened and thickened.

The meaty thighs bulged wide and then compressed again, creasing into a thick pad of solid muscle over either thigh, and then bulged again to press heartily against the legs of my coveralls, straining the seams and tearing more of the leg on either side up to my knee, revealing yet more of my burgeoning calves.

There would be no way of getting out of my pants without a knife now.

And then it finally happened... my feet tore completely out of my shoes and socks suddenly, and I wiggled them freely briefly before I returned my attention to the great expanse of my chest, as it continued to grow and swell.

Each now larger than my head, heavy, even with my increased strength, they felt as if they had engorged to the point of bursting. But the ache of the stretching skin was nothing compared to the ache in my crotch of my hardened labia and erected clit, and my likewise erected nipples that quivered and pulsated with the steady throb of blood. More creamy milk spilled out from them, the thick milk glands overflowing now to spurt milk onto the tile floor.

Closing my eyes, resisting the twin masses atop my chest, I rubbed them tentatively, the touch of my fingers intensifying the pleasure, and rocking another jet of stick fluids from my cunt into my panties to make them sopping wet now.

I needed release, any type of release, and reaching forward, I began to caress and coax my teats like papa had shown me how to milk the cows when the milking machine was broken. And then a bout of inspiration hit me, and my eyes opened wide in my realization, and though I couldn't quite remember my name in my pleasure induced state, I found my salvation.

*The machine!* I thought, and I turned immediately toward the milking machine. Forcing myself to a stand, I wobbled momentarily, cradling the pair with one powerful arm that seemed to be elongating along the forearm, and I immediately turned on the machine's motor, actuated the suction and picking up two of the nozzles, planted them right over either of my nipples.

With an initial wet sucking sound, the nozzles of the machine sucked straight onto either nipple with the power only an industrial vacuum could manage. I groaned throatily as I sank to my knees, feeling the milk nursed from my breasts rapidly, feeling a deep throb inside my chest as my pumping blood from my throbbing heart, combined with the milk being drawn from me, intensified the power of my eroticism ten fold!

The nuzzling, suckling sensation of the powerful pumps on either teat drew from my breasts as my transformations continued. I gasped, clenching my eyes tightly as my hands slid down underneath the flap of my coveralls, converged upon my cunt, which was even now swelling excitedly between my thighs, and throbbing with an all so powerful sensation. The muscles in my arms flared and bulged, my biceps thickening into the size of bowling balls now, with a delicate split directly down their centers and a web of throbbing veins feeding it more power. My forearms lengthened until my knuckles pushed into the ground from my crotch, my back arching again so that I could continue to rub the twin labia, which were even now swallowing the patch of seams at the crotch of my coveralls. My forearms where they met my biceps then spread wide to support my growing strength, my breasts pressing together while I groaned again.

But then I began to feel other things happening, subtle things.

My delicate muff began to prickle and thicken, and then slowly climb further up my abdomen, practically to my belly button, while my hair bloomed and blossomed around my head in every direction, but likewise also spread further down my back and spine. My features softened, my eyes growing wider and more of a slant as my face pushed outward ever so slightly, my jaw firming while at last, my ears grew hot and began to push outward.

I groaned with yet another orgasm rocking my loins, and as I breathed inward my hips rolled and realigned, while my chest pushed further outward.

And then as suddenly as it had taken me, my erotic high waned, and I soon knelt there panting heavily, my chest heaving while the machine continued to withdraw the milk from my breasts as the pair ever so slowly diminished in size as they were drained. And then at last first one and then the other of the twin nozzles fell from my teats, the teats that they were attached to shrinking into a much smaller size atop my chest, and surrounded by a more compressed areola.

I lifted my hands, seeing briefly that all my fingers had thickened, before I clasped either of my breasts in either hand. *They're so firm!* I thought. So hard and rounded, set perfectly atop my

chest. Though malleable – barely – they felt more like bags of sand they were packed so tightly, and I pressed in on one, grinning at the firmness there. And strangely, thankfully, I was able to slide the rim of my shirt back down over the pair. With the tears in the back and at the shoulders, it slid back on quite easily, though they didn't cover them entirely.

I turned to the machine as the nozzles continued to suck air now, and reaching over with one thick finger, I deactivated the sucking and replanted the nozzles onto their hooks, and then paused. Then my finger moved to the next step in the process, and activated the pasteurization process.

Our farm was a completely self-sufficient farm, where from start to finish; all milk was processed and then made ready for marketing under the farms label to the local stores.

I wondered for a moment what my own breast milk would taste like once placed through the process of pasteurization. I likewise set the tank supporting the batch as a special test batch, and likewise noted that it filled a tank that was nearly forty gallons at capacity.

I gave another appreciative caress to my breasts, sliding a pair of thickened fingers over my nipples, feeling them harden all over again as I turned slowly, and suddenly stopped, catching my face in the glass that separated the milking stations from the observation lounge. The window, with a perfectly dark background, from the room behind it, acted like a perfect mirror.

I looked at the body of an Olympian god, with muscle definition not even the greats like Michelangelo could ever possibly develop. But unlike the male definition, I likewise had broad hips, a definite feminine hourglass shape, and a pair of breasts so full and round, that they held themselves aloft, despite that either, even devoid of milk, was larger than my head.

But it was my features that drew my attention now. My face was quite lovely, with smooth, softly flowing features inside a mane of hair, with my ears now long and hooded poking out of its trailing edges. There was also a much more pronounced forehead now, which I rubbed from underneath a thick wave of my hair. Standing there, staring at myself in a sort of loose-fitting shirt from all the tears, and coveralls turned knee shorts, I couldn't decide if I were more monster or Goddess. Lifting one arm, and then the other, I flexed either, feeling the raw might and power sliding downward into the massive members, and reaching up, felt my fingers glance against the tiled ceiling. I chuckled, looking up, knowing that that was a ten-foot ceiling.

*Make that a super goddess!* I laughed and gave a bit of a hop, landing light and feathery as if I didn't weigh anything at all onto my bare, but rather large, feet.

I stretched catlike, and began flexing and primping before the mirror, feeling my breasts jiggle and bounce ever so slightly with every movement, and I took on poses both powerful and sensual, hearing a minute tear here and there, and the stretching of fabric as well every so often.

*I am POWER!* I seethed, and was a little too reckless in my movements as I posed. Tripping over my own feet, fell sideways into a small wall underneath the stairs leading from this sunken



room up to the observation lounge, and the wall gave way, swinging open to deposit me right on the brink of a huge hole with stairs leading downward.

There was a light down below, and crawling forward, having to be on my hands and knees, and having to force my way forward due to my size and the pair of juggernauts attached to my chest, I eventually deposited myself below into a great chamber large enough for me to actually stand up in.

My curiosity to see what was hidden in my childhood home, was brought to full bare as I reached over and flipped on a light switch, and saw a great lab arrayed around me. Beakers, glass jars, books, notes... electron microscope, and more! It was a fully loaded lab the likes of which I'd never seen before. Only a government lab could be this well stocked.

I walked around the many tables and chairs, recognizing my father's penmanship on every note I found, and eventually found a tape recorder which I fingered briefly before pressing down on the play button, to which my father's voice immediately came out of.

*"I believe that this new serum I've concocted will more than compensate for their displeasure in its lateness. All my prior concoctions will be made totally obsolete once it's presented.*

*"So far, the serum itself needs only the DNA from an appropriate source to create the... enhancement. At this point, I've decided to make a mix of several samples I've procured of the farm animals here at the farm, from several breeds of cow primarily, and also some goats. It will be interesting to see the effect on the test subject once a suitable volunteer can be found.*

*"I do believe, however, now that I've created the serum, that I may have stumbled on another secret which unfortunately does not involve my research, but more toward the benefactors who commissioned me for it. My benefactors do not seem to be a governmental agency at all, or if they are, they are either not working for our government, or are corrupt.*

*"Their chief agent, agent Minerva Maxim, seems to be enjoying all my previous enhancements, being that she has evolved from a brick-hard, horse-faced, wispy butch of a woman into a genuine goddess of superb natural strength and body to which perhaps only one percent of all human women on Earth can claim to be as perfect. Likewise, she carries a locket with a crystal vial around her neck which is undoubtedly one of my failed 'super soldier' formulae... temporary, but its effects are nonetheless worthy for an hour's time before it begins to wear off.*

*"She herself seems to be benefiting from my research most of all. I've had some of my contacts at the pentagon look into her organization.*

*"And now... to transport my serum. In this I've chosen..."*

I switched off the recorder, my mind immediately drawing conclusions as to what this could mean.

*Papa's in trouble*, I thought, blinking momentarily as I stared down at the recorder. And then, after a pause, I looked down at my body, brought on by a simple injection of that serum into my body. *For a success like this, people the world over would kill for that knowledge. I need to get to him!* I thought immediately, and turning, I was careful to shut off the light, and carefully crawled back up the stairs and closed the door carefully behind me before running straight out the milk barn. Once out into the open, I set off at top speed – a mad sprint – straight toward town, and strangely enough, didn't stop until I was right at the city limits.

*Hold on papa! I'm coming for you!*

## 19

Minerva lounged in her private rooms in the complex, absentmindedly caressing her breast though her silk blouse, caressing one of her nipples while she looked down at a stack of paperwork.

There was then a beep at her desk, and reaching over, she pushed the receive button.

“Yes?” she said in a bored monotone, caressing oneself was nowhere near the pleasure of transforming into a powerful Amazon. Sometimes, not even sex was that pleasurable... and she had a lot of that.

“We have an update from the field ma'am.”

“Report.” She said simply, and shuffled to the next page in her stack.

“It appears as if the ‘subject’ has transformed again.” Minerva paused, and then put down the sheet.

“Again?”

“Yes Ma'am. Recon had difficulty following her after that, so we had to track her with satellite. Vertical and diagonal feeds should be available on your panel now Ma'am.”

Minerva paused only a moment before getting up and moving into the high-backed chair of her desk, and pressing a button on the desk, a screen lifted from it and lit up, showing several angles: One looking down upon her, and three more from other diagonal directions from satellites closer to the horizon. The actions all corresponded, and Minerva bent forward and started at the behemoth.

“Good Lord! That's Danni Macaw?!”

“Yes Ma'am. It appears as if her transformations are accelerating exponentially. At this point she measures at eight feet three inches, and judging by her mass, would have the veritable strength to bench press a bulldozer.” Minerva licked her lips, and one of her hands slid its way

between her legs to cup at her crotch. *Just think of all that power!* She considered, and her vaginal muscles clenched tightly with the desire of having that serum work for her!

“She weighs at over a thousand pounds now, and with the body definition, we surmise that she has very little body fat. What fat she has is more than likely held in her mammaries, either of which is quite large as you can see.” Minerva pulled open her blouse, the little metal snaps undoing themselves rapidly before she pulled down her frilly bra to disgorge her already finely rounded and full breasts, she began to rub both and massage them.

“Yes.” She gasped, and an insane smile crossed her face as a trembling in her loins began to tell of an orgasm readying itself for release. Her own muscles flexed as she imagined herself possessing so much power while her field operative continued to explain the situation.

“Presently, she just ran several miles non stop back into town, which is the recorded view that we have of her now. Recon is now converging on her and the vertical bird will be taking over soon.

“There have also been some other developments. Her features seem to be changing, and likewise she has recently developed a tail.”

Minerva stood up, her breasts hefting high atop her chest as she viewed herself in her mind with that much power.

“Very good,” she sighed at last. “How goes the capture of Doctor Macaw?”

“Already complete ma’am. He’s being wheeled into our hospital wing now.”

“And the work on the serum?”

“Not well, ma’am. Without Doctor Macaw’s notes, we are finding problems keeping up with the serum’s release into the sample of Danni’s blood that you took. All we can do for now is keep track of everything and record it. But we need those notes ma’am if we are to make any further movement into duplicating this serum of his. There are a horde of steroids, chemicals that we haven’t identified yet, altered DNA strings, retro viruses... nothing seems to be making any sense right now.”

Minerva hefted both of her breasts, pressed them together and kissed the top of one briefly before letting them fall against her chest again. *Thank you Doctor Macaw. Yet again, I shall benefit from your science.*

“Make preparation to capture young Danni.” Minerva said, straightening her back a little. “Send regular reports until you’ve captured her.”

“Yes ma’am... field out.”

There was a light click from the com turning off, and Minerva froze one of the images of the young Danni and studied it for a time, until there was a knock at her door.

“Yes?” she called; hefting her bra back into place and hastily buttoning her blouse back up.

“Delivery ma’am. I have the ‘sample’ you wanted.”

She smirked at the undisguised sarcasm in the delivery boy’s voice, but she nonetheless said “Come.”

The door opened, and a tech entered carrying a long cylinder under one arm and proffered it to Minerva before promptly leaving.

Minerva waited until he was gone and then unscrewed the top and pulled out a long glass vial from within the case, in which inside was a light blue fluid that seemed to glow ever so slightly. Her precious Growth Serum. This much would’ve lasted her a very long time, perhaps several months, but this time, she had other plans for it.

*First the dear doctor, then his wonderful little daughter, and when I have both, I can force Macaw to redo his serum for me, and then you, my sweet, she thought caressing the glass cylinder, will be shelved until after I can become the most powerful woman in the world!*

## 20

I stepped lightly, seemingly to use my toes more than the whole of my feet for some reason. Often I’d catch myself walking solely on my toes, and had to force myself to lower onto my heels again.

It was beginning to grow harder and harder to breath as of late, as I could feel more and more of the strange writhing thing inside me building up to transform me again, and this one felt like a doozy. The sensual high that was rising inside me was trying to get me to hyperventilate. Perhaps that was one of the things that helped the transformation to grow.

Sighing heavily, I walked forward on my bare feet right into the hospital, and all work around me stopped as I entered. I’d never felt so many eyes upon me at once, and I blushed, shrugged my shoulders and waved before edging my way forward toward the check in desk.

