

Liz

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

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Elizabeth Anya Roshenko was a young woman of small repute. Literally. She was short, and lacked the development that her friends possessed. It was as if, at the age of fourteen, her body just stopped maturing.

But she did do a lot of fitness things, like jogging and swimming mostly, and even a little bit of Tai Kickboxing. She bet that none of her other friends could position their legs behind their own head like she could, and that wanton flexibility that she possessed was perhaps the only reason why she had a boyfriend at all.

Mostly because she could be placed in all those positions that the Karma Sutra books mentioned, and she was light enough to be manipulated into those positions.

Her boyfriend, however, wasn't quite the kinda guy that she had dreamed of as a little girl. As a matter of fact, he was nothing like the dashing white knight in shining armor she'd dreamed of as a girl.

True he was tall and ripped, but there, his qualities went downhill. His wit was as sharp as a bowling ball, and his one-track mind kept brining him toward sex. True, that was unbelievable, but Liz desired more in a man. For her heart beat powerfully and could not be restrained. J.J. was as restringing as a halter noose on a wild horse.

The feather that broke the camel's back, however, came on her twenty-first birthday. She had invited all her closest friends – all two of them – and her boyfriend to the beach for a day and a night of partying and perhaps even drinking. Maybe not drinking, because she didn't like the taste of alcohol when she had tried it before anyway.

But J.J. had found another girl. Everything that Liz wasn't, she was. She was dressed in a red thong bikini, her breasts were enormous, she was tall with broad hips and tanned skin, and like J.J., and she was just as dull and just as stupid. She actually laughed at his jokes!

When Liz had gone up to J.J. and asked him where he was going, he promptly gave her the cold shoulder.

"None of your business." He said with an angry expression on his face.

When the girl he was escorting to his red sports car asked him who Liz was, J.J. just said that she was 'nobody in particular.'

They then got into his car, and abandoned she and her friends, taking their one and only source of transportation home from the beach with him. It wasn't like there was anyplace to put money where it wouldn't bulge unsightly in one's bathing suit.

Liz retreated back to their collection of blankets on the beach, and promptly collapsed to her knees. There she remained, just staring at nothing for several long minutes, before the tears began to roll out of the corners of her eyes to slide against her pale white cheeks.

As they came racing out of the water, Liz's friends saw her, and seeing that J.J. was missing, immediately knew what had happened.

"He's a dick!" Jen, her best friend from high school said as she wrapped an arm about Liz's shoulders. "He treats you like street trash, Liz; nothing more than whore working for her dip of snuff. We've been telling you that for more than a year now."

"Yeah." Angie supported, who was the eldest of her two friends. "You should dump him. Give him the quick slap in the face to tell him that he's not worthy of a high class girl like you."

Liz wiped her eyes. "Y-you're right..." she finally admitted to herself, and her two friends suddenly grew quiet. *At last*, they both thought at once.

Liz was indeed an intelligent woman, but for over a year, she couldn't see how abusive J.J. was. Until now.

Liz then got to her feet. "I want to be alone for a little bit." She smiled down at her two friends, and then said to their expressions: "I'll be all right. I just need time to think."

Thinking was the best way to solve things, and still hugging herself against the chill she felt despite the heated sun above, and the hot sand beneath her feet, she set off down the length of the sand.

Liz walked into the water and started following the shore, just wading along the beach for, what felt like to her, nearly an hour; all the while lost in thought. When she turned around, she found herself on practically the opposite shore, close by to that new S.C.U.M. labs building that was

just built. She also found herself directly in front of an outtake tube protected by a grill that looked as if it had sea slime and seaweed all over it.

Her face scrunched up into one of distaste, but then she heard a gurgling down the length of the tube.

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“Sir.” A technician called. “We’re ready to release the next batch of waste. But do you think it’s wise to eject during the day?”

“Of course I’m sure.” A man in a perfectly white suit and black tie answered. “This area of the lake isn’t anywhere near where someone would be, and since we own the land on all sides of us, it would be against the law for someone to trespass on the premises. Eject the load, and don’t ever question my orders again.”

“Y-Yes sir. Ejecting load now!”

The tech reached up above his head for a lever, and promptly pulled down on it.

3

The gurgling got louder all of a sudden, and a moment later, a burst of a strange, viscous liquid suddenly ejected out of the tube, caught Liz within the stream, and launched her backward into the water.

She came up sputtering, trying to get the foul tasting stuff out of her mouth while the gunk settled through the water quickly around her. It disappeared through the water and into the sands around her in moments, but it left her quite soaked with the stuff. Liz rapidly got to her feet, seeing that the stuff was all over her body, in her hair, on her face and chest, on her stomach... even her back seemed to be covered.

Screaming, she ran several yards through the water, trying to get it off of her, and then stopped when she noticed that nothing more than a mild tingling was coming from the stuff. Then pursing her lips together, she just idly walked deeper into the water, and dove in. Underwater, she just held her breath, trying to brush the stuff off, but as she looked at it, it seemed to dissolve in the water anyway... that, or get absorbed by her skin.

She finally just started swimming underwater, and when she rose up out of it, she blinked, seeing that she had somehow already swam back to the beach. She blinked, and looked behind her, seeing that at least a quarter of a mile separated her from the other side of the shore. She blinked again, and then looked down at her skin, but it was again, the soft, pale white flesh it had always been.

“There she is!” a voice said, and Liz lifted her head to see Jen and Angie racing from the beach and into the water to her.

“We were starting to get worried.” Angie said as Liz felt both of her friends’ hands fold about either of her slender arms.

“Yeah.” Jen said and the two helped her out of the water. “We were beginning to think you went and drowned yourself or something.”

They helped her back to the beach blankets, and Liz again collapsed to her knees.

“No, nothing like that. J.J. isn’t worth that in the slightest. If I were to go do anything rash, it would be to go commit bloody murder against him.”

That got her a low chuckle from her two friends.

Jen sat beside her and hugged her knees while Liz pulled a blanket about her shoulders and began toweling off her hair while staring at the lab across the lake.

How on earth did I swim so far in so short a time?

The momentary worried look on her face was quickly replaced by a humorous one. She and her two friends enjoyed their time together for her birthday, which was made all that much better without J.J.

4

Liz entered the beach shower room later that evening. The beach was one of those places that were open twenty four hours a day in this city, though at night, it was swim at your own risk for there wasn’t a lifeguard on duty. Stripping out of her bathing suit, a simple light blue bottom and a sports bra, she discarded the two onto the floor and then turned on the water, standing there while lukewarm water sprayed against her diminutive bodice.

She was there for only a few minutes before her two friends entered, the pair also disrobing and turning on showers of their own.

Liz smiled at them, but then noticed how well developed their bodies were. The size of their breasts, the width of their hips, the darkened tones of their skin.

Both possessed at least a C-cup, and she thought that Jen was perhaps practically a Double-D. Jen was also the most beautiful of them all, but she treated Angie, and especially Liz, as if she were an older sister. One couldn’t hate her for that, only admire her.

Angie was a ‘pert’ woman. Pert little breasts, pert little crotch, pert little waist... she was only a few steps more matured than Liz, but she didn’t care. “Most guys say that anything more than their hand sprains their thumb!” she would say often enough, especially when Jen would flaunt

her chest. “I get more felt up this way.” And then she would grin and cup those pert breasts of hers.

Angela did get more dates than the two of them combined.

Liz returned to her shower, flattening her back against the wall while the water sprayed against her head, and then suddenly, Jen interrupted her thoughts.

“Hey Liz, when did you start shaving?” she asked all bright-eyed and all. Angie laughed under her breath.

“Huh?” Liz asked in returned, turning her gaze back on her friend as she stepped out of the spraying water enough so that it splattered against the back of her neck instead of her head.

“You’ve been shaving the ole’ tarantula away, huh?” Angie giggled in her ear as she pressed against Liz’s back, her breasts pressing against her shoulder blades.

Liz looked down between her legs to where the ‘ole’ tarantula’ was, the thing more commonly known as a muff, or a bush. And yes indeed, it was as bare as a baby’s bum.

“Since recently, I guess.” She said, holding back a gasp.

She would’ve remembered shaving her cunt.

“Maybe I should do that.” Jen said, taking a provocative pose as she covered her light brown thigh fur with one hand, and all three of them broke out laughing.

Finishing their shower, they then retreated to the sauna.

It was a large wooden building that was maintained by a retired fisherman who owned the beach. He was a buff guy still, gray-haired and as gruff as a pirate – he even dressed like one – but he had a soft spot for ‘maidens and damsels.’ For Liz’s birthday, he had allowed them free run of the place without having to pay this time.

And so the three women lay naked on their towels, talking for an hour in the super humid air, without worrying about other people watching them.

Then finally, they dressed, and using a small store of money that was going to be used for beer money later, they instead took a buss to Liz’s home. There they instead watched a couple of movies, had some pizza, and then Jen and Angie bid Liz farewell for the night.

5

It was a nice birthday. Screw J.J. for leaving.

Liz was now dressed in her white cotton panties and the oversized shirt she used for sleeping. Standing before her bathroom mirror, she was brushing her teeth, reflecting back upon the day, thinking whether she should go to the doctor's in case that sludge spewed on her was toxic, but she felt fine. In fact, she felt better than fine... she felt energized!

Then she paused, looking at herself, noting that her normally gray-green eyes appeared to be greener than usual. Almost emerald. And then with her mouth still filled with toothpaste froth, she lowered her gaze, lifted the hem of her shirt, and pulled open the front of her panties. Her eyes gazed at the petite, and now hairless, wedge between her long and slender thighs.

Just to test her senses, and her sanity, she did reach down to caress her femininity, and found that they were indeed smooth, absent of even stubble or peach fuzz a girl would get just after shaving. She was surprised at how firm the two swollen lips of her womanhood were. She had been rather loose before, with having had her share of lovemaking in the past, the twin folds had become loose. But now they were quite firm again, and pressed close to one another.

For a second, she thought it was just some sort of brief erotic high, but as she lightly stroked the pair, she felt them swell beneath her hand, drawing apart, forcing her heart to beat quicker. Her hand came out as the rim of her panties snapped back into place as she let the strap go. But despite that, her vaginal walls continued to spread, sucking the front of those soft, white-cotton panties deeper inside her before wetting a line in their fronts as she moistened.

What's happening to me? She asked herself. *I've never felt so sexual that quickly. Maybe I should go see a doctor.*

She looked at herself, seeing her toothbrush still sticking out of her mouth while her heart slowed its pattering in her chest. Then she just shook her head.

No. I'm fine. A shaved pussy and a little firming aren't bad things.

She finished brushing her teeth, and then went into her room, threw open the covers to her bed and flopped down upon it before promptly going to sleep.

6

Elizabeth opened her eyes and sat up in bed, her head awash of a mass of images latent from her dream world. She was gasping for air as she rose to her feet, and in a stupor, walked across the floor to her bedroom window. Then pausing briefly, she reached out, and pulled open the twin panes of the window.

A breath of wind blew against her as she looked out at the world lazy-eyed, the moon shining down upon her in all its glory.

Her heart pattered inside her chest as she breathed in rapid succession, an inhale starting almost in the same beat as her exhale, and visa versa. One of her hands rose to her collar, and she tugged it down slightly as she began to perspire suddenly, feeling very hot all at once. She

groaned then, and knotting her hand into her shirt collar, she yanked it down, trying to bare as much of her chest to the cool air as she could. And then she gasped, and her other hand snapped up and knotted into her collar as well. Then with a tug, a yank and a wrenching pull, she tore her shirt open to reveal her bodice to the light of the world.

Immediately thereafter, she felt her nipples harden and her crotch clench and she gasped again while she continued to tear her shirt from off her bodice. How she found the strength to rend cloth like that with her spindly arms didn't even creep into her mind as she tore the thing to shreds; or when she even more so viciously tore her panties off from about her tiny waist.

For that matter, conscious thought didn't even seem to exist in her mind at the moment. She didn't think about the past or the future... only the now. She didn't care that she was naked and in full view of anyone who chanced to look up at her window. She merely felt unbelievably hot, and she collapsed to her knees as that heat rose to a fire inside her.

A deep blush arose about her chest and cheeks; a few moments later, it then arose about the base of her pelvis and down either side of her thighs. The blush continued to spread until her skin took upon a darker, more flesh-colored hue that was a few tones short of tanned.

Liz collapsed forward onto her hands and knees then, feeling her engorged pussy throbbing between her legs as it grew tighter and tighter, forming like a vice about her equally engorged clitoris that was fighting to escape her bodice. And then she felt her nipples grow firm, the pair tightening against her bosom, clenching harder than they'd ever done before, a moment before her areola swelled and pushed the caps even further outward. She heard herself gasp in an erotic high, higher than she'd ever been before, and then felt her breasts suddenly clench, and then swell a smidgen from her chest. To her, it felt like they grew a whole cup size.

To top it all off, her body grew, lengthening several centimeters, while the hair decorating her head extended perhaps a full inch or more, dangling now about her shoulders.

And then the transformation was gone, but the erotic high she was experiencing continued to climb.

Her eyes opened then, her pupils dilating open as far as they could go, and her head lifted to look out her window. Then as graceful as a cat, she rose amiably to her feet, immediately rolling her hips and arching her back as she stepped forward on her toes toward her window again. Her new B-cup breasts punctuated her chest beautifully now as she arched her back, her hands raising to the windowsill as she licked her lips. Her blonde hair wrapped about her head like a short mane, her nostrils flaring as she tested the air.

And then she smelt what she was looking for, and hopping up onto the ledge of her windowsill, she again tested the direction of the breeze, and leapt from her second story window after it.

Justin Ashe probably shouldn't have gone out that night. Perhaps, if he'd stayed at home and ordered pizza, then the encounter he experienced at twelve-oh-five Saturday June fourteenth would've never happened. But then again, one could consider that if Elizabeth never went on her contemplative walk, this would've never happened. Or for that matter, if J.J. wasn't so much as a womanizing dick, this would've never happened.

But regardless of all mitigating circumstances... it did.

Mr. Ashe was behind one of the local bars, after having gotten sick off of one beer. Looking at the can still half-filled with beer that he still carried from when he had raced out of the bar, he lobbed the thing all the way down the alleyway before collapsing into the rubbish.

He swore right there and then that he'd never drink again.

A low, guttural belch escaped him then, and puffing his cheeks out, he quickly covered his mouth before hurling again. But then, when he opened his eyes again, he found himself staring at a naked foot.

He blinked at it for a moment, trying to focus on it, and then looked to one of his shod feet, and then to the other, he again focused upon the dainty toes before his vision, just as the toes wriggled. He then began to follow the length of the long, slender leg upward, and stopped as he saw a naked vaginal mound, then snapped his gaze up to the bare bosom of the girl possessing that mound, then up to the face of a woman mad enough to be walking around naked.

