

Lilly Jade

By: Daniel "Pendragon" and Lilly Jade

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Warning: This story contains elements of a semi-sexual nature. Though there are aspects of growth and inflation contained within the passages below, the reader should be made aware that the content is kept to a degree that is less than my usual writings at the behest of the co-writer of this story, being that it encompasses her character. Regardless, Parental Discretion is advised

Rated: PG

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<From the diary of the fairy Pendragon, Grandmaster of the Dawn, dated March third, twenty-ten>

There was once this woman by the name of Lilly Jade.

She came to my attention at a rather tenuous time. I was monitoring over several rather potential individuals for the next Convergence, and it seemed like out of pure accident, totally and completely unplanned, this young fem acquired for herself phenomenal strengths and abilities the likes of which I rarely see a person achieve.

It's a measure of the potential of human science in that it could create such a paradigm shift in one woman's life to make her into such a creature, that with their science these humans are so easily able to overcome even we dragons. It was hard to accept the fact that we weren't the Creator's favorites just because we were the first.

So therein, I was able to come in contact with a true accident. No... that's wrong... I shouldn't be calling her an accident. She's too precious of a creature to be calling her an accident. I only use it because I don't recognize any measure of serendipity or happenstance on her, I don't recognize the hand of the Creator or Fate upon her either... she just... is.

Researching her past, in my attempt to erase it in order to protect her, I found that she was a very talented woman.

She had an unassuming life. Few friends, even fewer true friends, and instead she mostly had a grand combination of acquaintances. She rose to her position in the world purely on merit of her own actions, being gifted with a phenomenally potent mind, and though I hope the rest of you don't consider this sexist, it was a rather potent mind for a woman.

I say that because of a few scientific facts that exist. I can back that up with magical theory as well, but most of you reading this will be far more inclined to believe in science than you will in magic.

To explain how exceptional Lilly Jade was in how powerful her mind was as a human; understand that the providence of testosterone in a human body is enhanced by the amount of testosterone in said body. Being that females are generators of the feminine hormone called Estrogen, and being that estrogen and testosterone fight each other on a genetic level – it's a marvel that males and females are compatible in the first place – in order for a woman to have an exceptionally keen mind, their bodies must suffer in other regards. With their estrogen being counteracted by added testosterone, a woman of this nature will develop lesser feminine traits. Smaller breasts, narrower hips... and as superficial as young human males are, she wouldn't have been seen as... attractive... to those males.

Pictures of her youth that I was able to find showed her to be flat-chested, coltish legs and narrow hips, more than a head shorter than the other girls in her class, wearing glasses, coveralls and hugging books to her chest to hide how flat it was. She could easily be mistaken for a boy at that age if not for the cute barrettes in her hair.

Images that showed her of greater age showed her achieving barely feminine traits... a late bloomer and a bud that barely opened. A 'shrinking violet' was a term that I found on one of her high-school teachers notes to her parents.

Such people as Lilly, regardless of gender, tended to be ostracized by their peers. As such, she never got to be with the cool kids, or the jocks... she was the sort that would've sat at the nerd table and read books. Books became her friends, learning dictated her life, and though slightly anti-social, timid and shy, her creative genius was rather unparalleled.

Unparalleled in regards to placing her among minds similar to Da Vinci, Isaac Newton and Einstein, and not to keep their feminine counterparts out of such a ranking, there were also minds like Doctor Grave Murray Hopper, inventor of one of the first computing languages, and Doctor Giuliana Tesoro, a woman with over a hundred and twenty five patents in regards to chemical compounds and processes. Lilly Jade, if she remained at large, would've, I have little doubt, won a Nobel Prize for Science.

Trained under full-ride scholarship at MIT, Lilly remained there after graduation as a professor as she worked on multiple doctorates. During her stay, her resume filed with the college that I actually had to delete, unfortunately, and have a thief steal the hard copies thereof, was that she was talented enough to work on the Human Genome Project, and was likewise thusly engaged with projects involving gene-therapy and gene-splicing at the time of her... accident.

At the time of her accident, however, she was running a lab for MIT... on contract from the United States Department of Defense. For those of you unaware of the implications of that, the U.S. Military only has three interests in genetics. Immunity programs, disease control from biological weapons and creating weapons for themselves. This later program has two parts...

Some Generals, working outside the international statutes and laws, develop biological weapons. The other part is that they are developing super soldier programs, unlocking the inherent potential of man and putting it in a soldier to create a form of living weapon that they could train. Why else do you think they get so many immunity shots while the government is investing money into them?

And if the 'Unlocking of inherent human potential' sounds familiar, that's because there is a historical fictional character that was attempting to do just that.

His name was Doctor Jekyll.

This place was a secret. It was a fenced off area in the industrial district close to MIT. It was populated by US Marines and US Navy Seals dressed in plains clothes, and run by a combination of low-grade officers and private sector notables all under the guidance of a military colonel... again... all in plains clothes.

My security would expire at midnight... so I had to get into the lab before it did. Hurrying down the hall once I was inside the building and past all but the last security checkpoint, I was fidgeting with my pass card with my eyes concentrated on the door at the far end.

"Working late, Lilly?" a voice asked.

I jumped in surprise. I was a timid little kitten at heart, and whenever I was concentrating on something so intently it was easy for me to get surprised.

"Huh? Who? Oh..." I sighed as the guard made himself visible from a booth on one side of the wall. That booth had always been vacant during the day. "Oh... oh, yes Mr. Scott. Just checking on the last batch of mice, I get the feeling the ones before had passed out about this time."

"Pity that we must use the poor animals like this, but all in the name of science, no?"

"In the name of human advancement." I smirked and he nodded.

"Let me let you in." and he raised his security card and let me enter into the lab proper."

Once inside, favoring Mister Scott with a pleasant smile, I waited for the heavy sound-proof security doors with their one-way bullet-proof mirrored glass to shut before I exhaled a sigh of relief. Then bringing myself up and palming the butterflies in my stomach, I lifted my chin and spoke clearly out into the room.

“Doctor Lilly Jade reporting.” I said into the air, and the computer’s automated functions beeped to state that it was starting to record everything that happened in the room.

Several camera feeds, several audio feeds, and certain cameras were actually keeping track of ultrasound, infrared and ultraviolet spectrums, while sensors were keeping track of radio spikes and other things that were outside my field of experience. Regardless, the USDOD insisted in these precautions.

I was considered a notable scientist, the top in my field... but scientists were never noted in the world lest they obtain a peace prize or similar. I could’ve gone to work at the Mayo Clinic or the Gazuntite Clinic but I liked it here at MIT. I had community here, I had peers... people like me who were intelligent and grew up with social issues like me. If I were to find a man to marry, I felt it’d best be found here. But... I was at a tenuous age, being that I was younger than most students were.

“Create test titled *‘Personal Testing, Series: One’*” I called out into the air and the computer beeped. I’d hoped for that... apparently the USDOD hadn’t programmed their mainframe here to recognize that I wasn’t supposed to have access any more.

Like many individuals before me, I was attempting to unlock the untold abilities of the human body and mind... and just maybe the soul as well.

I believed that I had the formula that’d allow for several of those traits to be unlocked within the human body. When the USDOD approached MIT, they offered loads and loads of money to the institute for the public sector to develop this serum. Somehow, they’d come upon a strange genetic profile that allowed for *‘unfolding genetic code.’*

I didn’t understand what they were talking about at first, but after I got to read the synopsis of the gene, I found out that it was a gene that, given certain circumstances, it could unfold and expand its gene codes. That was an impossible thing! But nonetheless, there it was. Certain chemicals could force the genes to unlock and unfold, and after doing a concentration group of a thousand people – five hundred men and five hundred women of various ethnicities – I found that these genes existed to certain degrees in a rather profound portion of the control group already.

They were T-cells, genetic throwbacks; inactive genes... bloat code to use a computing term. They were codes that human beings could very well do without, but were nonetheless present. They allowed one to track a heritage back to specific regions and family histories. There seemed to be no reason or no for a person to have them either. About half of the control group had them, regardless of race, gender, color or creed, with the average being about a five percent concentration of the genetic code. That was... an insane amount of genetics as humans were concerned.

Five percent of twelve times ten to the fiftieth was still a sizeable number... especially when one considers that there are single gene sequences that are large enough to dictate a trait on the human body. Why a mole grew on the back of one’s hand, or why one’s eyes are blue or hair is brown or skin pigmentation is white or a person was born with a particular genetic mutation. They dictated how astute a person would be to becoming an alcoholic, or how susceptible they were to cancer and disease. These genes could be the unknown part of the human genome that dictated evolution.