Hospitals have always had low ceilings, so I had to hunch way over just to move about; a movement which allowed my breasts to hang low upon my chest, and likewise give every last man, woman and child in here – thankfully very few children – a full view of my cleavage.

“I’m here to see my father.” I said, crouching low. It was very uncomfortable.

“Wh-” the attendant nurse licked her lips “Wh-who... who is your father?”

“Macaw... Doctor Mathew Macaw. He’s in the trauma ward under observation for coma.”

The attendant stared up at me, and continued to stare up at me till I lifted a hand and snapped my large fingers before her face, and she blinked her eyes and immediately went into action.

“Macaw... Macaw...” she muttered, working rather fast I noticed. But then I noticed that I’d risen back up onto my toes and forced myself back down to my heels again.

It wasn’t like it was uncomfortable, but it was nonetheless strange and I sensed that something very odd would be coming of it.

“Ah yes. I’m sorry, but he isn’t here anymore.”

I surged forward, my breasts shifting briefly as they hung from my chest in a minute wobble, my movement scarring the attendant till she collapsed backward into her chair as I cried “What?”

“I’m... I’m really sorry... but he’s not here anymore... He was moved not a half an hour ago to the government building down the road!”

I blinked at her and moved backward, feeling the tail I’d stuffed into the seat of my coveralls wave agitatedly briefly. And then my features softened a little. “Thank you.” I said softly and then backed away and exited the building.

Outside I straightened, and felt myself rise up atop my toes again while my ears fell at the sides of my head, the little earrings in them glittering briefly. I looked down at my great arms and hands before folding them together, pressing my heavily muscled thighs together while feeling a creaking sound coming from my clothing.

Then, with my head bowed, I walked forward out of sight, pausing just around a corner before I reached into the seat of my coveralls and pulled my tail out. It was beginning to get uncomfortable stuffed down there, and the top ridge of it where it met my rear just above my anus fell over my panties and the back flap of what now remained of my once baggy coveralls. Now, out in the open air, it flipped and flicked indiscriminately.

*They had him*, I thought.

I knew where the government building was. It was a veritable fortress, and I sat there pondering how to get him out instead of what to do. I wondered briefly if those thoughts of mine were wise for awhile until I felt a steady tapping against my crotch, and contorting myself, I looked down over the ridge of my breasts at my crotch for a moment, feeling it beginning to clench and tighten of its own accord, before I likewise viewed my nipples beginning to erect.

“Uh oh.” I breathed, and felt the folds of my femininity clench like a grinding fist before spreading open like the wings of a butterfly, still tight and hard to disgorge my clit outward so that it could throb and pulsate freely. “No... not now!” I cried softly, trying to will my body to stop, but the euphoric play of rising power inside my body, coming with the sensual high that

always followed rapidly began to addle my brain. “No!” I cried, and immediately surge forward and looked for a place to change in privacy.

I didn't have to go far, finding a dry sewage outlet that was large enough for a car to drive into, and likewise, large enough for me to stand up in. There I collapsed to my hands and knees, panting, feeling winded as if my ten mile sprint earlier was finally taking me.

Between my legs my crotch pulsated and swelled beyond any of its prior thickness, my tail rising as if I were making myself ready to take it straight in the rear.

“Ha! Ha!” I moaned repeatedly then rocking my body as it felt like something strong, long and hard was being thrust heavily into my bodice with each powerful build up inside me.

It was welling up inside me, making me hot and making me perspire instantly, with every inch of my bodice becoming covered in a slick moisture from my sweat that liquefied the drying goop in my panties, and made my shirt stick heavily to my chest. My body fell backward then till I was sitting on my heels, and I gulped for air as my nipples again began to erect, hefting my shirt forward and dragging a broad band of cloth between them. They ached as they reached the point of normal human size, and throbbing enticingly like that, the veins all over my breasts suddenly grew great and thick, and either of my teats then began to extend hard and erect; again just like an erect cow's teat atop the solid packs of mammaries atop my chest. My hands slid down my tightly packed abdominals, feeling the washboard of my stomach before I slid my fingers down underneath the tiny flap of my coveralls to cup my crotch, feeling it bulge and puff outward into a definite mound of super femininity. My breathing began to sound heavier inside my ears, like a bellows as I breathed quickly in and out, feeling my shirt draping over my erect nipples as the writhing thing inside me suddenly shifted, and thrust itself outward in every direction.

I gasped with the motion, feeling something click in my mind while the rest of it suffused every inch of my body; my eyes growing wide before between my legs, a gush of seminal fluids pumped into my awaiting hands, pressing rapidly through the thick weave of my coveralls.

And then I swallowed and moaned, feeling an energetic reaction behind my breasts as I continued to climax over and over again. In my ears, I began to hear a creaking, and the sound of stretching rubber as my breasts began to fill against my chest, and I could actually feel the production of milk as the glands all filled with creamy fluid, and suddenly, my heart and my breathing tripled in speed.

Another gasp and then a moan erupted from me as I rolled my back, my breasts pressing against one another, hefting higher atop my chest, pressing a point of warmth between them that seemed to fuel the erotic tension inside them. They rippled then, becoming riddled with throbbing veins and arteries that fed the milk glands, while a powerful, throbbing array of veins along the bases of my tits, leading *straight* to my nipples, thickened as great as my thumb to provide blood to the hardened flesh. My nipples bloomed along with my areola, growing thicker as they both quivered with each pump of blood into them, dragging an even deeper crease in my shirt between them till my tits began to fill my shirt fully. And then I heard a tear, and managed to open one eye to watch it begin between my nipples, before more tears and frays began between

either of the twin orbs. I watched as shreds of my former ribbed shirt finally burst open to disgorge my breasts into the air, allowing them to part from one another like a pair of oversized, engorged watermelons.

The tatters slid around the great mounds as they shook and wobbled with each titanic gasp I took, and despite my incredible strength, their weight began to pull me downward, and made breathing harder. But then the change slid backward, and I felt a burning in my chest as my pecks both began to swell, just as my ribcage barreled outward more.

With each beat of my heart, I felt that powerful muscle grow larger, thicker, more powerful inside my chest, while its life giving blood suffused my chest muscles and pushed them outward, creasing them into the strength of bundles of steel chords, which showed beautifully along the upper rim of the great rounded mammaries hanging from my chest.

The change pressed further outward, touching my back now as my back muscles flared wider than my ribcage, forming a beautiful hood over the rest of my body as it swelled outward. The change pushed my spine even further outward to help pop the final strands of my shirt against my front, and leaving it a gaping jacket to allow my boobs free reign to engorge further.

I felt then something that was akin to a horde of bubbles swelling underneath my back before thick, hardened muscle was pushed into each bubble, leaving my back riddled with strength before the whole process of swelling and filling began again. This time my swelling back pulled on my shirt still caught about my arms, and it both began to tear across my back and around my arms until a series of mighty snaps ripped the garment completely from me from across my back.

I rolled my arms then to feel the might and power roll down my back, my spine lifting and thickening outward into a razor back of overlapping nubs of spine beneath the taut flesh. The strength rising within me was the absorbed by my arms while I continued to finger myself, crying out with my pleasure now while the milk contained in my chest began to leak out my nipples now. I shook my hair, feeling an abundance of hair tussle around it now, realizing minutely that it was growing too, and I cried out again as the ache in my teats became unbearable.

My neck muscles grew wider then, lengthening my neck along with it to leave me with a patch of solid power that shot straight to my shoulders, which likewise thickened, creased, re-thickened and re-creased all over again; bisecting into five different packs of chorded muscle. My biceps and triceps were next, my triceps filling with the same muscular chords that were now stringing me from the inside even as I gave yet another titanic yell, and what felt like a quart of seminal fluids erupted from my moistened crotch all at once to seep into front of my coveralls.

“AHH!” I cried, even as my biceps bulged forward to press my tits against one another again, the thick veins along their tops adding to the massaging my breasts were receiving from all the tawdry pulsating feeling of my blood pumping inside me.

My forearms bulged wide right at my elbow; my triceps forming a beautiful U-shaped crescent moon about the shaft of my elbow and the bone of my upper arm, which was great, thick and

beautiful. My forearms then became nothing but a bundle of striations, brachials, and solid packs of muscle, leading toward my thickening hands.

Then my middle and waist lengthened again, swelling only slightly as my abdominals and Gluteus Minimi on either side of my body realigned themselves and folded all over again before they dipped straight down into my hips and broadened them. My navel sunk lower beneath my ribcage and now even between my hips, and my abdominals fell even lower with them as there was a creaking moan and my chest pushed forward again.

My cunt erupted with yet another splatter of fluids, which this time began to drip into my probing fingers, and then at last, the probing thing inside me began to caress my thighs. I heard more groaning and creaking, and then the now familiar sound of ripping fabric, and looking down, slowly viewed the seams along the sides of my coveralls tearing open, the buttons along the upper half of my hips popping off as well. More rends and tears followed, this time crisscrossing over my thighs as they swelled as thick as my waist was, before right beneath my fingers, I felt the bundle of seams being swallowed by my pussy suddenly give a shudder and pop open. The force of this lanced another orgasm from me, with the force of that knocking me flat on my back to let my legs uncoil and my tail loll away from my behind.

I cried out softly to my Maker, as my thighs blossomed with enormous quads, a plethora of striations from arteries, and tendons along their insides connecting to my pelvis and cunt, while the last bit of my coveralls shredded fully from me. I experienced the ever so brief feeling of my panties giving me a vaginal wedgie before first one, and then the other strap popped off my burgeoning hips and let the cool touch of the wind lick my moist womanhood.

I moaned, rolling my hips as my spine thickened again, and with it, my tail straight down to the end as I hugged my breasts to me with either arm, but this time two great spurts of milky cream ejected several feet into the air to splatter back down onto me.

The heat inside me waned, and I breathed a sigh of relief that immediately caught inside me again before the feeling of change returned all the much stronger inside me. Everything in me grew again, ever artery, every organ, every bone and every muscle, and with my eyes open, I viewed other things happening, seeing great blotches and patches of dark brown skin alight against my bodice, before another ejection of milk sprang up into the air. I swallowed, feeling that milk splatter against my body and face again, and finally, wonderfully, I was able to dip my hands down along my body again, and finally pierce the pulsating mound of my pussy and finger the hard and heavy clit between my legs.

I screamed so loud then that I wasn't even sure that there was a sound level high enough for my ears to pick up.

I continued to change, continued to grow stronger by the moment, continued to blossom and grow feeling things change inside me, making me more than human as my guts shifted and churned, and I imagined that things like four stomachs were growing inside me, a digestive system that could assimilate metals and such grew in me.



And then I closed my eyes as my first pain in this whole transformation assailed me, and I felt something breaking out of the skin of my forehead in four points, and I screamed in pain this time as four growth plates grew against my skull while thickening my skull plates about my brain.

The four small toes of my feet merged, leaving my big toe and a new even bigger toe alone to thicken and harden along their ends into a cloven hoof. Then at last one final rush from inside me, and I began to orgasm over and over again, erupting from me in a steady course of confusion that exited my loins in a series of jets that splattered my inner thighs and the ground before my breasts began to empty themselves of all that wonderful cream.

I collapsed backward, my fingers clawing at the hardened steel of the sewer outlet, my nails thickening into things akin to the same nails against my toes, but in this case, on five fingers – *or was it four now?* I wondered briefly and chanced a look, *four*, I assured – tearing long rends in the steel. I hefted one breast and shoved its teat into my mouth, drinking solidly of the warm, nutrient cream, the other ejecting steadily outward down over my breast, down my abdominals, and over my crotch to merge with the throttling vaginal juices that were now erupting only occasionally from me.

At last I grew stupid from the pleasure and exhaustion, and just laid there against the curved wall of the drain, my arms spread out wide to hold myself aloft while I balanced on my newly cloven toes, my legs spread wide to allow the occasional eruption of seminal juices from me. My breast flopped from my mouth as it emptied of its sustenance, but this time as they drained, they only diminished a little, remaining great rounded things that must've weighed over a hundred pounds apiece.

At last, I finally just slid downward into the pool of seminal juices, cream and sweat, panting as I looked up at the ceiling of the tube. The writhing thing settled downward somewhere around my heart, and this time it waited, for once not back building for another transformation.

What scared me, however, was the fact that it didn't go away completely.

## 21

I knew not how long I'd sat there, but I eventually rose and sized myself out, and inside a sewer drain that was fifteen feet high at the least, I could reach up and touch its ceiling with the flat of my palms without having to stretch. But my body – now spotted like a Holstein cow – was now crusted with all my bodily juices like a second skin, and whenever I moved I crunched.

So retreating further into the sewer main, I found a water main tap, and using only my fingers, turned open the cap that normally would require a special tool to open with very little effort. And now there I stood, my hands pressed against the stone wall while lukewarm water poured down on me from above, washing me of all the crusted fluids, and at the same time, of many of my woes and wearies, allowing me to think.

My great mane of hair fell down about my face as I stood there, feeling water pour over my head, shoulders, down between my legs, to spill off the now softened crevice of my womanhood between my legs, but still possessing of a rather enlarged clit that still was held outward just at the peak of my crotch. Thankfully, it wasn't sensitive nor was it erect.

I needed to think, and sexuality was the last thing I wanted on my mind now.

*Papa was attacked that day in the lab. He was trying to escape with something, and that something must've been the serum he'd been working on from the tape recorder, the same serum that he must've injected straight into my ass.*

I paused and felt my bottom, which was surprisingly rounded yet firm... until I clenched it that is, feeling it harden and draw up into thick striations everywhere. It was then that I inspected myself through the water, having to pull my breasts apart to look down over the ridge of my sternum, and contort myself again.

*No creature is this powerful,* I considered, and flexing my arm, watched as my bicep quickly thrust outward, the two halves swelling into something each larger than a basketball to push against an equally sized breast. And then I lowered my arm and twisted it, flexing it again, and felt my triceps swell just as greatly, and through trial and error, found that though relatively small my muscle structure was atop my body, as soon as they were strained they thickened and bulged to unheard of heights.

