

## Lovely Hormones

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**Rated:** R

**Warning:** This story contains acts of fetish sexuality, including growth, as well as breast and penis expansion as well as mild domination. Do not read this story if you are not considered an adult within your respective nation.

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My name's Elizabeth Jennings.

I work as a bio-chemist for a mega-conglomerate corporation designing steroids to be fed to livestock for various purposes, usually to make them fatter so as to generate more meat. I also help develop a multitude of hormonal supplements to produce greater lactation in female cattle, along with several other hormonal and steroid chemicals whose end-result regardless as to what it does is nonetheless a good profit margin.

The pay is good, and I was lucky to get this position, and if not for the ass hole I had to work with, this would've been the perfect job.

Case in point, I was leaning before one of the microscopes, watching the affects of a new hormone we'd developed on some muscle tissue, when all of a sudden:

"Hey Lizard Breath!" the call came out, and I felt a hand grip the clothing at my back, taking hold of lab coat, sweater, blouse and bra strap, pull back sharply and then release with a snap that stung when it struck.

I hissed with anger and rose sharply, trying to palm the spot he'd snapped me at, and I growled at him like a cat as he hurried away like an eight year old child who'd just pulled a practical joke. I was at that time of the month, and I could never remember PMS ever affecting me so badly as it was today. I was agitated, cramped up, moody and contemplating many atrocious things involving hammers. I wanted to punch him, claw his laughing face off with my finger nails, but a quick look to the video camera that had been turned away when he did his little bra snapping trick turned back at me again. The blinking red light atop the camera told me that what I wanted to do to his sorry ass wasn't worth getting caught on tape for, so I simply counted to ten and turned back to my work.

It was like that day in and day out with this guy... one James O'Malley. Since this was always working at night, for whatever reason, all the complaints I sent in were reviewed by some suit in the morning, and none of those complaints were actually resolved. One came back telling me that I needed to "Think Forward" and "Resolve it yourself" and such niceties of corporate jargon.

Maybe a good old-fashioned sexual harassment suit would make them see that I was serious and fire this bastard. I seriously wouldn't mind doing the work of two, being that I was already doing all the work anyways.

But as I was looking into the microscope again, watching how certain proteins were reacting to the hormonal batch *we* were supposed to be developing, but it was more like *I* was developing, I suddenly spasmed as I felt a needle punch its way through my lab coat, dress and panties, just before the hot rush of something being injected into me and more laughter from the hyena, and twisting myself, I saw a hypo sticking out of my butt.

“Ha Ha!” the joker laughed at me. “That oughta give ya a big butt!”

“What the hell did you just stick me with?!” I cried and pulled it out, still amidst all the laughter, and looking at the label on the syringe, I gaped and then promptly ran to the bathroom, using the ID badge swinging from my belt to open the private bathroom and lock him out, feeling a heat suffusing both glutes that was likewise pushing into the twin folds of my labia.

Breathing quickly, quite frightened and that state of PMS making me overreact as well to the situation, I very nearly ripped open the medical kit to get at some instruments, and hiking up the dress I wore and pushing down the panties beneath them to uncover the spot I was injected in, a cotton swap loaded with iodine to dab at the space, I prepared to try to kill the hormones that were already hard at work doing what they were designed to do.

But what I saw made me pause.

I always had a semi-flabby butt with no hips, but even as I watched, feeling the muscles in those glutes warming up till they were all hot, I watched with trepidation as the slightly cauliflower flesh began to smooth and firm, and I pressed on the flesh as it tightened up into a smooth realm of silken and renewed flesh. Pushing the panties I wore further downward and hiking those skirts completely upward, I arched myself and faced that butt to the mirror, even as the bones of both hips broadened slightly and the muscles firmed and tightened into a heart-shaped pair of swells. The pert pair of vaginal lips tucked in beneath those glutes were likewise tightening and pressing against each other to become neatly framed by the swollen mounds of ass cheek above and to either side of it.

It was the sort of butt I always dreamed of having, tried to achieve while working out, and here in a few moments, I'd grown it!

Pulling those panties back up and settling my skirts back downward, I ditched the wad of cotton and iodine and picked up the used syringe and read the label in greater detail. Apparently James wasn't a complete retard. Though he did use a super concentrate of a hormone culture that was developed here, it was less than a percent of the hormone diluted in pure water; just enough to give me a nice firm butt and slightly widened hips.

Standing there, and looking at the way the skirts I wore settled over the newly widened hips that held either leg, I hiked up the front of those skirts and slid a pair of fingers against the still tightening labia at the base of my navel; feeling them clenching and tightening as the heat of the injection suffused them for a moment longer and then waned. I sighed and lifting the hand I caressed myself with, pushed it down into the crotch of those panties and slid the nails of all those fingers through the downy pubic hairs decorating that subtle love mound even as I moistened with the pleasure and arousal of the warmth. My heart began to beat ecstatically from the sensations of both hips widening and bottom firming up, and from those pussy lips tightening and swelling made me sigh and cream a minute jet of nectar that glanced against the tips of all my fingers.

Looking at myself in the mirror as I gently caressed my womanhood, I began to smile at the reflection I saw there. Perhaps it was the un-stately way my mind worked when I was on menstrual, but I began to think of something truly wicked, truly diabolical, and also because of the state of mind I was in, I couldn't think of a single reason as to why I shouldn't do it. So hiking up my panties again, that garment vastly displaying a camel toe with my eagerness to get the plan underway before I resettled the skirts over my crotch and thighs again, I left the bathroom, reveling in the new tight ass I now possessed with the bulging womanhood nestled just below it, that moistening pussy pressing against the insides of either of my thighs, and I smirked at James who looked at me confusedly as I tossed the syringe into the bio-hazard depository and seemingly went on with my job.

Seemingly...

I first began to make preparations. The culture that James had used on me in a diluted form was from a vial that was in its holding container pending relocation to another lab. Checking the computer inventory, I removed it and several other vials that I thought would make useful improvements to me as a woman, taking them all from cold storage and defrosting them over a period of one hour. The best part of this was that James didn't care enough to know what I was doing, and the guards watching us had no idea what our itinerary for testing was anyways, so no one was the wiser to what I was doing.

Thrice more I got harassed by James, either by a slap on the rump or a snapped bra strap while I was doing this, and I almost dropped a batch of the hormones when he did one of them.

"You got a nice firm ass now, Liz, you wanna go find a quiet place where the camera can't find us and go for a ride?"

The first look I shot at him was a snarl, but ever so slowly the features of my face rose into a sneering grin that made him take a step back.

"Maybe later." I said and continued on with the preparations.

That statement threw him off guard for now, for he obviously never expected me to say yes, or even hint at saying yes, and his stupor allowed me to continue on with the

preparations without further interruptions from him as he contemplated the thought of possibly getting pussy from me.

Finally, thirty-two separate chemicals that, in a human body in their level of concentration, would have immediate and remarkable results. Bone strengthening enzymes, muscle growth hormones, mammary growth hormones, enzymes, super proteins and steroids, brain stimulants and some adrenaline just to make the whole process go faster...

I made like I was doing an inventory as I moved the trays of chemicals to right beside the camera within the room, and whenever it moved away from me, I reached up and undid the video feed a little. A quarter turn each time it panned away, one after the other, jiggling the wire that was connected to the security station outside near the gate so that they would think that the camera was going bad. The occasional glance over the shoulder at James showed him playing solitaire on his work station. The smile I had broadened more and more as each pan of the camera passed, and when I was nearly done with all the preparations, and the security station would now be seeing the occasional fuzzy screen from the loose cable on the back of the camera, I retrieved two things now:

A Hypospray gun and a pipe wrench from the tool cabinet.

Then going back to the camera, as it panned away, I reached up and turned it the rest of the way off, and immediately the beeps came from the intercom system from the security station checking in with us from a loss of video. Just like clockwork. Moving over to the station, cause James had done nothing more than to turn to me and tell me to get it with gestures alone, I depressed the call switch.

“Yes?”

“Mrs. Jennings? We seem to be having a malfunction with the security camera. Is everything all right?”

“Yes it is, Joe.” I said immediately. “All’s clear here. The security doors are still on and we have power.”

“Do you want us to send someone?” Joe asked.

“That won’t be necessary.” I said and smiled.

“Ten-four, call us if you need us.”

“I will Joe.” I replied, and depressing the call switch, lifted the pipe wrench and brought it crashing down on the intercom, smashing it several times before I turned to James’s startled gaze with a smile.

“What the hell are you doing?” he gasped at what I’d done as I moved over to the place where all the chemicals were, took up the hypospray gun and loaded it with several vials. The very first was the same chemical he’d injected me with.

I wanted its effects in me most of all.