Discovering and unlocking these gene packages could very well give us proof of human evolution! I mean, I was a creationist, I did believe in God and that man was placed on the earth and didn’t evolve from an ape, but there was still at least some measure of natural evolution out there, evolution through adaptation to environments, but unfortunately other than breeding, we had no idea what caused it... and it was such a slow arduous process.

But, other than explaining ways of natural evolution, and perhaps how to speed it up, it would also explain that why, after I ran the genetic smear test on my own genome... that I happen to have a thirty-two percent concentration of the genes... the largest of all the test subjects. It drove me to discover their meaning.

But... there was a snag.

The USDOD was pulling its contract now that we were nearing the Human Testing stages, and the medical boards weren't allowing me to continue the research on my own with my own funds and research. On top of that, testing of any medical thing needed to be done in stages. Rats, larger mammals, primates and finally human beings before they were going to allow for human testing. At present, Rats and rabbits had been tested, but the contract was being pulled just prior to the primate stage.

It was all about the all mighty dollar, and either the medical boards weren't going to deal with the insurance claims, despite that I was going to sign a waiver, or they were bribed further by the USDOD.

Oh... excuse me... not bribed, but rather '*contractually obligated by use of a donation*' to the college and the board to keep their mouths shut.

Well they weren't going to stop me. This is the first thing I'd ever felt passionate about in my whole life, they'd shown me a puzzle that involved me and they weren't even going to allow me to try to unlock it. To hell with that. I would discover this solution.

So here I was, entering the lab late at night, supposedly to do some night work. My purpose here, however, was to do something that many would consider... very illegal. But then again, what could they say? I already signed the insurance waiver, and if successful, then I could pay them back from all the other contracts I got. I'd make a grand for every penny they lost if I could prove this. If I couldn't... well... if I couldn't prove it then I'll have wasted a couple thousand dollars... would probably go to prison and would have to work off the debt.

But with no other willing subjects to volunteer for human testing, there was really only one subject left to apply the serum to:

...Me.

I made a point to check the endless racks of innocent mice, some the size of jumbo albino sewer rats, before taking one out and cradling the gentle white-bodied pink-eyed thing, feeding it some cheese from the sample refrigerator before going to my computer terminal and shaking the mouse to toggle the sleep mode off.

As it loaded, I inserted a USB-drive into the terminal, and the auto-load function loaded a quick executable that would hack open my ghost drive on the mainframe for my access. It was their mistake letting me set up the computer as well. I knew the OS inside and out... after all, I wrote it. Of course they were trying to save at least a little of the tax-payers money, but I knew enough about the ins and outs of the OS to exploit back doors in its programming, and create a barely noticeable ghost drive that my geek stick was able to correlate between the main OS and the databases I'd created for myself on the drive.

Opening the program and control, bypassing the security of the USDOD's techs had put into the computer; I began the process of thawing the serum, loading it into the defroster while starting some classical music from the entertainment drive of the computer.

No sense in not doing something the guards would normally expect me to do...

Putting the rat back in his cage with the remnants of the cheese and then going to the receptacle in the freezer, I beheld the canister of what the interns called '*The Mutagen*' after the TMNY fad in the eighties. It's contents were a sludge of bright glowing green substances... primarily because they'd been irradiated with low grade radiation.

It was Gene-splicing one-oh-one. Two parts were implemented into the genetic structure: the first part was a radioactive substance to damage cells with a very low half-life... no more than a year. A retro-virus containing the

genetic packet that would attack bone-marrow would likewise rewrite the bone-marrow gene structure so that when it released Adult Stem Cells, that it'd be releasing cells with the new genetic structure to repair those damaged by the radiation.

The trick was to keep the radiation low so it didn't also create a mutation.

In preparation for the human testing we'd hoped to accomplish, my staff and I had created a testing chair that'd been produced for this explicit process. I promptly loaded the serum canister into its special apparatus on the chair, and there I stood, taking a deep breath as I tried to decide as to whether or not I was sure about this course of action.

...

After a moment though, I decided that there was no other way to go but forward, and swinging myself into the chair and sitting down, I began hooking myself up to the machine, laying one arm down on the arm rest as the chair itself clamped down upon it, doing the same to my ankles. A moment later, the first pricks of the needles struck with a numbing bite just like any other small needle. It was barely noticeable, I'd designed it not to cause pain, but it does make my fingers tingle.

"Computer, begin injection process." I said aloud and there was another beep in the air as the command was acknowledged, and I wiggled my fingers and toes from the numbness caused from the needles in my wrists and the backs of my legs as in short the seat begins to load the serum into my body with a faint hiss that filled my flesh at the injection points with warmth.

I could feel the liquid feeding into my blood stream, creeping up veins and arteries of both legs and arms, sliding slowly toward my tiny little woman's heart.

I knew a heart was about the size of the fist of the person who owned it... but I'd lived considering myself being small... because everyone called me small. Doctors, teachers, professors... other guys. So I always thought of myself as small, meek, tiny... unnoticeable...

I was small and I was a woman... so small woman's heart. But if this worked, if this process could work on a human like it'd worked on Whiskers the Rat, then my heart wouldn't be small anymore... neither would the rest of me. I was about to unlock my potential, about to have that which providence had denied me my whole life, and closing my eyes, I felt that warmth that'd begun in my wrists and ankles flood toward my heart with each quickened beat of that love muscle.

It throbbed and pulsated, and then flowed ever toward me, my breathing purposefully and almost meditatively slowed. A measure of excitement, of a coming triumph over my whole life assailed me as I felt the deep-bodied warmth filling me to the brim.

"Computer, start recording." I said aloud, and there is a beep in the air as several cameras and microphones began actively recording instead of passively. The difference was whether they took sixty frames per second, or one frame per second. "This is Doctor Lilly Jade. Due to lack of options, and since the USDOD and the Medical Board have denied me this, the culmination of my life, I've decided to bypass their rules and regulations in the favor of volunteering myself for human testing for the substance that shall be referred to as *'The Serum.'* I've just injected into myself the protoplasm, the primordial ooze, or whatever my various colleagues choose to call it, beginning at the time of this recording.

"The injection is mild, barely noticeable. Certainly the government won't care that I've made this humane, but nonetheless... I can feel... warmth... entering every vein inside me."

The needles retracted, a little delayed than what I'd think them to be, and the wrist band of the left cuff came undone. I lifted that arm to clutch at my chest as the warmth hit my heart and thusly shot its way through my entire being in one single triumphant pulse.

I closed my eyes and made a sound low in my mouth... similar to a kitten mewling as the warmth began to feel... pleasureable, sensual... like laying in a sunlit area while being massaged with fine scented oils.

“The... serum has just reached my heart. As expected, upon onset with my heart it has diffused through my entire body... very quickly. I feel short of breath, maybe a little euphoric. It feels like I’m being... caressed and soothed.” My thighs rubbed together as I exhaled through my nose with a sigh. “It feels so warm.”

A throbbing sensation entered me while the serum started doing its job, a goop that diffused amidst the blood in my body, flowing along blood canals and pressing into the muscles and thusly into the bones, the serum helping cells to duplicate, generating fluids and more. Even on a basic level, the premise of the serum should... at the very least... double my bodily strength and dexterity! I was eager to feel strong, to feel the confidence of being stronger than some youthful-looking woman.

“There... is a feeling of increased weakness, numbness. I feel a tingling sensation inside me, goose bumps. Oh... they tickle me so.”

Wave after wave of that sensual experience washed over me with continued waves of rising and falling warmth. I blushed, feeling the blush suffuse down my neck and into my chest, spreading across cheeks and forehead, and I gasped as I felt myself becoming lost in all this... like hearing the whispers of someone suggesting to me that I was beautiful and exotic, strong and skilled, intelligent beyond compare. It made me feel grand, but it made me blush at the same time.

Again I closed my eyes and breathed a bit more heavily, panting at the throbbing feelings in me as the serum coils through my whole form, pressuring against the insides of my body, filling my skin.

Then glancing downward, my eyes settled upon the veins on the back of my hands as they swelled and rolled outward, the very wrinkles in my skin smoothing outward as those veins throbbed. A mole on the back of my hand faded as those throbbing veins massaged me all over, everywhere, like fingers dragging across me. They enticed me further.

“I-I’m experiencing a reaction. My body is... thickening with vascularity. Veins are standing on end... blemishes and old scars are d-disappearing.” And I lifted my fingers, seeing the nails lengthening. “Strange... fingernails appear to be growing very rapidly.”