*No creature on Earth has this sort of ability. Papa what have you been doing?*

Leaning against the wall, bathed by the water and by the shining red light of a service lamp, I just stood there and let my mind go blank, and hoping that some other thought might come to me. And then I lifted a hand to brush my hair away from my face, and stopped as I felt a series of circular protrusions against my head – two on the front and two on the sides, with the two on the sides at least twice the size of the other two – adorning my head. I continued the motion and returned my hand to feel the lumps, and felt my lips compress as I felt what were definitely meant for horns.

*Cow and goat DNA,* I considered... both of which have horns in some of their females. I swallowed and then stepped forward, naked as a jaybird, but without any clothes I couldn't do anything about it. Reaching up, I reapplied the cap to the water main, and then walked out to the sewer outlet's entrance, and stood there, looking up at the sky, cursing my luck that there were no clouds to obscure the stars and moon. And so I crept outward, testing my footing on my cloven hooves – now I knew why my body was tending to walk on its toes – and looked around me for any eyewitnesses. Thankfully, there weren't even bums here, and the faraway hospital didn't even have an ambulance in front of it today.

*Perhaps my luck isn't so dumb,* I thought, and again smoothed my hair back before flicking my tail at my backside. *New course of order. Get some clothes, get home for some supplies, and then somehow get into that government building to get my father out. In the meantime... avoid being spotted by some reporter. Especially from some super market tabloid reporter.*

I looked up, and saw the roof of a nearby building before me, and lowering my eyes, saw the fire escape.

*I don't know how much I weigh, but the roof is better than anything else,* I considered, set myself for a leap and then jumped. But the case of not knowing my own strength came to bear as I not only leapt up past the fire escape ladder and railing, but up past the fire escape itself and the top of the building as well! I passed it by several stories before my inertia petered out and the power of gravity pulled me back down again and slowly but surely, I fell back toward the Earth.

I landed with a lunge atop the roof which splintered all the roof tiles around me, and I crouched there, wide-eyed and ecstatic.

“I just jumped over the moon!” I cried with glee at the concept, and stood, again flexing both chest and arms, pressing my thighs together at the wonder of my new body, and silently thanked father for injecting me with that goop before I set off.

Smiling gleefully, I then paused at the end of the building and surveyed the landscape. *Step one, escape the city...*

I then surged forward, and with a lunge began to leap from building to building.

## 22

Minerva's wet, naked body was a sight to behold: hairless from the neck down, with soft beautiful skin and a pair of breasts which were round and full, and hung heavily from her chest; while a perfect V-shaped wedge positioned itself directly between her legs to end in a soft slit of her pleasure mound. A sunken navel and a hard, athletic body that was very, very different than the one she'd been born with, with a prim and pert rear that formed a beautiful upside-down heart shape from her wide hips that left a definite gap between her legs.

The touch of a chamois cloth with soap slid over her skin as she washed herself of sweat. In her boredom, she'd taken a little of her growth formula to experience that wonderful transformation at least to a small order, and then summoned a toy – one of her strong and capable male agents – to pleasure her off an on over the next hour. Now was the time to cleanse herself off.

Just then, the communicator at the entrance to her shower chimed.

“Yes!” she called out, furious that someone was disturbing her private time.

“Forgive me for the interruption, Agent Minerva, but there is something I think you should see.”

Minerva screwed up her face, rinsed herself clean and then stopped the shower.

“A moment.” She said, taking up her towel and drying herself as she exited her shower room and paced over to her desk, sitting down in its chair with a still moist body as she towel dried her hair.

“Now what was so important that it couldn’t wait?” she demanded activating her computer screen, which again rose out of her desk table.

“This.” The agent on the other side of the com said simply, and her picture came alive with a still image that made Minerva gag.

“What is that?!” she cried, seeing the titanic visage of an enormously powerful creature standing just outside a sewer outlet, great and powerful, super in every regard including her enormous femininity positioned atop her chest and between her legs. Great blotches of darkened color decorated her body, complete with hooves, hooded ears that drooped at the side of her head, cloven hooves and a tail hanging at the back of her rear. “Don’t tell me that that.... That... *thing* is Danni Macaw!”

“Indeed she is ma’am.” The agent stated, and Minerva immediately began to fantasize with that new body attached to her. *I must have that serum!* She thought with an insane look on her face. “Our current capture technique is now ineffectual ma’am without resupply. We’re returning to base as it is now. But might I mention something... before she disappeared into the sewer outlet over an hour ago before this image was taken, she’d gone into the hospital to look for her father. She knows where he is now.”

“Excellent, return to base but do not pursue. We shall take the necessary precautions for her capture here.”

“Yes ma’am. Consider it done... field out.”

There was a click of motion, and Minerva then deactivated her com before settling back into her chair and looking down at her already sizeable breasts along with the rest of her body. Sitting back naked in her chair, she closed her eyes, a smile on her face as she imagined herself transforming into such a creature as that raging juggernaut Danni Macaw had become.

“Soon” she whispered, and rocked in her chair.

## 23

It was a good thing that it was warm out today, otherwise being totally naked would’ve been a little uncomfortable. Instead, it was quite a release, running around buck naked, feeling my newly gained tits swinging ever so slightly with my movements whenever I jumped that a little of the eroticism returned, though not gearing up for another transformation, which was good.

I was nearing the edge of the town now, and with one final look about me, I leapt outward into the air, actually did a summersault, a twist and a back flip without even thinking about it, and landed facing the final set of stores that looked out over the vast fields surrounding town.

Standing up, rising to my full height atop my cloven feet, straightening my back so that my breasts rose like a badge of honor high atop my chest, I surveyed the area around me, feeling my

muscles straining beautifully inside my body before I turned to look over my shoulder and to my side at the store fronts. And there I stopped.

There before me was a shop that sold swimwear, one I passed many a time while coming to and from school, and with a small reminiscing smile of my former self on my face, I stepped forward, and kneeling before the storefront window, looked briefly at all the sexy swimsuits inside. Before, I lacked the sort of body that would've utilized those swimsuits and looking down at my body, caressing one of my breasts, I more than *definitively* had such a body now, but it was too large for perhaps any of the suits that were being displayed.

But then I looked inside and noticed one in particular. It was one of those one-size-fits all sorts of suits. The kind of suit that could stretch, and stretch....

I stared at it, pressing my body against the glass, my immense breasts pressing against the cool glass to erect my nipples a little.

*I needed clothes, after all... but this... this was steeling!* I thought.

I agonized over it for a bit, my tail waving lightly, until I finally closed my eyes and banished the thought. But as I leaned against the glass, I suddenly heard a loud crack, and then the sound of crystal being crumbled. Opening my eyes wide, I looked down to see two great radials of cracks about my breasts, and gasped just before the strength of my tits wanting to expand and be full shattered the glass.

I fell through the glass as it crumbled around me, disturbing the dummies in the window before I fell remarkably uncut onto the floor.

Again, the thought of theft presented itself as I lifted myself and saw the suit I wanted right there in front of me, and before I stopped myself, quickly found one that had an extra large tag on it – just in case – and also took a red scarf and bolted as the alarm rang around me.

I bolted then, my powerful legs rapidly going from a slow run and straight into a sprint when I heard the sirens of the police behind me, and thusly right into a full on run. I'd accelerated so fast that when I glanced over my shoulder, I saw that I was already a mile away from town when I slowed and then came to a stop amidst the tall grasses. And then I turned around just as the police cars were arriving, and I stood there, staring into the distance, and then lowering my gaze to my hands, stared at the clothes I'd just stolen.

*No... I'll pay them back... for the window too,* I thought, gripping them tightly.

I then hurried off into the nearby tree line away from prying eyes where the moon high above me would betray my position from its light shining down on my naked body. In a small glade, I held up the suit I'd just 'borrowed' from the store and gave it a scrutinizing glance.

It was open wide in the back, jet-black fabric and made in a simple triangular shape from shoulder to shoulder to crotch. A little afraid of destroying it, I pulled out the bandana first and

applied its red fabric about my head to hide my ears and skull plates, and then picking up the bathing suit again, I held it briefly, stretching its fabric before extending a foot into one of the leg holes.

I was amazed at how easily its fabric slid up over my leg, its elasticity giving way just enough as I brought it up to my knee and then inserted my other leg. From there, it took some doing sliding the leg holes over my burgeoning thighs, thick with hardened and taut muscle until the crotch seated itself solidly between my legs. The folds of the cloth folded pleasingly over my cunt before I pulled the seat upward, but as small as it was, all I could manage was to slide it between my butt cheeks and straight up to the base of my tail extending from the peak of my butt crack.

*Well, so far so good,* I considered, looking at the remainder of the cloth, and then reaching into the bundle, began to pull it up over my immensely thick arms.

Just like my immensely thick thighs, the swimsuit slid up over arms that must've been sixty-four inches or so around apiece with my biceps relaxed, but even those extended around the thick, thick muscle and seated themselves over my great and rounded shoulders.

Finally, I shrugged my shoulders and pulled the excess cloth caught beneath my breasts and seated it over the twin mounds.

And then I straightened up, feeling the fabric stretch, and then daring my luck, I even arched my back and fastened the bungee pull strings at my back together.

The fabric stretched and stretched, settling immediately about my warm body, caressing my flesh as it slid over every inch of it like a second skin.

I bounced and then jiggled; I twisted and turned, and even did a few exercises ending in a flip and then immediately checked the fabric still settled around me; stretched and translucent like a pair of pantyhose, but nonetheless, quite solid. I even gave it a couple of tugs and *tried* to tear it with small motions, but it all held quite firm.

*I love this stuff!* I smiled with glee. *Gonna have to remind myself to buy stock in this company when all this is over.*

Sighing then, I hurried away, thinking that a stop back at home would be good, so I hightailed it in that direction. Besides, it was on the way...

## 24

Home was enshrouded in darkness just like it'd been when I'd left earlier. I slowed at its edge and looked around me, looking for anything that might be indicative of any secret agents crawling around, but a good five-minute check revealed nothing, so I emerged out from the tree cover and into the fields surrounding the farm.

The long grasses waved at my naked feet, my cloven hooves for toes making great imprints within the ground with each subtle, seemingly light-footed step I made. My hands brushed against the grasses that were as tall as my hips as I walked amongst the she-cows and they paid me little attention, and for a moment, I looked around me amidst the moonlight and felt my mind wander into nothingness. No wonder the cows generally looked so stupid whenever they grazed... they were in so much quiet bliss they don't care what happened to them.

Then I hopped over the fence by vaulting one-handed over a wooden fence post attached to the electrified barbwire and into a smaller field; to where the farm's bull stood.

"Heh... hi Cletus." I greeted and stepped forward to him, amazed that I stood twice his height at his shoulder, to which I used to have to have to reach up to pat him on the muscle hump at the center of his back.

*Have I become that big?* I wondered, and smoothed my hands over my sides, noting that the leg holes of my bathing suit had slowly stretched till they had risen just below my ribs to reveal my bare hips and much of my rear.

He sniffed my crotch, and his great wet nose suddenly moved a little further into it before his great tongue licked my crotch from base to peak.

"Ah!" I gasped and stepped rapidly back, running a hand through my hair as I held the eight hundred pound bull off with one hand, not knowing what I was to feel from something like that. But the damage was done... my crotch, slightly moistened through the fabric, swelled and my clit hardened some, and with that, I began to perspire a little, and Cletus again moved forward to nuzzle me, and before I knew it, his weight and sudden movement had forced me straight onto my back.

"Cletus!" I cried as the bull tried to mount me, probing for a place to enter me between my legs, and I felt very strange and odd things happening down there before my hands lifted quickly and took him by the horns.

Cletus, weighing over nine hundred pounds, was quite surprised as his actions were halted, for never before had he been challenged like this, especially by a female. He was used to getting his way, and when I took his horns and held them, I slowly began to push him backward, my muscles straining at first, but then I felt something else happening inside me.

Something... clicked.

There was a subtle burning in me, as my blood began to pump harder, and though my strength was only enough to hold Cletus's advances back at first, he struggled and tried to pierce me again, but the more I struggled, the more I burned, and the burning intensified into a throbbing, and the throbbing into... *POWER!*

My veins in my biceps and inner thighs throbbed, my back tensed and the warmth became sensual all at once, bordering on orgasmic as with each throbbing beat of my heart, power was

fed into my muscles again, and ever so subtly, they began to swell. My already enormous biceps began to swell and split into their separate halves, swelling apart from one another until I became strong enough to begin to push Cletus back. He dug in his hooves and set his body, but the strength in me intensified and I pushed him backward off me, rolling forward till his hooves were sliding backward now. He snorted and snuffled angrily that he wasn't getting his way, and I rose to my feet. Then gritting my teeth and picking his front end up by the horns till his hooves flailed at the ground, I threw him sideways into the Earth.

"I said... OFF!" I yelled, and balling up a fist tapped him against the side of the head, but nonetheless the force drove the bull straight into the ground with a loud "Moo!"

And then I stood up, panting, looking down at Cletus who was lying on the ground, stunned briefly as he tried to rise from the effects of the head blow.

"Serves ya right you stubborn bull!" I cried, panting. "When a girl says no... she means NO!"

When Cletus finally got to his feet, he hurried off away from me while I sat there with my arms beneath my breasts, the full and rounded things heaving with my every breath beneath my immense biceps and barrel of a ribcage. At my backside my tail whipped angrily, and making sure that Cletus wasn't going to try to force himself on me again, I stepped away, vaulted over yet another post, and headed for the milk barn.

I found then that when I entered that the pasteurization process on my store of milk had already completed itself, and I took a short amount of time to pull out the storage bin, where a computer had already labeled it and kept it in cold storage.

I didn't know much about the nutrient levels that milk had, but mine had an unusually high level of everything. I couldn't resist, and after taking some of that cool, refreshing breast milk, I drank a cup, then a pitcher, then three... feeling myself revitalized from the delicious tasting cream-like milk. I licked my lips after the third one, tasting the definite milk moustache across my lips.