“This was my dream job.” I said as I checked the gun, removed all its safeties and set the release of the substances it was about to inject to max. “And then I met you, you sorry sack of shit.” James spasmed in surprise from being called that. “You made my life hell, made it so that I dreaded coming to work, ruined years of training and made it worthless by your very presence. I do all the work around here, I garner both of us the advancements we get here, but you steal all the credit. I’m sick and tired of it, James... so I’m going to show you why they say *‘hell hath no fury next to a woman scorned.’*”

And I lifted the gun to the artery in my neck and pulled the trigger.

I felt several chemicals flooding into me, a torrent of hormones and enzymes. Protein sequences, estrogen, mammary growth hormones, metabolic enhancers, muscle growth hormones just for a start. Usually, a dose from the gun was a quick snap... I’d felt it from time to time when I got the yearly flu inoculation from the company, but then it was only three of the nozzles on the gun. This time it was all thirteen nozzles on the gun, offloading three separate vials, our whole stores of those concoctions, into the major artery into my body.

I left a strange abrasion on the side of my neck that rapidly healed as I gasped and moaned immediately as I lowered the gun, feeling the heat of the chemicals, enzymes, fluids, genetic re-sequencers and so on, flooding my veins, creeping along every artery, vein and capillary in me and forcing them all to stand on end. The heat spread into each finger and toe, suffusing every square inch of flesh on me, brought a tingling realm of goose bumps onto that flesh, and when it flushed between my legs, it suffused that ripening and swelling mass of vaginal flesh there into a throbbing heat that began a steady trickle of releasing nectar into the front of the panties I wore.

I immediately picked at the collar of the blouse I was wearing, undoing its buttons and opening it up to reveal the muscles of my throat, all of which were throbbing as the heart inside me began to hammer and quicken, pumping the fluids I’d just injected into me to every little recess of my form.

“Liz... what did you just do?!” James gasped, rising slowly from his chair to face me.

I merely smirked, cupping both breasts with either hand, feeling the fingernails of each finger lengthening already, felt the muscles in me firming up and pressing tightly against my flesh, smoothing it out and ridding years of wrinkles.

“Thanks to your little practical joke giving me such a tight ass, I was able to determine that though these hormones and enzymes and steroids are all made for cattle, they are

nonetheless generic enough to affect any kind of animal... which means that this was eventually to be used for human use.”

I loaded three more vials and injected them into the other side of my neck. I could feel both my nipples and clitoris erecting as hard as could be, forming peaks in both bra, blouse and sweater for James to see, and pitching a sizeable nib within the tops of the panties covering my loins before I withdrew the hypospray gun and the wound once again healed itself immediately through the marvelous use of protein sequencers.

“Yes I got a wonderfully nice ass, but now... I’m going to turn into a goddess, and I’m going to show you exactly how demeaning it is to be treated the way you treat me...”

James watched as I loaded three more sets of chemicals into me before he got up and made a dash for the door, but I laughed lightly skipped over to him and took his wrist. I grinned at him as he stared at me in horror as the grip I held on his wrist steadily began to tighten, compressing painfully on his tendons and causing the bones in his wrist to creak as I forcibly took his wrist away from the door. His eyes widened even more as my body started to swell, and I laughed and threw him backward lightly, but the force of my already enhanced strength threw him backward several feet to which he stumbled but nonetheless caught himself short of falling. Then I looked at my hands, laughing even louder as I felt the strength weaving into me, felt the transformation, though slow, steadily begin to assert itself.

James backed away from me and then stumbled, falling to the floor, but as he watched me thickening still, he continued on his way away from me by crawling backward on the floor. I turned to him, feeling even the muscles that were the nipples, areola and clitoris on me swelling and growing thicker as I laughed again, and reaching sideways, took hold of a large rack of supplies and tilted it easily with one hand so that it fell and blocked the door. That rack, especially with all that was on it, was way to heavy for me to move even with both hands, and here I moved it with only one hand.

I could feel the growth, feel the strength swelling inside me to stretch my flesh, and then I groaned, holding myself with both arms about me as I stepped back to where all the chemicals were as I continued laughing at him. Then grabbing the hypospray, I loaded and inserted the rest of the chemicals and injected them into me.

Thirty two different sets of hormones, enzymes, steroids and the like...and I could feel the cocktail of substances roiling around inside me, my heart quickening all that much faster as I stepped away from the stand, and just let James watch all the changes that were happening to me.

“Hmm... yeah...” I groaned, feeling the fluids combining inside me.

The fluids rushed and churned, mixing like clothes in a washing machine as they flooded through the pathways that also carried the life’s blood of this body. They began to be taken in by those blood cells and transported into the bones and marrow and into the

various tissues within me. I looked down at my hand and laughed, showing it to him as the muscles of that hand throbbed and the fingernails on their ends lengthened ever so subtly before him. The bundle of hair atop my head was likewise loosening as the strands likewise grew steadily longer; hair stays falling from within the intricately folded strands of chestnut hair there that was likewise growing fuller and fuller into a great mane of Amazonian like hair.

I felt the warmth in me grow into a heat that made me perspire thoroughly; steadily making the clothes I was wearing cling to me as my swelling frame pressed into all that fabric.

“It’s working... It’s working!” I laughed at him, feeling the fluids multiplying inside me thanks to the protein recombinants, but likewise, thanks to mutations in the actual glands inside me, my own body was beginning to produce some of those chemicals too!

It was as if I were a bag of billions of balloons, with each balloon in that bag acting as each and every last muscle and bone fiber in me, and as these chemicals multiplied and increased inside me, flooding my bodily fluids, they began to fill those balloons. And suddenly as those balloons actually began to fill, there came an odd sound from inside me, the sound of creaking bones and grinding muscles and tendons, and I laughed manically at James as I started to grow in earnest now.

His eyes widened and steadily rose as he watched me growing taller than he was, but as I grew, the muscles in me continued to tense harder and harder, making me stronger and stronger. The throbbing blood filing each muscle carried with it the cocktail of enhancing chemicals, hormones, enzymes, steroids and natural chemicals ... as well as some that normally would belong only in animals. I palmed my navel, feeling it tightening and compressing as James watched the frame of this body of mine flaring at the hips and shoulders even as I laughed some more.

James watched me grow more than a head taller than he was, trembling like a newborn calf before he ran to the barred door and shook the stand that I’d dropped in front of it to get it out of the way, but his measly little muscles couldn’t move it out of the way. Then turning, he took a chair and tried to break the glass window of this little lab section, a window that was made up of a polymer that was stronger than bullet proof glass, whacking at it three times by the time I reached him, and taking his arm in one hand – with the hand I gripped him with having grown so large that I could encircle his arm as if he were a teenager, and gripping the stool chair with the other, I took the chair from him as if taking a toy from a naughty child, marched him to his workstation chair and threw him into it. The back of the chair rocked backward with him in it, and when he tried to rise again to attempt to escape I automatically met his face with the palm of my hand and slapped him back down into the chair.

“Ow! That hurt you bitch!” he shouted at me, holding the side of his face.

“A pittance in comparison to every time you pinched my butt or snapped my bra.” I smirked superiorly, feeling the skirts of the dress I wore steadily rise along the calves of either leg, passing both knees now as they rose up onto my thighs. “I’ve gotten butt slaps, I’ve been to butt of your jokes, your pranks and so on, and despite all the attempts I made to get you to stop, you just kept on doing them.” I reached in and slapped him on the other side of the face, and he jumped and whimpered as I turned, walked smartly several steps away, and then whirled back on him so that he can enjoy the view. “That was another pittance, now sit there and watch you bastard. I want to enjoy this.”

I then chuckled as I palmed my navel to feel all those abdominals bulging and tightening, even as the blouse I was wearing began to un-tuck itself from the waist of the skirts encircling me while my middle compressed hard about my guts inside me and actually loosening the belt and waist straps of the skirts surrounding it. I grew longer yet, both legs extending out of the bases of my skirts, arms out of the cuffs of the sleeves of blouse, sweater and lab coat, neck extending out of all their collars and my middle extending long and sinuous out of the waist of those skirts. As I grew, so too did I thicken, bulging here and there into a sexy Amazonian shape. Already I was stronger than I could ever remember, and lifting an arm, I flexed it and felt the muscles inside the sleeves bulge and push against the insides of all those sleeves.

The sounds emanating from me grew louder as cracks and groans indicated massive changes in my skeleton, while groans and sounds like bundles of dry reeds being wrung and wound came from the muscles in me. But it was as I was growing to a phenomenal seven feet in height, or somewhere at that point, that the first major change happened to me aside from growing.

With everything in me being wound so tightly, like rubber bands being twisted too many times, something popped, and I gasped as the bowl of my hips suddenly cracked, spread apart by several inches and then re-healed. It was painless, nigh even pleasurable, and I sighed through my nose as this repeated several times over, widening those hips into a broad bowl before the bones of each of my ribs followed this same change. I groaned and tensed as each rib popped outward, thickening into an ever flaring and barreling mass that filled me out and flared my upper body wider as each rib grew longer even as it realigned. Both hips continued to widen along with the ribs and clavicle bones of my upper body till the straps of the panties I wore climbed high over both hips and the straps of the bra I wore dug into both sides and over both shoulders and the cups tightened about the fatty mammaries within them.