“Future note, at mild levels this can be considered a very simple face and body lift. Wrinkles in flesh are disappearing along with blemishes... though... hoping that the hyper-vascularity that’s happening is only temporary.”

But nonetheless the throbbing continues, pulsating straight down into my fingers and toes, while a mild pressure continued to grow and fill within my chest, pressuring into the backs of either bosom to tighten and firm the flimsy little things, immediately eliminating the sag I’d gained in my growing maturity. But as I sat there, my eyes shifting to my chest, a subtle little smile crossed my features as I watched the pressure filling my pert little breasts, strangely choosing there to enhance me first, filling the little pair and giving them lift.

They filled the bra that cupped them loosely, kept them from succumbing to gravity’s power, but now they were defying gravity as the serum continued to replicate inside me, sliding into every last capillary, every last vein inside me.

“A-a strange... happenstance. Transformation which began in the extremities for Whiskers is now... b-beginning in my chest. Oh my. It feels... so sensitive. Musculature isn’t w-what’s enhancing, but rather the objects of my sexuality. The underdeveloped mammary papilla within my breasts are... swelling with fluids. I c-can feel the serum – so warm, hnn – filling the glands, swelling them, growing them. My bra is tight, tensing, and the two... breasts are hefting atop my chest as they fill. Seconds have passed and already they are B-cups... no C-cups... and growing larger. Oh my!”

And I tensed, on the verge of some strange explosion inside me it felt as I felt the serum climbing up the narrow column of my neck, shortly before it began to pressure into the capillaries in the backs of my eyes, and then flushing right into my very BRAIN!

"It's in my head!" I gasped and moaned, feeling the lobes of my brain throbbing almost like I was having a pounding headache, only without the pain at first, though a mild headache did assail me slowly. "A-and a mild headache now... the blood canals of the body are becoming filled. I can very nearly feel it reaching to the marrow, but the pressure inside my skull... oh... the synapses firing... I can feel... my thinking growing faster, freer..."

"I can..." and just then I felt a click in my head, and opening my eyes, feeling as if I were opening them for the first time in my life, I gasped as random things about the room started lifting, paperclips, papers and books, diskettes and laser disks... even bits of grime on the floor. "I can... feel... things outside my body. I can feel elements in my surrounding area and even... m-manipulate them."

I flexed the arm of my free hand and felt the sleeves tightening about it as I flicked its fingers, directing things to swoop in the air and dance and swing, swirling about me.

"An... unexpected side effect. I think I can... control these things. Yes... yes I can. I believe the unlocking potential is working on other parts of the body. Even the higher brain functions to the point where... I seem to have developed an advanced form of telekinesis as humans are concerned. Fascinating!"

And lifting that hand and directing it, I giggled with glee; able to do such a trick that required incredibly talented people decades to learn how to mentally manipulate a penny, and here I was doing it with many pounds worth of substance.

But with my arm held outward, I noticed it suddenly, and saw the thickened veins throbbing on that arm, and saw the arm extending steadily forward out of the cuffs of the blouse and jacket the forearms flaring steadily while muscles and tendons trembled and throbbed, swelling beneath the skin.

"At... this time... my body is increasing in strength." I said with a fascinated gasp and the things in the air fell to the ground. "Muscle masses are increasing quickly, throbbing with increased strength, the fluids sliding into the muscles." I flexed that arm and smiled pleasingly to myself as the forearm flex popped the button of the cuff of that shirt, and with a snap of my head I caught the button in midair with my mind and smirked to myself.

I held the button, brought it toward me, spun it like atop, smirking while I felt the strength filling me.

"And I have utmost control over the things my mind has caught. I can spin it, I can..." and suddenly my eyes focused and seemed to magnify the button so it filled my vision, slowing it down, speeding it up, reversing it, and I blinked before it returned to its spinning motion.

My mental abilities were spreading, swelling, and I swallowed at what I'd just been able to do with my very sight.

The most intelligent people in the world were reputed to use approximately ten percent of their brain power... and those were extremes like Einstein. Psychic abilities were reputed to come from an area of the brain that was largely unused: the frontal lobes. I could feel those lobes throbbing in tune with the rest of me.

"Possible secondary mutation. I appear to be developing more psychic abilities. Telepaths are supposedly the most common of psychics... and the next stage is supposedly telekinetics... but I can... do things with my mind I would've considered impossible before now. Fast forward, slow down, rewind memories... focus so intently on a thing to magnify it by many times. I appear to be developing abilities never before recorded with a human being, as far as I was aware."

And then I looked to my flexed arm and I squeaked in surprise.

On that arm, the barely visible arm hairs that were there, always so thin and light that they were unnoticeable were growing thicker and longer and in higher concentration.

“Definite... secondary mutation.” I gasped and panted. “Excessive body hair, unknown reason as to why – mew – why... nya... my voice!” I squeaked and held my throat and then blanched, feeling hair there, and patting my face and chest, found downy hairs growing out of every pore. “Eee... I am... developing full over... b-body hair. It’s growing everywhere! Miu!”

I could hear groaning and grinding inside me now, dull explosions popping and engorging beneath my flesh like things were exploding inside me, and after each explosion was this sort of flushing sensation, like Peanut Butter being pushed through my flesh. It filled muscles and swelled bones, cracking the bones and grinding the muscles.

And then with a glance downward showed that the skirts I was wearing were smoothing out their pleats as they spread steadily across knees that were steadily lifting from my legs lengthening right before my eyes. Those legs likewise steadily spread despite that they were still pressed together so, broadening from both thighs and calves thickening. There was a creaking and my hips spread, pulling the gap between both legs apart and spreading my seat, thickening the bottom and likewise pulling the panties I wore tight across those widening hips, snugly between legs and slipping in between the cheeks of that bottom.

“Strength... Miu, I’m... experiencing the very strength that I’d... hoped for!” I said aloud to the cameras and computer, the hem of those skirts sliding upward along those thighs as they continued thickening, riding upward as the whole of my body felt like it was expanding till it revealed the panties I wore below those skirts.

Fur continued growing out of me, growing everywhere, thickening the hairs that I had but softening them and concentrating them into fur, while likewise growing in thick tufts between my engorging breasts and along the outsides of both arms and calves. I felt those panties giving me a snuggy now while they folded about my loins and bottom, tightening flat against my now furred skin. The fur-like hair I possessed now billowed and fell about my head, neck and shoulders, my face throbbing while the muscles and bones there pushed outward slowly.

Mouth and nose merged into a very short, barely noticeable muzzle, fangs extending while ears lengthened into elfin things covered in fur. Those ears migrated upward as my jaw spread and teeth lengthened, growing long incisors and deeper molars while brows and lip muscles engorged with strength. I mewed... like a cat, feeling whiskers even growing out of my face while those ears flared and rounded, forming hoods that promptly flattened against my head.

The bra I wore tightened about me as I panted, tasting the air now, and smelling flows of scents that were always faint before but were now potent. I could smell ether from across the room, smell the cleaning products inside their cupboard, and smell the ionization of the computer mainframe and the scent of the serum in the air. But on top of that I could also taste all these things as well!

“E-enhanced taste and smell... miu!” I moaned, jerking within the restraints around one arm and both ankles.

I blushed deeply across the nose and cheeks as they swelled thicker and firmer as the muscles in me added tone to this body, chest and arms swelling along with legs now. I grew and bulged, and yet I began to... to enjoy it too... and... “Purr...”

The sound of a purr rising up my chest and exiting my opened mouth was the strangest feeling yet! I could feel the pattering of a vein buried in my chest, and it numbed and soothed me, the sound itself filling my mind with comfort.

“F-feline... like... transformations...” I moaned and arched my spine, feeling the bones in me changing and realigning now.

My fingers wiggled again as the felt pudgy for a moment, and looking down at the free hand I saw that it’d been thickening. Thick pads were forming on the palms, the finger tips growing thicker as well, the nails pinching and hooking before they retracted into those hair covered hands and firm padded palms.

“Claws... oh... mew!”

"I-I am... strengthening... *quickly*. En-enhanced hair and now fur gro-o-owth" I managed as the mane atop my head spilt down over my bosom now, even as that hefted higher and thicker, the straps of my bra digging into my body.

Swallowing hard, my throat bobbing, I could feel the earlier mild sickness giving way to a burning strength. I felt like a fire had been lit around me, just outside the burning point where it'd scald my skin or singe my fur-like hair. The sensations of strength continued to grow and grow as that PB and J sensation of spreading goo beneath my flesh increasing so steadily that I thought I'd never feel such strength in this little body of mine.