And then I settled backward, arching my back and rolling my shoulders to bring my impressively immense chest forward, feeling a dull thudding deep inside it, and I closed my eyes and I fondled the full and rounded orbs that had produced so much delicious, creamy milk. They also looked as if they were swelling again, which meant that they would be growing big and wide eventually, just like before, and I hugged them to me, kissing the top of one from over the fabric.

"Hmm!" I mused aloud, and then opened my eyes and looked at an innocent looking corner of the milking parlor, the same corner that housed father's secret lab. Gasping, not believing that I'd forgotten all about my father, I closed up the top to my own little secret storage, returned it via automated return to cold storage and then dashed out of the milking barn. I vaulted over one of the final fences and dashed away in the night... feeling warm tears rising up in my eyes at the fact that I'd forgotten him amidst all my sexual... animalistic... urges.

*Never again!*



I stood quietly atop a hill overlooking the government building, my shoulders square and my breasts jutting out like the cannons on a battleship. I breathed heavily, staring at the one and only building in one hundred miles that was over five stories – this one at fifteen – surrounded by a wall of defenses, barbed wire fences – electrified – and soldiers with guns.

Blind determination was slowly etching its way onto my face, and there was a point right in between my shoulders that was growing tense... *or was it another transformation?*

I flexed my arm; watching as the bicep swelled, spread apart and swelled some more... past what any natural creature on earth was possible of doing, feeling it's throbbing mass press against my swelling tit, that was slowly filling up with warm milk again.

*I can do this*, I told myself, and leaned forward before running full tilt down the hillock I'd been standing on, dodging the lights shining from the flood lights and leaping up into the air, landing briefly on top of the wall between the towers before vaulting off again before the guards even had a chance to turn around.

Then I landed on the other side of the wall, and immediately pressed my back up against it to hide from the next wave of searchlights, panting excitedly as they passed by without even the barest hint of alarm. I took a deep breath then and hurried forward again, dancing about the floodlights now and again, chuckling softly here and there until at last I was suddenly bathed in light from every floodlight along the walls that could catch me, and then more lights and the sound of helicopter blades in the air.

I gasped, looking startled around me and then down at my breasts to see at least a dozen laser sights painting my chest.

"Oh no." I breathed; made a hesitant step away, but was immediately greeted by a shot that created an impact crater right before my cloven foot.

"Do not move!" a man's voice called out from one of the helicopters. "You will give yourself up! We can either do this the easy way, or the hard way."

And just then, time slowed, and I saw a stream of something shoot from one of the guard towers, sending smoke rings around the shot as it accelerated for me in slow motion. I saw it strike me before I could move away, felt the stun of a lightning bolt shoot through me, shocking me from head to toe as if I were just struck with a cattle prod. I collapsed to my knees as the shock dissipated, very sleepy all of a sudden, just before another shot struck me and my body was thrown backward several feet before I landed in a heap.

I looked up briefly, just in time to see a soldier chewing on a stub of a cigar look back down at me as he ground the butt of his gun in the earth.

"The easy way." He grinned with the cigar still in his mouth, just before I fainted.

## 26

Wakefulness came slowly, and rather painfully, and I groaned, squeezing my eyes tightly together before I tried to rise, blinking my eyes open briefly before I collapsed onto my great chest, and then pushed upward again with a groan.

“You’re up. Good.” Came a feminine voice, and I lifted my head, blinking through blurred vision seeing a blob of white approaching me from somewhere above me, just before my vision suddenly came into view, and I found myself staring up at a woman perched high atop a wall just before me.

My eyes focused a little more, and my brows beetled in concentration, and then rose straight into my hairline with recognition.

“You!” I gasped with disbelief, and the woman smiled. “The nurse from the hospital!”

“Hmm.” She smiled, and stepped forward and lowered her hands to the rim of the balcony she was on, and a quick look around me showed me that I was in a deep sunken pit, with hardened steel walls on all sides, and one big, thick door that looked like it would’ve kept a Mac Truck going full tilt into it.

“Very good, Danni.” The woman said then, and my gaze jerked back up to her. “A deceptive rouse, but it got me what I needed. Even now, our scientists are piecing together the process that your father accomplished with you from the fluids I took from your body, for they’ve allowed us a wonderful view of the process from start to finish.

“Your father is indeed a genius. That’s why we’ve exploited him and his resources. And now, with you here in our custody, we can force him to teach us this transformation, and then...” a maddening look crossed her eyes and slid over her face as she lifted her arms and flexed them, watching her already expansive bosom rise higher atop her chest. “I will replace you as the world’s most physically powerful creature.

“Amazing, this power you’ve been dumped with. Muscles as strong as steel cords, a skeletal structure harder than most alloys we know, hide strong enough to repel conventional weaponry such as slugs from guns and shotguns... outfit you in armor, and you’d be stronger than a roving tank division!”

My teeth set as I heard her chuckle and set to pacing around me again.

“And that’s not even the tip of the iceberg of the powers you’re developing. Adaptive muscle growth... the angrier or more scared you get, the more you stress yourself, the stronger you get... the harder your flesh gets... In time you wouldn’t even need armor!

“And the *tits!* Oh... to have great mounds as those, which can lactate a fluid so energizing that in its purest form it’d act just like this little gem here.” She caressed a crystal locket hanging around her neck.”

She flexed again, striking a pose and looking very smug. “Imagine me with your body, Danni Macaw. And imagine what I can do with this world once I have it!”

A shallow growl entered somewhere deep in my throat, and surging to my feet I leapt at her with my hands outstretched to crush her body. But those hands were jerked backward suddenly as a choker pulled back on my neck and chains on my wrists, and I felt more shackles against my ankles as I strained there in my attempt to kill her in my rage.

“How predictable.” She said, and lifting a remote, pressed a button and my body suddenly spasmed as a powerful shock lanced through it, and I collapsed to my knees before the shock ended.

“Ow.” I cried; feeling tears slide down my cheeks as I caressed my wrists, which were even now hissing and sizzling wetly from my sweat having been cooked against my flesh.

“We are reviving your father now Danni, I think you ought to know. Given a few days, the next you see me, I will have transformed into something greater than you ever will be.” She lifted her head and laughed, and turning on her heel, stepped up some stairs lining several metal benches and left through a sealed door.

*Damn it!* I screamed inside my head and hammered my hands down into the ground, hearing my chains rattle. I looked to those chains, and immediately set myself to them, tried to pull one out, but immediately all of them electrified again and I collapsed to the ground in a steamy heap from the steam rising from my body from the electricity.

“No.” I cried... “She *can*’t gain that much power. Not that evil woman!”

I struggled briefly against my bonds and was immediately awarded with yet another brief burst of electricity.

*Papa...* I groaned, feeling around my neck where the stronger electrodes were located. It felt like an oxen yoke, like the great ring their heads go through. I tried maneuvering it, but the size of my head was too large for the existing hole; barely large enough for me to slip my fingers into it.

*I need to get out of here... I need to save papa!* I thought while lying down, feeling my immense breasts pressing and flattening against the ground beneath my weight. *But what was it that that woman said? My strength enhancing if I were scared... or angry... or physically strained?*

I felt my collar again briefly, and then rising up to a kneeling position, fit my fingers into its inner ridge again. I panted several times, wondering if I could do this, snap a piece of metal so thick as this. *I’m angry enough...and definitely afraid! And this IS a challenge...*

I thought about it some more, and then inhaling and exhaling several times, I began to pull apart the two sides of the collar.

I groaned and strained, gritting my teeth as I closed my eyes tightly, grunting hard as my muscles strained at the hardened steel collar. My strength doubled and redoubled, my muscles straining until they ached, my back spreading and riddling with muscle groups which spread and swelled outward, bisecting into secondary masses, then tertiary, before finally breaking into their individual chords beneath my flesh and swimsuit. My chest muscles swelled, compressing together down the center of my chest so tightly that I began to hear my bones creak.

I began to think of the pain from the strain, thought about my anger of this whole situation... and of course its consequences should that bitch gain this much power. *Come on c'mon... break damn you Break!* I chanted in my mind, feeling my muscles begin to burn as I bent over myself, panting heavily, and despite all that I was already doing, I strained all the harder until it ached.

And then...

The burning began to intensify, and instead became a shallow trembling, as my heart quickly accelerated, pumping blood steadily into every inch of my body, and I began to tremble as well, breathing harder and harder as my blood vessels throbbed inside me, caressing my breasts, then my stomach, and finally my crotch like a gentle lover.

My arms weakened a little as I relaxed, letting the writing thing inside me begin to love me again as it had before, pumping straight in between my legs its intoxicating power. As it climaxed, it erupted steadily into my cunt, thrusting deeply and depositing its silky warmth into my body, which was immediately transformed into power, and then into strength! I groaned, and gave a spastic lurch, my eyes opening slowly as I felt my legs spread wide, felt the throbbing between my legs as my pubic mound spread and swelled; its edges filling outward to the sides of the narrow strip of cloth covering my crotch.

I gasped, groaning and giving off another lurch as my crotch moistened before I felt my nipples erect, creating great towers from the cloth stretching above them, before a new transformation took me.

I strained against my bonds, my arms pulling at the seams of my collar steadily as my size began to grow, my breasts filling with milk, my body moistening with sweat from the heat, and the sweet, delectable feeling of *power!*

I groaned, closed my eyes tight and just experienced my muscles coiling inside my body. The cloth of my body suit began to stretch to its limits; drawing taut between my legs and the crack of my rear as portions of its form began to peel away from my body from the tightness, hanging straight off the muscle hump on my back, and likewise off the lower ridge of my breasts and flared sides. The expanse of my breasts filled outward, hefted and lifted, filling with scrumptious, creamy milk while they pushed upward through the hole for my neck in my body suit, with only my nipples remaining inside its practically transparent black fabric. My arms

were growing so thick that they were as wide as my compressed middle was now; which was compressing into dozens of abdominals now.

Then with a groan, I began to pull open the collar, hearing a squealing and a groan, just shortly before a defense mechanism ignited and my body was immediately shocked with electricity. But that somehow only fueled my growth process as I then gave one final jerk, and the great collar snapped in half! I discarded the pieces to either side of me as if they were nothing, now being shocked only by my shackles which were easy enough to snap off.

Several orgasms came to me in a series of dry heaves as my form enlarged, spreading wider at the shoulders and at the hips, while a great muscle hump peaked right at the top of my back.

But then I opened my eyes, with pupils that had become a little too rounded for a human, and setting my sights above me, gave little more than a simple hop, and leapt to the observation deck of the pit I'd just been in, and one lunge from there brought me to the pressure door.

With a simple jab, my fingers dug into the seams of the pressure door, got my fingers around its outer edge, and ripped the thing straight off. Steam vented all around the door, and an alarm sounded immediately at that before I leapt out into the corridor, poised atop my toes briefly before I looked first one way and then the next, caressed my body from crotch to tit – lingering on my tit, and then leapt off in a direction.

I didn't know what I was doing more than this direction 'smelled' right...

## 27

I'd just finished smashing another soldier's head against a wall to knock him unconscious, letting him fall to the ground before I followed my nose to a clean, primp and proper hospital wing, where the staff was all cowering before my presence.

"Macaw." I said simply, my breathing coming like a bellows, my voice like a growl, and one of them pointed shakily to a door that had a biohazard symbol painted on its front. "Thanks." I nodded, and did the same with this door as I did with the one in my improvised cell.

"Papa." I gasped, seeing him lying on a table with all sorts of wires and tubes arrayed around him like a spider web.

Stepping forward, softly, I stood over him, looking down at his seemingly sleeping face. But then his eyes squeezed together and blinked open weakly; and looking up at my expansive size, a subtle smile crossed his face.

"It appears... as if my experiment was... a success." He whispered. "I am sorry it had to be tested on you."

My features softened, and I began slowly pulling out all the tubes and wires and electrodes from off him. "I'm going to get you out of here." I said, removing the last tube from his body and

patching it up quickly with gauze and medical tape. Then picking him up, I hurried out the door, looking both ways, only to find that the hallway was deserted. Even the nurses that were here earlier were gone.

*Something's wrong*, I thought, but nonetheless hurried off with my father still clutched protectively in my arms. I tried to backtrack the way I'd taken to get in here, but it didn't take long for me to get lost in a place in which I knew I'd never been before. Everything seemed to be ending in a dead end.

And then I found out why.

I turned a corner, and suddenly a heavy panel slid down in front of me with a slam, and shifting father into one arm, and reared back and stuck the metal plate with all my might, but despite my intense strength, was able to do little more than hurt my fingers.

"Seems, as if Minerva has been leading you along, Danni." Papa said while in my arms, and I bit my lower lip as I stared at the door.

I didn't have to ask him who this 'Minerva' was. I think I could hazard a guess that that bitch from the hospital was behind this. Now I had a name to put to her face.

My body tensed briefly with anger, and giving one last pound that resonated through the heavy plate, I hurried back the way I came, following a single wall in hopes to find a way out of this trap. I found dozens of junctions that I'd been able to pass through before, even just recently, that were now guarded by those thick metal plates, and I got turned around so many times, I didn't know which way was which anymore.

"Don't worry daddy, we'll get you out of here..." I assured, but there was a quaver in my voice.

And then I dashed out into a great corridor, large enough for me to actually stand up to my full height, and I looked around briefly before the sound of escaping gasses sounded behind me, and I turned just in time to see a great plate slide over the door I'd just entered through. I lunged against it even as it sealed shut, banging my fist heavily against it.

"Damn it!" I yelled, and hammered at it again, only to hear the unyielding sound of ringing metal. It must've been as thick as battleship armor to be able to resist my strength.

Turning again, and leaning against the cold metal, I saw that every door in this hallway was sealed just like the one I'd just passed through, save one, located at the far end of the hall.

I looked down at my father as he looked up at me. We knew this was a trap, and knew that caution was warranted. But, if it was the only option left to us, then so be it.