As he looked up at her, she licked her lips, in the way some animal would do at sighting a prey, her tongue slowly sliding over her upper lip and teeth before it slid into her mouth again.

She then promptly collapsed to her knees, surged forward and pressed firmly against him, her arms laying against his chest to frame her pert breasts before she pressed her lips directly against his.

Justin tried to make sense of what was happening to him, and wondered if he'd actually gotten drunk off of that one beer, if he were hallucinating for some reason, but all this felt very real. Especially when she settled down upon his lap, and he felt the firmness of her vaginal mound settle flatly against his groin.

There's a naked chick on your lap, trying to suck your tonsils out, he considered briefly, not able to do much else but open his eyes wide and spasm against the suddenness of the motion. But then he began to enjoy it, and his eyes closed until they were only half-open, his nose filling with a strange sweet smell that was in her hair and skin.

She then released him finally, and sitting back, arched her back deeply. The rounded mounds of flesh atop her chest – both peaked by a fully erect, and very pink, teat – slid away from each other and then up beneath his chin as she laid against him. Her slender arms then wrapped about his head and she hugged him to her chest as she gave off a little happy cry that echoed in her chest and through his ear.

Justin could only remember thinking how warm those breasts were about his mouth and cheek. Then as her hips rolled forward, he also noted how moist her crotch was as it slid against the bared portion of his stomach beneath his hockey jersey. But deep down in the back of his mind, something warned him that he had just been chosen as a mate.

The next thing he knew, he was being gently pushed backward and to his side so that he was laying on the ground. His captor's legs then spread wide as she first slid her fingers with her long fingernails up his stomach to his chest before pressing firmly against him. Her mouth again lowered to nuzzle his neck and throat while her breasts pressed firmly against his chest. Then with his shirt pushed up like that, Justin still staring at her disbelievingly, he then felt her kiss his chest, then his stomach, a moment before her fingers began working on his belt.

This is nuts! A voice screamed inside his head, before another voice promptly told it to *shut up and enjoy the show.*

She pulled open the front of his jeans and then moved down his shorts before opening her mouth for the now hardening member. Justin's hands immediately clenched as she fastened her gums around his groin, her tongue immediately caressing it as her cheeks drew on the mass of flesh that instantly became as hard and as long as it has never been before. He felt himself extend deep into the back of her throat before she drew back, leaving it moist and wet before she licked the bead of seminal fluids off its end.

Her bodice, dirtied from the semi-wet ground she had laid against briefly, flaked off granules of dirt as she then rose, still holding onto his cluster as she positioned herself over his lap, and gently descended upon him.

Justin didn't know weather he was well endowed or not, his manhood wasn't something he had chosen to flaunt, and so never had the chance to compare its length or thickness with other men. But he knew he pierced her deeply, sliding so fully into her pelvis that the tip of his member pushed against an opposing wall inside her. And then he was trapped inside of her as all the walls inside her bodice clenched and her taut pussy tightened about him, and she began to love him right there in the shadows.

He enjoyed himself there, and again in the park across the way when she had led him there, and still again within what must've been her room a short ways away. He simply submitted to what he was excusing as an intoxicated dream. And then the dream ended, and they both succumbed to slumber.

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Liz awoke with a start and sat bolt upright in bed.

What a livid dream! She considered passing a hand through her hair, which felt sticky with sweat and grime. Rising to her feet, she then padded over to her bathroom, and then turned on the light; a moment before her eyes snapped open and she drew fully awake.

In one leaping stride, she was before her bathroom mirror, staring at the strange dirty smear of stuff that was cemented on all over her body. Dirt, bits of paper, what looked like all manner of human body fluids, even bits of glass, decorated her bodice like glitter.

But then she arched her back, displaying her tits to her reflection, which seemed to have grown two sizes overnight. The pair must've been full C-cups now. Giving off a low chuckle, her hands slowly rose as if she were trying to catch them, and finally slapped her hands to her breasts to find that they were indeed very real!

I have boobs! She cried inwardly, and then lowering her eyes to them, she quickly coaxed both of her nipples until they were fully erect.

“Oh, and they feel so good.” She smiled drunkenly.

She then noticed something else, and looking down noticed that the broad V of her pelvis was much wider now, which meant that... that... her hips were wider too! Her hands slipped between her legs to cup her crotch, which swelled genially beneath her touch, before she felt the bony projections of her hip. She then giggled and turned around to look at her back. It too was covered in much grime, but her bottom, it was rounded and firm, and as she rubbed it, she heard flakes of grit cascade to the floor.

I need a shower, but I look beautiful! She cried with glee inside her mind. But then a synapse fired off in the back of her mind, and she remembered that vivid dream. How she had leapt out the second story window of her apartment, and amidst a color filled world like an acid trip, she'd found a man.

She then remembered the resulting night in which she drew sexual might from him all the night long, the remembrance of which made her pussy clench and draw moist.

Elizabeth's eyes then diverted to the mess against her dirty body, at all the caked on and cemented fluids covered with dirt and gravel. *If all this is here*, she thought, again noticing the caked on mass of grit and grime all about her body, *then that meant that he... I mean I...* She then practically leapt to the door to her bathroom that adjoined her bedroom and felt her eyes grow wide.

There was a man in her bed, who looked genially up at her before cocking his head slightly to one side at her.

He was handsome and fit with bright brown eyes the color of amber, both of which widened a little as his eyebrows escaped into a flock of hair at his brow.

“Excuse me, miss,” he started, trying to fold the blankets about his waist. “But how did I get here?”

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Liz practically screamed, but only a choked cry escaped her as she hunched down behind the dresser that was between him and her, the thing thankfully right next to her bathroom door. He too was covered in the same grime that she was, mainly about his face and chest and abdomen, and his hair stuck about at odd angles. But despite all that, the only reoccurring thought in Liz's head was that he looked so beautiful... and the fact that she wanted to lay him.

“At least tell me where my pants are.” He grinned sheepishly.

“I-I don't know...” She answered truthfully, and looking around her, found that indeed nothing resembling a pair of men's pants was anywhere to be found.

“Let me guess... you had the same dream I did.” He said, and then rose to his feet, still holding a dirtied bed sheet around himself while he lifted a hand to his hair and scrubbed loose some of the dirt. “In that case, mayhap we should start over then.

“My name is Justin Ashe.” He said extending a hand. “And who is it my honor to meet?”

Liz blushed, and then crossing an arm over her chest to cover her newly developed breasts, she reached out and tentatively took his hand in hers. A firm yet tender hand closed about her dainty small one.

“Elizabeth... Elizabeth Roshenko.”

“Russian?” he smiled shaking her hand.

“Georgian.”

“Well Elizabeth, I'm very glad to meet you.” He sat back down on the edge of her bed, and folding her arms across her chest, she stood a little straighter, watching him.

“You sure do know how to play an awkward situation.” She said, feeling her thighs press closer together. “You seem almost... comfortable.”

“I assure you, my back is so tense it feels like my spine is a solid block of steel.” He grinned, and then continued looking for his pants. “When I was in Elementary School, A bunch of eight graders took my clothes after swimming. I walked nearly a mile home naked. After that experience, very little phases me.”

She smiled at him, and then little by little, shyly, as if it were her first time undressing before a man, she lowered her arms to reveal her breasts to him. When her hands finally fell to the top of her dresser, he looked up at her, and she watched as the corner of his mouth upturned whimsically.

“You are indeed a beautiful woman, Elizabeth.” He said. “I’m truly surprised someone such as yourself would’ve stripped off all her clothes and then choose a big brute like me to play with.”

“Is that what happened?” she asked, folding one hand beneath her breasts to push them up a little, while she covered one cheek with her hand and turned her head to hide the blush. Not that she had to, the dirt was plenty enough to do that.

Hugging herself with one arm like that had the effect of pushing those sumptuous tits higher against her chest, and in spite of himself, Justin actually licked his lips before catching himself. Instead, he averted his eyes and massaged his forehead.

“Well, apparently wherever my jeans are, some dog is probably having fun shredding them.” He looked back up to her, with his eyes becoming centered on her neck, wanting to look to her face but inadvertently being drawn to her chest. *She had a very nice neck too, though.* “I’d assume that a woman of your shapely form would not have any clothing for my lower extremities that I could borrow, now, would you?”

Again, she blushed. “I-I don’t think so...”

“That’s what I thought. My best hope then is to make a good impression of someone returning from a toga party... that or a swami.” He started rearranging the white sheet around his midsection.

“What happened last night?” she finally asked after much trepidation.

Justin stopped; his hands amidst attempting some sort of knot. Finally, he shrugged.

“It was my birthday yesterday...”

“Really?” Liz said, suddenly very attentive. “Mine too!” Justin smiled up at her, now even more interested in the naked, dirt-covered woman in whose apartment he found himself within.

“Well, my friends had taken me out drinking... I’d never done it myself, and I think they slipped something into my first beer. Whatever it was, it made me sick.”

“You got sick off of *one* beer?” she asked, amazed that someone as big as he was could become sick from that little alcohol.

“Actually... half a beer.” He admitted with a sheepish grin. “I ain’t ever gonna do that again. But, after I’d gotten sick, I threw away the can, and slumped down against the wall so that my head could clear. When I looked up, that’s when I saw you.”

“Naked, as the day I was born.” She finished for him.

“Precisely. For the longest time, with my head still swimming from that beer, I had thought that the whole thing was just some strange, drunken trip from whatever those *friends* of mine,” he rolled the word with distaste. “... Had spiked my beer with.”

Liz’s mind began to swim as memories began to return.

“I... I had followed the smell of something, and I found you.” She started, her eyes going distant. “I knelt in front of you, and kissed you, felt you up. Then I opened your zipper, and...”

She stopped suddenly, hugging herself as the whole torrid affair waved off through her mind, and she hugged herself again, again pushing her succulent breasts higher up against her chest.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Ashe. But I think whatever had happened to me last night may have been spurned on by being rejected by my boyfriend. My now X-boyfriend.”

Justin was silent for a time, leaning forward with one arm braced across his lap.

Liz covered her forehead with one hand. “I am so sorry for involving you in this.”

“I don’t think it was intentional, Elizabeth.” He said. “It looked more like you were trying to release a lot of pent up sexual energy. You were more vigorous... a lot more vigorous... than mere revenge would’ve been. I remember a little about last night, and I can safely say that you are quite an affectionate lover. That and you were very, very hungry.

“So, who is this bastard who would leave a lovely lady such as yourself by herself?”

Liz continued to hug herself as she walked absentmindedly forward, giving her guest a good view of her womanhood, and the rounded firmness that was her behind.

“I don’t even want to remember his name anymore. He was always a jerk to me,” She admitted, and then turned on Justin. “Even yesterday, even before my birthday party was over, he stranded me and my two best friends so that he could take a prettier woman than me home for a quick screw.”

“A woman prettier than you?” he said with wide eyes and disbelief. “Whoever she was she must’ve been intoxicatingly beautiful. If he would abandon you, then he deserves to lose you.”

“That’s what everyone’s been saying to me.” She said, and she promptly sat down beside him, still hugging herself.

There was a brief moment of awkward silence, and then Liz felt a pair of strong hands surround her narrow shoulders. ““Out of the mouth of two or three witnesses, shall the truth be made known.”” He quoted in her ear from a scripture somewhere. “Miss Roshenko, begging your pardon, but if everyone is telling you to ditch the bastard, then perhaps he isn’t the right one for you.”

Liz's nipples tightened against her chest at the feel of his naked body against hers, the pair hardening as firm as they could as her areola swelled to support them. She could feel her breasts swell as they filled with her life-giving blood, and she folded her hands over her crotch and pinched her thighs together as she moistened tremendously. Her eyes then slid sideways to look at the bulge created by the sheets over his middle.

"Perhaps," she said dreamily, and then turned her head to face him. "I've yet to find the right man."

Their eyes met, and Liz heard some of the dust and gravel flaking off her body as she began to sweat and a bead of the saline solution of her sweat trickled down between her swollen breasts toward her navel.

"I can see why I had come after you," she smiled, crossing a hand over herself to touch his hand. "You are indeed handsome, and strong, and... sensual..."

Her chest was heaving, and a dumb look was coming across Justin's face as he looked at her, his male-bred genes reacting to her feminine pheromones, which drew him to her like a bee to honey. And then she was laying her head against one of his broad shoulders, tilting her chin upward to catch his mouth with hers, and the two kissed briefly.

"And, you are a much better kisser than any other man I'd known." She whispered after several minutes later when they withdrew from one another.

Her other hand slid sideways onto his thigh.

"It's a shame we couldn't remember last night." She smiled timidly up at him, but felt her nipples begin to ache against her chest and throb with each pulse of her heart as the muscle in her chest continued in its attempt to fill her teats even fuller. Likewise, the walls of her vaginal mound spread open to reveal an equally aching clitoris.

She felt herself slipping off toward the same dream state she entered last night, but the strong musk scents of this powerful creature beside her kept her mind to the present.

"Yeah." He agreed, and covered her hand on his thigh with hers, smiling dumbly at her.

And then he reached up to touch her face, and a moment later they kissed again, this time a little bit more passionately, and when they retreated from one another again, she gave a tiny little lick to his lips.

"Hmmm." She sighed, and then hugged his arm. "How come I couldn't have met someone like you?" she asked, rubbing her cheek against that thick arm, and more of the grit flaked off from the motion.

"How come I can't meet women like you?" he asked, and she felt a gentle peck of his lips against her forehead.

She smiled while continuing to hold onto his arm, and Justin leaned back, and she then found herself leaning against the bridge of his chest and arm... staring at that bulge of his again. Then, feeling as bold as she had never felt before, she actually reached out, and pushed the folds of the sheet aside to view his impeccable manhood, her eyebrows immediately knitting into her matted hairline.

She then reached out and handled the thing, and both watched as it drew erect and hard.

“Holy... I had this inside me?!” she exclaimed, moving away from his arm to brace her own weight on one arm. “I didn’t know I was that deep!”

“Funny, I don’t remember it being that big either.” He admitted. “But then, I’ve never had an attractive young woman handling it either.”

Liz smiled as she caressed it, hearing Justin give a low grunt as her fingers lowered to his cluster. She in turn watched as the powerful muscle gained a net of veins all up and down its length while the head flared outward. Then finally loosing herself, Elizabeth smiled and pushed Justin gently on the shoulders, helping him lay down on the bed while she knelt between his ankles.

“I think... we had started like this,” she said, looking up to the man she hoped was becoming her new lover, and while he laid back upon his forearms and elbows, he nodded at her with a wry smile.