Both my arms slid steadily out of the sleeves of the lab coat, sweater and blouse I wore, the forearms broadening steadily outside of them as the sleeves crunched up at the elbows, even as the bottom of the dress I wore rose to about mid-thigh level and both the white thigh-socks that I wore now began to slide down to the knees on both legs. Already I could hear the groaning of seams around me as the skirts of that dress tensed about my legs and the shoes I wore groaned about a pair of enlarging feet.



I felt myself swooning then as the engorging muscles all about me thickened and hardened, and at the end of either pert tit of mine arose a thickening and hardening teat atop an areola that puffed out and swelled with blood, either throbbing powerfully and creating two of the thickest nibs one might ever see that poked out of all the clothing over them. Between my legs, however arose another nib, a hardened erection in the form of an erecting clitoris that was extending from within the vaginal lips on either side of it that were likewise thickening and distending from the rest of me, the lips ballooning while the curtains of vaginal flesh were drawn out from within me to spread open and bow out the once flattened V-shaped wedge of panty covering my pussy. Those panties were likewise growing wet with all the seeping juices that were leaking from me and all the sweat that was exuding from me from perspiration, so much sweat that I began to feel beads of it rolling down my navel and in between both breasts and down my back and into the crack of my ass.

But that thickening clitoris now bulged hotly, spreading the puffing lips of the pussy around it even further apart as it dragged more of curtains of vaginal flesh out from within me, evolving my sexuality by leaps and bounds. All that bulbous vaginal flesh filled out so greatly that the lips pressed firmly against the thickening insides of the thighs around them, even as I groaned and ejected a hot syrupy jet of nectar into those panties as they steadily gave both my butt and cunt a wedgie.

Those three muscles of twin labia and clitoris, along with both of the teats atop both my breasts, began to throb and pulsate with every beat of my heart; that heart beat growing heavier and heavier inside my chest, beating all the harder with each beat as I groaned harder as more of the bones in this body thickened and realigned, turned outward and swelled, forcing all the clothing that I wore into tight wrappings all about me as I continued to grow steadily taller and thicker. I was even nearing the ceiling in height, my spine even turning outward from between the two slabs of my back as its bones thickened and lengthened, broadening wider and pushing my body even further apart while it bowed backward and my chest flared forward.

“Hnnn... look at me, James, look at all this growing strength,” I mused, palming my tightening navel yet again as it hardened from its slight paunch into a taught hourglass, the belly button sinking deeply while the flesh quickly receded and then began to expand again as the fat drained away to give way to the individual bands of muscle.

Then I drew both arms to my sides and began to flex them slightly, just bending the wrists and elbows as I felt the many bands of muscle atop all those thickening bones begin to swell now just like my butt cheeks and cunt did when James injected me with the fluid earlier. I was still growing too, rising past eight feet now, a mere foot from the ceiling.

At this illustrious height, all the clothing I was wearing was reduced to the sort a street walker might wear, save for the lab coat I had on which had been drawn tight across both shoulders. The sleeves of everything I wore popped open suddenly at that moment at the cuffs, snapping the buttons from the blouse open and stretching the semi-elastic strands

of the sweater and the undershirt I wore across my chest, with the sleeves of both stopping at just above the elbow of either arm to catch and rip on either pair of biceps and triceps on either arm.

The twin ends of the blouse I still wore with all its popped open buttons hung over my navel as its ends were dragged higher and higher, with the waistband of the sweater directly above that, and the waist of the skirts I wore sinking down along the front of those tightening abdominals to reveal the tops of the panties I wore. The base of the dress and all its folds and pleats had risen to my mid-thighs, and the socks I was wearing were steadily creeping down over both knees toward the calves, and as the muscles, energized by a chemical catalyst that I'd injected within me continued to build upon all the muscles in me, even as I grew taller and meatier, I obviously also grew heavier and heavier. It didn't take long for the heels of both of the shoes I was wearing to snap underneath such weight, becoming crushed one after the other beneath me, just before the angled toes snapped open about either of the amassing feet they held in to expel both feet.

Kicking off those pair of shoes and coming to stand balanced upon my toes, I felt myself still steadily growing larger, feeling the throbbing of blood into every square inch of flesh on me, and each and every last square inch feeling like it was becoming engorged like my teats and clit would normally be. And what did that do to my already aching teats and clit? That made them engorge and super-size, and though they ached, it was a pinching arousing ache that made me cum all over again.

The all-over-body feeling of arousal was intense; it made me hot, wet and sloppy... especially between the legs. I sighed as I lifted my skirts enough so that I could reach beneath both dress and petty coat to rub that throbbing and swelling pussy as it distended forward and downward from the base of abdominal muscles it was attached to, forming a true 'hear-shaped-box' between those heady thighs on either side of it.

But then as I neared nine feet in height, just barely beneath the tiled ceiling, the growth upward I was experiencing slowed, and I steadily began to grow outward instead; and immediately, the breath of both shoulders as well as my hips began to broaden steadily with more cracks and snaps and pops of motion while each thickening vertebrae in my back thickened to both lengthened and broaden me at both the neck and the waist.

The thickening of my waist pushed both legs apart and likewise pushed the insides of both petticoat and skirt about those subtly thickening legs, stretching the cloth between both while the bra, undershirt, blouse, sweater and lab coat compressed ever the more tightly about me. The subtle cones of breasts atop my chest flattened out as both pectoral regions broadened and pushed outward, the cracking of bones growing louder as I took on the appearance of a "big-boned" woman.

I couldn't help the tumultuous sensations writhing through me then, and I came hard into the panties I wore; the undergarment tightening around the contours of vaginal lips and sliding in between my butt cheeks as I ejected several long torrential squirts that rendered those undergarments sopping wet and dripping. The sticky, silken juices slid forward and

backward along those panties, up between both butt cheeks and into the knot of fabric flossing that ass while likewise sticking to every last square inch of flesh and vaginal hairs contained within that V-shaped realm of cotton underwear guarding my pussy.

I felt myself rising further upon my toes as they thickened within the thigh socks I wore that were now spreading wide about both forelegs and calves as they thickened, creating runs in those socks while I reached beneath both pairs of skirts to fondle my cunt again, feeling the swelling power of those labia puffing outward into an ever thickening mound that completely filled my grasping palm that was likewise punctuated with a swelling and engorging clitoris. I felt the sticky juices in my palm and fingers as I wrung them out, pinching the pussy lips together about my clit and squeezing those juices from the white cotton underpants I wore to wet my palm. And then while James stared at me in this display, he suddenly grew attentive, sat back and watched me pleasuring myself like that, and I chuckled maliciously as the bulge in his crotch grew all that much larger.

Making additional plans for later, I simply chuckled mirthlessly under my breath and hugged myself, reveling in the pleasure of the change.

Another quick jet of cum slid from me as I felt the burning sensation of having worked out for hours on end suffuse every muscle fiber in me, and after a moment or two as the sound of the cracking and realigning of bones slowed like the last kernels in a bag of popcorn in a microwave came from me, soon the sound of grinding and tensing reeds grew louder and louder, and I grinned happily as I now began to swell with muscular might unendingly now.

Muscles piled in on me immediately, thickening calves and thighs, biceps and forearms, thickening fists and feet while my neck and throat began to bulge. The clavicle bones supporting my arms and chest slowly pushed forward before my sternum lifted from the thickening muscles that likewise flared both my shoulder blades and caused each spine to enlarge even more before the bowl of my hips steadily rolled backward to lengthen the tightening abdominals lining me to even greater lengths and likewise lift my ass higher up into the air.

It was amazing how all the flesh on me was able to stretch as much as it was, but the skin cells, like the bones and muscles that made up this body, were likewise rapidly growing and dividing thanks to all the chemicals inside me, and all damage that was causing from the stretching and tearing was healing back stronger and better than ever.

The stretching nonetheless made every square inch of flesh lighten steadily, making my skin tone a whitish-peach in appearance as the chestnut hair atop my head spilled outward and unfolded completely now, letting the last of the various hair stays in my hair fall out as the thickening trusses inched down my broadening back and coiled over either shoulder.

Likewise, the stretching of my flesh made me ache all over with engorged arousal, but it was the good, aroused sort of ache, when your nipples were so tense that they quivered

and throbbed, unable to stretch anymore, or your pussy was so strained around some monstrous dick that it was stretching about the girth that was projecting inside you... It was arousing and erotic, especially when the veins in my body began to puff and swell further outward, all of them throbbing and massaging me and making me feel as if I were being surrounded by hundreds of naked bodies who were all cajoling and caressing me, and rubbing their bodies and private parts against me.