Walking right up to the door, looking left and right, making myself ready for some trick I've not yet seen, I walked up to the door and tried the knob, only to find the indignation of finding it locked. My fist on the knob shook momentarily before I gave my arm a mighty shake and just

wrenched on the knob and its attached door, and was awarded with the whole door coming straight off its hinges. With it still in hand, I stepped in through the narrow portal, careful of my father as I maneuvered my massive form through the door way, with first one breast and then the next sliding past the door jam with a jiggling shake.

Either had been slowly filling with milk during all my most recent strength enhancements and one growth spasm since my milking, and either was no longer primp and firm atop my chest, but great and engorged and warm with milk.

Once in the room, I dipped slightly with my father and set him beside the opened door and then came to my full height in the great ceilinged room, tossing the door away to my side as I faced the white business-suited woman known as Minerva.

“Computer, seal room.” She said simply, and I heard the clang of another of those great metal plates falling before the door I’d just stepped through while she stood there with arms helping to heft her full and rounded breasts.

I stood there seething down at her.

“You surprise me, Danni.” She smirked, and then nodded at my father. “Through a state of the art government building, you’ve managed to break through top security, and shown me some more surprises I’d not yet calculated with your enhanced strength.

She gestured toward an embankment of view-screens, which showed me in various acts of mayhem.

A picture of when I was being riddled by bullets from attackers with machine guns and pistols. “A musculature and hide so taut that they deflect bullets and conventional firearms.”

Another image of me leaping off walls to strike at soldiers, hammering them into the ground with simple slaps and pushes. I’d been too afraid to kill them if I used my full strength. “A dexterity usually only found in animals.”

More images. “And so on. I must admit, I covet that power, Danni. Join us, let us study you, and you and your father will live out the rest of lives in the utmost of comfort. What say you?” she smiled, almost warmly, but looking to her eyes told of nothing of the warmth of that smile... and also of insincerity.

I looked back over my shoulder at my father, who lifted his head only slightly to look back at me, and after a moment of a shared glance, he slowly began to shake his head no.

“No.” I said at last in agreement with him, and turned back to Minerva. “I’ll never let you have this sort of power, because I know what you’d do with it, you evil bitch. Now I am taking my father out of here, and I never want to see you or your cronies darken our doorstep again.”

Minerva’s features grew cold and menacing then.

“I don’t think you understand me correctly, girl.” She said irritably. “Refuse me now, and I’m afraid that we cannot let someone like you just run free. You’d have to be... eliminated.”

I flexed, my breasts hefting, my biceps ballooning, spreading, making a grinding noise with the tension as I then clenched the muscles of one great thigh as I stretched it out before me.

“And do you think that a puny little woman like you is going to stop me?” I asked, showing off my massive body, and then relaxed, planting both of my hands on my broad, capable hips. “Step one; I’m going to cram you into the drawer of that desk over there.” I pointed at her and then the desk. “Step two; I’m going to smash a hole through the conveniently unarmored floor, and take my father with me out of here.” I pointed two more times to the floor and my father. “Step three; my father and I are going to destroy every last little bit of research about this substance, and make sure that you can never, ever secure this sort of power for yourself.

“What do you have to say to that?”

I felt quite superior about myself. Being this big, strong and busty definitely had its perks. But then I watched as Minerva reached into her blouse and pulled out a small vial, unscrewed it and held it up to me as if she were doing a toast.

“Only this.” She said, and downed the whole vial.

She dropped the vial as her eyes rolled back in her head, and I heard papa yell “Danni, look out!” and I looked at him for a but a moment, seeing the panic in his eyes before turning back to Minerva, only to see her body expanding.

She began to laugh insanely as her breasts suddenly pushed outward, popping buttons of as the two sides of her blouse flared open around the thickening mounds as the pair filled immediately out into her white silk blouse; straining against its seams and more buttons as her arms swelled to shred her sleeves.

“You are not the only one,” she began, breathing in deeply showing off her immense breasts as they bulged outward, hefting higher and higher as her shirt ripped open, and her bra practically shattered around it to show two twin reddened disks that thickened, bulged and capped with hard, hard nipples. “Who can grow bigger.”

Her ribs flared and barreled outward, her skirts shredding open as her hips broadened, and her thighs bulged, forming a wedge between her legs that stretched her panties about her ballooning form.

Her body grew and grew, much to her pleasure as she hugged herself, pressing her thighs together as I hesitantly took a step backward. She breached six feet, and then seven; and passing eight, the rest of her form began to strengthen.



Her breasts gave a bit of a jiggle as her chest muscles rippled and coalesced, and I could see the powerful chords lining underneath her flesh and the enormous bags of woman flesh firming up against her chest. Her shoulders bubbled outward, her biceps splitting and bulging into great rounded things that rippled with power and were punctuated by a web of feeder veins that throbbed excitedly.

I could hear the sounds of wringing rubber and leather as her flesh creased and swelled; her back bubbling outward, her thighs creasing and re-creasing as they lengthened from her bodice, and the seat of her panties pulled up tightly between the cheeks of her rear.

A truly insane grin crossed her features as she peeled off the last of her clothing, with only her tightly conforming panties – stretchable it looked like – and her white thigh socks remaining of what she once wore; those only reaching her knees now.

“Ah!” She sighed, throwing her head back and lifting her now highly muscled arms to pass her fingers backward through the slightly elongated strands of her hair. “After a feeling like that, sex just doesn’t compare.”

She flexed her chest and her breasts rose briefly, and then fell suddenly when she released the tension in those muscles, and the pair gave a sultry little bounce. “What do you think now?” she smiled, and I stood there, a little smile crossing my face as I compared her with me.

Topping at only just over eight feet, she was nonetheless dwarfed by my phenomenal Twelve. I was at least five times her mass, and I stated this with a little laugh.

“For a moment I was afraid there.” I laughed. “I thought you were about to grow as big as me!” I straightened and flexed my own body, feeling my muscle mass swell like a protective skirt about me, puffing my form up before I relaxed again and squatted down before her.

Her visage became positively murderous, and she stamped her foot like a little girl to which I flexed my bicep, allowing her to watch it swell and spread larger than the whole of my head or either breast, and just as hard as a bowling ball, before I kissed it, and then hefting a breast, kissed its front too.

“Just face it... I’m bigger, stronger and faster than you... and you said it yourself... I have powers that your miniscule body just can’t compare with.” I winked and blew her a kiss.

“I’ll show you weak!” she screamed and launched at me, to which I hopped upward, surprised at the speed in which she practically teleported in front of me and sent a fusillade of kicks and punches at me.

But what was even more surprising was that I was actually deflecting her strikes with ease. Time seemed to slow down, and I watched her coming at me as if in slow motion while I felt as if I were unhindered by the slowdown in time. I’d block one of her punches, which would only tap me briefly before I would lightly touch her hand, or tap her forearm or perhaps poke her in the chest.

Then finally I gathered her hands together, held them tightly within one of mine, and then kicked her in the gut like a jackhammer, releasing her hands as kinetic energy transferred from my leg into her, and she flew a dozen meters backward to go crashing into the wall. I held that position of perfect balance, grinning happily about the powers of my newly enhanced body, and crouched downward to walk on my hands and cloven toes.

“As you can see, I am beyond you... I was beyond you hours ago. You are no match for me. Let my father and I go, and never darken our lives again, and I won’t break you.”

Minerva pulled herself from the impression she’d made in the wall, feeling her abdominals as a trickle of blood escaped from the corner of her mouth. There was fear in her eyes. *But then why was she smiling?*

“You think you’ve beaten me? You think you’ve won?” she demanded, and slouched to one side before catching herself and righting herself again. “You’re far from that, young Danni.” She then looked to either side, and then hobbled over to a panel to one side of her, rapidly keyed in a series of commands, and a great glowing cylinder ejected outward to which she seized and held in one hand. “I am never defeated... *Never!*”

It was then that I noticed that the substance in that cylinder was the same fluid she’d drank to transform, and watched with a gasp as she raised it over her head with both hands, tilted her head back and opened her mouth. There was a brief gasp from me as I saw the crystalline shell crack, and then shatter to pour the entire amount of the glowing blue fluid down her throat, which she guzzled gratefully to where her muscled stomach bulged slightly with its contents.

She then dropped the two halves of the vial, staring up at the ceiling as she faltered in her balance briefly, and then swallowed the last mouthful.

“Ah!” she sighed ever so softly, and looking down, balancing on her toes, caressed her stomach as it gurgled and churned; a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

And then she gave a pleasurable moan, and suddenly I saw her nipples clench and extend from her chest several inches; the disks of her areola broadening wide while the camel-toe pad of her cunt swelled full and wide.

“**AH!**” she cried out, clenching her body as a throbbing motion rippled through her before a spasm arched her body backward along her spine.

Then like a giant hand squeezing the last of the toothpaste out of a tube, I watched as the fat in her whole body was pushed upward, pulling her flesh closer against her flesh, making it more toned, harder, while all that fat was pushed into her breasts.

Like a rising mountain range, the pair swelled, filling with her entire body’s fat content, and there, her enormous tits remained ballooned and bulbous, before they tensed, and compressed

inward, tightening around the twin orbs as they writhed and shuddered with the enlargement of her mammary glands there.

“Oh gawd the power!” she groaned, trying to hug herself but couldn’t even get her hands around her tits!

“Papa, what’s happening?” I said, and stepped away from her again and this frightening transformation as she groaned and sighed with orgasmic force.

“She’s overdosed.” I heard papa say as he struggled up into a sitting position. “We’ve never tested the serum at this much of an intake. I... I don’t know what will happen.”

But with no way out, all we could do was watch.

Minerva’s body went through a rapid transformation, her body lengthening while her ribs and hips flared greatly; the bones drawing apart so that the flesh between hip and middle and between rib and middle created a flap of hardened flesh.

Her chest muscles flared and bulged atop her barreling ribcage that was likewise pushing forward and outward, and as she squatted downward, her breasts supported much of her weight instead of her hands, which could only manage their fingertips. She couldn’t manage to stand anymore with several hundred pounds in either tit, and for a moment, I considered that she might have defeated herself!

But no such luck.

The next step in her transformation began as her back spread and disgorged her spine, which rose with the sound of crackling bone into a realm of spines. With one up thrust, her spine pushed outward with a series of sickening crunches, and then pushed outward again on a ripple of muscle that radiated to every point on her back, before the two flaring sides of her back developed such muscle striations that’d put even my own to shame.

Her neck pushed outward as her rear bulged and fanned with her flaring hips, her neck muscles remaining long and sinuous for a very brief moment before even those flared straight from her skull to her massive shoulders. These then thickened and flared, bulging to sizes practically equaling her breasts! Her biceps and triceps then followed suit, and then her forearms grew wide and menacing, ending in a pair of narrow shafts leading to a pair of hands that thickened and enlarged along with the rest of her body.

Then, once her hips reached a certain width, it was like the coiling of snakes inside her thighs and calves as they swelled and bulged outward; and then the action of mighty pistons extending to their full length inside her muscles, before cables and chords wrapped around the pistons from the inside.

And then she rose, rolling her shoulders backward, arching her back and jutting her hips forward as her pubic mound continued swelling and spreading, and with a snap, followed by another, her

panties popped from her bodice. I found myself then staring at a heart-shaped formation of muscle, and a clit that was actually erecting upward along her abdomen her cunt was so swollen.

Her body stood there for a time, slightly hunched over from the muscle hump at the peak of her back as veins and arteries began to extend against her bodice. I gained a view then of her stomach compressing from the eight individual muscles with four laterals, to a plethora of overlapping muscle, and a series of binding chords for lats as it distended against its base leading to her pulsating cunt.

Her body, glistening then with the heat of all that growth and muscle expansion, from the seminal fluids seeping from her cunt over her bulging and muscled thighs, tensed one final time as her body thickened all over again one more time.

She stood there, powerful and mighty, closing her eyes slowly as her hips jutted forward once, twice, and on the third time, an eruption of seminal fluids splattered from inside her; dropping about a gallon of it onto the floor and over her legs as she pressed her thighs together.

She then slowly opened her eyes and looked at me through a mane of her hair, clenching her teeth into a grin lacking all form of sanity, and clenched her fingers until they cracked.

“Screw the Hulk, girly girl. I am now... undoubtedly... the most powerful creature on earth.”

## 28

I breathed heavily with fear at the site that I was now witnessing. Minerva slid her hands down over one of her immense breasts, handling one nipple briefly that erected like a tower atop her chest and ending with a thick nib at its end before her hand continued down her bodice. A thick artery throbbed from the base of her tit to the thick and risen areola, which she caressed and fingered briefly along her path down her bodice. Her fingers glanced against each of what must've been sixteen individual abdominal folds – her thumb pressing over the multiple lateral abdominals – before passing her fingers over her muscled thigh and then back up to catch at the thick heart-shaped mound of her moist and throbbing vaginal pussy.

There she slipped three whole fingers inside her, and with thumb and forefinger began to slightly twist and caress the sopping wet clit that stuck out from between the twin fold of her crotch.

“Oh!” she gasped, and then lifted her muscled arm, slid it between her breasts so that one got pressed up over her forearm and bicep so that she could lick her freshly moistened fingers while massaging her other tit with her spare hand.

“Look at me!” she commanded, and with an insane smile half from sheer orgasmic pleasure, half from the insanity of being so powerful brought you, she took a single step toward me and was practically in my face.

It was like I was a little girl versus an adult now.

“This is power!” she laughed, and flexed one massive arm, and I witnessed a blossoming explosion in slow motion as the muscle chords in her bicep tensed, drew backward, split once into halves and then into quarters as it blew up right in front of me. Wider than her arm, larger than her breast as it pressed the one against the other that she was still pleasing with one hand with red colored fingernails. Her triceps broke wide to the rear of her arm, her forearm flared like the hood of a snake, and her hand clenched like a cat’s paw to bare her fingernails now turned claws.

“Look at this arm!” she gritted through clenched teeth at me amidst her sardonic smile, and then immediately shifted to bare her leg forward like I’d done, holding her immense thigh with both hands as she flexed that too. “Look at this leg!” she grunted, and I watched as the muscles bulged around the bundled chord of her inner thigh as her quads thickened to a width greater than her waist, while her calf flared like her bicep had done. “And just look... at this body!” she said, and planting fists on her wide hips, rolled her shoulders backward, puffing out her chest and flexed all that she could, and I saw a woman swell to practically twice her size.