Then Liz took his manhood with both hands, and leaned forward, kissing the tip, before sliding her lips over it and downward. Inside her mouth she felt it slide deeply inside her, felt it thicken and grow even longer as her cheeks and tongue moistened it up quite thoroughly. Then, like she had before, she drew back ever so slowly, sliding the moistened thing down her bodice as she rose to a kneeling position again. It slid between her breasts and down her stomach, before slipping herself onto the thick rod, and feeling its warmth slide effortlessly into her body.

But unlike she had before, she leaned forward to lay against him, rolling her hips as she lifted her chin to kiss him again.

He was such a marvelous kisser.

She leaned up against him, feeling her newly swollen tits hanging against her chest, and her eyes closed tightly as he lightly began to caress one of them. Deep within her chest, a soft beating feeling could be felt as her heart pounded against her breast, forcing her nipples to ache and her vaginal wall to clench about her lover. Her senses became super aware as she bent forward; sitting upon her lap as her bodice slowly stroked his powerful manhood still projecting tantalizingly inside her.

Again, she lifted herself to kiss him, feeling him indeed becoming her lover right then and there, as he slid a hand through her short crop of hair, holding her face, embracing her evenly with his free arm.

For a good hour or so they kissed, and made love, before Liz finally slipped off of Justin to lay against him, closing her eyes while she listened to his heart.

“How come I couldn’t meet someone like you a long time ago?” she asked quietly a long time later. *It feels like noon now*, she thought as she laid there scratching his flat, tight stomach with one hand while he fingered the hollow of her throat.

“I don’t know,” Justin offered, sliding a finger between her breasts, stopping there for a moment, and out of the corner of her eye, she saw him lift his head for a moment to look at her a little more closely for a second before settling it back down with a bit of a shrug. “I myself was wondering the same thing.” He said, and Liz smiled when he cupped her breast.

She then rose and sat upon his lap, bracing her hands against his chest while she let her breasts rest before her for him to admire. She liked looking like this; she liked feeling attractive, and wondered if these things were all that had been keeping her from meeting a man like Justin before now.

She then got the pleasure of him massaging both of those firm rounded mounds, and felt her nipples harden beneath his touch again.

“Are you still that hungry for me?” she giggled, fingering the pad of muscle over his sternum.

“A little, yes, I was just wondering, though, how large are your breasts supposed to be?”

Liz was a little confused at that for a moment, but answered as best as she could. “I-I guess... a C-cup.” She said at last, and then grinned. Twenty-four hours ago, she didn’t even gander an A-cup.

Justin then folded his legs and resettled her onto his lap, and then bracing one of his strong hands at the small of her slender waist, he then arched her backward and caressed the bottom edge of those breasts with the back of a knuckle.

“Do these look like mere C-Cups?” he asked with a grin, and Liz looked down, and felt a momentary twitch of her eyes and a spasm at the corner of her mouth.

“Huh? Wha-what happened?” she hefted the pair and straightened her legs a little bit more so that the firm folds of her crotch were touching his sternum, she arching her back so that she could view the pair better. “They swelled again.”

Indeed, they had. They perhaps would now fill a D-cup... perhaps even a Double-D.

“Again?” Justin mused, wrapping his arms about her legs and holding onto her bottom with one hand. “This has happened before?”

Liz released her grasp on her bosom and looked down at him over the rim of – and from in between – her breasts. He was looking at her with brows raised and a slightly confused expression.

“Well, would you believe that yesterday, I was so flat that I didn’t even have any breasts?” she managed a tiny little smile.

Justin’s expression changed so that only one eye remained cocked and his lips pressed together in thought. “If you were suddenly gifted with a hormonal boost... that would explain both the increased breast size and your insatiable desire to be sexed.” He said, and then maneuvered her dirty body back onto the bed so that he could lean over her and look at her more eye to eye.

“Have you been noticing any, *other* changes?” he asked, and took to massaging her even larger breasts.

“Well, other than loosing all of my body hair, no; but couldn’t that also be a hormonal imbalance?”

“It could,” he smiled, and she was impressed at how unworried about her condition he was. She herself was thinking of some weird disease.

He slipped onto his side now, and took to caressing her bodice with one hand, her breasts, her stomach, and her inner thighs. In spite of herself, she felt her knees rising and her thighs parting just in time for him to cup her delicate vaginal mound and caress the mouth of her womanhood. She felt herself swell into his cupped hand.

But then Justin removed his touch, lifted his hand before them both, and rubbed out the grit that still covered her stomach.

“I think we need a shower, Liz.” He said, and she felt her heart leap at the sound of her name in the informal manner. He was already feeling as if he was close to her.

“Hmm.” She sighed, and sat up, rubbing her stomach.

It was then that she noticed something. For the longest time she had always had a soft, amorphous stomach, perhaps the thing having kept its baby fat from so long ago. But now it felt nearly as tight and as firm as Justin’s own stomach. What was happening to her?

She didn’t let her worry show on her face as she turned to her new lover, kissed him softly on the lips, and took to leaning close to his side.

“I do think that we are indeed needy of a wash,” She giggled. “I will consent, but only if you wash my back.”

Justin smiled at her, and the next thing she knew, she was being swept up in his arms, and he carried her into the bathroom before setting her down on the counter there. But immediately

thereafter, he entrapped her within his huge arms and kissed her again. It took very little time for them to get the water hot enough and move into the shower, and normally two bodies would take a long time, but it felt as if they spent even longer in there. The good thing was that Liz felt cleaner than she had ever been before. Justin paid very close attention to her bodice, getting the cracks in between and around her breasts, and even scrubbed her back down good.

Later, they found each other with her in her bathrobe sitting on the sink, and him with a towel around his waist and another towel to dry off the rest of his body.

“Say,” he said in passing once he wrapped the towel about his shoulders. “Why don’t you come over to my place since you’ve been so nice to let me use practically everything here?”

“But how are we going to get there?” Liz asked, moving innocently to show off a little bit more of her leg and the increased size of her breasts. “I still don’t think I know where your pants are.”

“If memory serves, they’re shredded underneath a bush in a park. Along with my wallet... damn.”

He got up and moved for the door. “Looks like I’m gonna have to go find it like this and hope no one calls a cop.”

Liz was on her feet in a hop, and quickly placed herself in front of him, managing only to stop him once her breasts pressed firmly against the base of his chest. For the first time, she noticed how big he was. For a brief flash of memory, she remembered him wearing a football jersey, and wondered if he indeed did play football.

“I don’t want you to risk it. I don’t think I can bare you being thrown into a jail cell for indecent exposure just because I got horny last night and stripped you of all your clothes.” She thought for a moment, one of her thumbs sliding into the edge of his towel still wrapped about his waist. “What size clothes do you wear?” she asked at last, with a small grin. “There’s a discount clothes store just down the street, I can get you something to wear at least temporarily until we find your wallet.”

A small smile crossed his face as he repositioned the front of her robe a little further open before his hands lifted to cup her face. Unlike J.J., Justin made her *feel* like a woman, and not just another slut.

“I’ll pay you back as soon as I find my wallet. I promise.”

Jen laughed, and caressed his chest with the tips of her fingers.

“Good,” she said. “For I think I’ve finally found a keeper.”

Elizabeth gave Justin the privilege of watching her dress, but when it came to the point of how to bind up her breasts, for the life of her she didn't know what to do. She had never owned a bra in her life. Eventually, Justin suggested an undershirt from her wardrobe that bound them together quite well enough, the diminutive shirt actually having to stretch a little to hold the pair in, and still left the lower edge of her breasts bare.

Her usually oversized shirts, however, worked well enough, and her newly enlarged chest sat atop her front quite well. When she posed for Justin, he even applauded her.

He's a simple man, with simple pleasures, she thought while he laid there watching her.

Up over her panties came a pair of knee high shorts, and then some shoes, and taking up her purse, she gave him the remote to her TV for something to do. Then with one last kiss goodbye, she left to go get him some clothes.

Taking the elevator to the first floor, the doors to the elevator opened and she was about to step out when she was immediately rushed by some kid, who pushed her roughly out of the way and started punching a button hurriedly for another floor.

Liz's eyes compressed with annoyance as she slapped a hand to the door to keep it open and walked slowly out the double doors just to return the annoyance. Turning to look over her shoulder at him, she saw him looking at her with an evil expression while he repeatedly pushed the close door button.

From the elevators it was just a short walk to the main doors, which were kept unlocked nowadays. The guard there never really looked after the front doors, and usually, he could be found in the bathroom or the break-room. Which was probably how she and Justin had made it into her room walking around butt-naked last night.

Out into the light of a noonday, Liz was suddenly assailed by a heavy heat from the sun above, and immediately she regretted not just wearing her bathing suit, at least in part for this walk. By the time she made it to the store, her panties were sinking annoyingly into either crevice to her front and back, and the patch of cloth over her crotch was pinching painfully against the insides of her legs. Taking a deep calming breath, however, she strode into the clothes store with Justin's measurements in hand. The moment she crossed the threshold, though, she was immediately assailed by the overbearing, refrigerator-like air conditioning in the store, which immediately made her crotch clench and her nipples harden and swell against the cold.

Looking to her arms, she witnessed a realm of goose bumps rise up against her flesh.

For the better part of a half-hour she looked around for clothes that she thought he would look good in, and would like, keeping in mind his simple tastes. Eventually, she settled on a plain white shirt, and a some loose fitting pants with a pair of sandals... at least until they could find his wallet and get him home.

And then with clothes in hand, she proceeded to the checkout counter.

There, she was affronted with yet another annoyance: a long line being run by a practically underage young girl who blew bubbles with her gum and snapped it indiscriminately. The sort that gave the rest of womankind a bad name. And to top it off, when Liz finally got up to her, she promptly put up a next counter line and left!

Another sales agent appeared at the next counter, and straight away, everyone behind Liz piled up there, and she was forced to the back of the line again!

Again, she was forced to wait, and took to tapping her fingers on the countertop as she did. Midway through her tapping, she came to hear a change from the tap-tap to a click-click, and stopped suddenly to look at her fingers. The nails had lengthened, somehow, a good quarter of an inch on every finger.

Now how did that happen? She asked herself, and made a mental note to clip them when she got home.

More things were beginning to annoy her the longer she waited, and this kid with the punk hairdo wasn't the fastest worker in all the world either. As the minutes drew by, she began to feel her panties grow even more uncomfortable, her shorts were becoming too tight around her lower bodice and legs, and it was beginning to get harder and harder to breathe with the undershirt compressing her breasts as it was.

Finally it was her turn, and the kid finally rung her up, and she was just opening up her purse to get to her money when someone snatched her purse, and ran off.

“YOU! STOP!!” she bellowed, and chased after, feeling her anger really flying now as she bolted after the leather jacketed freak, slamming the store's doors open as she chased after him.

She could feel a burning in her legs as she hurried after him, felt her feet pounding against the ground, as her whole body seemed to be tensing. With her chest heaving with the exertion to breathe, she felt it suddenly began to loosen, and realized after a moment that it was stretching around her rounded breasts. A moment later, it loosened even more, she heard it tear open, and either of her grand breasts tumbled out into the front of her shirt over it.

Right then she grew really pissed, and felt a flow of hormones pump through her body, fueled by a heart that just suddenly doubled its rate. As a result, her speed also doubled. The next thing she knew she'd leapt on the purse-snatcher, and the two of them skidded against the rough debris on the sidewalk. He thankfully took most of the damage. Then using both hands, she cuffed him around the jacket collar, hauled him to his feet with one hand, and turned him around only long enough to flick the cigarette out of his mouth. She then turned him around again to slam him against the nearest wall before kneeing him rather painfully in the small of the back, before letting him fall to the ground.

Unconscious, and sprawled on his back, he gave off one long exhaling gasp while Liz bent down and retrieved her purse.

Promptly after that, there was a police whistle, and she turned to see a mounted police officer rear up before her.

“What’s going on here?” he hollered, pulling a knight stick out of his gun belt.

“This man is a purse snatcher!” she called back, pointing down at the man with her newly elongated fingernail jutting at him like the head of an arrow. She was still pissed off at having her purse snatched and was near hysterics now that it seemed that a cop didn’t believe her. Even the horse shied from her, sensing something that the cop couldn’t, but he urged his mount forward again before dismounting and reigning the steed to the nearest light post.

“Why don’t you tell me what happened…” and flipped open his ticket/note book.

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Liz practically tore the door open and tromped inside before slamming the thing behind her with all her might, and stood there glaring at the door for a time until she felt a pair of strong hands upon her shoulders.

Instantly, she felt all her rage melt away, and turned promptly to embrace Justin… still with a towel around his waist.

When she looked up at him, it was with tears in her eyes, and he lifted a hand to delicately clasp her chin and smile at her.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, showing a level of concern that couldn’t be faked.

Liz choked and told him the whole story.

“Life is so unfair.” She said, and sat down promptly onto her bed, which Justin had made up for her… had even placed her two stuffed, plushy animals on her pillow.

She took one and smiled at the little green lizard at his thoughtfulness.

“So I’ve been told.” Justin said, finally getting out of that towel.

This time, it was Liz’s turn to watch *him* dress, and she sat there pleasantly with an exclamatory thought in her head at the size of his schlong, admiring how it hung down to his mid thigh! He was the sort of man that made J.J. look like half a piss ant.

The loose fitting pants were pulled up about his waist, and she pouted now that she could no longer see him naked while he quickly tied off the drawstrings around his middle. For a second there, he almost looked like Aladdin, or Lawrence of Arabia. His shirt went on easily over that sculpted frame, and he slipped into the sandals she had bought him and wiggled his toes.

“Good fit.” He said, swinging a leg back and forth.

“That’s a good thing,” Liz mentioned and began to undo the buttons of her shirt before pulling the folds apart to bare her breasts.

Both simply had torn holes into her shirt, and the rest of the thing had fallen to the base of her chest around them.

“That purse snatcher made me exert myself more than my poor undershirt was able to withstand.” Again, she pouted, and shouldering her outer shirt off her narrow shoulders, her hands then lifted and tore her undershirt from off of her. “But maybe I just shouldn’t wear an undershirt,” she grinned, and gently caressed one of her swollen breasts, noting how firm it felt.

Then Justin was by her, the backs of his knuckles caressing the same breast she held, and after a moment, she felt a soft sigh escape her lips as her nipples swelled and hardened.

“Why are you so good to me?” she whispered and leaned into him.

“I have an admittance I have to tell you... I’m a drug.” He chuckled, and her body shook with her own mirth before Justin embraced her a little deeper. “I guess, its because I feel as if I need to, and I want to. I feel you deserve it.”

Liz tucked her legs underneath her and tilted her head up to catch his mouth with hers. A moment later, she felt him massaging the mass of glands supported by a pack of muscle, layered by a plane of super sensitive flesh hanging against her front. It wasn’t a groping grab, but a gentle caress, which massaged blood into the rounded tit, allowing her nipples to erect higher.