But nevertheless, the blouse I wore untucked from the skirts I was wearing, those skirts actually loosening about my waist as that column of belly extended and lengthened along with the neck from the whole of my spine thickening one vertebrae after the next, each cracking and popping as they realigned and the lab coat and blouse I wore tightening about my bodice. This all bore my lengthening and firming navel to the open air as it lengthened and hardened, smears of growth spreading beneath the flesh as the center of the navel creased slowly from sternum to pelvis, and the belly itself separated from the rest of my once smooth flesh.

The fur of that belly was yellowing, as my nearly dwarfish body transformed into an Amazonian one. Proportions changed; arms and legs growing longer with neck and waist, my head staying the same size as I grew taller there in the seat. Hips spread to fully fill the seat as the skirts I wore spread into a tight miniskirt across my long and rounded thighs, and all through this my bones creaked and snapped, popping repeatedly as every second passed

"Th-that sound," I said and blushed as my form flushed just beneath the growing and thickening tufts of fur with a darker pinkish coloring that could be seen through the fur covering me now. "Was my spine cracking – miu! – a-along with the rest of me. The serum i-is entering..." I swallowed from a suddenly dry mouth. "The marrow of the bone faster than anticipated. My whole body is developing f-far faster than it should! Being that keeping bone marrow alive is difficult under even the best of circumstances... it'll be unknown what..."

But with a cracking sound I felt my free hand suddenly engorge and grow spastically, the thing flaring wide and the fingers lengthening to double the mass of that hand before the growth shot up the wrist bones toward the elbow. A similar transformation followed suit in the other arm, and with such a transformation the brace about my other wrist that had fed me the serum earlier burst open, freeing my other hand.

But soon thereafter, my feet likewise began lengthening, toe claws tearing open the pointed toes of the short heeled-shoes I wore, and while the four smaller toes extended and thickened, my big toe remained behind with a hooking dew claw. Those toes spread, snapping the slender straps over either foot and bursting the shoes open, toes tearing through socks steadily till the whole toes of those socks burst open. Shortly thereafter both ankles and forelegs billowed with thickening feet, ankle and shin bones, snapping the restraints about those ankles too as the socks I had on steadily ripped and tore about those lengthening feet.

"L-Legs... have become digitigrade." I moaned, holding a leg out which popped upward as I lifted it since the thickness of both thighs was too great for the chair I sat in. Those toes spread, their white pristine claws retracting into each toe like my finger claws had, and the thickness of the fur on those feet became demure and silken. "Definitely digitigrade..." I sighed nasally and tensed as my legs lengthened even more, the muscles carving themselves from my thighs and forelegs, separating themselves from the main masses as the Achilles tendon separated the quadriceps from the inner thighs, and the calves flared away from the forelegs.

"S-surprising! A strengthening... well outside projected maximums has just changed me. Growth started at the fingertips and then shot up the arm. I can feel..."

And suddenly the arms followed suit after my legs, forearms and biceps and triceps with shoulders carving their way from the main flesh of those arms, the other cuff button snapping off without me even flexing that arm, the sleeves tightening as they slipped up to the elbows.

"I can feel the strength... *surgin*g though me, roiling and rippling, it's... moving up the arms t-toward... Ngh..."

And into the biceps the flushing thick fluids went, throbbing every nanometer along the way, the veins unfolding from those arms to form a crackelature as the bones thickened and the growth of those arms filling with the fluid of the replicating serum sliding into the muscles caused the breadth and roundness of my lengthened forearms to grow greatly wider. Biceps and triceps billowed, rounding outward, shoulders stretching the seams of the silk blouse I had on as the bra I wore rode upward about my ribs, still caught with my breasts holding the cups over them.

And then I had a realization... this... this seems to be going beyond mere growth ... I was almost... *inflating*... inflating with the fluid in me like I were a water balloon! That's what that PB and J sensation beneath the skin was... the serum filling every bone and muscle fiber, expanding and strengthening it.

"Oh... oh my..." I sighed and covered my mouth with a gasp, legs pressed together while the metallic chair creaked from my weight.

Bones continued to thicken, veins throbbled and pulsated, the biceps rolling forward and then suddenly the thickness of my chest just suddenly began to engorge unendingly!

Chest muscles engorge into two great slabs that separated from the rest of the bodice, ribs flaring and rolling outward, revealing skeletal bands covered with more feathering muscle as my bodice flared from the broadening of my back. Clavicle muscles spread the shoulders wider apart, spreading the collar of the blouse I wore open and making me gasp for breath as the hard straps of the bra I wore dug deeper into my bodice. What was worse was that the breasts capping my chest muscles were rolling outward, rushing forward in their spontaneous growth, the combination of it all pinching onto my lungs and making it harder and harder to breathe.

Those breasts pressed together, the bra straps stretching as best they could, the hooks on them holding the back strap together holding on for dear life while the slip bands of the shoulder sloops stretched to their fullest extents. Blouse, undershirt and lab coat stretched across my broadening and widening back as I crossed my legs to stay in the seat, and churning, arching and , thrashing slightly, tossing my head, I gasped, gulped for air like I was drowning.

My hands gripped the edges of the chair, and I heard the squealing of metal before lifting those hands, and gaped at the appearance of my fingers having molded the steel with my very grip!

"I-impossible!" I moaned, and then choked for air again.

My navel lengthened even more, neck bulging with muscular strength, my thighs billowed, and calves rounded and flared wider as the remaining hosiery wrapped about those legs quickly stretched to an opaque form and then turned transparent to reveal the soft and thickening fur covered fleshy muscle beneath it. Underpants were now stretched to their extent about me, barely covering sex and bottom, with most of their cloth stretched between my legs.

A strumming of the heart – like repeating beats on a snare drum – enveloped me; pounding in my head my body rapidly grew thicker and thicker, stressing the seams of the clothing I wore as the skirts stretched across my hips rose even higher to become a tight wrap about those hips, not really covering anything anymore, defeating the purpose in which they were made on my now increased body.

I tensed from the incredible tightness of these clothes, with biceps and triceps rounding outward while my neck thickened suddenly, and up the length of those arms and into my chest the incredible inflating of my body through the surging fluids that were now growing unchecked and likewise increasing exponentially the larger I became.

The sleeves of my shoulders of both blouse and lab coat started to tear away from the body of those clothes, and breathing deeper and deeper I could feel tears forming within the bra that clenched my chest like a vice now; the thickness of my neck spreading the collars of blouse and coat wide open, wide enough to even pop a button on the collar of said blouse.

It was then that I realized that I was increasing far beyond the projected means... beyond even exceptional means. Something was wrong...

“C-computer!” I grit out through my lengthening teeth as my chest steadily rolled upward to press against the base of my neck while the shoulder straps of my bra with a tumultuous spasm finally breaks at the hooks of the back strap. “W-what was the size of the dose used in the serum?!” I panted out.

“Sample size was four liters.” the computer responded then and I blinked, breathing heavily with my chest growing grander and larger with each breath.

“Computer, I asked the size of the dose not the sample!”

“The dose was set to the maximum of the sample, the sample contained four liters.”

I turned, twisting, hearing an almost rubbery sound as my muscles and body ground from how thickly massive they’d become, another button popping from the base of my blouse as my chest flared wider, and I looked down out of the corner of my eye at the side of the chair where I’d placed the sample earlier.

It was empty... completely empty.

In horror I rose immediately, or at least tried to, but the surging thickness of my body which was likewise constricted by the very clothing I had on, I fell immediately back down into the chair... all while every blood vessel in me throbbed and beat, standing on end and working its way deeper across me.

“Oh no...” I whimpered and tensed harder as my muscles continued billowing, the chair creaking beneath my growing weight.

The collars of my blouse spread wider now, another lower button of the blouse popping as my breasts were hemmed in by the undershirt now, the fabric of the bra slipping from off those mammaries as they swelled and tightened from all the hardening muscle behind them. The lab coat fell off my shoulders then as I gripped the edge of the chair again, tensing my nails into the steel now and hearing it squeal loudly from my strength!

“I’m screwed! Miu!” I whimpered as I continued unfolding, bottom thickening to devour the seat of the panties, the fronts of the thing wedging into my sex while the stockings I wore slid down below the knees and likewise stretched to the point of ripping holes open in their fabric.