“Awww, yes!” she cried, and rolling backward, did a graceful controlled cartwheel backwards and righted herself.

“Pity that it won’t last.” Came a voice from behind me, startling us both, and Minerva and I both turned to see papa leaning heavily on the desk behind me. “You know that the serum is only temporary, Minerva. But only because I’ve only given you the first half of the ‘treatment.’” He grinned.

“Treatment? You mean you’ve been holding out on me this whole time. You mean this body could be made *permanent*?!”

Father nodded, and edged forward a little further.

“That serum, as you call it, is just the catalyst, Minerva. It prepares the body by transforming it, making it stronger before my technique of permanency works itself in.” I felt his touch on my back. “It was an unfortunate occurrence that my daughter got the serum inside her, fortunate however that it didn’t happen to you.” His voice trailed off with a note of anger. “You’ve taken my life work and twisted it for your own means, Minerva. At least now you’ve proved how well the serum works. I know now that I can process transformations a whole lot faster than before. Perhaps at one tenth the speed... one *hundredth* the speed.”

Minerva’s smile faded away. Actually, she looked as if she were trembling. It was then that I heard the grinding and crackling, and looking down at her fists, saw them clenching in a horribly menacing way. And then looking back up to her face, I watched as an evil smile ever so slowly resurfaced upon it.

“For that, Macaw, I am going to torture you until every last secret is driven from your head and shoved into me.”

She began to advance toward us, but I drove myself directly between her and papa, only to be thrown away like a rag doll. Father stood there quietly, staring up at her as she cradled his head in one hand that was large enough clasp her fingers around one whole side of it, with index and ring fingers clasping to either side of his neck. I then lifted myself hurriedly as she lifted a hand just before his head.

“Kill me, Minerva, and all my secrets die with me...” He said quietly.

“Not necessarily.” She smiled in return, and readjusted her fingers. “You have notes, records, and experiments *somewhere* in hiding. If necessary, I’ll take that homestead of yours apart brick by brick till I find it. Then your assets will be dissected. And of course, so shall your daughter.” She shot an evil look at me and smiled evilly. “All the secrets necessary needed to make me a super woman, are all inside that body of hers. We just need to find them. Which now makes you expendable Macaw,” She grinned, and gripped the back of his head fiercely and pulled her arm back while curling her hand into a fist. “Goodbye Doctor.”

I didn’t know what happened next, I was there, putting the whole of my body into holding that arm back, putting all my strength into it, but was only just barely able to hold the strength of that arm back.

“Oh, so you want to play?” she asked, and dropped papa where he was on the floor, and in the same motion, turned with the fist she’d used to hold father up and struck me solidly in the face.

I felt like I’d just taken a sledgehammer in the face. My head snapped back despite all the powerful muscle supporting it, and I was lifted up off the floor, sent reeling backward, flipping over once with the blow to land on my stomach with a bounce from the compactness of my immensely large breasts.

That thing inside me suddenly awoke as I passed off into a daze, and I felt it writhe deep inside my abdomen, right at the pit, just a few inches above the pleasing mound of my womanhood. Something was activating inside me, something was awakening that wasn’t there before. My heart suddenly went into overdrive, my body relaxed, and time slowed down again. I rose to my feet, aware of so much more as my eyes opened, my pupils dilating as adrenaline, and all sorts of natural chemicals pulsated into me.

My mouth opened as my breathing quickened while I rose to my feet, pressing my thighs together as my sexuality began to rise; my nipples hardening, my crotch thickening...

“I am surprised,” Minerva said, folding her arms beneath that massive rack of hers as I tilted my head to one side and then the next, feeling and hearing the vertebrae in my neck realigning themselves from her blow. “That you survived a hit like that.” She smiled, and chewed on her pinky finger for a moment. “This means: that after I grow as big as this again only then will I take that serum that made you, and then I will be unstoppable. I’ll be a *Queen!*”

“Not if I can stop you.” I growled. Balling up my fists and slowly advancing. “I will stop you.”

I launched myself at her, pummeling her rapidly with my fists and even kicking, feeling raw sinuous power erupt with each strike as I put all my strength into each blow, but Minerva simply blocked them all, laughing as each strike only did the barest of baby taps to her. And then she did an inner crescent kick that struck me across the face again, and as I fell, she grabbed my head and smashed it into her rising knee.

Dazed, I collapsed to the ground in a heap, only to get a swift kick in the gut that blew the breath from me, picked me up off the ground and threw me a dozen feet away.

“Look at you. Pathetic!” she grinned happily, looking down at me from between her heaving breasts as she knuckled her hips again to strike a pose. “How can you possibly stand up against this beauty? This power? This force of nature!?”

She reached downward and gathered up a bundle of my hair, pulling off my scarf atop my head so that my ears would flop out. She hefted me upward, I grunting and gritting my teeth as I looked at her through one eye. She pulled my head back till I was on my tiptoes with my back arched backward, and at my backside my tail flailed with the effort to keep my balance.

“Yield... and perhaps I’ll let you live...” she hissed into my hooded ear drooping at one side of my head.

I stared at her, opening my other eye as I gritted my teeth tightly at the sight of this woman, grinning triumphantly at me. My fists balled for a moment before I gave a small hop from the tips of my toes, landed clinging to her and jabbed my clawed fingertips into the hollow of her throat.

Minerva gave a shallow gulp of surprise as the two of us tumbled to the ground, I on top of her, bringing my other hand down to smash into her face, and then wrenching my other hand back, brought that down right after it. Five, maybe six as powerful strikes as I could manage struck her full in the face, knocking her head from side to side with each blow before we two collapsed to the ground. And then one right after the other, as my next two blows fell like hammer blows, Minerva’s hands lifted and caught either of my hands in her strong fingers before she turned her head back to me; grinning maliciously.

She didn’t even look bruised!

“That... Hurt.” She grunted, and her fingers suddenly clenched, and I howled out with pain as she slowly lifted herself, twisting my muscled arms together till my biceps pressed against my tits, my tits against one another, and the pair hefting up over my arms. Then my opponent suddenly twisted herself, and I felt the heel of her foot strike me in the face.

For the third time, I tumbled to the ground with a spray of blood erupting from my mouth, and I tumbled over and over myself until I rolled to a halt against the edge of the wall with a thump. This time, when I pushed myself upward, I felt that writhing, churning thing inside me spreading now, sliding into my fingers and toes, making my ears tingle and my head dizzy as I turned to look at Minerva with a new hatred. And then I looked past her at my father, and saw an ever so

small comforting smile against his face. He nodded at me, and with that, I felt renewed somehow, and my body trembled with might as I again rose to my feet, wiping my mouth free of blood before licking it free from my fingers.

Again, Minerva was surprised as I rose to my full height, and this time, I caressed my tit, feeling the writhing thing slide into my erecting nipple, and I slowly began to understand what was going on:

*Transformation...*

I gasped suddenly, and my breasts suddenly detached from my chest, no longer as firm, no longer as light as the glands suddenly uncoiled and began to fill. A heavy, pulsating vibrations pumped through my chest with each throbbing beat of my heart, and I stepped toward our titan-enhanced captor.

Something was happening to me with every step. I felt determination as I approached her, I felt short of breath, energized, exhausted and empowered! And most of all, I felt the brief wobble of my breasts, felt the heavy warmth of cream filling the layered folds and glands of my mammaries, and I smirked at the sight of Minerva staring at my tits as they swelled and enlarged.

The stretching fabric of my bodysuit stretched till it was see through, nothing more than a subtle black haze over my entire body. She was able to view my nipples swell and harden, creating small, reddish rock-like lumps against either of my tits, while four more smaller nipples swelled and hardened against the uppermost pair of abdominals along my belly.

“I am not going to let you win, Minerva.” I said quietly, and stopped several paces before her, cracked my neck one way and then the next, and then flexed myself; revealing a musculature that nearly rivaled her own. I was only smaller. “Let us go, leave us be, and I will not break you.” I repeated my earlier sentiment as I relaxed, shrinking slightly before I cracked my knuckles and loosened my body. “Final chance.”

Minerva’s face tensed with impatient anger.

“I’ll show you final!” she screamed, and as one, the two of us lunged, grasping hands in hands, claws and fingernails clawing into the backs of either’s hands, while our titanic breasts pressed firmly against one another.

But with me, creamy milk kept pouring into my breasts, filling them, expanding them with warm sloshing fluids until the pair became engorged. I moaned with the pleasure as they ached, felt veins and arteries all about them thicken and pulsate warmly to feed the great mounds. My crotch began to moisten as I strained with all my might against Minerva, holding her in place while the muscles in my whole body began to ache.

My teeth gritted as I groaned out my pleasure and exertion, my crotch spreading open like the wings of a butterfly, my clit erecting forward. A trickle of seminal fluids slid between the folds, and this time I groaned, feeling my bones groan with strain. And then, just before my body gave



way to her superior might, even as my waning strength was allowing her to push me slowly backward, there was a dull thud in my chest, and the pair tightened as if a pair of great hands were clenching around them. And though some of the sweet, sweet milk leaked from the hardened nipples on each, all that heavy-laden cream suddenly shot back into my body, and I screamed outward in a heavy orgasm.

My body spasmed, holding in one single, immovable position as my breasts compressed around a much larger pack of mammaries, and the writhing thing in me sucked up each and every last droplet of that milk passed into it.

Either tit, both together able to carry enough to practically fill a forty-gallon drum, suddenly pressed a fluid into me that was nearly as potent as that strange substance Minerva had consumed to become as she is now.

I groaned then, and strained, and that writhing thing spread inside me until it pressed against the walls of my flesh, rising up goose bumps that tickled my nipples and made the hairs on my head, outer forearms and the long treasure trail along my abdomen and crotch stand on end.

And then I began to grow, and grow rapidly. Every intake of breath was sucked through my teeth, and every exhale was an angry groan, half from the intense pleasure I was feeling, and half for my hatred for this woman.

My body lengthened as my breasts began to swell, growing heavier and firmer than the milk-ridden ones they'd just been; their size and bearing pushing backward against Minerva and forcing her to readjust her balance against me.

My barrel of a chest began to heave, and with every exhale, its width broadened and barreled outward until it overhung my stomach and waist, my ribs flaring out in bulbous hooks that arched around the top of my abdominals, while at my back, I felt a series of snaps as the crisscrossing back straps snapped one after the other. The fabric of my bodysuit slid forward and began to stretch anew with the added fabric.

I groaned as my cunt clenched as tight as a fist between my legs, my hips broadening, drawing the skin against my pelvis hard and tight while my rear and thighs bulged mightily.

Now it was my turn to feel such unbridled strength punch its way in and out into my womanhood from the press of the arteries against my cunt and the inside of my legs, throbbing hard and firm as I experienced what felt like pistons slowly extending in my thighs. I then felt those pistons wrapped by steel chords, and then reinforced with powerful girders.

“AH!” I moaned, and my spine arched, and with that simple movement, I threw Minerva back and away, hugging myself as I continued to transform.

My shoulders bowed as my upper back rose higher, my spine pushing outward into a series of bulbous spines, and as I clenched my hands into fists, I heard them crackle and crunch under my own strength.

But then my arms unfolded, my shape reforming like an angel being born while Minerva pushed herself upward to view my newest and greatest transformation.

Powerful pectorals filled in behind my breasts, my breasts attaching straight to corner-to-corner, and edge-to-edge of this inconceivably striated and powerful chords of sheer muscle. My tits thickened into heavy-laden packs of gland and muscle, tipped with a pair of towering nipples before a heavy crunch occurred and my chest pushed forward and outward along sternum and clavicle. My bodysuit stretched steadily there before a run formed down the middle, and then a tear before the fabric slowly began to stretch open, baring the great expanse of my bosom as it continued to fill.

My biceps on my arms thickened and cajoled, spreading into pairs and then quarters as yet another heavy piston feeling slid down the center of either of those immensely swelling biceps to connect to the insides of my forearms. My clawed fingers hooked inward toward the palms as I flexed my body, thighs pressing together as my vaginal mound swelled to a thick and heavy bulge that pulled the crotch of my bodysuit between either of the twin folds them.

My tail thickened along with my spine, hanging heavy from between the three tightly packed bulges of my rear, while my thighs widened and thickened, and with a lunge, I fell to my toes and hands, and felt another change begin as I laid atop my chest, bracing myself on forearms that were rapidly thickening wildly.

My shoulders bulged outward again, even as my back hefted ever higher along its muscle hump, my neck lengthening as it broadened, my waist growing longer still to allow my stomach to crease over and over again. Two pairs of teats thickened and hardened along the upper most pair of my abdominals, aching immediately with my sensual high. Then there was the sensation of crackling, and my forearms and feet lengthened, both thickening mightily as the hair on the back of my head and crotch, as well as against my forearms and calves grew thicker.

My chest actually rose off the ground then and I cried outward my pleasure, feeling a finality to all this power take me as more rents and tears shredded the bathing suit from my body. Then even the portion of my suit hiding my crotch and rear from sight snapped open to allow me to orgasm straight onto the floor in a sinuous jet of hot sticky fluids.

I cried outward, mostly in pleasure now, partly in stinging pain as points tensed against my forehead and skull. My mouth and nose pushed forward into a short muzzle with a flattened nose, and rams horns, cow horns – of both lateral and forward spikes – and a final cranial horn like a rhino's erupted from my skull to arch backward over my head. And with my still resonating scream, I heard it steadily transform into the lulling moo of an enraged cow! I rose; my head brushing against the fifteen-foot high ceiling.

I towered over even the super engorged Minerva, feeling most of my intellectual ability giving way with pure dumb rage. I snorted, and a spray of snot erupted from either nostril as I tensed myself, and I smiled as Minerva tried to rise before me, not realizing that she'd already attempted to do so.