And then Justin was lifting her to her feet, and her legs unfolded to the floor before he stood before her and started buttoning up her front.

“I know we’ve been kind of doing this backwards, Elizabeth,” he said and gave one last lingering touch to her unbound bosom before resettling her shirt about them. “But I’d like to take you out to dinner.

“As soon as we find my wallet of course.”

Liz smiled up at him and slipped both her arms underneath his shirt to clutch at his chest. “A relationship going backwards? When we get to square one and go forwards again, promise me it won’t stop going forwards.”

Justin kissed her lightly on the forehead.

“I promise.”

It took some doing getting Justin's wallet back... the two of them had to rely on barely remembered dream-state memories of last night to locate the bush they had hid behind to make love for most of the night. When they got behind it at last, they found the entrance to a cave network, but thankfully, Justin's clothes, along with his jersey – which he put on and was very glad to find – were all here.

Rifling through his shredded pant's pockets, he retrieved his wallet and keys and promptly stuffed them into the baggy pockets of his newer pants.

“This place would make a good lair for some big animal.” Liz commented while she leaned against the wall. “There's no camp fire rings in here or beer cans, I'm surprised the city kids haven't found this place yet.”

“Or two big animals.” Justin commented while discarding his old jeans. “I'm surprised we even got in here at all. There are cops all over this park at night, and one would think two naked adults would draw notice.”

Liz shrugged, hunching her shoulders upward, which had the added affect of lifting her breasts as well, and she felt her nipples press into the fabric of her shirt. “I guess we're just too sneaky for them.”

“I don't even remember how we got *in* here.” Justin returned, stepping up close to wrap an arm around her waist. “That part's just a little too foggy for me, but if its proof you want...”

He pointed to a section of the ground where the gravel and dust were all disheveled and it looked like a struggle had happened here. There were also small clumps of dirt, where body fluids would've created dirt clods everywhere.

Liz stepped forward a little, only to be surrounded by her new lover's arms round about her as she stared at the place where their animalistic pleasure had taken place, and immediately her mind began to wander. She could feel something inside of her begin to awaken, feel her nipples clench, felt her crotch swell into her panties, stretching the front. Her breathing quickened and the animal inside her continued to awaken until...

“Hey, you awake?”

Liz got a jostle from Justin and blinked her eyes a couple of times, and the animalistic drive inside of her promptly went into hibernation. Within seconds, she'd forgotten that it had even been there.

“Um, yeah.” She grinned sheepishly and then turned to face him. “You were going to show me your place tonight.” She grinned then to cover her feelings.

Despite that, she had forgotten what had been awakening inside her, her body was still tensed for erotic pleasure. Without an undershirt or a bra, Justin felt her nipples, still firm and hard, beneath her shirt as she pressed against him, and he raised an eyebrow at her in question as to

what her true motives were. But in turn, he then lifted his hands to the sides of those swollen breasts and coaxed her nipples even harder.

Liz soon felt subtle moisture on the insides of her panties, and something inside of her was prompting her to tear off her clothes and ravish him again.

But instead, Justin managed her to leave the confines of the cave.

They had a good walk through the park together, grabbing a bite to eat while her slender arms wrapped around one of his. The sun was sliding into late afternoon by the time they walked into Justin's neighborhood, a slightly more lavish part of town than she lived in, but she was happy for him.

Before he brought her up into his apartment, though, he first brought her to a shop on the streets. Then after the attendant took many precise measurements of her bodice, Liz was then fitted into a beautiful black evening dress with a low back and a pleated skirt.

"For the clothes." He smiled, and then stuffed a hundred-dollar bill genially between her rounded breasts before again caressing her bosom. Then for good measure, he gave her a light peck upon the lips. The dress was then packed into a box and then into a large bag, and the two left for his apartment at last.

Liz was beginning to feel like a Goddess in his eyes, and in comparison to her last boyfriend, Justin was just the God to do it.

Finally they arrived at his apartment building, and Justin was greeted by name by a uniformed doorman, and then by a building guard/receptionist. Liz also got greetings as well, and she blushed at the attention.

Once they finally got into the elevator, Liz was quite surprised when Justin hit the number for the top floor.

"The penthouse?" she gasped. "You live in the penthouse."

A small smile crossed Justin's lips. "I work for a medical firm as a biochemist, and last year they approved one of my antiseptic formulas for mass production."

Now Liz was really impressed. When the elevator arrived at the top floor, it opened up to reveal a door, and stepping up to the door, Justin pressed his thumb against a pad beside it and the door immediately unlocked.

Beyond was a one-room-held-all penthouse apartment, with a sunken greeting room that had curtains surrounding it instead of walls. Currently, all the curtains were open to reveal everything. A kitchenette, a modest sized bed surrounded with dressing things, a couch, and one of the most impressive computer setups she'd ever seen before.

“I... also was one of the techs working on the Genome Project.” He grinned.

The only door in the place led to a bathroom, and most of the perimeter of the suite was glass windows. She walked into the middle of the living room area and turned full circle.

“Wow?” Justin asked, planting his hands into his pockets and walking forward.

“Wow.” Liz agreed.

After the moment of stunning approval, Liz then got the grand tour, which could’ve pretty much been done by standing in the middle of the room and pointing at everything. Justin however had to show her everything, the balcony and its view of the lake, the spacious bathroom, everything.

“You must be the luckiest man on Earth.” She mused while still looking everywhere, and she then got the pleasant feeling of his hand wrapping delicately about her shoulders.

“Only since recently.” He said softly, and then sliding his hands down her sides, then locked his hands over her navel.

“So, my white knight promises me dinner.” She said with a sly smile, rotating her hips backward so that the cheeks of her rear slid over his member beneath his pants. She then felt something thicken and press against the base of her bodice as her hands lowered to clasp his hips behind her. She gave a soft giggle and then continued. “So where does my knight wish to take me?”

With as loose a fitting of pants that she had bought him and the fact that he still didn’t wear any undergarments, his member lifted quite satisfactorily between her legs. Sliding a hand over her hip, she was able to hold onto the end of the bulge projecting past her legs.

Looking coyly over her shoulder, she saw Justin’s face meld into a silly expressing, with a dumb smile against his face with one eyebrow cocked and the opposing eye practically squinting. “Everywhere and often.” He whispered with a groan, and then realized that he’d said it aloud and covered it with what he *wanted* to say. “Where does milady wish her escort to take her?” He retorted, his chest puffing out while his hands lifted to her chest to give them a soft caress, before his fingers began to nimbly undo the buttons of her shirt one by one.

“Everywhere!” she gasped then, echoing his earlier statement, and leaned back suddenly against him, still holding onto the hard member between her legs as she felt it growing rigid beneath her hand.

All at once the creature inside her awakened, and she felt something beginning to grow inside of her while Justin continued to unbutton her clothing past her shirt and into her knee high shorts. Her hands lifted to cup her breasts as she gasped for air, her shirt falling off her shoulders to catch at the crooks of her arms while Justin’s nimble hands revealed her panties.

Arching her back instinctively, again rolling her hips even further, she guided her lover's hands until his fingers dug into the front of her panties, a moment before a strong hand began to caress her clenched pussy.

Her eyes closed tightly as she turned slowly within his grasp; wanting his strong hands to touch her all over until eventually, she pushed her breasts deeply into his hands. Her breathing deepened as she held those hands to her breasts for a moment, and then moved to push his shirt and jersey up over his head, a moment before lowering her hands to the ties at his waist.

The extension in his trousers was pressing firmly against the base of her crotch already, eager to pierce that woman's body of hers as deeply as it could while Justin laid kisses about her face and forehead. Her shirt became a shawl as it dangled about her wrists and about her flaring hips and she pressed her thighs together as Justin's touch caressed her navel just below her belly button. His other hand then pushed her shorts and formed panties from off her bodice, rubbing her rounded bottom briefly before he took her arms in his hands. He then slid his fingers enticingly down her arms, freeing her hands and wrists of her shirt while she finally tugged open the front of his pants.

For a moment, they were naked, standing there within the sunlight, feeling the beasts inside of them grow more powerful, and push outward from within.

"Computer..." Justin said then, only just audible. "Privacy."

Something on his console clicked, and all of a sudden, all the windows began to darken with a tint until every last one shut out the light. Then after a moment of darkness, along the lower edges of the room, a dull blue glow lit to cast light within the rooms.

Liz sighed and slid herself up against his body, smiling wonderfully as she stood on tiptoe and caressed his chest with her fingers. And then again she felt something rise between her legs, a firm and meaty thing which she squeezed between her legs and trapping within the gap at the bridge of her legs. A gasp escaped her throat as she suddenly felt herself begin lifted, with Justin lifting her up with an arm beneath her seat and another about her shoulders. He then carried her up the short flight of stairs to the landing with his bed while she nuzzled his neck, before she was brought gently to where his bed lay. There he deposited her gently upon the bed coverings and propped himself on one knee at the edge of the bed between her legs.

At last, Elizabeth felt his strong hands caress her ribs and sides before he descended upon her breasts to fasten his mouth around one of her tactile and erect teats.

Inside her, her heart practically began to erupt with the power and speed it was tapping against her chest with, the thing pumping blood all throughout her body. In the darkness of the room and with the thoughtlessness that a human being undertakes as they grow deeper into eroticism, every major artery, capillary and vein in Elizabeth's body suddenly thickened.

Justin didn't notice it as he began to descend down the length of her body, kissing her soft flesh laying over firm musculature, giving her the pleasure only a woman could feel. He didn't notice

it as he shifted himself onto the side of his thigh to descend upon her crotch, and sup delicately from her erect clitoris, with his own erect manhood throbbing to pierce her body. Liz felt it, but was not aware of it, that as her body continued to rise in its tantric pleasures, her heart beating faster and faster, a strange new hormone introduced into her body recently was given free reign to travel to the furthest stretches of her bodice.

This hormone touched off synapses in her brain and activated other glands to enhance her pleasure, to give more energy to the new hormone, and allow it to multiply faster. The faster it multiplied, the more it triggered her body to speed up, and then the process continued over and over until her body couldn't support itself anymore. But the hormone kicked in again, and the monster that it was grew inside of her.

The full and rounded breasts positioned against Liz's chest swelled, her flesh all about her body thickening imperceptibly, while the folds of her pussy swelled and parted like they had never done before. She felt the pair of vaginal lips swell until they pressed against even her parted thighs, and then felt her nipples hardened into the firmness of pebbles while her areola swelled and spread slightly. She hugged her breasts to her as her ribcage flared outward ever so slightly, her biceps swelling and her forearms spreading as she pushed her breasts upward and together. Every tendon every muscle fiber in her body then suddenly tensed as her bones all grew perhaps a few centimeters in every direction, which would later increase her size a full inch.

Her whole body clenched then, making a sound similar to a powerful hand clenching until the tendons ground, and each and every last muscle in her body tensed.

And again, the process started over.

She took to running her fingers through his hair then as her back arched in a sudden spasm, her hips rolling while her thighs folded about his face, and a gasp of pleasure escaped her lips.

Then at last, he rose, wiping off his mouth of her sweet seminal fluids, and she smiled up at him lovingly as he rose over her. Her breasts heaved, moist with her own perspiration before Justin leaned into her, and the entire length of his erect member slid fully into her bodice.

He loved her delicately, while beneath him, Liz's body continued to transform in imperceptible ways, her erotic might empowering her and allowing her to grow.

13

Liz walked idly naked into the main room of Justin's apartment after her shower, finishing off toweling her hair as she came to stand delicately in the middle of the floor. Justin, who was standing in his own clothes now, another pair of loose fitting trousers, this time with boxer shorts underneath, and an opened white shirt merely tucked into the waist of his trousers.

Liz paused as she stepped out, her lips pursing in wonder at him, her eyes centering on his bare and hairless chest. She noted how strong he was.

In one of his hands was a green apple that he'd been chewing on, and when his new love stepped out of his bathroom, he became dumbstruck with the way her body was built. Hour by hour, she seemed to grow more and more beautiful to him.

He in turn stared at her, smiling warmly at her personage as she stood there with her hands paused atop her head, in mid action of toweling her hair dry. There was a pregnant pause while the two just stared at one another.

He noted upon how well her form was build, her body tall and noticeably stronger now, with hips that had flared wide during the past few hours and a pair of breasts that hung together against the front of her chest; either full and rounded instead of flat and sagging like most of the women he'd known. The muscle of her chest supported them amply, and the firmness of her soft skin kept from stretching, and kept the packs of glands and fat where they should be. The pair of nipples decorating the pair had hardened in the cool air of the room in difference of the heat of the bathroom.

Her body glistened with moisture still, though she had toweled off the slick already, and her perfectly hairless body possessed just the right amount of tan, and the perfect level of grace.

“Great Maker, you're beautiful.” He said, admiring her in the full light of his apartment.

Pulling the towel down around her shoulders and holding onto its ends – an effect that had the added benefit of pushing her cleavage together, she smiled and giggled before stepping genially over to him.

“You always know what to say to a girl, don't you?” she smiled, and then gave him the benefit of pressing her breasts against his bared chest and holding him around the middle. “I feel energized around you, Justin.” She said then. I don't think I've made love this many times in my life!”

“Nor I, I must admit.” Justin said, smelling the sweet aroma that was in her hair somehow, even after showering. It could've been his shampoo, but then she'd've smelled rugged, and not feminine and highly alluring.

But then he heard her giggle, a moment before she copped a feel on his behind. He smiled, and holding onto her arms, he held her at arms length, smiling warmly and feeling the blood in his nether regions rise as he viewed her breasts bounce and jiggle against her chest at the sudden movement. She giggled like a schoolgirl then, lifting her hands to wrap over his forearms while her thighs pressed together, framing her crotch lovingly.

“You got a nice behind, lover.” She laughed, and again stepped forward with his arms sliding about her to nuzzle him affectionately.

“Sorry, I've just never been goosed before.” He chuckled, and then felt one eye suddenly spring open as both her hands fondled the bulge in his pants, and he grew as hard as his form would've allowed then.

“Hmmm.” She sighed. “I’m starting to get hungry, but since I’ve already drained you, where can we go for a bite to eat.”

Justin laughed, but despite her words, he still felt a bead of seminal fluids wet the front of his shorts. “There’s a quaint little Italian restaurant just on the corner. A place just shy of a black tie affair, but I’m sure you’d like it.”

“I’ll go get ready!” she giggled, and hurried over to her clothes discarded on the floor.