Immediately fearing my own growing strength, I let go of the armrests even as my nails dug to the fingertips into the steel already molded under my grip. Looking to my once long and slender fingers as they thickened with strength, the once long claws became sharp little points on each finger tip while I wiggled them.

My thickening neck popped the little frilly feminine tie that decorated my growing chest and now voluminous breasts, my chest spreading wide as the fur-bearing orbs of my breast pressed outward so that my blouse just hung off the rounded orbs, with now only one button left on that blouse and holding on for dear life.

Those breasts... their voluminous might, their surging sizes... already they were larger than the breasts of any other woman I’d ever known! Those swells pressed against each other, contained and hemmed within the undershirt that was stretching almost endlessly about my chest... but not enough to fully contain them. The lower swells began to push beneath the hem, while the top swells collided together in the collar of the undershirt and began to swell about my neck.

As I grew, continued growing, muscles separating into secondary masses now, the rips in the sleeves spread completely, popping the seams and snapping the threads, leaving wraps about my upper arms as my shoulders rounded outward, broad and thick, the strength still increasing in me. My enigmatic feminine body continued growing upward, neck lengthening as it spread wider to spread the collar of my blouse with my chest rolling outward, the center of the bra I had on being pressed by the clothes and my flesh, and it snapped again over both shoulders before my blouse finally popped its last button and spread open to reveal the grandeur of my newly swollen chest.

Swallowing again as my back muscles swelled, the two halves of that back engorging into thickened and rounded slabs of furred woman-flesh, I trembled and vibrated and churned, jostling and twisting upon myself even as my hips widened to press so deeply against the chair that the insides of the metal of the chair were forcibly bowed outward.

The sleeves of the blouse and coat tore and snapped about the engorging bicep and tricep muscles, ripping and shearing into bare threads as the biceps separated in half and flared wide, the triceps engorging just as deeply as the biceps to counterbalance them, those trikes forming a deep bulging horseshoe that creased into a plethora of supportive muscles. Tendons under the arms broadened the arm holes, snapping the tops of the seams beneath the arms, while the growing breadth of my back began to stretch the seams down the center of the back.

And then I started convulsing, almost as if I were going into a seizure, my chest thrusting forward and forcing my back to arch. But as I did my ribs flared forward, chest muscles thickened and breasts swelled. I thrust again and a third time, gritting my teeth as my jaw muscles firmed up and thickened, facial features smoothing from all the taut strength in the jaw, and each time I thrust my breasts grew larger, fuller, firmer, the undershirt tearing a little to allow the surging growth as those breasts were flattened against my chest. They remained flattened as I tossed my head, but tensing, chest muscles clenching while that thickened fluid swelled into my chest, those flattened mounds of mammary steadily filled and firmed with glands and... and what else... and the flattened pancakes steadily filled and stretched the undershirt, forcing the garment to slide over the pair of mammaries till first one and then the other fell out from within the band of fabric.

That fabric stretched across my chest as I blushed deeply now, and I cupped the caps of my breasts to keep them from being seen, my thighs trying to hide the wedge of panty that was barely covering my sex as I felt it ripping now. But despite that I was trying to cover those breasts they kept filling, swelling, engorging, and instead of being droopy sacks of womanflesh, they kept firming up, rolling outward in defiance of gravity, filling to the brim with softening body fat, glands and of course the thickness of the serum. The thickening of chest muscles helped them firm up as they grew and grew, either larger than my head, twice as large... *three* times as large, and I blushed deeper, the deeper setting a glow into the tops of those breasts as I felt my skin prickle and become oh so sensitive!

And those boobs engorged and grew, flaring so grandly that even despite the size of my chest that they pressed against each other, formed a deep crevice between them, but nonetheless became so full and so firm that they rolled upward onto my chest, their impossible weights completely ignoring gravity, their firmness like great sacks of sand or heavy medicine balls.

“Ohhh... Miu!” I moaned, ears flattening as I shivered, fur thickening all over again while the muscles of my arms unfolded, growing great and thick, hard yet the softening layer of flesh over the bundles of taut muscle still kept me soft.

And then the chair that you sit in groans and then drops a couple of inches, the pneumatics squealing and actually folding beneath my weight, the hydraulics spraying its liquid every which way as it falls down to the ground, the hosiery about my forelegs snapping off me completely.

“C-computer! Countermeasures!” I cried out then as the sensual experience became paramount.

“Error.” The computer replied. “No Countermeasure can be executed because none are implemented.”

I almost curse, I didn't, that would be unladylike, but I wanted to as I pant for each breath, and with another creaking the outsides of the chair that I barely fit in before – like a little girl in her father's chair – was very rapidly becoming too small for me. The sides and base squeak and squeal, metal knotting and folding beneath me and away from me, till all of a sudden the sides snap off from my widening hips and the back falls backward, leaving me atop a little destroyed metal stool.

Letting go of my breasts, the pair wobbling now as I gripped my head, gasping as I felt my very brain swelling, I moaned as I enlarged steadily, the skirts that had been spread wide about my hips now stretching seams as I sat there. As my mind developed more things lifted off the ground and floated around me to the point where heavier and heavier things are being caught up within the incredible growth of my mental abilities.

The wrap stretched about my hips from the skirts I'd worn rode up over the thickening masses of my bottom, muscles carving their way down either leg to the very toes even as the flushing of fluids transformed me into greater and greater physical proportions. My lengthened belly began to widen again, pressing against the belt of the former skirts, that belly rounding outward in a sinuous line that swept deeply beneath my flaring and deepening ribcage before sloping back outward for the pelvis. The abdominal muscles began to cleave horizontally then; the waistband and belt of the skirts pressing against those abs as they thickened, and I soothed those navel muscles as they clenched endlessly it felt, each muscle fiber and sinew filling with the serum.

Those abs steadily pressed against the waistband of those skirts, spreading the thin band of leather while my hips spread the skirts themselves, and steadily and assuredly, the waistband snapped, the lower hems of the skirts ripping while I tried tugging it down to hide my growing nakedness, alternatively trying to hide my naked boobies from view.

“Miu.”

Those abs coalesced and clenched and swelled again, repeating this rippling sensation over and over as they cleaved into fourths and then sixths... then eighths and twelfths. Those twelve individual abdominals, the maximum possible on a human body then unbelievably extended into fourteenths and sixteenths, and I gasped, gripping my belly with my thickened hands and short retracted claws even as long arching lateral obliques slid into place one pair at a time. The belt snapped and waistband popped its buttons, the hem of the skirts flipping downward to the fore and to the rear as those abs rolled forward, and unbelievably they continued to grow greater and greater in strength!

Fourteen abs and three pairs of obliques grew to sixteen and four pairs, then eighteen and five pairs... impossible!

“Nya! Purr...”

They grew to twenty abs, twenty two... twenty four! Hips widened to a crux, thighs burgeoned massive as my skirts slid upward around my middle suddenly, and I squealed and tried to tug them down lightly, hesitantly, nearly naked below the waist now with the panties I wore fully recessed and ripping down the seat in order to stay on me, with the barest patch of cloth still covering my vulva as it too strengthened and developed. I pulled on the sides of those panties to keep them from overly displaying the intensity of that sexuality, again trying to cover the swelling bits of womanflesh capping my breasts.

They had words... words like nipple and areola... but the world had no purpose seeing those bits of me, so I tried my best to remain in what little clothing I had left, hoping that this insane level of growth would slow.

But then I tensed and grit my teeth, eyes wide as my hands slapped to the edge of the seat, and with a squealing sound as I leaned forward, my boobies actually pressing against my *knees* that they were so big, I felt my tailbone turn outward and then telescope. A great ripping rend tore open the back of my lab coat that was little more than a waist jacket now, right before it tore open the back of my blouse, stretching the band of undershirt that stretched over my heaving mammarys, around the arm pits and across the back, as I turned to feel my tail bone push out from my big furry and highly muscular behind. I watched in stunned amazement as it telescoped one vertebrae after the next, extending the thickest yet most luxurious fur yet along that growing tail bone that was developing into... well... a tail.

Longer and thicker it grew, broader and stronger, gaining its own muscle, its own soft malleable flesh, the thick fluids surging down it, thick veins growing along its length as it stretched the flesh between my legs backward with it, but it at least did one thing... and that was to hide the depths of my bottom from view...

The fuzz grew longer and more beautiful, soft, and purring I pulled it to me, playing with it, feeling its strength and smelling its scent. For some reason I was smelling like chocolate, and purring I nibbled on my tail, I even licked it, only to find something strange, and sticking my tongue out after a couple licks, I went cross eyed and blinked in order to see my short little tongue covered in little prickly bristles!