It was then that I grinned, showing a row of flattened teeth, but two pairs of canines that had actually grown to overlap the opposing row of teeth.

Fear rose up in Minerva's eyes, and with a low growl, she suddenly leapt forward and began hammering against my stomach with punches that would've sheered tank armor, but felt little more than taps against my plates of hardened muscle lining my stomach.

I suddenly tensed my stomach muscles, feeling them tighten into dozens of overlapping striations and chords, and hear the light taping transform into heavy crunching. When she stopped, shaking her hurt hands, I made a fist and thumped it down atop her head to stun her, and then skipping backward I crouched low, and then launched myself forward into a body check.

Minerva's once comparably massive body was hunched up over my massive shoulder as my sheer momentum carried us forward, through her once proud desk, and straight into the wall. There was a mighty rumbling impact tremor as I imbedded her into the wall, and drawing backward, I head butted her with the bone protrusions atop my skull, and then promptly began to hammer fist her as fast as a jackhammer, and as powerful as the stroke of an oil derrick.

My rage eventually waned, and when my mentality finally returned to the point where I could think, I blinked my eyes and found myself there with my hands firmly around Minerva's throat; her body bloodied and bruised.

It was then that I felt something touch my massive furred arm, and I turned suddenly to see my father looking up at me, balancing himself with help of the wall.

"It's over, Danni. She's beaten." He said, and I remarked briefly how small he looked. I mean, my *arm* was bigger than he was. "Let her go." He said then, and I turned to Minerva, seeing her choking from my grasp, and rather reluctantly, I let go and staggered backward onto all fours.

She was bloodied, bruised and beaten and breathing heavily. And strangely, as I squatted there, I felt pity.

"Let's go." I said softly, and gathered papa up in my arms, hammered straight through the unarmored floor, and made as direct a path out of this place as I possibly could; whether it meant through a wall or not.

Out in the courtyard, there was an army. I looked at them all as tank cannons and howitzers were leveled on us, along with hundreds of small arms fire. I was a bit saddened about all this.

"Let us go." I said aloud so that enough of them could hear me. "Please let us go. We mean you no harm."

There was a long pause and a silence so profound, it would've matched that that had come from when the whale ate Jonah. And then, one of the soldiers lowered their weapon, and then another, and a dozen more, and still more. The insurmountable relief I felt showed itself upon my face as

I walked forward amongst them, towering twice their size and feeling their looks of awe and wonder about me and my naked body as I walked forward amongst them, and right out the front gate.

## 29

Morning was rising as I walked, totally naked, up to the hospital emergency doors and presented my father to them. By that time, the enhancements that I'd experienced in that last bit with Minerva were dispersing, leaving my chest flattened, but my body definitely more human than it was before, and much more manageable.

A bed sheet served as a toga with a miniskirt until someone was able to get me another one of those bathing suits, but this time I was able to provide a payment for the broken window and the stolen goods. Police did come to question me about it when I accepted blame, but when they saw me, they promptly backed down.

Mid-afternoon saw my titanic breasts beginning to grow backward in the form of a pair of double-D's situated at the base of my massive pecks, and with bandanna and now a skirt in place, I waited for the doctors to finish treating my father. They gave him the largest collection of rooms, only so that I could be close at hand so that they could poke and prod me in the meantime. I just let them do their thing, glad that papa was ok.

Government agents came by later in the afternoon, during a time when papa was allowed to rest, and told him of what had happened at the government building.

Minerva was arrested and detained after the affects of her fluid wore off, in which she was sent to a prison to await the completion of a board of inquiry. Papa smirked at this, as did the agents, and I surmised that such a trial would take ages to resolve. Especially since she was being inedited for conspiracy, treason, and other such capitol crimes.

Then they spent another hour just apologizing to us. They had no idea Minerva was selling secrets, but they could find nothing of this organization she'd apparently been apart of, but they were nonetheless interested in continuing the government contract with him.

Father said he'd think about it.

Later came the storeowner of the swimsuit store, who likewise came with a regional representative, both of whom took one look at me wearing one of their one-size-fits-all suits and immediately offered me a modeling contract and a grant for education. I signed it with only a single reassuring glance from dad.

And then we had some time alone, in which my father and I talked like a father and daughter should, but haven't been able to do in over an age and a day. Over a year of catching up to do...

Eventually, we got onto what was to become of me...

“It’s a super soldier serum, Danni... and it’s successful.” Father was saying. “And likewise, its more successful for women then it is for men. I was surprised the government wasn’t here to snatch you up for training right away.”

I was silent at that, and I looked down at my hands, equipped with the big claw-like nails that were of the same bony stuff of hooves.

*Sheer... unbridled power*, I thought for a moment, and then hugged myself. By this time, late in the evening, my breasts had filled enough where they pressed against one another. By morning, I’d need to have another go at the milking machine.

“What’s to become of me?” I asked, looking to my father as he laid in his hospital bed looking at me. “Is this permanent?” he nodded. “Is this reversible?”

“Do you want it to be?” he responded.

I looked down at my hands, flexing the thick fingers again. “I don’t know. I... I kinda like it.”

Papa smiled, and there was another pause.

I stayed with him until he fell asleep, and then I walked home, slowly, not bothering to run or jog, but taking it rather slowly across country to avoid being seen. There was a lot on my mind. I didn’t want to go through the house, so I did a small hop onto the roof overhanging the porch, opened my bedroom window and squeezed myself through the window, having a definite problem maneuvering through the gap with my increased size, and with the enormity of my boobs.

Finally, I simply climbed into bed, pulled the covers up over my head and slipped off to sleep.

Weariness – a mental weariness superceding my profound strength – settled on me, and I just slept and slept and slept....

## 30

I awoke the next morning engorged... a strange and intriguing experience having your breasts being tight and firm against your chest, with the veins and arteries all swollen and throbbing, and your nipples as hard as diamonds. But my kind of engorgement seemed to have a secondary trait, in which that milk that was produced by my breasts and wasn’t siphoned off was immediately absorbed by my body. So I likewise felt engorged all over, as well as at my femininity which was firm, swollen and hard via an erect clit. Throwing the heavy quilt aside, I fondled my full breasts with a small smile against my face, definitely enjoying the burgeoning bosom I now possessed.

But just then, there was a knock at my door just before the door opened, and there stood the housemaid, now with a catatonic stare on her face.

It took three of the hands to calm her down from screaming, and a good hour telling everyone about what had happened to me and papa over the last few days. Later on, there was a call from the hospital stating that they were going to release papa from care.

With all that relief, I then retired from everyone for some time alone.

I found that my milk store that I'd made the night before was sold on this morning's milk pickup, and we got top dollar for it for the high grade of it all. A note was left that "the cow that made this batch is indeed a high quality beast. We will take special batches of her milk for a higher price. Thank you for your patronage."

I smiled at that as I began to strip off my skirt and bathing suit, feeling my bodice, caressing my breasts and coaxing my nipples harder before I felt my biceps and hard body. Then kneeling there in the middle of the floor I hooked up my two tits to the milking machine, and genially coaxing the two other pair beneath my primaries to feel the intense sexual pleasure my body was now capable of.

My tits together produced even more than the batch before, while my body likewise shrank to its new normal size of a three and a half meter tall Amazon, with a pair of double-D breasts situated at the base of my chest.

After I was drained, I then half crawled, half walked on all fours into the showering room and just sat in the middle of the floor and let the warm heated water wash all the sweat, grime and dried sexual juices from my body.

It was a new life for me.

## 31

The rest of this year's high school was a series of compromises and getting used to being stared at.

In my normal form, I was tall enough for my head to brush against the ceiling, and throughout the day I had the eyes and attention of every last boy in school due to the fact that my tits slowly expanded throughout the day, and also given the fact that I didn't wear a bra added to the attention.

It was very hard to hide nipples that large. Even when they were soft and supple.

I sat at the back of the class, usually on the floor or on a cushion, having to lean over to take notes and tests due to the size of my chest.

The Gym teacher just took one look at me and just sent me to study hall. Apparently so as to not offset the curve. That, and during swim class I created a wake so large that it disrupted everyone else in the pool.

Being that this was my last year, I tried to remain as far away from attention as possible, but it would forever be legend that this school educated a muscle-bound eight-foot young woman with tits bigger than her head.

But my nights were all to myself.

Nightly, the milking barn was cleared, and after dinner and my studies, I retreated to the privacy of this place and stripped myself naked. I stretched myself in a room in which I could stretch out in, caressing breasts that were now beginning to become engorged. I took my nightly shower in the circular stall – all the actual cows now had a newer, separate barn from me – and once done, let the milking machine suck heavily from my breasts like a pair of desiring mouths.

At first, the nuzzling of suction upon my teats was orgasmic, pleasing and sensuous, but slowly the sensations just passed off onto a relaxing nuzzle that allowed me to forget myself and just lay there.

But unbeknownst to me, I had developed an admirer.

There was still a one-way mirror in my new home, one that hadn't been reversed. It was a throwback from when the cows were all being serviced here. The one that had been in the observation room had been reversed when I'd converted this building for living quarters, but the mirrors inside this chamber, from looking in from the outside, there was a single mirror for keeping track of the milking procedure from outside the building. So every night, for weeks, he came and watched me undress, watched me shower or bathe myself, and most of all, watched me be milked.

Night after night, on a regular basis, was this happening; and he was always very good at avoiding detection... till I installed a hidden camera over the window he watched me from. And I was quite surprised at what I saw.

It was Derrick, captain of the Football team.

He was tall and strong – for a guy at least – and handsome... I felt a blush burn my cheeks when I checked the video and saw who it was. The next day, I came up to him and talked for a while.

He was tall enough to tower over the gaggle of girls around him, but as soon as I walked up, they all got scared off and scurried away, especially since I stood head, shoulders and chest above him. Thankfully, I'd worn my new "I'm up here" shirt with an arrow pointing to my face. He was flustered, but very cute in his football jersey.

I put on my best smile, bending over just enough for him to look at both my face, and also gain a view down my shirt.

"Hello, Derrick." I greeted, my breasts falling downward into the front of my shirt, with the mounds of my nipples forming little lumps against its front. "You look like a very brave person." I reached up and fingered his chin, smiling all the more as I leveled my face with his.

“I-I hope to be.” He grinned, trying to look at ever bit of me at once.

“Yes you are. Especially when you are peaking in on the very private time of a woman who outweighs you by nearly four times your mass.” I grinned as he swallowed heavily. “So I give you a choice. Should you show bravery enough to actually enter my home tonight, and then I’ll reward you for your bravery. And if you don’t, then I don’t ever want to see you at my window ever again.”

I straightened, and caressed the lower ridge of my breast for him, tweaking my nipples a little more erect for his view before turning my back on him and walked away, giving him a sultry look at my rear in my necessarily tight jeans.

That night, I entered my home, and waited for him to arrive. By this time, my breasts were engorged, my nipples hard and all the veins across my breasts full and heavy; throbbing energetically to keep the milk inside the glands fresh and warm. It was beginning to get a little too hard to carry all that milk inside me. I gave a sensuous moan, sounding like a cow mooing for its calf or for milking, until finally, I saw him walking speedily across the field to my parlor through one of the windows.

I felt a warm, ever so soft smile cross my face as I watched him move rapidly toward me, and I caressed my breast softly in anticipation to my plan.

Retreating into the milking parlor, I leaned against the railing surrounding the machine in its slightly raised segment of the parlor. Gone were all the stalls for the cows, as was the feeding trough. Those had been moved to the new milking barn. The former dirty floor tiles had been removed and replaced with new clean white tiles, though the floor drain stayed, it was now surrounded by one of those new heated floor tile systems with the heated water going through the plastic pipes under the tile.

My only addition to the scene was to add a deep shag carpet on the floor.

Derrick quietly stepped into the enlarged doorway leading into the parlor, almost shyly, and saw me leaning there, much of my face hidden by my thick mane of hair, however what he was able to see, was my wide, toothy smile.

“You *are* brave.” I said, my form tensing now while my crotch began to moisten. He remained quiet. “No one, not even my own father or maid would dare to delve this far into my private life. Now, my question is, do you want to delve farther?”

At this point, I lifted my head and leveled my amber brown eyes on him.

He swallowed and then nodded, apparently trying to prepare himself for a night of torture.



At that point, I removed my bandanna, and let my ears flop open, and then unbuckled the fanny pack from around my waist, and pulled my long tail out from the end of it. At its end, near the tuft of soft hairs at its end, I'd been starting to tie a red ribbon to the end of it.

He gasped at the sight of that. Apparently, from all the times he'd seen me naked, he'd never chanced to see my ears, or my tail. Who would, when after all a human view through that window would only give him view of me from the chest upward, and my hair was sufficiently bushy enough to hide my ears from view.

I stepped forward then, pushing off from the railing and stood before him to appraise me as I pulled all my hair backward and lifted my ears upward for him to gain a better view.

What do you think of me now?

"T-tail?" he muttered, and I smiled, and turned my heavily muscled back to him so that he could see the tail peaking out through a specially designed tail hole in my pants. A simple flap with a snap on it covered its top.

But now, his eyes weren't drawn to my tail... more toward my tail section. Un-flexed, my rear was full, and rounded, and decidedly firm. From over my broad shoulder, I could see one of his hands lifting to touch it, and I paused, until he actually did lay a hand on my rear.

"You *are* brave." I said, and he suddenly removed his hand if burned. "If I were you, I'd be quite afraid to touch my rear. But I want your opinion. Do you like what you see? What you felt?"

He looked dumbly at me and nodded.

"Good," I smiled then, and quickly, stealthily began unbuttoning the fly of my jeans. "Then how about a better look?"

I pushed them down off my widened hips, stepping out of them as I bent over almost double, allowing him to see the bud of my womanhood beneath the great and rounded things that were my rear, even as my tail lifted to pull out of my pants. I heard him give a choke, as I likewise removed my slip on shoes and stepped out of my pants.