Her white panties seemed to form more of an arch below her stomach than normal, and as she pulled them on, Justin noticed that the bounce and sway of her breasts seemed to be a little greater than normal. And when she slipped into her dress fresh from its box, he was sure there was something different about her. When she had tried on that dress before, the pleats had gone past her knees, and now they were just above them. The flap of black cloth over her front had also completely covered her wonderful breasts before, and now part of her cleavage peaked about on top and around the sides of it. Also, when she had asked him to zip her up he noticed that the back of her panties slid a little deeper in between her butt cheeks. And when he did zip her up, the dress was nice and firm about her bodice, instead of loose as it was before.

For the first time, Justin wondered if she really *was* growing as he moved away to gather up his keys and wallet.

But then while she went to do up her hair as Justin moved away, it was Elizabeth’s turn to notice changes in her new lover. She had always admired how big his schlong was, but tonight, she had noticed that it tapped his belly button. Also, while he was selecting a dinner coat, she gandered upon that his once flat and hard stomach, was now gaining the rolls of a four pack.

And it was also then that she noticed the same changes in herself as Justin had just been thinking about. But she was a good woman now, and she pushed those minor thoughts out to the back of her mind, especially when she saw Justin done up as regal as a prince in a storybook.

White shirt done up with a single breasted jacket of a stylish make, both ready to be closed about his broad chest, with his shoulder-length hair drawn straight back into a short ponytail.

“Oh gawd, he looks so handsome.” She mused in a whisper to no one in particular, taking up her hand purse as she faced him. Then taking his proffered arm, he led her into the elevator and then down the shaft and out onto the street.

“Have a good evening Mr. Ashe... Miss.” The doorman greeted them both while holding the door open; and the pair of them walked idly down the street and to the Italian diner on the corner.

There was only a short wait for them, and when they were finally seated, they got their own booth in a secluded corner. They talked, and they ate, and they talked some more, and they even held hands. In all of Liz’s life, she thought that no day had been so perfect, until she heard a voice across the room shouting in anger.

“You call this food?!” it called. “I come in here and spend a great deal of money for my girlfriend’s birthday, and you bring us this slop? Take it away, fix it, and I expect a refund for this meal.”

Liz and Justin looked in the direction of the speaker. Who wouldn’t have? But then a shock overtook Liz as her eyes settled upon J.J. across the room, apparently the person who was the focus of the outburst.

Immediately she shrank back into their booth, setting her jaw tight.

“What’s wrong?” Justin asked, and lifted a hand to cover one of hers that had ever so suddenly tightened into a fist.

This time, however, her anger didn’t relent despite his touch, and again, the monster began to awaken inside of her. She felt every muscle in her body tense.

“Elizabeth, what’s wrong, do you know that guy?” Justin urged, and forced her hand open to hold onto it; which, even for him, was hard to do.

“That’s J.J.,” she said simply, and her eyes slid sideways toward the offender. “He was supposed to take me out tonight. Apparently he made *other* plans.”

Indeed he did. There was even a new girl with him other than the one he picked up at the beach, and the primary reason that she was selected in this case appeared to have once again been not because of her brains. Liz hunched her shoulders as she eyed the woman, pouting, eyeing her up and down.

“He sure replaced me quick.”

Justin looked around the corner of their booth at the man he had usurped for Liz’s affections, and then at his date.

“I think he may have replaced you on the night you met, Liz.” He said, giving her hand a squeeze. “He’s already abandoned you, and you don’t need him.”

Liz finally relaxed, and then squeezed his hand in return before giving it a pat with her free hand.

Just then, a shadow passed over their table, and there, was J.J.

“Well, I thought I recognized you when you walked in, but you actually having *tits* threw me off. *Happy birthday Liz,*” he said with a sardonic grin, his jacket open, his shirt beneath it rumpled and one hand in his pocket, while he swirled a glass full of sherry in one hand. “What did you do, go out and buy yourself a pair?”

Liz's hands clenched once again, and Justin suddenly got to his feet to stand before J.J., standing practically a full head over Liz's old boyfriend.

"Elizabeth doesn't wish for you to be around her anymore, sir." He said, bracing a hand on the tabletop to keep it from clenching. "Please move along and leave us to our meal."

The events had finally gotten the attention of the entire restaurant, with the waiters having stopped their serving and the maître d' standing with his hand on his phone to call for the police should the need arise.

J.J., now completely having forgotten his date, took a sip from his sherry, before holding it in front of him. In his mind, as he looked Justin up and down, he believed that he could take the much stronger man.

"You look like a rich white boy." He said at last, and then took another sip. "You've never been down in the dirt like I have; you've never been in a scrap. I grew up on the streets, I learned to protect myself! Now why don't you sit down and be patient while I talk to my girlfriend here.

"She is no longer your girlfriend, sir. Please move along." Justin's jaw was clenching, and his hand on the table indeed did clench.

J.J. lifted a hand to his ear. "I'm sorry... but what did you say?"

"He said that I'm no longer your girlfriend, J.J." Liz said, and rose to her feet beside Justin. "And he's right."

Liz leaned up against Justin's side, pressing her breasts firmly against him, displaying that she now possessed something that he never had, and Justin possessed something that he'd never have again.

"Go away, J.J. I don't ever want to see you again." She reassured.

"So, if you please," Justin put in at the end of her words. "Your presence here is no longer required. Leave."

J.J.'s eyes flickered between Liz and Justin before a twitch of a snarl rippled one corner of his upper lip, and then he pushed Liz off of Justin and then threw his drink in Justin's face. J.J. then promptly threw his glass to the floor, which promptly shattered.

Justin merely opened his eyes, reached down for a napkin to wipe off his face while J.J. lifted his hands and began hopping from toe to toe.

"C'mon prissy!" J.J. taunted. "Let's go right now. I'll do ya so hard you'll feel like a train just took you from behind."

In the meantime, Liz's temperament was beginning to break down.

I finally meet a guy I like, she thought, feeling her fists ball up tightly while her teeth ground together, and he likes me and treats me nice...

Her shoulders hunched, and deep within her chest, she felt the pace of her heart suddenly double.

And here comes J.J., to ruin the most perfect evening I've ever had...

Her nipples hardened, and a mass of veins collected around her breasts and she felt them begin to swell, begin to press more solidly against the front of her gown. She could feel her rage feeding her, felt her muscles clench all over her body, and away from the view of her new suitor and her x-boyfriend, Liz began to grow.

“Time for lights out!” J.J. taunted, and threw a quick combo of punches, all of which were deflected by only one of Justin’s hands, before his hand lanced outward and stabbed J.J. right at the base of the throat.

J.J. made a most comical choking sound before stepping back suddenly, clutching at his throat.

On the ground, a strange, anger induced sexual high began to take Elizabeth, enhancing her growth. A ripple of motion cascaded along her body, with each titanic beat of her heart pumping a mass of new blood throughout her body. Her breasts expanded yet again while her chest flared apart, hefting her dress further up her body while her back flared outward through the opened back. Her hips pushed the pleats of the gown apart as she got to her hands and knees, and in that position, the back of her panties slid in between her cheeks as her buttocks thickened with her broadening hips.

Then her soft, smooth skin suddenly began to crease all about her bodice, her stomach shaping into a perfect hourglass, while the insides of her thighs actually gained the taut chords of her Achilles Tendons. Her once long and slender biceps suddenly bunched, her shoulders rolling outward while her shoes began to pinch about her feet. On top of that, she was getting a wedgie on both her front and rear, and the straps were beginning to pinch as well.

That pinching angered her even more.

J.J. was preparing for yet another attack as she slowly got to her feet, her tits now showing beautifully along the edges of her dress front, while her hair, which had grown longer, framed her face like a mane. Her eyes, once a leafy green, were now a dark emerald in color, her pupils now far too rounded for a human being, while the hem of her dress now slid across the base of her thighs.

J.J. Again swung at Justin, with Justin preparing to repel him again, but Elizabeth’s own hand snapped outward to snatch J.J.’s out of the air.

Everyone, save Liz, jumped in surprise at this.

“I...” Liz began, and tensed her fingers, cracking J.J.’s knuckles while her own elongated digits while her sharp fingernails dug into his skin. “...Am no longer...” she continued, and her other hand reached out, grabbed J.J.’s shirt cuff and lifted him off the ground. “... Your Girlfriend!” she screamed, and surging forward, ran for the exit with her X-boyfriend.

J.J. was thrown out onto his rear end, coming to a stop after a rolling skid several meters away. Liz stood there, now tall and more beautiful than ever, with her hair jumbled about her face and head, and her knuckles whitening with the strength of her fists.

J.J. Got to his feet, and striding forward, Liz took him by the collar, lifted him to his feet so that they were both looking eye to eye – a first between them – and J.J. got the perfect view of a snarling, animalistic rage. Right then, there was the sound of someone pouring a drink on a carpeted floor. Both of them looked down to watch the broad stain arise in J.J.’s pants while urine trickled down out of his pants leg.

Liz smiled ferally and most happily, just before opening her hands and letting him fall back down again.

“I can’t believe I ever saw you attractive, J.J.,” she said. “It’s *over* between us. You hear me? *Over!*” she lifted a hand and pushed all of her hair back over one side of her head, her eyes closing as she tried to calm her temper. “Should you ever come near me again, I will beat you down into the muck loving trash that you are.

She then turned her back on him, took a couple of steps away, and then took her shoes off with a groan. Her creased back bunched beautifully as she rose to her feet again, her rounded bottom appearing in a most shapely fashion underneath her skirts. With shoes in hand, she stepped forward again, now possessing a wonderful swing to her hips with each step, and her long legs moved about one other with each step she took most gracefully.

Justin was at the entrance with a dozen or so other people, and when she came up to him to press against his front, she stepped back suddenly as her chest bumped against his, and held him at arms length. Justin saw it too... she had grown again, most predominately at the chest, but she had also grown in height as well. Like she had with J.J., Liz now stood eye to eye with Justin!

“I think mayhap we should leave Elizabeth.” Justin said eyeing her, with her skirt now only at mid thigh now after all this as her temper began to cool.

Liz nodded in agreement. “I think we should too, before the cops come around.”

Just then, J.J.’s date came out.

“J.J.!” she gasped, and started out toward him, but Liz stopped her from rushing out with a hand.

“He’ll use you.” She said when the woman gave her an evil glare. “Those tickets he used to get you both in here at a discount rate were for my birthday. He was going to take *me*, here.

“And yesterday, he abandoned me and my friends for another woman. Be smart and leave now.”

J.J.’s date looked from her, and then to the dispirited J.J. who was still picking himself up off the ground, his pants now completely wet down the front. Then discretely, Liz and Justin walked away.

14

Liz sat atop a boulder, holding her lace shoes with one hand and staring at her still dainty feet. She realized, however, that they were dainty still only because, in comparison to the rest of herself, they were. For some strange reason, she was growing... everything about her was growing, on a day-by-day basis, if not on a minute by minute. Her chest now pressed firmly against the front of her chest at an immense E-cup now, while her body had grown a couple of inches, and along with the rest of her body, her sensual desires had already increased several fold.

Justin stood nearby, looking invariably down at his feet also, his single breasted jacket front opened with the two sides buttoned to themselves to keep them open, and his white shirt undone to reveal the broad expanse of his chest and navel.

Between the two of them, it had been very quiet for the past several minutes, and then Justin turned, his hands feeling his ridged stomach.

“I usually exercise allot, Liz,” he said suddenly, still looking down at his middle. “Other than making love to you, I hadn’t done any exercising in the past several days. Before then, I had a rather flat stomach, and in that time, it’s changed into a six-pack.

“That is wonderful, to say the least, its what I’ve always tried to obtain... but...”

His eyes looked up to her, and he lifted his hands to help her down, and leaving her shoes where they were, she hopped down, allowing him to catch her and settle her to her feet. Being that close to him Liz suddenly felt that bulge in his pants thicken against her pelvis.

“And,” he said with a twitch of his cheek and a low grown. “Fully erect, I tap my belly button and become thick enough where my thumb and forefinger can’t surround myself anymore.

“And you... your old boyfriend shows up, you get mad, and all of a sudden you’re bigger, stronger, and... and *bigger!* What’s happening to us?”

Elizabeth stepped forward into him, wrapping her arms lazily about his middle as she leaned her head against the crook of his shoulder and thought. “I-I don’t know... Two days ago I was skinny, small, and... and small...”

“Then two days ago is when all this started.” Justin reasoned. “Lets go back... what happened two days ago?”

“I... had a dream.”

They both knew very well what dream that was. It was the one that had pulled Liz out of a restless slumber, got her to strip out of all of her clothing, expanded her breasts three cup-sizes from non-existent to a C-cup, and helped her to find Justin.

“No. Something would have had to trigger that. What happened before that?”

“My birthday.”

“The day that that J.J. freak abandoned you and your friends, right?”

She nodded. “I got so mad at him. I felt crushed. And so I took a walk to think things out.” Her fingers clenched upon Justin’s shirt, and she settled a little deeper into him.

Justin’s hands settled about her back, one at the base of her spine and the other on her hip. All of a sudden, she felt her nipples harden and her crotch moisten.

“I think I’d walked half way around the lake, and then to top everything off, I got covered in sewage from a drain pipe.”

“Sewage?” Justin clarified, and leaned back a little so that he could look into her face again. “It’s illegal to dump directly into the lake.” He stood there and stared at her for a moment, and then knitting his brows together in concentration, he finally pulled her to him again. Running a hand along her back, he noticed how impeccably strong it was now. “I’d like to take you to the beach tomorrow, Liz.” He said at last. “I’d like you to show me this sewage pipe that covered you.”

Liz didn’t quite understand what he was thinking, but nodded anyway. Then for a time, they simply remained there, quietly with one another.

They walked through the park, Liz carrying her shoes in one hand while sending a look sideways to Justin. She began to feel a pressure within her loins that she was beginning to wish pierced, and the further through the park they went the closer she got to him.

Eventually they were holding hands, shortly thereafter she was holding onto his arm, and shortly thereafter, she had placed her head on his broad shoulder and closed her eyes, just letting him guide her.

Everything inside her told her that Justin was “the right one.”

Managing to finally get to Justin’s apartment, with Liz still hanging on her new lover for the entire time, the pair separated briefly, Liz sitting down on the rim surrounding the sunken greeting quarters, and Justin going for a washcloth.

“Thank you, for looking after me, Justin.” Liz said, giving a soft sigh as Justin sat down before her and began cleaning off her bare feet with the washcloth.

“You’re welcome.” He returned with a smile glanced up her way. “It’s not that you need looking after, I just felt... I thought...” he paused. “I felt as if I needed to.”

She leaned back and watched Justin, now absent of his shirt and jacket both, as he washed off her feet and then dried them off with a paper towel.

“This evening has been the best in my life, thanks to you. Not even J.J. could’ve ruined it. A wonderful start for waking up dirtied and naked with a man I’d never seen before.” She chuckled with Justin following suit.