I gasped deeply, feeling the muscles in my face strengthen, making the skin taut and smooth, felt my chest lifting higher yet which likewise lengthened the long bands of abdominals between ribs and pelvis. The lengthening and compressing of those abs as I finally slowed to a stop in my upward growth at just beneath ceiling level, made my navel waspish and narrow, my skirts and the belt inserted into them hanging right off both hips as I stood there and caressed myself with ten thickening and strengthening fingers that were lengthening at their ends from each fingernail growing subtly, fondling everything from the pert little boobs and their hard erect nipples down to the swollen pad of woman-flesh between the burgeoning thighs framing it.

Groaning, I felt all the clothes I was wearing growing ever the tighter about me, tightening into my flesh, stretching subtly, seams groaning and threads popping and fraying here and there.

The image of myself that was reflected to me in the one way mirror that looked out of this lab as I continued to caress and massage myself showed me that I looked like one of those ditzy cheerleader type women in clothing that was made for perhaps a twelve year old girl; clothing that did nothing to hide their assets and body form.

That suited me just fine.

Removing the glasses atop my face, I clenched them in one hand and they immediately shattered even as the muscles in my eyes grew stronger, the lenses behind the pupils stretching and clearing my vision. Throwing the broken pieces of glass and plastic away, I then slid both hands into my hair, fluffing it up and breathing deeply, watching as each breath made me swell thicker and fuller than ever, feeling long lines of muscles cutting their way around me in spontaneous growth, likewise strengthening me with every breath.

My back separated and spread away from my spine, stretching all the clothes wrapping about my bodice even further, my neck thickening and my throat bulging.

“Do you like what you see, James?” I said with a voice that had deepened and becoming a more breathy, seductive woman’s voice with my thickening chest.

Larger lungs and a bigger diaphragm as well as a larger voice box would do that sort of thing.

James merely opened and closed his mouth several times like a codfish, unable to say anything as I continued to bulge while I started pose in sexy ways for him as the dress and skirt I wore turned into mini-skirts and then into simple wraps about both hips while all the clothing I wore above the waist began to tighten and stretch about my body.

The elastic bands of the bra I wore was nearing its greatest stretching ability about me along with the sweater over it, but the blouse that was between them suddenly tensed and then snapped a button at the collar. I grinned at him as he jumped at the button that lanced away from me to end up scattering in some unknown corner of the lab, and every two or three breaths that I took then caused another button to pop off, one right after the other, till the last had erupted from off me and fell out from within the folds of the sweater to fall to the floor about my feet.

Moaning then and feeling the muscles carving themselves from the larger muscle masses in me, with existing muscle strands filling outward and thickening into the consistency of piano chords before that strand tore apart and separated into new chords before the new chords repeating this same process over and over, and each time that a new strand formed and strengthened it sent a line of growth sliding just beneath the flesh; puffing out that minute portion of my body.

The sensation was like fingernails being dragged against my skin, and it tingled and tantalized me at the same time, made me shiver, made me even more aroused...

And then I felt the bulging masses of the prematurely swelling muscles of my body thickening and separating into secondary muscles, and smiling, feeling even my lips filling out and growing redder and fuller with engorging blood, I lifted one hand and clenched the fingers about the palm, seeing the muscle pads of the palm swell even, each finger thickening subtly as I showed James the coiling and arching growths of muscle striations beneath the flesh, even as that arm bulged viciously!

I leaned forward and showed James that arm as it thickened right before his eyes, the bicep and triceps bulging in opposition to each other, the shoulder filling outward and flaring as the whole of that arm thickened. The forearms flaring outside of the sweater and shirt cuff as my chest continued to bulge forward and flare wider. He eyed the forearm muscle as its inside creased down the middle, bulges forming in the naked flesh and those bulges separating and forming more creases between them as I turned that arm, the fingernails lengthening as the tendons on the back of my hand stood on end while the muscles of that and the other arm filled out the elastic sweater and filled to the brim the not so elastic blouse I wore underneath it.

Planting my rearward arm on a hip that was still broadening wider yet, I flexed the arm I was showing this bastard James, allowing him to see the bulges that were bubbling from my flesh as they rapidly flared and grew into a titaness's strength.

There was the sound of tearing beneath the sleeves of that sweater then as the sleeves of the blouse I wore tightened firmly about the arms they contained, turning my hands numb

briefly from how tight they were as the seams along the inside of the sleeve and at the shoulder began to pop and the rest of the fabric rent open over the bicep and about the elbow. I flexed that arm tighter and laughed at the sheer unmitigated strength assailing it as the veins and arteries in its flesh throbbing tantalizingly and all the sleeves around it unraveled right before our eyes. Seeing this made me wet myself further in a long pissing jet of nectar as I curled the wrist and the forearm to get that bicep to peak higher and higher and rend the holes it was escaping through all the wider the larger it grew.

My other arm was growing of its own accord, but it wasn't bulging as much because I wasn't flexing it, but it too began to rip through the blouse sleeve and unravel its fabric, stretching the sweater sleeve ever further.

With the flaring ribs and clavicle bones holding that arm up drawing further and further apart, and with the flaring back muscles, the elastic strip at the waist of the sweater tore along the seams at either side while the collar popped open and began to tear down the chest.

Rising and turning now, flexing both arms in a double over the shoulder arm pump and breaking a pair of the ceiling tiles above me as I did, the other blouse sleeve of the arm I wasn't flexing till now shred, popped and exploded open all about that arm while I gave James a view of the engorging and rippling back muscles and the twin bands of muscle that were growing on either side of my spine. Even as I did this, the flaring and flexing muscles tore a hole in the lab jacket and blouse I wore between both shoulder blades and began to fray open the sweater between them to reveal the stretching band of undershirt beneath it all that had stretched so thin it was nearly transparent. It showed him the bubbling and separating muscles surrounding the spine that was steadily arching and coiling outward, and looking over one shoulder I grinned at him as both my face cheeks tightened and smoothed further, and likewise, the rounded bubbles of my ass firmed right before his eyes as I stood with legs shoulder width apart.

But that was nothing in comparison to what was happening to both the arms I was flexing as the sweater sleeves unraveled and tore apart, the lab coat sleeves separating at the shoulders before its seams burst open and popped open renting tears to disgorge first a pair of cantaloupe sized biceps that were now bulging out into the fresh air, and then a pair of flaring shoulders just before the rest of those sleeves – sweater, coat and blouse – just tore open about either arm and fell in tatters at my feet.

Biting my lower lip, I sighed deep inside my nose at the unmitigated strength I was feeling. This body of mine was growing to sizes that Olympian body builders, *male* Olympian body builders, never even dreamed of possessing, and arching my back more and thrusting the flaring planes of pectoral forward, I felt another long jet of cum evacuate from my bowels and dribble down the insides of both thighs.

Turning and planting both fists on my still widening hips, I then flexed again, pushing my chest forward and tightening both delts so that they flared even further apart, and ever so

slowly, a series of tears across my chest rent open and frayed the delicate wool knit sweater I wore.

Easy come easy go, I thought with a grin as I watched my chest appearing from beneath the snapping and tearing shirt and cloth, the undershirt a broad band covering both nipples along with the bra that was hanging on for dear life around this massive frame of mine.

I was breathing heavily from the exertion of such arousal as I looked down at that bulging chest as it thrust forward as assuredly as a glacier cleaving a pair of mountains apart, spying the bulging and chorded pectorals as the pair rose atop all the thickening ribs beneath them, and one by one, the remaining strips and strands of that sweater and the blouse beneath it snapped and popped open to reveal that bulging mass of chest muscles and their pert little tits contained within the now transparent strip of undershirt. That undershirt immediately popped the two spaghetti string straps from over either shoulder as all my neck and back muscles continued to flare, and still covering all that pectoral frame were the overly stretched and fraying straps of a bra that was still holding on for dear life!

Both tits were still held inside the little cups of the bra, their nipples standing on end as the straps groaned and ground into my flesh, but as more and more growing strands of muscle rippled across me, creating tighter and thicker bands of muscle that soon separated into secondary chords and tendons, that bra groaned and trembled before one of the hooks popped, and then the other and taking a deep, deep breath, that bra exploded open to reveal the still thrusting forward mass of pectoral power now bound only by the narrow band of undershirt.

I grinned at James as he gasped at that chest of mine, both tits like little cones with huge nipples staring right at him as I tensed both arms, feeling back of the sweater, blouse and coat tearing steadily open as I moved my arms, and then lifting those hands again and flexing both arm, showing him even greater masses of fem muscle, the remnants of that blouse, the sweater and coat shred themselves neatly apart across my back, just before they all popped open about the incredible thickness of both arms.

Now only my undershirt remained above the waist, and that didn't cover anything with how thin it was now. Freed of all that clothing though I simply lowered both arms and allowed any remaining tatters to fall down to the floor before I lifted those arms again into another double arm flex above my head, destroying another pair of ceiling tiles and began to flex in earnest.