Now only in a shirt and my underwear – which was nothing more than two small triangular leather patches to cover my womanhood and my anus beneath my tail joined by beaded straps – I reached behind me, took both of his hands and festooned them upon the bulging pads of my rear.

For a moment, he just stood there, holding onto me like that, before I actually felt him caressing my bottom, sliding his thumbs along the outer edges of where the two cheeks met. And then my thumbs hooked into the beaded straps of my leather panties, and he suddenly stopped as he watched that fall, and turning to him, I giggled, just before crossing my arms before me and pulling my shirt up over my head, revealing the beauty and power of my naked body.

I towered over him, my bosom causing a shadow over his face from the lights above.

I leaned backward again, planting myself briefly before the bar around the milking machine, pressing my thighs together to frame my crotch with the mighty expanse of muscle, allowing him to view everything of me. My face, my tits, my crotch and thighs, my claves, and finally down to my feet ending in two cloven toes. Every movement I made was a titanic shuffle of might and muscle, and when I lowered myself onto the heated tiles, I folded my legs together and looked up the short ways between us. Even despite that he was standing and I was sitting, I was still tall enough to be straight in his chest.

I leaned back again, positioning my heavily muscled arms along the ridge of the upraised floor supporting the machine and all its pipes; my chest broadening and spreading with the movement to cleave my breasts one from the other so that they sat apart from one another before me.

“You’ve proven yourself to be very brave, Derrick. I am very impressed. But are you willing to continue? Do you wish to go...” and here I paused and took on a sultry sort of voice. “Deeper?”

“Do you want me to?” he asked quietly, and took a hesitating step closer.

That took me a little off guard, but I regained my composure immediately. “Of course I do. Before I became like this, no one knew I existed. After I became like this, no one wanted to know I existed. And here you are, daring to get a closer look at me... and not just off a dare; otherwise you would’ve just done it once. Instead, you keep coming back. I admire that.”

He was silent for only a moment longer, and then responded. “Then show me.”

I smiled, and then looked down to my chest, and moving my arms, I cradled the pair with one arm, and then caressed the front of one massively formed tit with the other. Down the long shafts of my nipples, each ending in their widened nibs, I felt the passage of my life-giving fluid begging to be released.

“This farm produces two kinds of milk. One is the regular kind that you can buy anywhere. The other kind is special. It bares the farm’s seal, and the bistro in town actually specializes in selling it.”

“I know. I order it all the time. I always feel stronger after it.”

I smiled.

“That milk doesn’t come from any cow.” I said, and slowly uncoiled, rising up atop my knees and rolling my shoulders back, my hands knuckling the sides of my head as I puffed my twin, fully engorged tits outward to him.

This took him by surprise and he took several steps backward from me.

“Y-you’re *joking!*” he stammered, staring at the twin ladies atop my chest as I let them hang and wobble there, full of milk.

“No...” I smiled. “I am not. I produce just over forty gallons a day; two milkings a day – once in the morning and once at night after school – ten gallons a breast.”

I bent my head and kissed one of the pair, tasting the subtle taste of my sweat, of the soap and lotions I always wore to keep my hide-like skin soft, and felt the soft, soft, felt-like hide that decorated the pair. Just like a cow’s udder.

“Forty gallons are picked up every day, cultured, processed and pasteurized... However... the process of pasteurization kind of destroys its true capabilities.”

““True Capabilities?”” he echoed, and again I smiled before settling backward, rolling my shoulders up over the ridge of the platform again.

“This is the next step of your bravery, Derrick.” I grinned, brandishing both of the surreptitious points atop my chest. Suckle from me...”

I lifted my chin, smiling all the more fully now at his apparent nervousness. But then he bent and touched my breasts, felt them both and then caressed them; felt their weight and was surprised by the mass, he then bent even further downward, festooned his lips about my tit, and subtly began to suck.

My muscles tensed, and my eyes slowly closed as I felt the creamy fluids leak into his mouth, and with a sigh, I began to caress my other tit, feeling that juicy soft fluid slide slowly over my fingers from the free nipple. And then I felt Derrick’s hands find mine, and our hands laced together as my other hand clenched, flexing my bicep and tricep at the same time as I groaned.

*How could Minerva ever like transformation better than sex, I thought. And this is just the foreplay! But not much more time for that...*

I reached forward and slowly pushed him off of me, and he sucked from my nipple for as long as he could until I pushed him backward; his mouth detaching from me with a wet kinda slurp.

“How do you feel?” I asked, knowing what had already happened. The change was already apparent.

“I feel...” he flexed his arms, looking at the definite tension, seeing the increase in height, the firmness in his abs... *Damn he looks cute*, my mind wandered. “I feel great!” he finished at last.

I practically purred as I rolled myself forward, sliding a hand from his abs up to his chest, and then pushing his jersey off his head to show his heavily muscled chest.

“How is this possible?” he asked, flexing his newfound strength.

“Sadly, it is only temporary.” I responded, pressing up against him and kissing his chest, holding him at the small of the back while my hand atop his chest slowly slid down past his ribs and onto

his abs. “But for the time being, you are stronger, faster...” then my probing hand slid over his groin, and two of my clawed fingers pressed to either side of his obvious erection. “Bigger.”

I heard him give out a groan as he clenched his teeth, and beneath my touch, I felt the bulge in his pants grow and thicken, until I saw the fleshy tip of his manhood peak out from just above his belt.

It was then, that I looked up at him again, and smiled my warmest smile.

“Are you ready to be brave again?” I cooed, and bent forward to kiss the hollow of his chest.

He looked down at me, saw me as I slid a few of my fingers into his pants to finger his pelvis, and caress either side of his groin and its bulging helmet. All he could manage was to nod. Already, his second brain in his pants had taken over. It was then that I rolled backward again, my thighs pressed together briefly.

“Then show me that you’re brave.”

It was then that my thighs spread opened like the wings of a butterfly, and between the mighty packs of solid muscle, my cunt stood there invitingly; its twin petals engorged and spread open like the flowers of a rose, and the pistil of my clitoris erect and throbbing, the lighter color of my inner flesh glittering with moisture.

Now it was my turn to be nervous, and likewise it was my turn to be excited. I was opening myself to a young man... I was about to lose my virginity! The moment in my life I thought would never happen. As an heiress to a farm, and a nerd with an overly eccentric father, there weren't too many boys interested in me. Now as a burgeoning Amazon who outweighed any fully-grown Olympian man by three or four times – breasts included – there weren't too many of the young men around me who were all that interested in me either.

For Derrick – the lead quarterback of the football team no less – to be interested in me – *plus he was too cute!* – was far too much luck to pass up.

And so it was with trepidation on both our parts, that I watched as he unbuttoned and unzipped his fly, hands shaking with nervousness – *this must be his first time too*, I considered – I finally gazed in the flesh the man's version of a sex organ.

Sure, health class had shown us a lot, but they would never *dare* show us the actual thing! That sort of thing was left up to those ‘special art classes’ they had, and for the college level health classes. But the two of us remained there, both of us in our own apparent levels of heightened awareness, our own levels of arousal.

And then Derrick knelt between my thighs, and I conveniently rolled my hips for him. He lined himself up for me, and in anticipation I watched him lean forward for the insertion between my thighs, and I felt my cunt clench. And then I felt him press against my womanhood, and the juices of my femininity lubricated my cunt thoroughly.

My eyes clenched as I waited for the inevitable: penetration!

But the inevitable didn't come. And eventually, I opened my eyes in surprise, seeing him trying to push into me. But the vaginal walls that acted as the gates into my womanhood were sealed shut with the power of my body's strength. And he, a normal human, didn't possess a 'key' strong enough to pierce those gates.

I felt my luck suddenly transform into an overwhelming feeling of being cheated.

"Damn." He and I both uttered silently.

But then I realized something more.

"No... we're not done yet." I said with triumph, and hugged him to me, feeling his erection poke me sturdily against my abdominals and slip over my belly button, and despite the fact that he was cheated into entering me, he nonetheless grew quite hard again when pushed up against my tits.

"Drink." I commanded, holding him close to me as I reached down and adjusted him so that his tip was positioned perfectly at the threshold of my gate.

He seemed to understand then, and smiling, dipped himself and began to suckle again... this time from my other tit.

The effect of the serum-laced milk took its effect on his body almost immediately. He drew from the luscious fluids as quickly and as energetically as he could. Within my arms, I felt the same transformation that had possessed Minerva to take him, and between my legs, I felt an ever-increasing pressure as the size of his manhood thickened and grew longer, filling with blood as it erected harder and harder.

I gave off pleasing sounds as I cradled him to my breast, my eyes tightening again as my body arched, and my hips rolled into him. He was hunching over me now, with one enlarged hand kneading my spare breast, working it softly.

And then the gates of my womanhood slowly began to spread, and then with an orgasmic plunge, he slid inside me. I gave off a low, orgasmic groan, pushing my own hips into his as he came up for air from sucking from my tit. My eyes opened slightly, peeking at the sight he'd become, and I gazed in awe at the Olympian might he possessed now.

*Damn, if only that were permanent...* I thought, and caressed his chest briefly.

He was nowhere near as strong as me, but the shaft he was now rocking into me was thick enough and hard enough to pleasure me.

And so I was cuddled and cajoled, laid back on my soft shag carpet and made love to. It was a good thing it was a Friday... we were at it for hours. Afterwards, we both took a shower and the remnants of my milk were drawn from me by the machine while he and I cuddled.

It was a blessing. I now had the unthinkable.... A steady boyfriend.

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Daddy had sealed his work away. He didn't even tell me where he'd put them. The stairwell to his old lab was rebuilt, widened and deepened, and I used it for my own bedroom now. Derrick and I had many a wild romp there in all the fluffy blankets.

The government grant money was most wildly accepted, and even a more permanent serum was implemented as an "Anthrax immunization." For our nation's troops later on. Well, c'mon. How else do you think our soldiers get so tough?

I completed high school, no more popular among everyone now that I had the captain of the football team as my boyfriend. His steady nursing direct from my breasts helped him increase his muscle mass better than raw steroids would've been capable of doing, and eventually he can to retain some of his physical strength where he didn't need to suckle from me to enter me.

Thankfully, he kept the secret of Macaw Farms Grade-A milk in strictest confidence.

After high school, however, I received a letter from the U.S. Department of Defense, which began with a single word... "Greetings,"

Papa's face fell with that notice. It meant that I'd been drafted.

"They didn't even send a recruiter." He said reading the note, which seemed a lot longer than the standard draft notice.

It was a two-year tour, but in the same batch of mail, father got another grant check for several million dollars. Apologies from his contacts at the USD for having to take this route with me. Papa invested it all into a savings account for me.

Derrick was rather upset to see me leave. He was already playing for the state college football team. I was very surprised when he showed up one night with a little black felt box...

We were married a week later, and the next month afterward – a month of sensual tirade with him – I was shipped out to basic.

It was a rather interesting thing... in several ways how the military had been developing. Especially now that they were coed.

Five hundred guys and gals all in one barracks, shower room, etc... necessitated certain changes to be made. Likewise, being that I was nearly twice the size of anyone else there, gave me a

certain bearing over everyone... save for the drill sergeants. I don't think anything could intimidate those people.

I was rushed through basic, skipping over certain things that they believed wasn't necessary. Such as the "anthrax immunization," and placed immediately into the officers training courses.

This they took time to complete, and likewise, at this time, all my new special accommodations were provided. My own room, form-fitting uniform – a black bodysuit provided by the same people who made my old bathing suits – with a simple skirt, and a beret, all needed course materials, and tutors.

Along side that came accelerated training for collegiate level education along with my officers training, and by the end of my two-year tour, I was a lieutenant in a Special Forces group, with the equivalent of a Masters Degree in computers with all the necessary certifications.

Only then, did I discover the true purpose of the military's forceful drafting.

At the time of my graduation, I met the colonel responsible for my recruiting and training. As well as some of the other "recruits."

I found then that Minerva had escaped from jail shortly after she was put in, and in the two years in which she'd been loose I was now facing some of her most recent "projects." Four other young girls had all been gene spliced just as I had; using what data Minerva had stolen from my father. Generally incomplete, but nonetheless quite formidable in their own rights.

There was a shark by the name of Rokea, a swift swimmer who had the ability to temporarily increase her strength like me. Next was a snake given the name Big Joanna, a wispy girl who transformed into a massively built Naga-like creature; an impressively *huge* wolf and an equally large cat, who strangely adopted the codenames of Puss and Boots. These last two were twins it seemed, both with shifting abilities like Joanna.

I wondered what it meant that our colonel was codenamed "Gilgamesh." The Ultimate Warrior according to Spanish legends. He, however, looked totally human.

I and my new team were to counteract Minerva and her secret agency.

I went home that day for my vacation, in hopes of seeing my husband for the first time in months, only to be incurred a new surprise.

Steadily over the last two years, Derrick had been moving into the farm, to help care for it while I was away, and while father was busy. It was then that I found that he'd been working like a workhorse. Literally.

Father's work, though hidden, was apparently not forgotten, and Derrick had given up his football career, and convinced my father to make him more compatible for me. Mentally, genetically... and of course... physically.

And so when I came home to my husband, I found myself greeted by a twelve foot Clydesdale on its hind legs, with a human physique and mostly human face. Apparently, father had injected him with a serum similar to the one he'd placed in me in his emergency nearly three years ago, but this time laced with the DNA of several thoroughbred horses.

The black shiny hair of Arabians, the muscle mass and power of Belgians and Clydesdales, and the lightly spotted flesh of an Appaloosa.

And I thought *I* looked exotic...

It was rather humorous to come home and see him working the fields with a plow attached via yoke and harness to his back. I was skeptical and slightly upset at this decision until our 'private time,' and I found that my hubby was not only built like a horse... but was likewise hung like one.

So, that's my story. That's how I became a super heroine, and why I now wear this sexy form-fitting bodysuit and fight crime and stuff with my own team of super femmes. What? You've never heard of all this stuff before? Well good... that means that the PR and cover-up teams are doing their job...

Now if we could only stop those damn reporters from the supermarket tabloids....

**End**