“It was indeed. I will have to have a serious talk with my friends for spiking my drink... and then thank them for allowing me to meet you.”

Liz smiled warmly, as he stood up, tossed the wet washcloth at the sink in the kitchenette, and then deposited the paper towel in the trash on the way to the section where his bed was. Then he looked to the time on his nightstand clock.

“It’s pretty late.” He mentioned and then sat down on the edge of his bed. “Perhaps I can get you a nightgown or something for the night.”

Elizabeth smiled, and then walked up the short stairs to the section of the suite where her lover was, and reaching behind her head, she undid the tie in the strings holding the front of her dress up. And then letting them both go; the front of her dress fell forward to reveal her full and rounded breasts. Standing there before him, her hands held her skirt to her middle before a hand reached to her back and undid the zipper before she pushed her dress off over her wide hips.

She stepped forward then, her white panties, planted tight against her pelvis, revealing the formation of her rapidly swelling vaginal wall.

“I think this will do.” She smiled and pushed him backward until he was laying down before she climbed up on top of him, crawling just a short ways before sitting down on his waist.

Her breasts hung from her chest, feeling light as a feather despite their size, and hanging just far enough to slide erotically over his chest. Justin smiled up at her, that dumb smile a man gets whenever their brains become drained of blood so as to fill an erection.

“But you may catch a chill.” He chuckled, and Liz leaned forward against him, feeling her nipples clench and harden instantly upon making total connection with his flesh.

“That’s what I have you for.” She whispered, and as she leaned forward a little more, a curtain of her hair fell from the back of her head, and then their lips met.

Liz then drew back, and to maintain contact, Justin sat up with her, sliding his hands neatly along her sides until his thumbs brushed against her rounded breasts. He then left her lips to kiss the hollow of her throat, his fingers again sliding toward to fondle her rear – now bare with her

panties caught between her cheeks – while her own fingers slid down the crease down his stomach. Long fingernails slid over his skin until she fondled the swell in his pants, coaxing it erect before she even began to unbutton its front.

“Justin, I think I love you.” She whispered, and received a gentle nuzzle a little deeper between her breasts as he embraced her.

Then Justin kissed the bottom of her chin, and looked at her. “But you hardly even know me.” He smiled, and Liz immediately arched her back to be able to press her tight stomach against his multi-creased one.

“You treat me like a woman, you care for me, you provide for me, and though I’ve only known you for a day, I can feel myself drawn toward you.” She smiled then, her reddened lips broadening greatly. “And I feel that I want you for more than the fact that you are an excellent lover.”

Justin sat back then, sitting more atop the bed as he drew her closer to him again.

“I must admit, your presence with me, has been most delightful.” He grinned and slid a hand over one of her breasts briefly, and then across her cheek before brushing a lock of her hair out of the way. “I may have finally found my bird of paradise.”

Liz had been tugging at the waist of his trousers as he said that, and when her mind finally caught on to what he’d called her, she gave a bit of a start. Her breasts bounced amicably against her chest for a second or two before settling again, and she blinked at him.

“W-why did you call me that?” she asked, her hands flat against his chest, her thighs spread wide.

“A bird of paradise nests only under the most perfect of conditions, and is perhaps the most beautiful of all avians. And when a Bird of Paradise mates... it mates for life.”

Liz smiled, just before it changed into a drunken smile as Justin took to caressing the mound of her crotch with the back of her hands. With his touch, she felt her pussy clench, felt her clitoris engorge.

She then again began to tug on his trousers, and settling backward, stripped him of them before coming to kneel between his legs, and with Justin leaning back, both looked at his erect manhood in stunned silence.

Tentatively, Liz reached out to touch it.

“Apparently, you are growing too...” she said, fingering the thing, but at her touch, it swelled even more until it felt like a steel bar in her hands.

“I must say... this is a new experience.” Justin said, groaned, and then closed his eyes as she took to caressing the length of his manhood.

Liz in turn smiled, and then leaning forward, she kissed its tip before maneuvering her breasts around it. And then pulling its end deeper into her mouth, she then began to suck happily while rubbing her rounded tits along its length. Her tongue then at last tasted the primer, and she released him, now content that he was safely lubricated for her bodice.

When she rose, she knelt with her legs fully extended, before her hands slowly slid up her bodice to caress her breasts delicately. Justin finally opened his eyes to look at her, and he smiled warmly as, while looking down, Liz noticed that he seemed to get even harder. Then he sat up, and Liz held onto his face as he again caressed her behind, touching the skin of her stomach first with his tongue and then his lips. Then she felt him pull on the straps to her panties, sliding them from off her thighs and down her legs. And then as he began to pull them off her legs, Liz lifted her legs, and was surprised as she was pushed forward from her behind.

She was forced to rebalance by falling forward a little; her hands snapping to the headboard of the bed as Justin simultaneously removed her last bit of clothing between them while positioning her on his chest. She was confused as to why he was doing this until she felt his mouth slip between her legs, and immediately, her hands clenched along the headboard just as a low groan escaped her lips.

Her breathing quickly changed into gasping sighs once Justin buried his chin between the ample lips of her vaginal mound before finding the nib of her womanhood and teasing it with his lips and tongue.

Her first orgasm suddenly struck her, and she gave a low cry of pleasure as her back arched and her hips rolled more into him. Justin gently touched her back while cradling her behind with one hand; while between her legs, his mouth fell about her cunt and began sucking on it.

Liz orgasmed again, and this time her cry was much louder as her juices slipped from inside her, giving Justin the sweet and sour taste of her vaginal juices as they leaked about his mouth, chin and throat. Positioned above her sweet lover, Liz began to experience yet another orgasm, but unlike the last two, which simply pulsed between her legs, this one sent a throb throughout her whole body so powerful that it erected her nipples at its end, and coaxed them both till they ached with their erection.

Her body hunched over, her tits hanging heavily from her chest while her shoulders bowed and her back bent outward. Again, she cried out, pinching her eyes tightly before a wash of her seminal fluids flooded over Justin this time, creating a sticky slick between her legs and his face, while her whole body suddenly tensed.

Before that moment, Liz’s spine stuck out only at her third vertebrae at the top of her neck. And now, as her back rolled outward and she hunched over her lover, her back spread apart and swelled, before the entirety of her spine pushed outward. A ridge of overlapping vertebrae, each one forming a tiny lump in her back, thickened then as her back creased again as every tiny little

muscle swelled; secondary muscles creasing outward from the solid mass of her back over a period of only a few minutes. Her chest then spread apart, her pecks thickening to pushed her breasts even further outward, the already mighty pair swelling a fraction of a cup again.

Her thighs then thickened, her biceps bulging along with her calves, and her behind grew even more firm while her forearms flared. And last but not least, her nipples, hot and pink, thickened and swelled, sticking a good half-inch from atop her chest.

And then another orgasm erupted from between her legs, and her body clenched again, and every little muscle thickened and strengthened, and Liz grew nearly a whole inch over the next few minutes.

And then she slipped backward to lay against her lover, kissing him on the mouth again, tasting the sweet slick of her own vaginal fluids and licking his lips free of it before kissing him again.

“Hmmm,” she soothed, and slid back more, catching his tip and pushing it deep inside her bodice before promptly squeezing her womanhood around it.

Despite his own apparent growth, her bodice was still deep enough to handle him. *Odd that*, she thought for a moment, and then closed her eyes. *But why am I growing faster than he is? Why am I growing at all?*

Her vacancy of mind allowed Justin to turn her onto her back so that his form could straddle her bodice. Then while he worked her lower half with his erect manhood, he dipped downward to her chest to suckle from her teats. Liz in turn cradled her lover, rocking her hips into him.

Then Justin began to do something to her, drawing back and sliding his hands to where they conjoined, began caressing her womanhood while he was still in her in such a way that brought out yet another orgasm... and kept bringing them out, over and over again. Liz quickly lost count of how many orgasmic pulses as her body began to spasm with the pleasure. And again, she began to grow.

This time, Justin was noticing it, and knelt into her with tight-lipped silence as he watched his new beloved transform right before his eyes. Her chest and ribs pushed out, her breasts swelling three more fractions of a cup to reach the next level. Her vaginal wall expanded about his cluster, the vaginal folds tightening and clenching as each second passed to suck him in.

Her shoulders flared outward, while their breadth across her chest extended outward, and he viewed her once slender arms began to do something akin to curls. With each pump of those sinuous arms, the biceps expanded and tightened, before her own fingers slid down to where they coupled, as if to half stop him, half encourage him on.

Between them, he viewed her inner thighs as they sunk beneath the muscle of the rest of her legs, the patches becoming highly chorded with sinuous muscle that seemed to erupt straight from her love mound. Each exhale she gave was an utterance of how well Justin was driving her.

And then finally, Justin, having lasted longer in bed than he had ever done before, finally closed his eyes and tensed, with all of his power suddenly being focused between his legs to climax into his beloved.

But though he was spent, he was still curious and he continued to tease her bodice until she finally grew exhausted with her one final orgasmic burst, and embraced him to her. As he laid against her then, holding her with one hand, he reached down for a moment between her legs to cup her crotch, now amazed that the swollen mound of flesh there fit perfectly into his hand. Then lifting his touch to her breast, he was then amazed that his grasp couldn't completely cover her tit anymore.

This morning, it had fit into the palm of his hand, which meant that she had grown a full three sizes since then. And then while they started to drift off to sleep, he began to formulate what was causing her growth. And his.

15

Justin stood in his pajama bottoms, sporting a cup of cocoa with his hair disheveled. He was looking down onto Liz, who was beginning to look like the next Mrs. Olympia. Sometime between the time he'd left her this morning and then come back, she'd kicked the blankets off, until only her forelegs were covered.

Now she lay on her back, her full and rounded breasts sitting atop her chest like a pair of melons, resting as upraised domes instead of flattened pancakes that should be attempting to disappear into her chest. With the cool breath of the air in his suite, Liz's nipples had drawn erect, with the pads of her areola having swollen and pushed outward against her chest.

The growth they were experiencing had changed him from having a twin pack to an eight-pack stomach, while for her it had changed from a soft swell to a six-pack.

Justin took a sip of his cocoa.

She's growing at a much faster rate than me, which means that she is the host, and I've been infected by it. Liz moved a little bit, a simple act of lifting her hands up over her head, giving Justin the pleasant view of watching her breasts lift and swell even higher, while her biceps thickened. But it also gave him the view of her chest barreling over her hourglass-shaped stomach. He then let his eyes wander downward to her vivacious crotch, framed by her thick, firm and very strong thighs. Then he felt his own groin begin to extend, and a stalk dropped from his cluster before pushing the front of his pajamas forward, forcing him to adjust himself. Adversely though, he then watched her tight pussy begin to swell, and then moisten before she gave a soft groan as an extra special dream waved through her mind. And then he saw her body clench and tighten, and when it released again, she didn't shrink.

So that's how it happens, he thought. But if she only grows that much when incensed, then some other stimuli must be forcing her to grow faster. He stepped closer to her, and then propped his

cup onto his bed stand and the quietly and discretely laid down beside her, gently lying a hand on her stomach.

She seemed to have grown first when she'd gotten to go get me some clothes yesterday morning and then again when her X-boyfriend arrived.

His hand slid up her stomach to cup her breast and Liz then rolled in her sleep to lightly embrace him about the middle, while Justin in turn smiled warmly as her lips moved briefly as if she were being kissed. His thumb caressed her already erect nipple; coaxing it harder, and harder, until within his grasp he felt something silky smooth and wet decorate his hand. Lowering his eyes and lifting his thumb, he watched as a droplet of milk rolled down her breast and onto its twin. Raising an eyebrow at that briefly, he then tilted his head forward and gave Liz that kiss she wanted, and got a sound of enjoyment from her in return for it. When he finally retracted, Liz's head moved up with him a smidgen before her eyes opened, and Justin got a view of her eyes, which now looked to be the color of jade.

Justin has had on many occasions been able to look deeply into those eyes, and he remembered a leafy green at first, then an emerald... now jade. The filaments in her eyes also seemed more apparent now, and the pupils were more rounded than a human eye would allow.

"Hi." She smiled, and snuggled into him, still not aware that she was now an inch or two taller than he was now.

"Hi yourself, my bird of paradise," He said in returned, and hugged her gently.

A few moments later, she was reaching down for his groin, holding onto it with both hands before pushing his pajamas off. Then she simply guided him inside her before embracing him, and Justin laid there with his eyes half open, looking at her as she closed her eyes again, embraced him and began rocking her hips back and forth. Obliging, Justin then began to caress her bodice.

The two rolled then, with Justin hovering above her on his hands and knees, remaining still for her as she continued to push her hips into him. Justin in turn, bending over her, began to draw the sweet nectar from her breasts.

Their passion wasn't really as strong as it was the night before, rather taking on a soft, gentle loving that allowed Liz to take her fill and become satisfied. Justin didn't even manage to pump into her until much later, just to finalize everything once she again had laid relatively still.

And when he pulled out of her, nearly a foot of his improved 'self' slid from between her thick thighs. Once free, Justin was forced to cradle himself as he drew limp again, with his holding hand immediately becoming covered by the thick viscous juices of their shared body fluids. Then wiping himself free and wiping his hands on some Kleenex, he then felt Liz press against his back and clutch at his chest.

“Hmmm,” She sighed, and Justin had the pleasant feel of her breasts swelling against his back with that brief exhale.

Finishing wiping off his hand, he then reached for hers and held onto it. “How are you feeling?” he asked, trying to figure out how he could point out her changes to her.

“Like a dove resting on a cloud.” Her legs spread, and her still moistened crotch pressed against the small of his back. “You are an amazing lover.” She said, and nuzzled his neck with her lips. “I’ve never been satisfied so thoroughly before. J.J. usually just gave me two tickles a pump and a squirt and was done with it... In many cases, that didn’t last more than three minutes.”

“I’m glad that I’ve been such a prize.” He returned with a soft laugh and then rose to his feet, getting a light rub on his rear from her as he stepped away a little.

Looking over his shoulder, he looked down at her, her beautiful, strong body, with her exotic face smiling warmly up at him. He stretched then, and again, felt her hard body press against his back as she embraced him again after rising herself, feeling his muscles, and being very affectionate. This close to her, Justin thought that he could smell a scent upon her skin that was almost intoxicating. If he hadn’t just spent himself inside her, he would’ve been ready to go at it again.

“But now I need to take a shower, love.” He smiled, rubbing his cheek against her forehead while she continued to nuzzle him. “You are definitely energetic, our play together is perhaps the best workout I’ve had in awhile, and I’m all sweaty from it. Would you care to join me? I can wash your back?”