I would shred that undershirt eventually...

As I flexed, I felt the double pectoral masses beginning to turn into a bundle of chords that radiated from either shoulder before those shoulders then creased into bundles of ever separating chords of enlarging and thickening muscle. Those chords met with the twin biceps on either arm that simply spread wide as the two sides of the biceps grew

away from each other, and all the triceps muscles bubbled downward beneath those. At the end of either of those biceps were all the bundled chords, tendons and brachials that made up either forearm. As I flexed both those arms, I began to breathe faster and heavier, moaning every few breaths as I felt each and every last one of those muscles that was connected to each other throbbing thicker and thicker, and I tensed them harder and they bulged faster, and laughing I arched my body, thrusting the chest holding it all up higher as it pushed further outward and hefted higher, starting to swallow my throat I was growing so big.

I breathed in heavier and heavier breaths, the sound of air rushing in and out of both lungs sounding like a bellows now as both my pectorals rose to cover both of the collar bones that were above them and likewise press against my throat as that throat and the neck muscles around it continued to thicken steadily as my back flared like the head of a cobra; flaring straight to both shoulders.

All the back muscles lining me from head to rear separated suddenly to either side of my bulging and out-turned spine, flaring wider and bulging outward till the mass of overlapping and commingling muscles all met with the tops of both hips and folded right down in between both butt cheeks. But once it was all hugging my sides, those side muscles feathering the rib bones with the dorsal muscles swelling to overlap their extremes, I then felt deep creases forming in my spine as all the vertebrae in that spine all thickened suddenly.

Nut then those two long flat pads of bulging muscle began to crease horizontally, and feeling this I turned and placed both hands on either hip so that James could watch. I arched myself and moaned deeply, tensing myself and flexing all those back muscles to make them grow faster even as I felt the creases in those muscles forming. The first creases occurred on a broad truncated-W which puffed all the muscles above it further upward. The next set of creases formed on a broad truncated-M that was again half way up again from the W spread all the muscles above that line even further upward, forming a heaving muscle hump between both shoulders that actually pushed my head forward and squeezed its back and sides with thickening realms of muscle.

It was like mountain building beneath my flesh, back muscles flaring wider and building backward, pressing against each other and mutating as each muscle vied for position beneath the flesh. Chest muscles pushing forward and upward in opposition, ribs flaring outward and abdominals steadily sinking below all that, and ass my upper body flared and widened, the band of my undershirt steadily stretched and then formed runs in its transparent and wet with sweat fabric. Popping snaps of its elastic material came from the material starting to burst, and I looked over one shoulder to smirk at James as a hole formed between both shoulders down my back in that garment, the hole broadening and widening as I lifted both hands to either of the miniscule tits decorating the bases of the monstrously huge chest muscles, even as more runs tore open beneath either arm and the seams there started to pop.



I gasped and moaned, rubbing both thighs together as I rubbed my abdominals then and turned yet again, now letting James watch the incredible muscles all down my front surge forward and ripple, and lifting both arms, I tensed all my chest muscles and that final strip of undershirt snapped like and overly wrung rubber band, flying off me to slap him right in the chest. He scrambled to remove the thing from off his face but then paused and smelled the shirt, and suddenly he became aware of the super pheromones that were now exuding from me, pheromones that were designed to drive cattle into heat more often and draw males to them so that they'd have more calves per year. The feminine musky smells that now exuded into James's face must've made him stupid as all the blood in him undoubtedly flooded from the head on his shoulders to the one in his pants.

Rubbing my tightening abdominals as I transformed into an ever deeper hourglass-shape, the long abdominal chords suddenly carving horizontally again as another pair of lats appeared framing them and either hip separated slightly from my compressing waist. I could feel all the guts inside me churning and writhing as they were scrunched together, those organs growing and changing along with me, growing stronger and becoming upgraded through chemicals both natural and unnatural and through various enzymes.

It was a might bit like constipation mixed with the immutable pleasure of the burning growth of absolutely every muscle in you.

Groaning and palming all the muscles lining my front from throat to pelvis, feeling the panties I was wearing invading so deep in between either butt cheek that I swore it'd take a mining team to pull it out, I felt an orgasmic lancelet release from inside me, wetting down those panties even further and squeeze their trapped juices against both thighs as the thickening pelvic bones flared and deepened to force the straps to dig into my butt and hips, and slowly slide downward from off my crotch.

The skirts I wore hiked up higher yet as I rubbed both thighs against each other; and thanks to both widening hips and the thickening of both thighs, the petticoat I wore and the dress above them were pulled tightly across my lap, so tightly that the seams of the dress over both legs began to tear open. Pushing myself forward, jutting my crotch forward even as I ejected another lancelet of nectar into the already sopping wet panties I wore, I groaned even louder than ever as I orgasmed again immediately after that, and hissed a gasp through all my thickening teeth as a third jet lanced from me, even as I felt two more horizontal lines carve their way across my abdominals.

My pussy bulged and distended even further than ever to erect its clitoris out from inside me to poke over the top of my panties, just before the dress I wore split itself firmly up along both legs, and the freedom of movement was so sudden that I relaxed and opened both legs to stand shoulder width apart, forgetting that I was still wearing a petticoat that immediately tensed between both legs.

James's head actually slammed back against the back rest of his chair as I spread both thighs open, and the petticoat hemming them in absolutely shred itself about those thighs as if it were nothing but tissue paper; the marginally slick silk ripping and shredding

before I took a firm hold of it and ripped both the garment off me. I barely even felt the pull and resistance of the moistened fabric tearing beneath my strength, and I laughed briefly, holding the petticoat in one hand before smelling it deeply and all the vaginal juices that were on it before I tossed it at James's face. The bundled wad of petticoat slapped his face just like the undershirt had, and this time he was slower at removing those garments as he just picked them off his face with one hand.

When he could see me again, his face completely stupid now from his own arousal, I turned sideways to him and projected one leg toward him. I continued massaging my abdominals with one hand as yet another pair of creases cut themselves into the thickening and muscling abdominals, and flexing that leg toward him I pulled back the back of the dress that still hung about me by sheer sake of the belt that was now compressing into my middle and the waist of the dress to show him the thickening bulges of my ass.

“Nice leg, eh?” I said snidely and then flexed the entire length of the leg, forcing the calves to split and flare and the thigh and foreleg to flare.

Breathing more quickly, excitedly, I felt the muscles straining the hosiery that still clung about the lower portion of that leg from just below the knee. The first bits to give way were the toes, which shred open from off the rest of the sock as my feet grew, even as numerous runs formed all throughout both socks.

He watched that wonderful leg that I projected out to him as long muscles carved themselves through them as well, the most remarkable being the Achilles Tendon as it arched down from the inside of the thigh near the pussy, along that inner thigh and around to the back of the leg to connect to the heel. The taut, hard muscle carved its way beneath the flesh, separating the inner from the outer thighs with a long sinuous line as each chord of the quadriceps on either leg separated from the main thickening mass of the thigh while both calves, like my biceps, separated also into their individual muscles and each muscle grew and swelled separately from the other. This forced more of the thigh socks binding those legs to stretch and tear open, fraying the ends while long tears popped open to reveal those long hairless legs.

I flexed it harder, caressing it and smiling at James, feeling its entire length burning with all the hot blood in it, reveling in the feelings of the growing power in me as I flexed a bicep over that thigh and tensed its chest muscle while relishing the thought of what I had planned for him.

Standing upright then and pressing both legs together as I rose up on my tip toes, upsetting another ceiling tile and causing it to fall to the floor, I flexed both arms and legs now and likewise tightened my abdominals now too.

The once smooth and slightly rounded belly between ribs and pelvis had tightened and swelled into a hard ten pack of abs with two sets of laterals, but as I flexed myself, every

muscle that I flexed swelling outward steadily, I chuckled as I grew ever stronger than ever!

A flush suffused my cheeks and nose, my chest muscles, pussy and bottom, and all the other major muscle groups all over this growing body of mine, giving me a red tint as I billowed with greater and greater muscle masses that caused the bones to groan and the muscles to tense and grind.

Breathing steadily as both pectorals hefted even higher along the throat and flared wider, separating both shoulders further and flaring my body wider, I felt both legs press against each other, my ass cheeks tightening hard and separating into their three separate muscle masses as I tightened them about the panties that were recessing even further in between them. The thigh socks about both legs continued to disintegrate and unravel about both broadening legs while the pad of woman flesh between either thigh billowed outward, flaring from underneath the patch of panty that barely covered a lengthening slit as my hand on, the super-erect clitoris, erected over that patch of underpants. Those twin labia were so swollen and had flared so far open that they maintained a high constant contact with the thigh directly next to them no matter how I moved, and to make matters worse was that they were still filling, still strengthening...