A tongue comb?! “Miu?”

More things, heavier things lifted from the ground, my mental attributes skyrocketing exponentially, psychic abilities surging into my control... but strangely... my mind seemed to be focusing on the simpler things. I could mentally calculate the five hundredth digit of pi, but nonetheless, I was focusing on things like... rainbows and stickers and... ponies and unicorns. It was odd, calming... sensual.

“Nee!” I mewed happily, and hugged myself, letting go of the long thickening and telescoping tail as it thrashed behind me, my surging biceps pressing mammaries together as they rolled over the continually thickening arms and flaring forearms.

The guys in the lab called what I was becoming as ‘*Ultra-Feminine.*’ They’d showed me pictures of super human women, each with ever increasing grades of physical prowess and ability. Natural women who’d worked out their whole lives and had rosy bodies and still feminine faces. I was jealous of those women... they all looked cool and confident, as if not even men would keep them down. I envied them. But then the guys had showed me other super women, Amazon women, Hyper women... and finally the Ultra-feminine... women of incredible might and power... great bodies that were designed to hold breasts that would outweigh a normal woman.

But I hated those words, they were dangerous words, ‘*Might*’ and ‘*Power.*’ They were the words that villains in every comic, movie and video game used regularly. Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

But nonetheless, I couldn’t help to think then, when they showed me those pictures as an example of what would happen to a woman if they were to gain the serum... ‘*What if you had those proportions?*’

But now I was gaining those attributes even now as the last of my sleeves tore off my arms and I flexed them both, watching the biceps unfold and increase in size by twice, by three times by five times... eight and ten times over, continually surging outward, rolling with great strength and pinching two great naked breasts of enormous sizes together while my forearms flared wide like billowing sails on a ship.

The arm holes of the blouse and coat widened as my arms grew so great, and I could feel the tightness about my middle as the skirts clenched about me tightly.

My chest heaved forward, the thickness of either pectoral rolling outward, growing and heaving, surging as they separated into thickened chords of feminine muscle over hardened channels of heavy bone superstructure that held me up; my sternum a knot of even harder bone keeping it all together like a keystone. As my back flared wider, dorsal muscles hugging and rolling over shoulders and ribs along the sides, the rents in the blouse and coat tore neatly in two now, revealing the channel of my spine and the flaring masses of smooth back... right before those back muscles segmented.

Three separate packs, each thicker than the one beneath them, swelled to spread neck and back wide, pushing my head forward atop them, flaring with greater and greater back space that grew to counterbalance the incredible mammaries decorating my chest.

Just then I looked and found the world going blurry for some reason as I screwed up my face and wrinkled my nose, trying to see properly... and then I remembered, and lifting a hand and pinching – delicately, gently as I could – I removed the pair of glasses from off my face, even as my vision corrected itself from the stigmatism I’d developed.

This was wonderful! Even a congenital birth defect that caused my eyes to develop improperly was being corrected!

“Nya! Purr!”

But as sitting there... I forgot about the cameras as my body continued to flare and deepen, my voice remaining high-pitched... kitten-like, with my chest continually distending and my back heaving into a mighty hump of muscle between a pair of fanning shoulder blades and rounding shoulders. The remnants of the blouse and coat I wore hung off my arms like a frilly fringe as I breathed deeply, purring just as deeply as I felt the clothes on me tearing apart now. For some reason I just didn’t care if this was rendering me naked anymore.

With a ripping and a shredding, the remnants of my skirts tore across the rippling belly muscles as each pair of abs and each set of lats rounded outward thick and strong, while the chords of my lower back did likewise. The seams under both arms tore open steadily with the thickening of either arm till the remnants of blouse and lab coat tore open, my great mane of hair spilling beautifully about neck and shoulders. I felt warm despite being naked in a cold lab, and with each breath I could feel the undershirt stretching wider and wider, little holes and runs opening in its fabric across the chest, right before that fabric tore apart, shredding open and then later snapping across the back.

With a shake of my arms and a grinding of tendons and muscles, the bones groaning and creaking, I shook off the remnants of all my clothing, left only with the strips of panty that still decorated my loins. Breasts rolled from side to side, either still engorging and filling with fluids, of throbbing blood vessels, milk and the thick serum. I giggled and hugged myself, purring louder now as my innards developed in ways I never knew they could do, fur thickening into that of a long haired Persian kitty, with my tail being long and beautiful and sinuous despite its own obvious strength.

I forget completely about the cameras and recording devices as the blushing within those enormous feminine orbs, either seeming so grand that they completely refused the pull of gravity in them now and seemed to heft as if inflated with helium to hover projecting from off the supremely muscular chest I possessed that thickened inch after creeping inch into heavier and heavier musculature. The fur over parts of me – those breasts, my biceps and inner thighs – thinned somewhat from how stretched the flesh was there, their fur turning into a velveteen consistency. Other parts of me – the collar, the center of the back and tail, outer forearms and the back of either calf and leg, as well as the top of my head and a fringe over either shoulder – grew thicker and fluffier, soft as silken clouds, having its own beautiful sheen.

My tail lifted and I purred even louder, breathing in the air deeply, smelling and tasting things at a distance it felt, becoming aware of new colors naked to the human eye, colors that were how my mind was translating the various scents and sounds in the air.

Strange instincts assailed me, and I felt... playful... loving. I just wanted to hug stuff and purr.

My mane of fur grew longer, spilling about my head as it rose atop a thickening throat and broadening neck, spreading straight to the shoulders as both chest muscles rolled over either collar bone to press against the base of my deepening throat. Shoulders widened as chest surged further forward, my panties tightening about me as they stretched straight across the crooks of my thighs now, barely on now while I shivered and felt more fur grow deeper as I went from a short-hair to a medium hair coat.

The thicknesses of both chest muscles roiling upward over neck muscles and downward over ribs, all to allow for larger and larger boobs as my chest muscles actually cleaved and separated, deepening my chest even more, giving me a second set of pectorals beneath the first, thickened me. My back had to bulge and flare to counterbalance it, and I rose taller in the seat where I sat while muscles rolled outward, tightening the flesh of this body as I grew with greater and great thickening masses.

I was to the point where no human being ever on Earth might've reached. I was stronger than dozens, maybe even hundreds of men. I felt able to build the pyramids with my own two hands!

The thicknesses of both legs are so great that I couldn't really sit with my knees together, and as those legs thickened those knees separated despite that I pulled those legs as close together as they could go. Lifting my feet out from their foot holders where the lengthened feet hung off the ends of the holders, I pressed the widened toes and the balls of both feet against the ground with both thighs pressed together tightly.

"Nee." I mewed happily and rubbed both thighs with either hand, feeling them rippling and coalescing with growing strength as they separated into individual muscle chords that were as thick as bridge cables, my inner thighs becoming a plethora of bundled tendons like piano and harp wires.

Rising, I balanced unsteadily for a moment on my toes before falling back, tail swishing, and landing on the remnants of the chair it crushed beneath my weight and I fell several more inches as the seat's hydraulics flattened more. It squealed and groaned, driving deeper into the floor beneath me but not before my widening feet spread wider before I rose again, this time wobbling briefly with vertigo, flailing my arms to keep myself upright. Looking down, I find that the distance from my head to the floor had become quite tremendous, and it was still growing more distant! It was enough to cause a fear of heights!

Shrugging both shoulders nervously, tapping finger tips together, I felt an odd sensation, and looking to one arm I found that its bicep had engorged so much with the fluids that it was brushing against my breast. It'd done that before now during this transformation, but this was the first time I'd really noticed it.

Forever, being a woman cursed with a small, diminutive chest, I'd never known this feeling, but now both bicep and breast were together so large, biceps rapidly growing larger than my head, that I could feel them rub up against each other. I laughed and cradled my breasts, holding them upward and pressing my thighs together with a swishing of my tail as I got used to the new balance of this body, I reveled in the immensely inflated size of my breasts now. Hugging the pair closer together, forcing them upward, I took to rubbing my cheek against the velvety fur of first one and then the other, licking the heaving mammaries with my tongue comb to groom them, their teats thankfully becoming hidden inside the breast fur.

Never before had I experienced such things, never being able to do so as I swelled and swelled, growing ever thicker at the bodice and waist, with thick thighs and thick arms that were greater in scope than my rolling belly was as it coalesced with my every movement. I was never considered so well-endowed as this before. Who could consider themselves as well-endowed as this... this was really something entirely new for me... for anybody.