Liz giggled like a little girl who had just discovered something naughty, and the two of them retreated hand in hand to Justin’s bathroom, where they spent a long steamy shower with one another. Most of that time was just gently caressing one another.

Their shower done, Justin quickly donned a towel about his waist and then went to his computer console. On the other hand, Liz took her time, and emerged relatively dry with nothing but her towel around her neck and her long hair hanging in a smooth stream against the back of her head.

When she came to kneel beside Justin, he had all three monitors going, and his fingers slid over the keyboards like a magician doing slight of hand.

“What’re you doing?” she asked watching him work, planting her moist breasts on top of his lap and hugging his legs.

“Speculating,” He answered in a rather monotone... like some computer answering. Despite that, he did reach down to caress her neck, shoulder and the top of one of her breasts. He then paused in his work and turned a monitor to her. “This is a satellite photo of the area where the beach is, and here,” he pointed to a spot. “...Is the beach where your apparent contamination occurred. Can you point to where you were when you got doused with that sludge?”

“A satellite photo? How did you get that?” She said, and sat up, holding onto his lap with one hand and the table with the other to look at the crisp image.

“Microsoft.” He grinned, and Liz blinked for a second before tapping a section of the screen.

“Right about here.” She said, and sat abruptly back down, her tits bouncing briefly against her chest, an experience that was both scintillating and wondrous to her at the same time, and stimulating to Justin as well as he watched the spectacle.

“Hmmm,” Justin thought to himself, and began keying things, and a moment later, the map size resized, to show them a view of SCUM Labs. “Let’s go to the beach, today, Liz. It’s time for us to kick up some sun.”

16

Liz pulled on her panties after they’d had breakfast together, and received a surprise when the back immediately slid between her cheeks. Also, the patch that had only yesterday covered the entire space of her V-shaped pelvis and crotch, now barely covered her pubic mound, which had likewise swollen much larger than the flattened folds from before. She sat down then, her legs spread, staring at her womanhood for a moment before her eyes began to slide over her entire bodice.

“I-I’ve changed again.” She said matter-of-factly, and Justin turned around to face her.

“Are you sure? I didn’t notice.” He grinned.

“Justin, for an intelligent man, you sure are a lousy liar.” Her hands lifted to heft her breasts, caressing and groping them. “Look at these things. Forty-eight hours ago they were non-existent.”

Justin sat down beside her, now dressed in his shorts, a tank top and sandals. “And we’re gonna find out why.” he said, and helped her up.

Liz hugged herself just beneath those huge breasts once she got to her feet, pushing the enormous pair into the air while stretching her skin to where her nipples peaked. Justin in turn folded his hands about her shoulders, caressing them with his thumbs.

“I don’t quite understand what’s happening to you yet, but I’ll find some way to understand it and fix it.” Justin’s reassuring voice settled her only for a moment.

“Because it’s also happening to you too?” she asked, and turned to look at him over her shoulder.

A pained look came across his face then, and he moved close to her back before holding onto her now wide hips. “You know that’s only part of the reason.” He whispered into her ear. “Now that I have you, I’m going to take care of you, no matter what.”

His arms tightened around her, wrapping her up like a big blanket, and she settled back into him.

“I’m sorry for saying that.” She whispered after a moment. “I don’t know what I was thinking.”

Justin however smiled. “It’s forgotten.” He said, and folded his arms beneath her bosom, to feel that tremendous pair sitting atop her chest fold over his arms. “Now let’s get you back to your apartment. I’ve been dying to see what you look like in a bikini.”

17

Liz opened the door to her apartment with Justin following after in his swim trunks and loose-fitting belly-shirt, and immediately, her arms crossed before her to take hold of her shirt and then pull it up over her head.

“Make yourself at home,” she said, turning to him and gesturing toward the kitchen while undoing her belt with one hand, all the while giving him a wonderful view of her swollen breasts doing their luxurious dance and sway against her chest.

Justin smiled at her for a moment and then sat down in front of her to watch her undress. Liz in turn smiled, and arching her back, teasingly unzipped her pants, and bending forward to frame her crotch between pressed thighs, pushed her pants and panties off her waist. She straightened then, jutting her pelvis forward as the pair of jeans and her underwear collapsed to the ground around her ankles, and stepping forward seductively, she sat down upon her lover’s lap and immediately felt his groin press excitedly into the swell of her crotch.

Her body then moved so that she rolled her hips into his groin, and pressed her breasts up over his shoulders and to either side of his neck before teasingly playing with his hair.

“Or, we could play around again...” she purred, pursing her lips while she felt her body grow incensed, moist, and firm.

Justin leaned his head against her chest, and grabbed a two-fisted hold of her rear before kissing her neck.

“Y’know, as much as I’d love to, there is a lot we need to do today.” He said, and kissed her. “We need to take a look at that drainage pipe,” he kissed her again. “Go to my company’s lab,” and again. “And get some samples... analyzed.” And yet again...

And then he pulled back, seeing a beautiful, strongly built woman rolling her hips into his groin, his hands raising the fondle her breasts of their own accord, his heart overrode his mind, and he spoke only what came naturally.

“Or maybe a quick one,” He said, and almost as if she had trained her life to do it, Liz had unbuttoned his fly, freed his groin, and positioned herself atop it.

Justin held onto her while she worked her growing desire for pleasure on him, he landing subtle kisses against her bodice while her hands alternatively caressed the point of their union, or pawed his chest from underneath his shirt.

She's also training me, he thought after a time. *I've never lasted this long in my life.*

They both lost track of time as they paid attention only to each other, before Liz finally separated herself, dragging the process out as long as she could before standing proud, and strong before Justin.

He smiled up at her as he deflated slowly; holding onto her hips briefly, before she knelt before him and began doing up his shorts again. Justin in turn tried to detect a change in her, but she seemed to be the same as before.

Perhaps it has run its course, he thought, rising to his feet as Liz did in order to continue holding onto her naked form.

“And so I find my muse, and my beautiful bird were as one,” he smiled and kissed her on the bridge of her nose “You seem to have developed a practically insatiable hunger, love.” He said, just holding onto her as reverently and as contentedly as could be.

“Good for you,” she responded, tracing an invisible line against his chest while her breasts flattened between them both. “Even better for me... my well-endowed stallion.”

Then she returned his embrace briefly and then stepped gaily to her dresser, and opening the top shelf, began rifling through her underwear and swimsuits. Justin watched Elizabeth dress, choosing a thong for her bottom that split her rear and accented the wide V between her legs. From behind her, Justin was gaining a wonderful view of her behind moving, as well as the bounce, sway and jiggle of her beautifully shaped breasts between the break in her arms and sides as she rifled for a top.

Her first attempt for a top was a sports bra, which, after some doing, did close over her chest, but only after she'd stuffed the firm, rounded orbs inside it. She turned to Justin to display her chest, smoothing her hands over the pair before hunching her shoulders back.

“What... do you think?” she asked after her apparent exertion.

“Can you breathe?” Justin returned, raising his eyebrows as he noticed that her chest appeared to be just one lump now with the bra on.

There was a pause. “No.” she gasped.

He was sure that she would've tried to remove it forcefully then, but then they both looked at that wonderful chest, just as a stretching sound came to their ears. Then the bulges of her chest again began pushing against the fabric that impeded them, stretching the fabric tightly across her tits until frays began to appear between the pair. The fabric thinned, and then began to shred

open, creating several large holes between the pair before they both pushed outward into the air, sitting prettily atop her chest with Liz fidgeting as to whether or not to touch them.

“Now I can breathe.” She sighed, and then leaned backward against her dresser, looking at the gorgeous pair. “I’d always wanted a larger pair,” she said and again fondled her immense breasts, either of which was about half the size of her head now. “But if it means that I won’t be able to wear any of my clothes anymore...”

Again she sighed and tore the rest of the sports bra off.

Her other tops just proved to be too small or the strings not large enough to accurately conceal her womanhood. Finally, she gave up and started looking through her wardrobe for a shirt to wear. Justin came up behind her, stopped her hands and pulled out an old ragged white shirt.

“Justin... you’re not helping.” She said, and turning to him, folded her arms beneath her breasts.

Justin smiled however, and bent forward to kiss her cheek.

“Do you have scissors and a sewing kit?” he grinned.

Liz then blinked at him, but slowly, her arms unfolded and she relented to his charm. Walking around in only her thong bottom then, she retrieved the things he was asking for and placed them into his hands with a whimsical smile on her face. She then stepped back and waited for him to do more of his inspirational magic.

He had both her old shirt and her now shredded, light blue sports bra in hand as he opened the kit, and then taking her arms, put them up over her head. What he did next, was yet another pleasant surprise from him.

Firstly, he slipped the shirt up over her arms and head, bunching it all just above a chest that would never be supported by – or even contained by – the diminutive thing. Then taking the scissors, he cut from the base of the shirt, snip by snip, creating a vertical cut just above the base of her bosom before pulling the split front downward over her bodice.

Looking to either pair, he then lifted his hands with hers still raised over her head, and caressed her breasts, shifting them together and upward slightly before massaging the pair again.

Liz felt her crotch clench as his hands caressed her chest. “Are you adjusting them, or fondling me?” she smiled, and beneath his hands, Justin felt her nipples swell.

“Both.” He admitted, and then taking up the scissors again, made one more vertical cut, and then two horizontal ones, again, just beneath her bust line.

Then his fingers slid beneath the white cloth to touch her breasts again, her nipples sliding between a pair of his fingers on either hand.

“Testing the looseness,” He grinned impishly with a sly quirk to one eyebrow.

“Sure you are.” She said, but nonetheless, arched her back to press her breasts more into his hands.

Though she had just given him a lap dance, she was beginning to feel hungry for him again.

Finally, Justin removed the shirt from over her head – her breasts bouncing against her chest as he did – and retrieving the shredded sports bra, he began to sew.

Sitting down next to him once he had settled atop her bed – her breasts sliding exotically to hang from her chest – she leaned close to him, watching with wonder as he worked a task that she had never really learned how to do herself. Other than to put on patches and fix tears, her skills with sewing were abysmal.

“How did you learn all this stuff?” she asked as he began to stitch in patches of the sports bra to serve as color and as bracing points to halt tearing, and above all, to hide her rounded areola from view when the white of the shirt would get wet.

“I was an Eagle Scout at the age of thirteen, and I’ve been told that I possessed a genius creativity level. Even as a kid, I always had to be doing stuff, so I learned a lot of things to do with my hands.

“I was a maniac during puberty.” He turned to look at her sidelong and grinned rather evilly.

Liz giggled at the innuendo, and then pressed closed to him, holding lightly onto his thick arm so that he could work. She watched as he first turned it into a belly shirt before removing the sleeves; the horizontal cuts he had made earlier aiding him in that. He then put a piece of the discarded sports bra at the top of the vertical cut, and sewed in a thick patch of stitches to keep the cut from tearing any further.

He then took a larger needle with some thicker thread and put a hem along the front and base where he had cut the shirt open. And then after about half an hour, he finally helped her to her feet and then into her new bathing top. Then, with him standing before her, they both looked down at her chest, and Liz took a couple of deep breaths to test it, the base of her breasts pushing out from underneath the hem.

“Good, I got the size right.” He said with a happy grin, and taking the scissors again, made three holes along either side of the twin flaps that displayed the front of her cleavage.

Then taking a pencil from his pocket, he marked six points on her chest. Two at the top of her chest, two more at their base and two more just along the inside of her nipples, toward the center of her bosom.

He then helped her out of the thing again, and began stitching again. Two large triangular patches from the back of her sports bra formed a pair of triangles pointing to each other to shape

her bosom and cover her nipples should the swim top get wet. Circles made around the holes he had cut in the flaps made way for some ties that he made with a string.

Then pulling it on over her head again, she pulled her hair out while he tied the strings firmly to conform her bosom. Again his hands lifted and ‘adjusted her.’

“There. How does that feel?” he asked. Liz grinned from ear to ear, and took a few more deep breaths.

Her breasts were supported quite well, didn’t move too much when she hopped a couple of time, and stayed put when she moved back and forth promptly.

“You should make your own clothing line.” She giggled, and surged forward to throw her arms around his neck.

“I was hoping you’d like it,” He laughed with her. “Now lets get to the beach already.”

18

Justin drove them there in a small car that he owned. An old two-door with a hatchback, but well maintained. They found a parking spot relatively quickly and both stepping out, Liz immediately wrapped a small opaque silk skirt about her waist, just to hint at her ample bottom. Then with both stepping around the car, she met Justin and immediately latched onto his arm, and together, they both took a walk along the beach, looking all the part of two people in love. The fact that they were made that planned illusion a reality.

Finally, they both came to the aforementioned pipe.

“This is it,” She said, and they both stopped as it gurgled suddenly.

Justin, however, reached into one of the deep pockets of his knee-high shorts, and removed a leather-bound case before promptly unzipping it.

“What’s that?” she asked, standing well enough away from the drainpipe. For some reason, she was feeling fearful of that thing, and that fear was making her fidget... practically shaking.

“A biological field kit I designed. Those sewing skills come in handy. My patent for the thing just came back with approval.” he grinned, flipped the case open, and then uncapped a petri dish before removing a scalpel. “I was tired of carrying around all the things I needed during my college days in a little sack, so I designed this near my senior year.”

Liz edged a little closer, forcing her fear down, but still feeling it affect her. She began to hold her breath as she watched him cut off a bit of slime from the base of the drainpipe before capping the dish, her newly made swim top cutting her breath off as her chest swelled.

“About where were you standing?” he asked and stepped back toward her, and she felt a muscle spasm in her cheek as she looked suddenly back to him.

“Over there,” she answered, right at the water’s edge.

Again Justin moved away to inspect the ground. “Odd.” He mentioned feeling the rocks and even turning some of them over. “There are no traces of this stuff other than on the pipe. It’s as if it’s been completely absorbed!” he flipped his case open again to look at the sludge.

Liz felt her swim bottoms beginning to pinch between her legs and tug at her backside, but at the moment, she was more interested in what might be lurking in the bushes and the shadows around her. Then Justin got to his feet, moved away from the pipe before promptly depositing the kit back into his pocket.

“I’ll need to analyze this stuff,” he said and moved off to her, and then, finally noticed the way she was standing. “Are you okay, Liz?” he asked at last, and then skipped up to her to hold her shoulders. “You feel cold.” He said then, and pulled her to him, feeling her forehead.

“I... I don’t like it here.” She said. “Can we leave now?”

“Yes. Yes of course.” And taking her arms, he began to lead her away, but a uniformed guard suddenly stepped in front of them and raised a rifle.

“Halt right there!” he called. “You are currently trespassing on private property. Turn around, put your hands on your head and kneel on the ground.

“Private property?” Justin mused. “Sorry man, my girl and I were just walking around the lake... we didn’t know this area belonged to anyone.”