I was so ready for a dick inside me now...

It was those thighs that I was taking particular pleasure in at the moment, my hips still widened to allow those thighs to likewise thicken into billowing masses that were wider than my waist was now. The growth lifted both buttocks up higher, pinching them together as they separated into their three separate masses and ballooned into a series of thickening pads that rolled over my backside. With those glutes and the billowing of my thighs growing so great, they began to compress my inner thighs into a series of overlapping and bundled together tendons radiating straight off my pussy, which likewise sank rapidly below the outer thighs and shaped themselves into a brilliant starburst that held my cunt in the center of it.

But as the last strips of the thigh socks that I'd been wearing popped and burst from about my forelegs, their elastic bands that had once been around my thighs snapping now around the thickness of both forelegs and calves of either leg at just below the knee, the tightening abdominals that had compressed and narrowed before started puff outward now that they had no more room to grow outward.

Every abdominal, right down to both pussy lips, tightened and thickened against each other, pinching my flesh between them tighter and tighter till the muscles themselves clenched so tightly that even more horizontal creases formed to increase their numbers from ten to twelve.

As a bio-chemist, I was also a medical doctor, and I knew that a solid twelve pack was nigh impossible for any human to develop... the most they could hope for was ten. I sighed as I un-flexed both arms in order to palm those abs, feeling muscles moving out of

the way of other muscles in the arm I used for this purpose as I scrunched over myself and leaning back a little so that I could watch as well as feel them growing.

The laterals to either side of that length of abdominals likewise bisected from two sets to three sets, and I moaned as the muscles carved themselves out of both sides, feathering with my ribs which then feathered with all the dorsal muscles lining my flanks. And then those abdominals climbed from twelve to fourteen, and then to sixteen, and as that last pair bulged into existence, pushing all the other abs out of the way as it appeared, the thickness of my middle, combined with the muscles along my sides and back as well, began to push tightly against the belt still holding up the two halves of the dress I'd been wearing, stretching the leather belt tightly about me.

The belt groaned in protest as it cut into the hard, taut porcelain flesh beneath it, and as I breathed in, there was a pop as the metal of the belt buckle as it snapped one of its restraints, and then another pop as the other restraint tore from the thin strip of leather. The belt popped open then which forced the skirt to hold itself on for a moment by its stretchable waistband, and as those abs slowly bulged further, increasing to eighteen individual abdominals now and four sets of lats, each ab separating from each other down the center and spreading apart as the rest of me spread wider in thickness, the button snap over my hip popped and then popped the button over the other hip. And taking to flexing again, clenching all those beautiful muscles on my body and now tensing my abdominals, as I thickened everywhere else in the meantime, I felt those sweet abs pushing further against that dress, and as they increased into twenty separate abs and now five sets of lats, the remaining strands that kept the last seam stitched together popped, and that skirt fell off me to reveal my bulging and distended cunt and the stretched out remains of panty that desperately tried covering my nakedness.

Immediately James's eyes went to the sopping wet and bulbous pussy that was still flaring its edges out from beneath the panties I wore; that garment giving me a snuggly and a wedgie in both pussy lips and butt crack, tightening over both hips and in both cracks steadily to stretch its cloth to near tearing. As I continued to balloon with muscle might forward and backward and from side to side, the front of those panties slowly slid downward, growing tighter and cutting into me before their seams between my legs suddenly snapped. The two flaps of cloth flipped up with a spray of moisture, and I gasped in ecstasy as the remaining strips of cloth slowly drew up tight about my waist and then snapped about all those heaving abs.

At long last I was naked, and to celebrate my nudity I flexed and posed, turning and moving about, bending over to give him a view of my still swelling and thickening butt and the thickening vaginal lips nestled beneath them before I turned again and slid both hands down along my body.

"Impressive, isn't it?" I said as I gave him the best beaver shot I could.

"Not really." He said with a smirk and I whirled around in surprise, a gaping look of disbelief on my face. *How could he still say such things?* I thought, but then he

continued. “Look at you... there’s nothing attractive with all that muscle. You think you look hot? You don’t even have any boobs... all you got are those tiny little bee-stings as usual.”

He smirked at me, but that didn’t change the fact that he was admiring me with his eyes, and had a raging boner that I could clearly see. I smirked at him and approached him a step or two, just enough so that he could continue to see the whole of me.

“Oh you want boobs?!” I said sharply and leaned forward to get into his face, growing angrier at him all the while as my muscles continued to bulge and billow about me while all the bones in me thickened in order to support it all. “Just you wait mister... the next few chemicals should be kicking in right about...” and I leaned back and arched myself while palming my bulging abs, looking to both those tiny little boobs budding against my heaving and massively chorded chest. “...now.”

And I felt the blood in me pumping again with a new series of natural and artificial chemicals, these flowing all through me. Lifting both hands I touched my boobs, feeling them firming up, feeling things like tiny little spiders crawling about inside them, weaving new mammary glands as I rubbed them and caressed both areola and nipple with my fingers. And then James blinked as the rush of estrogen, lactation inducing chemicals and more catalysts and protein denominators rushed through me, generating this time not muscle, but a specific gland production.

I murred deep in my throat as those mammaries slowly began to swell, and with each intake of breath I took, they reached a new peak outward, and when I inhaled they didn’t retreat. Every breath I took fueled the process of growth in me as those tits steadily billowed, the glands likewise being filled with a rushing of fluids as milk was generated almost spontaneously inside the glands as they formed. A new kind of carving of tissue occurred in me then, like roots digging through earth and increasing the size of the plant, but this time it was happening with the folds and ripples of mammary gland instead of roots. The bulges that were the ever-growing sacks of tit that were growing atop my chest swelled and swelled, filling with both mass and liquid weight as a groaning sound entered the air around us from their flesh stretching as they were.

The pair rapidly filled the palms of both hands and then swelled beyond the confines of all those fingers, and when they did I simply cupped the pair and held them lovingly as the twin sacks of flesh firmed up as they bulged and filled.

Milk began to leak from the thickening pair of nipples atop their steadily swelling and puffed out areola, the milk glands billowing steadily as they climbed the alphabet almost as quickly as a child could say it. In my head I even began counting the various cup sizes, reveling against the feeling of sweat sliding from me and down between an actual pair of tits! I smiled at James haughtily, and hugged myself now, my biceps and chorded chest muscles framing in those swelling mammaries as they pressed against each other briefly, but the flaring and bulging chest muscles soon separated the pair of mammaries as they grew, the center of my chest pushing outward and rolling the heavy mammaries in

which gallons of milk were being produced and settling them more into the crooks of either massively immense arm. More milk squeezed from them while they rounded outward and hefted high atop both chest and arms, holding themselves up in opposition to gravity itself despite their incredible masses.

I stopped counting when the pair breached the Z-cup mark but nonetheless continued to grow beyond any given cup size. Lifting both arms again, I flexed as those tits ballooned and curved downward over my ribs as they grew, and I felt my arms and thighs, and all my abs burgeoning outward from the bones and pressing against each other, every muscle doubling in thickness once a minute as those tits double the English Alphabet and started on tripling it. The whole of my body was changing so as to counterbalance that chest, the muscle hump and all my back muscles flared outward into a superbly massive size as of yet unheard of by even elephants and whales.

“How do you like me now, dick?” I said in a breathy feminine voice, clenching both pussy lips and sighing through my teeth as I neared another orgasmic release.

All the estrogen in me was enhancing all the feminine characteristics in me, while floods of now naturally generating testosterone was making me ever stronger and smarter.

Nine feet tall, and perhaps weighing over a ton, I continued to grow then as I neared James and stood straddling him and his chair, and palming my cunt and caressing my pussy, I began to cajole and caress those pussy lips, feeling the pressure building up inside me as I began to gasp and moan to the tantalizing sexual pleasure of my fingers. I smiled down at him from between the framing masses of mammary that hemmed in our view of each other, and I felt the pressure growing increasingly more intense in those loins as he looked from my face to that throbbing and swelling mass of fem muscle and its super erect clit that was perhaps bigger than his penis was. He stared at that clitoral bulge, the thing erecting from me and carrying the two curtains of vaginal folds outward along with it while the two lips of that pussy flared open to further press their masses against my inner thighs. He realized what was about to happen even as I bit my lip and moaned... right as I climaxed.

A jet of hot, sweet nectar lanced from me all over his face, chest and lap, and he sputtered as I rocked and arched, covering him with it, and again he tried to escape but I simply reached out, grabbed him and held him aloft so that he and I could look at each other eye to eye while the last of that jet trickled down one of my balancing legs. I grinned impishly at him while my neck muscles flared straight to both shoulders now, those shoulders along with my chest muscles swelling to frame that neck and throat, tightening against them as both tits continued to swell and droop down along both sets of my ribs to my waist being that they were so huge.