Letting go of those boobies, I lifted both arms and flexed them as taught and as hard as I could, feeling the biceps engorge like they were about to explode, the pair burning with the blush of the serum and blood pumping through them, throbbing through them. Veins stood on end, the two sides of the biceps tightening and showing off each individual muscle chord as those biceps ballooned, the triceps flaring and curving long and deep to the bony elbows, and the harder I clenched them the faster my muscles grew, the larger I became, the deeper my body forged itself out of the primordial ooze rushing through my very sinews. The greatness of those biceps was so great that soon I was feeling the tops of their velvet-covered flesh brushing against the backs of my furred knuckles!

And those two biceps still continued swelling!

"S-strength... is growing exponentially... Miu! Without stopping!" I said aloud as I bit my lower lip and flexed harder, feeling my muscles bubbling and popping energetically beneath the flesh as my back curved deeply and every vertebrae and bone thickened and hardened to hold up the layer after layer of increasing muscle.

On the one hand I felt a mild panic from all this growth, but on the other hand I just felt so warm! So soothed! It was like being wrapped up in a great... big... fluffy blanket fresh from the dryer! "Miu!"

"S-strength is indeterminate." I groaned while I continued engorging, feeling long muscle striations ballooning beneath the flesh, swelling from one point to the next across chest and back and mildly up and down abs and thighs, my legs growing thicker just to keep my upper body aloft. "I'm... I'm almost afraid to sneeze." I said softly, and the realization of how strong I was becoming brought to the fore that I'd hurt or break something. An odd transformation happened inside my head then, and the stronger I became, the greater my caution, and my demeanor softened with every mote of strength I gained.

Bones crack and groaned, my spine thickening and distending from the base of my skull to the base of my tail before curving outward at the pelvis to the tail tip. Again arms and legs lengthened as belly and neck did too, and I poised and stepped, feeling light as a feather, the rest of me ignoring all of gravity as I took a few cautious first steps, feeling an untold grace and precision roll through the muscular strength in my legs.

And I loved to dance. I wanted to be, like many girls, a ballerina, but they said I didn't have the prowess for it. It did remember my lessons nonetheless, and with a swishing of the tail and a wobbling of the breasts, I executed a perfect pirouette just like any prima ballerina in the world would be able to do.

Like all other things in this room, the remnants of my clothes rose from off the ground as I again flexed, but this time flexed my legs, first one and then the other, hearing the bones crack and muscles and tendons groan as the muscles bubbled outward, billowing and engorging, popping just as energetically, and when I relaxed those muscles they didn't deflate at all. Based on how tall I was before in comparison to objects in the room, I must've grown more than twice my previous size... maybe three times the size by now.

I laughed and rolled my belly like a belly dancer, shifting and testing the grinding strength in me that was like millstones grinding against each other effortlessly.

"S-size of cranium is vastly disproportionate to b-body now and... eek!" I began to say before my cry of alarm as, with a sloughing sensation, one whole side of my body disgorged violently to one side again as the bones realigned, only to allow for breast, chest, and the whole of one arm to distend to one side, just before that arm and everything connected to it doubled and then redoubled in thickness.

Chest muscle rolled upward over clavicle and down about ribs, tit engorging even larger the thickness of the chest muscles on that side of my body growing more than a foot in thickness apiece, right before the other side of me likewise sloughed off and distended, growing just as large to match the other side, growing accordingly.

Just after that the entirety of my back blimped and ballooned, first along the two sides to either side of the spine, right before they separated into deeper thirds and the thirds grew and thickened one over the next before separating into smaller and smaller muscles. More and more flooding fluids curled and coiled through me, throbbing in my brain, making my eyeballs grow in their sockets, widening the eyes even and transforming them.

I felt the pupils pinch into almond shapes as the coloring widened to fill the whole eye! Suddenly the dark room wasn't so dark any more. As my chest rolled outward, doubling in thickness, inflating my breasts even and surging them outward to knock a hanging monitor aside before those tits separated from the rounding of my chest, I began to wonder how much of me that was human was still left. I was more cat than woman now, but then I told myself that I loved cats! So all this wasn't too bad... and despite being naked all my naughty bits were being covered up too!

I murred as I continued to grow along my navel, growing ever upward, each abdominal pair bulging thicker, overlapping each other, the pairs growing greater and greater and forming a sort of ribbing for your belly as the multiple lateral obliques roll inward into thicker muscle chords. Those lats feather with ribs, ribs feather with the musculature over my ribs which then feather with the flaring dorsal muscles; those dorsal wings so wide that I could perhaps fly with them!

Then, at a towering shape several times taller than my former body was, I felt the muscles of my face flare and smooth, with the lips on my face thickening and stretching to look like they'd gotten stuck in a pool drain!

They looked sultry... like the lips of certain starlets that got collagen to make them look fuller. They were the *'huggable kissable lips'* that some of the guys in the lab called them... though sometimes they changed the word kissable for something naughty...

With feet shoulder-width apart, and with a tensing of the panties I was wearing as my pelvis deepened now, rolling to keep my upper body counterbalanced, I felt those underpants tighten into the chorded muscular flesh of my bottom and the base of the pelvis, my butt covered with a subtly softening layer of the serum flowing through it, and the effect gave me a badonkadonk butt... right before those panties snapped right between the legs. I blushed deeply now that the object of my femininity had become uncovered, the front and back of those women's underpants hanging over sex and flossing my bottom briefly before they broke again about the thickening breadth of my womanly hips.

With a pair of fingers I flossed the remainder of those underpants from between my butt cheeks and held them up for inspection. They looked smaller than an eye patch to me now. Have I grown that much?

Surging growth piled into my thighs just then, and letting go of those panties my mind caught them up and they wafted away from me as I experienced my forelegs separating into individual muscle chords and burgeoning

outward while their calves flared wide and great, enlarging the lengthened feet and billowing the columns of upper leg muscle. Inner thighs sunk deeply beneath the outer thighs, bottom engorging thicker and stronger, the thing a butterfly of triple muscle chords that fluttered and danced with every little lower body movement I made.

Ooo... butterfly!

Touching my finger tips together became a chore then with the great thickness of my body, with even veins getting so hard and firm that they got in the way of arm movement then, back muscles hugging the back of my head and pushing it forward while my tail grew long and thick... as thick as my thigh was even.

Huge tendons roll themselves outward all through you, with repeating chords of muscle like bridge cable joined by a latticework of smaller muscles and veins spreading all about me held me together as my fur thinned in places, gathered and thickened in still others, till soft, naked and bare flesh was being revealed at belly, breasts, inner thighs, bottom and lower back.

My mane had grown long, forming a long trail of fur that curled down your back to my tail, and with this hulking and massive body, I felt then a strangely growing energy rising up in my head that seemed to electrify me. It lifted the wisps of my hair about my head into a beautiful array that would've taken stylists days to tease into position like that.

With my head becoming a little thing that quickly became imbedded and hugged within the rolls and masses of this body, every muscle rippling liquidly from the flushing fluids in them, I tense, aching even, but nonetheless still I felt warm, soothed at the same time.

It was an odd sensation.

There is a click as the first of my bones dislocated... but being so disconnected from my body as I was in my head, so overwhelmed were the soothing sensations that were in me that I hardly even felt the dislocation as much as I should've. In reality, I felt nothing more than a simple awareness. I looked at it... I wasn't even worried about it.

More bones dislocate, pushed apart by my innards, my inner muscles, or simply pulled apart by muscles so grand that they needed to pull on them to support themselves, and so since the bones in me weren't as strong as the muscles about me... those bones gave way.

Every bit of me was pinching against some other part of me, and lifting my chin as much as my thickened muscles would allow for, my flesh roiling outward endlessly still, skin thinning and fur flaring, there was a few moments of a sensation in me, like being in the womb perhaps as I grew so thick and taught that I became completely detached from the billowing body I'd become. Pieces between muscle masses rent, shining blue-green light from within. My consciousness receded as I detached completely from my body, huddled and warm... and then...

There is a burst here... an explosion there... a rippling of my body as bits of me bubbled and boiled outward into a big ball of muscle and sinew... and then... pop...

The tatters of fur, individual fur strands and hair flutter about me along with bits and strips of flesh. This wasn't a violent sort of explosion, there was no icky detritus scattered, but rather all the pieces of my body glittered and fell like confetti, glittering to the ground. There, in the middle of it all, floating like some blue-green angelic creature of legend... stood the remainder of my being.