I let him watch me in horror for a moment as I heaved and breathed with the sound of a bellows, my neck lengthening slightly while I cracked and creaked with the sound of snapping and realigning bones from them all thickened all the more inside me. My total weight and girth grew even further and every muscle on me throbbed and bulged along

with all the thick and heavy veins that covered me like webbing. My hair grew about both neck and shoulders, drooping past my butt now and the rears of both thighs as I held him aloft as easily as I would've held my own hand aloft with nothing in it before.

I was so strong and powerful, not a single iota of weight could be felt by me. Even my tits were defying gravity as they swelled and firmed into huge wobbling orbs that decorated either side of my chest, standing on end like the cannons on a battle ship. With the center of my chest and sternum pushing outward to show off the hardening bones and the sternum between either pectoral and tit, with all the ribs hanging over my sunken navel and all its supporting laterals. Both those massively huge and mountainous tits then separated to point off in different directions from each other as the center of my chest pushed even further forward, either tit tipped by a thick reddened nipple and areola to make them look like the nose cones on a pair of five-thousand pound bombs.

“There... that’s the look on your face that I wanted to see, a forced respect for a woman.” I smiled at him, and he vainly tried to pry open my fingers with both hands to let himself go, but it was like an infant trying to pry open the fingers of a pneumatic mechanical hand. He couldn’t even slip out of his clothes being that I had such a tight grip on his lab coat.

“W-what are you going to do to me?” he swallowed, trying to brace himself in the face of this incredible force I was growing into, even as more chemicals flowed through me and more nectar leaked from between my legs, even as the pressure in both tits grew to a hardening pressure that all flowed toward the nipples.

I felt like I had a touch of the flu as a retro-virus started to blow through me, rewriting genetic code and allowing for even more muscle growth than before, which renewed itself in all its heavenly glory, and suddenly whole sections of me began to unfold into new muscle groups, erupting outward while other muscles mutated right before his eyes. But that was nothing compared to the near overdose of several other chemicals that were raising my sexual acuity, my flexibility, and numerous mental attributes that gave me a mild headache at the same time as I felt a throbbing in my skull from a swelling brain.

I was literally getting smarter.

“You’re a sexist egotistical lying hypocritical bigot, James. You pinch and slap me, snap my bra, demean me, take credit for the work I do that you barely did anything to earn yourself or didn’t even contribute at all to, say one thing and do another on an hourly basis, and demean everyone other than yourself.” I drew him close to me so that my face was in his and he was pressed against the outside of one of my still ballooning tits as it now leaked milk. “And I’m going to force you to respect people, especially women.” I growled at him, and he trembled as I thrust him back, still holding onto him with one hand, and hooking a hand into his pants and underwear, ripped them straight off his body and thrust him into his chair. Then I forced him back down with a simple finger push on his forehead, and then bent to tear his lab coat, shirt and the wife beater he was wearing under it open and off his body, tearing those clothes neatly in half as I threw them to the

sides of the lab to render him completely naked save for a pair of shoes and socks before I stood back from him and gaped.

“You call that a penis?!” I said and pointed at the tiny little erect dick. “My clit is bigger than that thing now... I was expecting something to warrant all the pride, but that’s just pathetic. It must mean you’re overcompensating for your obvious defaults. And what’s this?” I picked up a rolled up sock from off the ground. “What? Did you have this stuffed down your pants to make your bulge seem larger?”

\*tsk-tsk-tsk\*

“You’re more pathetic than I thought you were.”

I paused as I rose to my feet again, jutting my hips forward as I felt several new muscles actually growing into place beneath all the taut white flesh on me, and I groaned, feeling more of the juices flowing from my ripened pussy before they squirted onto his chest again, and sighing deep inside my nose, I looked at James, smirked, and before he could do anything about it, I stepped forward to stand over him and his chair again, and palming the back of his head pushed his face right into that bulging pair of vaginal lips as I continued to climax.

“Suck it you dick.” I groaned, and smeared those vaginal juices all over his lips and face as I flexed one arm, the tit attached to the pectoral that supported that arm tensing as I flexed and it squirted a jet of cream before me. “I said SUCK IT!” I shouted, and nudged his face with my pelvis while gripping the back of his head to cause a little pain, and he immediately and vigorously began to lick my pussy.

I ooded and ached, cooing and groaning as I felt myself rising to yet another orgasmic climax as more pieces of me distended and filled with even newer muscle groups never before seen on a human body, every little piece of me becoming optimized for my womanly body, and to allow those tits of mine to grow larger and larger, yet all that muscle nonetheless made me more physically powerful than a hundred bulls. Maybe even more powerful than a thousand bulls!

When I climaxed again, spraying James in the face, chest and neck again, I stepped back and flexed both arms now, squirting more milk out of both tits now as I tensed both ass cheeks and rose atop my toes, balancing effortlessly there as my head was pushed forward from the vaulting masses of back muscle that bubbled and thickened as I flexed, and more pieces of me unfolding to increase my strength by leaps and bounds.

By now... I’d be calling The Hulk a pussy that I was so strong, and as I flexed for James, I watched him gape at me with all my vaginal juices all over his face as I rapidly began to swell to even thicker masses, doubling and then redoubling my overall body mass within less than a minute right before his eyes.



“Oh that was great.” I moaned, and turning, flexing myself into another stunning pose, coiling both arms as I rocked from one foot to the other, showing him how both my ass cheeks slid against each other.

Then I lowered my arms and felt the growth slowing as I reached a vaunted nine and a half feet, my head now past the ceiling tiles and my every step sending minute impact tremors through the floor. “I don’t think I’ve ever cum that hard in my whole life, James. You may be an ass with no dick, but you sure can lick pussy. I wonder why that is...” I mused, and picking up a syringe and a bottle from one of the nearby trays, I loaded the syringe with what was inside it.

“W-what’s that?” he asked as I primed the liquid and some of it squirted out the needle.

“Lot thirty-seven-G.” I mused and approached him. With my fingers so big, I had no choice but to hold the syringe with just my lengthened fingernails as I lowered to one knee before him, one tit resting atop a thigh, and the higher of the two on a knee, and with me kneeling on the floor and him sitting, I was still bigger than he was.

He looked down at my enormous tits as I showed him the syringe, and he stared at me stupidly.

“W-what’s it do?” he asked.

“Typical. We, or should I say *I*, have been working on it for the past three months. I was just finishing it when you snapped my bra a short while ago.” I smiled then and rubbed one massive tit, squirting his chest with several cups of warm milk as those two tits continued to swell subtly still; much of my body throbbing steadily as its growth slowed and the groaning and cracking all but stopped. “Not that I need a bra any more thanks to you, but I don’t think I should be the sole bearer of all this lab’s products... I think you really deserve this one.

“But for your edification... this... is a replacement for Viagra.” And I reached between his legs, grabbed the head of his dick, pulled on it to lengthen it, found one of the blue veins in it, and then injected the entire syringe into that vein.

He gasped and moaned as I finished injecting him, and then rising, deposited the syringe into the bio-hazard receptacle for used syringes and hypospray heads, and turning back to him as he gripped the arms of his chair, laughed at him staring at his tiny little penis.

“What the fuck is this stuff doing?” he groaned.

“Just what Viagra does... but like everything we make, that lot is a super concentrate.” I said and stood with one hand on my hip and rocked onto the leg on the same side, watching as his tiny little dick began to arch and erect. “But this lot does more than just make you hard like a red oak. It’s meant to not only help stimulate a counter for erectile dysfunction, but it also helps produce good semen. Also, other than flooding your system

with blood enriched hormones that would erect your prick; this chemical instead strengthens the proteins found in penile muscles.

“I think you’ll find the effects most... satisfying, but it makes me wonder.” I smiled and faked deep thinking as I tapped my chin with one thickened fingernail. “With you being such a dick and all, will this chemical make you taller?”

And I smiled down at him as he began to pant while all the veins on his penis stood on end as it erected harder and turned an even deeper red, but like all the other natural and artificial chemicals that I’d injected in me that targeted specific glands or muscles and made them incredibly massive, what I’d just injected into him did the same thing... only this targeted a specific series of tissues.

Natural chemicals were raging through him, his heart pumping blood through him faster and faster as he closed his eyes and breathed, and then the concentrate chemicals did to his dick what it did to me and the thing began to telescope and flare while arching upward; projecting from his pelvis to an almost unheard of height for any man.

The twin nads between his legs likewise began to fill as the girth of that dick spread his legs open, and with the added weight of his balls, spread them open even further before he gripped that dick with one hand and began to caress and cajole it, gasping even as some of his seed escaped its end and trickled over his fingers.

The head flared wide, the dick thicker than his one hand could encircle it, as its underside bulged downward and flared, filling with all the semen being produced by those two swelling nads that grew to the size of tennis balls!

I licked my lips as he opened his eyes and gaped at its size, and stepping forward, and gripping its head, I pushed its head against my pussy right as I came in a torrent, sending a wash down the length of that huge towering wang as I immediately sat down on his shaft, and he bent and spasmed and shook as I sank straight onto his lap. Both the arms of his chair broke off as I settled onto him but balanced all my weight atop my toes; I began to have my utter most way with him...

For hours and hours...

Under normal circumstances, I wouldn’t have done such things. Perhaps it was PMS, perhaps it was a power kick, and perhaps it was because he deserved it, but nonetheless, I abused that horrible little man into respecting women till the end of his days, subjugating him into a whimpering bag till he fell unconscious.

After that, I decided that now would be a good time to let the authorities know about what was going on here, and unscrewing the automatic swivel on the camera so that it remained stationary as I cleaned myself off with some scraps of clothing, I plugged the camera back in with it pointing at James in his current state but was careful to remain outside its field of view.

Sitting just off camera on one of the counters, hearing it creak beneath my weight as I took some wide medical tape, I applied a couple of strips over my cunt and another couple more over either nipple and just waited. It didn't take long for a security guard to come rushing up and try to open the door, finding it barred. Soon after another more senior guard arrived, and I chuckled and watched them through the one-way mirror as they tried their security access cards at the door to try to open it over and over again. But all the door would do would slide open a little before its handle would catch on the bars of the storage rack that was in front of the door before it errored with a dull buzz and then closed again.

A technician arrived half an hour later with all his diagnostic tools, and he must've announced that there was something baring the door, because then several more maintenance people arrived with drills and other heavy equipment to take the door apart. Rising to my feet, I unplugged the security camera again and promptly began to delete certain files from the computer's inventory of chemicals and destroying the bottles that I used to become the way I was now but only after memorizing the sequence and how much and which lot numbers it was that was used before taking up my perch again.

Then I saw the administrator appear, who then promptly began barking orders to everyone on the other side of the mirrored window that was a mirror for them but a one way view for me. I chuckled and watched them all do their work as they took the door apart, disconnected power couplings dislodged the door from its motor, and as they rushed in, pushing the rack out of the way, the act taking two of the guards, I sat there and smiled at them as they all gaped at me and immediately pointed a series of SMG's in my direction. I waited for the administrator to enter, sitting there with superbly muscled legs crossed as I watched the same ass who told me to *'deal with it myself'* before I went into the rehearsed story I'd come up with.

"Oh thank god you're here, sir. That madman..." and I pointed a finger at James as he lay comatose in the chair with semen dripping out of the end of a now limp dick that could no longer stand up against all my desires. "Tried to rape me! He kept injecting me with chemicals from various lots, but thankfully I had a reaction and I turned into this." I gestured to myself with both hands. "I was able to overpower him eventually, but not before he gave himself that big dick and raped me raw. Oh I told you something would happen... all the reports I sent you; I just never thought anything like this would happen!"

The administrator looked at me as a doctor entered, gaped at me, and then decided that James would make a more willing patient. Good, I didn't need a doctor looking over me at the moment.

The administrator looked around him, his eyes picking up this and that before he stepped over some of the strewn about things on the floor and then stood just beyond arm's reach of me.

“Convenient that there’s no camera footage of this.” He said quietly.

“No, I couldn’t even call for help. He destroyed the intercom with that wrench, and when I tried to fix the camera, I couldn’t tell if it was working or not so I just left it alone. When you all tried to get in, I had no idea what to do, must be all my unstable female emotions and all, so I just wished and prayed that you’d all get in here quickly.

“But like I told you sir, I have a mind to sue over all this... especially after all the complaints and reports of sexual harassment I filed with your office but was told to deal with in my own way...”

The administrator continued to stare at me. He knew exactly what had gone on, I supposed, and another glancing look about him before returning his gaze to me confirmed that he was currently in a rock and a hard place, and with so many witnesses having already heard my story, they would act as witnesses against him.

I uncrossed and re-crossed my legs – as best as I could – in the other direction while sitting there smiling at him, waiting for him to give in.

“What do you want?” he said quietly at long last.

“Chief researcher of the lab.” I said immediately and just as quietly as I lay back against the cabinets behind me, feeling both tits jiggle as I felt my crotch throbbing again, readying for sex again. “A yearly salary of a quarter of a million with another half million budget to develop my own ideas, a company car with a gas card to pay for its fuel, a hummer H-two would be good... a big girl like me will need that sort of compensation, and a hundred thousand shares of stock as well as a position on the board.”

“And if I refuse all that?”

“Then you get named as an accomplice.” I said with all the feral mirthless anger that PMS brought with it as I smiled just as mirthlessly at him. “I’ll tell the courts how you minimized my concerns on every report and complaint I sent, going so far as to telling me to *‘deal with it myself’* and blame you and the company for what had happened. I’ll in turn sue you and this lab into obscurity, the company closes and you go to jail along with James.”

“And what if those files and reports were magically deleted?”

“Then it’s a good thing that I keep copies of everything that I sign with my lawyer, isn’t it?” I smirked.

The administrator stared at me and exhaled through his nose a little more fiercely than he should, weighing probabilities and circumstances. And then...

“Done. But you will share with us all of your *‘breakthroughs.’*”

“Including the one to make one into a super powerful being with a twenty inch dick?” I smirked and slid off the counter to land lightly on my feet to stand before and over him. “Don’t be so foolish. Though I can do without a twenty inch dick, I’m sure that every man in the world would want one... if they can afford such a price tag for what the research and the creation of the serum cost, but there’re few women in the world who’d want to associate with you after that. But regardless...” I reached over and removed the vial that I’d used on James. “He injected himself with this... a full needle did that.” I said and pointed at James’s massive phallus as it still leaked his semen onto the floor after handing the administrator the vial. “I suggest ten CC’s if you wish to duplicate a more viable affect that won’t frighten women away.”

He took the vial and stared at me for a moment, and then turning, made his way out before barking a command at someone to clean all this up and secure the lab. I then followed him out the door, having to squeeze sideways through the door with first one and then the other tit, and then one butt cheek before the other brushing against the door jams that were made for a much smaller person. I had to do that through another door of like size and then claim my purse from a locker before getting to the double fire-doors with their push lever latches before I stood out in the rising sun...

The only thing that was keeping me from being totally naked being only a few strips of tape over my nipples and cunt, and feeling the all over body feeling of the sun and the wind against me as it caught my mane of hair and blew it about me was remarkably refreshing! Stretching then in the open air, enjoying the ability to stretch and flexing all my muscles, holding my purse in one hand, I ignored the looks of the administrator as he paused in the act of stepping into his car to watch me.

I reveled in the power of this body of mine, and wondering then as to exactly how strong I was, I moved to my car and lifted it with one finger. It rose up atop its axel easily, and so dropping my purse I lifted the whole thing over my head and held it upright with one hand and then balanced it on one finger as if the little four-banger was completely weightless.

Laughing and setting it down, I looked for heavier things, and in short order I lifted a steel dumpster filled with trash, a dump truck and then an eighteen wheeler followed by a bull dozer. The bull dozer made me strain, and that which made me strain forced me to flex, and immediately, my body grew stronger to be able to compensate for the weight till even then I couldn’t feel its weight.

That was strength, and now for speed...

I sprinted home, that which would’ve taken a good half an hour by car was accomplished by foot in only five minutes, and once inside my little apartment, which appeared even smaller to me, I peeled the tape off me and then promptly climbed into the thankfully oversize Jacuzzi bath – which is why I got this apartment in the first place – and running

the water soaked for hours while cleaning off all the sweat and grime off me while marveling at the fact that despite how big they were, my tits still floated in the water.

Within the following month, James was accused and convicted of sexual harassment, rape and abuse, and was likewise convicted of crimes violating his medical Hippocratic Oath. With advice from a lab lawyer, he pleaded guilty to all charges, and after being stripped of his medical license for an extended probationary period of five years, he was committed to a minimum security prison for a year before getting out on good behavior. I hear that he's living a different life now as a male porn star.

At least he's happy...

The administrator and I don't see each other much, but he was good on his word as I was contacted repeatedly over the next week to receive all my elevated statues with the lab and the company. But other than running the lab and making lots of money from my work as an executive researcher, which brought even more money than I expected from corporate, most of them in bonuses, I also started in the professional body building ring, and won absolutely every competition I entered... mainly because I was stronger than all the other women and/or men there combined, and I had absolutely the biggest tits of them all. Likewise, I wasn't afraid to wear nothing but stylized tape over my privates to give everyone the whole look.

Now I'm a millionaire, and the strongest person in the world, and as such I've even been asked to do some acting, though I might turn that down.

Oh, and another advent of all the thirty-two different concoctions I'd injected into me... was the added longevity gained from my hastily concocted serum. Forty years later... I still look twenty one! And with the administrator retired, that means that the company now belongs solely to me.

Viva la fem muscle!

<End>