I looked down at myself, seeing a creature of loveliness and supreme muscular perfection that was now free of her shell, with a face that was featureless but nonetheless possessed brilliant eyes shining in the center of the being of light that I'd become.

Even the remnants of body fluids float about me, and luckily none of the old bio-matter is recognizable as anything internal that had been in me because it'd all exploded into a fine, crystalline dust. Other colors flood into this new entity that I'd become as I float in midair; so strong in my new skills and abilities that the pull of the very Earth had no hold over me and I lifted up into the air with the room swirling and spinning about me to my will.

Holding off some strands of my new glittering green hair as it flowed around me, and looking down at myself again even as I think that none of this would suit me, I summoned forth some glittering purple for my hair and tail, with deep yellow eyes shining from within the body light. Light brown fur slid from the body as I became more real, definition forming from the being of light as I redesigned myself as I saw fit.

But what does one do with a new body like this? This new form... this spotless strength and control of psychic abilities?

I was strong, intelligent, capable... and despite being naked, the warmth in me felt grand, and with all these strengths and skills and abilities...

I turned toward the rats in their cages... and sliding through the air gracefully, landing gracefully before the cages as daintily as my prima ballerina dream, I opened one of the cages and remove the same rat that pioneered our control group... the one named Whiskers. With her being stronger and smarter, the mouse was rendered unable to breed as a precaution. The others were just genetic testing.

With a flick of my nose I unlocked all the cages, letting the mice and rats out to return to their homes, before all my old flesh is energized and was absorbed into me... all to be held and stored till later. Then holding the rat in my beefy, muscular arms, holding her close to the ever so soft bosom I now possessed as my body lost much of its glow in favor of new flesh and blood, baby soft new... I lifted off the ground and flew through a skylight, and out into the world.

I was alerted to her presence all the way in my shrine in Tokyo, Japan. It was a plume of energy so grand that it got even my notice. Now admittedly, I wasn't the only being in the world that could've responded to her presence, but I was the only one available. By comparison to others in the world I had a lot of free time for myself nowadays.

It was strange, though, that I didn't perceive of her prior to this moment. Normally when great things happen that affect the world, I'm among the first to learn of it. The more I think about it though... perhaps I was the only one who did.

Learning later more of the powers that she'd garnered for herself, it was her will that was absolute. So then when she was looking for someone who could help her, she reached out, sought the best person in the world to be that help for her... and she found me.

I sat overlooking the vast city of Chicago.

All my life I've lived this close to the city, but I'd never really gone to it. It was so big and frightening. I thought that maybe because I was so big now that I'd fit in and could be in this place.

It was still big and it was still frightening.

So sitting on the edge of a building, feet dangling over the edge with the pair of them crossed, I stroked whisker's long and sleek muscular body with one hand.

Though I was struck with a certain degree of innocence, overwhelmed it seemed with optimism, listening to nearly three million voices that were all mostly talking angry or sorrowful thoughts in this city, I cringed at them. People shouting at others felt like they were shouting at me, the violence... the hate. It overwhelmed the good things of the world.

There was a hospital nearby. It was filled with sick people, a maternity ward, cancer ward, terminal ward...

An apartment complex nearby had a husband and wife shouting at each other with their children cowering nearby...

I began to tear up, torn in so many directions wanting to help it all, stop the violence, but not knowing how, and with a snuffle and a sob, I began to cry.

“P-Please! N-no more!” I cried softly. “Miu...”

And then out of the corner of my eye, I saw a little hand slide into place, the four little fingers, like a child’s hand but covered in hide, scale and carapace, poised to snap. The fingers clicked once and the world... stopped. The hate, but also the love... just stopped. I couldn’t hear their voices, I couldn’t feel their pain.

With a gasp I rose and floated and looked around for whatever had done that.

“Miu... hello?” I ventured and shrugged my shoulders, holding whiskers firmly between my breasts as I simultaneously folded my legs and arms to cover my naughty bits. I felt my tail fold around my legs.

“You seem cold...” a soft voice said.

“N-not really.” I admitted looking around, but not seeing the owner of the voice. “I... c-could use a little clothes though. Nee...”

And then ribbons of light were forming around me, they wrapped about me, covering me up and hiding my nakedness in a flowing pair of slacks and a wrap-around shirt made of soft white fabric that warmed like wool but felt like silk.

“Th-thank you... whoever you are.” I said

“Who are you?” the voice replied. “Are you from this world?”

“I... y-yes. My name is... is Lilly. Lilly Jade! Pleased to meet you! Nya!”

“Pleased to meet you, Lilly. My name is Pendragon.”

I paused and turned fully about, looking for the owner of the voice. “Forgive me... but I don’t see you.”

“My apologies. I am rather little. Why don’t you come onto the roof? That looks ever so precarious.” I slid through the air, feet dangling beneath me, tail still coiling about them as I settled onto my feet. “Such an interesting creature you are.”

“I am?” I blinked. “Miu. No one has ever been interested in me before.”

“You will find that many people will be interested in you now.” The voice said. “I want to make sure that you can stay safe from them. Do you have a place to stay? Are you hungry or thirsty? Do you need anything?”

“I don’t feel sleepy... or hungry... or thirsty. I’ve had an accident.” I paused, trying to feel the location of this being but couldn’t. I knew exactly where everyone was in the city just before now... every single last one of them, nearly three million people too... but I couldn’t feel him. “Pardon me... but where are you? I hear you but I don’t see you.

“My apologies. I had to be careful. There would be others who’d want to find and know me if they saw me. But why don’t you turn around?”

I did and stopped, seeing the oddest little creature sitting on a ledge right before me.

He was small, smaller than I was before this accident even, and squatting down before the little creature dressed in thin colorful robes, I looked into his large green eyes.

Horns, antenna, scales and carapace, four arms, thick lower legs, a long tail with little prehensile tendrils at their end, all colored in a brilliant rainbow of colors.

“Are you... a bug? Or are you a lizard?”

“I am neither, and I am both.” The little guy beamed up at me. I laughed, grinning in relief. He was nice. “I’m a dragon actually... a fairy dragon.

I picked him up and squealed. “Oh... you’re so cute! I just want to snuggle with you! Eee! Miu!” and I pirouetted repeatedly on one foot.

“I would not complain if you did.” The little guy beamed up at me. “But this place is dangerous... you shouldn’t be here Lilly. I can take you to a place where you can be safe... where the sounds of the city won’t frighten you.” I stopped spinning.

“Where in the world is there a place like that?” I asked.

“Do you trust me?” he asked me and I nodded. Something in me was telling me that he was definitely genuine. I couldn’t feel his emotions like the other people around, but I could tell that he was a good person. “Then I will take you to a place where you may be safe.” And he prized himself from my grip, and offered me one of his four hands. I lifted my hand and he took hold of my index finger.

“Now hold on... this will only take a moment.”

And with a click, we disappeared, and reappeared at a long, long distance away. Half a world away it felt, but here at least the world was quiet and it felt like new.

I liked it here immediately. Even the air felt soft, tranquil, warm... devoid of all those harsh feelings.

I liked it immediately.

Her potential is grand. Unlike previous students in which I had to focus solely on garnering power and skill from them, she already had those things. No... her problem was control. It’d take a while before she was ready to leave the shrine, but nonetheless, the first thing I’d focus on was helping her learn how to block out all the terrible dark things in the world.

She was... a creature of purity. Speaking with my counterparts, Lord Pseudodrake even, no one was able to determine if she was a design of anything in the world. Either she was a matter of pure unrequited providence, or powers greater than us ushered in her design.

Regardless, she was the sort of person in her present form that... well... the only way I can think it is that she’s the sort of person who counterbalances countless thousands of the world’s assholes by her mere presence. Maybe that was all it is, a matter of balance, but she is a being that loves unabashedly, cares without any resentments. There wasn’t a single hateful bone in that whole grand body of hers.

She was a world treasure, and I planned on caring for her till this newborn creature could walk on her own.

But first... as for her old self... the world and everything it knew about her would have to be forgotten, we had to make it so that the world will consider that she never existed before the moment I found her.

Speaking of which... Lilly referenced an unfolding gene. That undoubtedly the Lycan Gene. It was only a matter of time before the people of the world found it in a latent Lycanthrope like Lilly was, but in all honesty, I never met a Felix Lycan like her.

Notes to self:

One> Steal all information from the USDOD in regards to this gene sequence

Two> if this is what the latent Lycans in the world hold in store, then mayhap we should delve a little deeper into their genome.

For now... I have a bit of a pressing matter at hand. Have to see a rat about rewriting a contract...

<End>