“Bull!” he returned, and cocked his rifle. “I saw you take that stuff from our pipe. Turn around, kneel on the ground, and put your hands... on... *your... heads!*”

“Justin, I don’t want to stay here anymore. Can we go please?” Liz said, and was indeed twitching now.

“Look man, it was an honest mistake. I saw something I wanted for my biology studies, so I took a sample. Didn’t think that mosses and fungi were owned anymore.”

“On your knees... now!” he yelled, and skipped a step or two forward.

Liz was really scared now, and in the back of her mind, something was triggered, and her body began to flood with hormones and pheromones, becoming saturated with natural stimulants that forced her heart to race.

“No!” she cried aloud, and rushed forward.

Her skin started rippling, her flesh darkening a shade or two, as her irises grew wider; practically hiding the whites of her eyes now. She grabbed the rifle and wrenched it out of the guard's hands while her other hand snapped outward and caught him by the throat.

The beast that was growing inside her began to grow again; and right before the guard and Justin both, Liz's body began to stretch. Her arms, her legs and fingers, her feet neck and body... every last bone in her body thickened and elongated, just before every muscle again spasmed, sending a ripple about her flesh as they did.

The arm that held the gun suddenly tensed, all of her muscles thickening, her bicep bulging, and the rifle snapped in two within her fist as it clenched. The arm holding the guard creased noticeably, her upper arm thickening into noticeable bulges as her fingers cut off both the guard's air and blood supply.

Then her body lengthened, and her thighs thickened and her calves elongated and expanded. Her forearms and sides flared outward, while her back creased into a plethora of lumps and mounds. Her breasts then expanded outward, snapping the strings that supported them to push their bases out underneath the flaps Justin had made for her, while her ribs barreled outward, and her abdominals suddenly creased into a six pack; complete with two thick lateral obliques.

Then at last, her bottom rounded out even more and then creased, and a minute bulge appeared at the base of her spine while her already existing bulge at her crotch flared outward.

"I... want... *to... go... now!*" she said through gritted teeth, her eyes wild with fear and anger.

At that sight, and with the loss of his blood and air, the guard promptly wet himself and fainted.

Liz dropped him and skipped backward, Justin staring at her in awe.

"Justin, we need to go." She said again, folding her hands daintily over her mouth.

Justin merely nodded and followed after her as she stepped promptly forward. He waited until they were halfway to the public beach before taking hold of her arm and stopping her. "Elizabeth... Liz... stop!" he said, digging in his heels to stop her finally.

She turned slowly to him, and despite having just grown again, she still looked very fragile, very timid and afraid.

Justin looked at her then as she faced him, and despite the situation, he felt his blood flow into his abdomen and pitch a tent. She was now taller than he by practically a head now, and her breasts, both now perhaps as large as her head, strained against the makeshift front piece he had made for her. Now, the flaps that had spread for her tits now just barely covered her nipples. The V-shaped thong she wore now just barely covered the bulge of her vaginal mound, and, he was sure, was ready to snap between her cheeks.

“I-I don’t know what happened to me back there.” She said, shaking, “I-I... I...iii... ii...” her voice then slowly slipped off into nothing as Justin stepped in front of her, grabbing her now thick arms and looking *up* into her eyes.

Liz then promptly collapsed to her knees, buried her face in her hands and began to cry. “I’m becoming a monster!” she cried, her shoulders shaking.

Justin promptly knelt down behind her, his hands closing about her now creased shoulders while he felt her whole body heave.

“No you’re not. You’re just becoming a bigger, more beautiful woman.” He said softly, caressing her shoulders.

“Justin, look at me!” she said and turned sharply around to kneel in front of him. “Does a woman have breasts like these? Gawd, they must be nearing P’s now.” Her hands slipped underneath the flaps of her shirt and she began caressing the pair nervously.

“A seven foot tall woman of excellent build would.” He smiled, and repositioning himself forward a little, wrapped an arm around her side, pressed against one breast, and then slipped his hand underneath her shirt.

“Yeah, an Amazon,” She said after a moment, lowering her hands to brace herself, and allowed Justin the privilege of caressing those immense breasts while he began to lay kisses against one side of her neck and face.

“But you forget – my bird of paradise, which comes from the Amazon – is that Amazons are considered to be strong and intoxicatingly beautiful at the same time.” He began to coax her nipple erect, and with a soft nudge, he pushed her backward into the shade of a tree, still kneading her large breast.

Liz’s eyes closed part-way as she lay back against a stone that had been weathered flat, it seemed, just for her.

“You are a beautiful woman, Elizabeth Roshenko.” He said, and then kissed her lightly on the lips. “Intoxicatingly beautiful,” He corrected himself, and kissed her again, positioning himself on her lap as their kiss lasted longer. “More beautiful... than even a goddess,” He pushed her shirt upward, lightly caressing her breasts, touching off her nipples, while Liz’s strong hands pressed against his chest.

That feels... so good. She thought inwardly, and returned his kiss.

Justin slipped backward again, and the pair looked at each other for a time, Liz getting the wonderful feeling of the fingers of one of his strong hands sliding delicately about her nipple and areola. She in turn, felt it swell appreciatively into his touch.

“You’re not ugly, and you’re not a monster...” Justin said, and his hands slid down to her feathered rib cage.

“Why are you so nice to me?” she asked, and sitting forward, embraced him thoroughly within her arms that were rapidly growing stronger hour by hour. She then buried her face in his chest. “Every last guy I’ve ever been with has mistreated me. Why are you so different?”

Justin smiled down at her and hugged her head.

“I guess, for once, that a nice guy didn’t finish last.”

19

A shadowy figure stepped lithely down the industrial designed hallway deep inside S.C.U.M labs, puffing on a heavy cigar with his long-legged stride holding great amounts of power and purpose to it. Through a twisted catacomb of halls and doors, he finally removed a keycard from his suit pocket, struck it through the card reader, and stepped through once the door had opened. A flood of light then briefly caught sharp features of a relatively young face before the man quickly stepped into the seclusion room, where one of his guards was currently strapped to a plethora of medical equipment.

“I see we’ve had quite a day, Mr. Anderson.” The figure said without introduction. Everyone in the lab knew who he was, and feared him. “Please tell me what you saw just recently.”

The guard known as Anderson did so, explaining everything in full detail, down to the erotic transformation the woman underwent right before his eyes.

“The guy that was with her was taking samples from our drainpipe, sir.” He said. “I was in the process of trying to secure them both when the woman... overreacted.”

“And beat the crap out of you, snapped a plasma rifle in half with one hand, and ran off with her man with a sample of our waste which we’ve been dumping into the lake.”

Anderson nodded, and the man in the white suit pursed his lips before taking a long draw on his cigar and blowing out what looked like green smoke. *A Cuban cigar?* Anderson thought for a moment, but kept that to himself.

“We’re going to have to keep you here in seclusion for awhile, Mr. Anderson. Just to be sure that nothing the woman may have contracted has been transferred to you.”

“I understand, sir.”

For Anderson, this was perhaps the best thing of his young life. Buxom nurses, who were all getting body treatments from the chemicals here, each of them with ample breasts and supple bodies to play upon him. Three squares a day, comfortable living spaces, etc., etc. He just

barely hid his joy. The only drawback was that they'd be probing him and drawing all sorts of body samples, but the ends justified the means.

White Suit promptly exited, leaving Andrews with young Jennifer, a beautiful nurse with a swelling bust that was barely kept in check by her lab coat and blouse. The two grinned impishly at one another.

20

Liz quickly got out of the clothes that were beginning to choke and pinch her once they arrived at Justin's apartment. So annoyed at the fit of those clothes was she, that she had grown yet another size in every direction just during the ride from the beach.

Her spine had pushed out from the two halves of her back, which were now chorded and laden with a mass of muscle. Her breasts had grown a size, as did her hips, though adversely, her waist hadn't grown in size since this whole debacle had started. In fact, she thought it was thinner. Her feet, though, had grown two sizes, and were now getting quite large. Indeed, she'd also grown yet another inch in the past hour.

In her attempt to get out of her clothing, she just tore off her bikini bottom with a wrenching pull, and then shredded open her makeshift top that Justin had spent so much time making straight down the front. She didn't realize that she had the thing within her hands.

"Oh, Justin, I'm so sorry." She said, showing it to him once he had his shirt removed and stood naked before him.

"It's okay," he assured. "I doubt that it would've sufficiently held your bosom as it was. Don't worry. With a couple changes and it'll fit fine again."

She sat down on the ridge of the sunken living space just adjacent to the front door, which Justin had promptly locked as soon as he'd entered.

"Why did we come here though?" she asked. "I thought you wanted to take me to a lab somewhere."

"I do." He answered, and then pulled on another shirt, threw one onto the bed, grabbed a lab coat and slipped into it before dropping a pair of pants and socks onto the bed with his shirt. "They're the only ones who have the equipment I need. But, I can't have my beautiful bird walking around the place with no clothes on."

"That'd be too much of a distraction."

Liz folded her thick arms beneath her immense bosom and shrugged her shoulders, a tiny little smile rising against her face at his thoughtfulness. Then coming down from his living space, he proffered his clothes to her.

“Here,” he said, glancing openly at the immense size of her breasts now. “See if these fit.”

He looked positively dashing in a lab coat and his rounded glasses.

Standing up, she pulled on the pair of jeans first. Being that she didn't have any panties that would fit her anymore, most likely, she pulled them on right over her naked body. Her breasts, though they did bounce occasionally with her movements, were now so filled and so packed that they rested atop her chest without the need of a bra. And so pulling the thick shirt on over her head, she slid the soft fabric over her breasts before tucking it neatly into the waistband. But then, she noticed a problem of a woman wearing a man's pants, and showed Justin the great deal of open space at her waist and shrugged.

Her wide hips did indeed fit perfectly within his pants, but her hips then immediately tapered upward toward her stomach, and left a gap between waist and waistband of those trousers large enough for her to fit a whole hand in.

Justin smiled in understanding, and then provided a belt that set those pants snugly about her waist before she began pulling on the socks he gave her and resetting her sandals. She then turned to show herself off, and Justin clapped his hands approvingly.

“We'll get you some clothes with a better fit later. While we're at it, I may as well try and find out if I could get a new wardrobe too...” he tugged at his shirt, which seemed to be pressed tightly about his frame.

Justin too was growing, Liz knew, and practically held the form of a man as strong as a Mr. Olympia. Liz, however, already did hold that form, which was additionally combined with a Miss Olympia too.

Bending down, she gave him a little kiss on the forehead. “But first, we need to find out what's been happening to me.”

21

Justin brought Elizabeth to where he worked, a short drive to where Liz kept a hand constantly on his lap while he drove, and driving one handed, Justin kept a constant hold on that hand. Though security would've used the lubricated rubber glove on Liz when they entered his work, because she was being chaperoned, they dispensed with that.

Strangely though, she was actually looking forward to it for some reason.

At last, she got a temporary pass, and then quietly she followed him through a maze of corridors. Coming to a room after several turns and an elevator, Justin turned a couple of colored tabs just beside the door, ushered her in, locked the door and pulled the shade over the door's window.

“We shouldn't be bothered now.” He mentioned with a small smile, going over to a workbench laden with all sorts of equipment, and from his lab coat, produced the kit with the sample. “Make

yourself comfortable, Liz. There's some hot chocolate and a pop machine over there, and the refrigerator on the left has got some snacks in it. The one on the right though, you'll probably want to keep closed."

"Why's that?" she asked as she stepped over to the aforementioned refrigerator.

"No one knows." He responded with a mysterious voice and then a grin. "It's where all the samples we've been working on are kept. There's stuff in there a gentle heart like yours shouldn't see."

Liz smiled at his joke, took a sandwich and a pop and sat by why he started analyzing things.

Despite that she wasn't doing anything but watching, she sat back against a table close by to him, watching him work, amazed at the fact that she wasn't bored at just watching him. Sitting back as she was, getting comfortable while occasionally taking sips from her beverage, she began to feel her crotch clench between her legs, felt her nipples draw erect and felt her heart begin to quicken. Eventually, with the mass of feelings that was assailing her, her breathing quickened, and she continued to watch him with eyes closed lazily.

"Liz," he said suddenly, and she blinked at the mention of her name, her elation still remaining but she quickly stood up when he continued. "I think I've found something."

Stepping over to him, her impressive rack pressing against his chest, her nipples hardening immediately with the contact, Justin sat back and gestured to the microscope he'd been looking at.

"It's a mutagen." He stated simply, though the crinkle at the edges of his eyes still hinted at something that made her begin to worry.

"A muta-what?" she asked after a moment, her lips pressing together.

"An artificially created, biological organism that mutates whatever hosts that it gets into."

"Mutates?!" she called, forgetting her elation momentarily, and all at once, her fear began to rise, and when she got scared, she could feel that creature inside her beginning to wake up.

"Calm down, Liz. Calm down," he said, rising to his feet suddenly, but the damage was already done.

Liz's body tensed and her bodice grew fractionally all around, and right in front of his eyes, and for the second time that day, Justin watched her grow. This time, it was to the point where the zipper of the jeans she wore pressed in between the lips of her vaginal mound, the back crept between her cheeks, and the shirt pressed more about her bodice; untucking from around the waist of the pants she wore.

“It may not be as bad as you think. So far, it appears to just be enhancing your bodice.” He said quietly, untucking her shirt from the front as she began to hyperventilate. “Now I want you to calm down for me Liz,” his voice calmed her as his hand lifted beneath the shirt to massage her sternum, and with his fingers pressing against her flesh and between her breasts, massaging her heart, indeed helped her to calm down.

“B ah b-but, how is something that is affecting me, affecting you?” she asked, looking over the ridge of her immensely swollen breasts at him.

She felt his hand leave her chest and slide down her stomach tenderly before a couple of fingers slid into waistline of her jeans. Immediately, her crotch clenched, and she knew full well what he was getting at.

“You mean... like a sexually transmitted *disease*?” she said, her voice cracking.

“Sexually transmitted yes, but a disease it is not. It’s more along the lines of a chemical combination that induces physical transformation.

“Apparently, when you’re angry, afraid, or sexually aroused, you continue along in your transformation, or in essence, anything that would force adrenaline into the body. The same, it appears, would go for me.”

“But how come I’m so much bigger than you?” she asked then, rolling her shoulders back to display her breasts, the pair spreading apart from each other to string her shirt between the pair.

“I don’t believe I’ve felt particularly angry or endangered lately. I came close to loosing my temper with J.J. the other day, and I don’t think anything has really made me afraid lately. But aroused?”

He smiled warmly at her, keeping his fingers down the front of her trousers just above her vaginal mound.

Liz passed her hands over his chest, feeling the definite power he’d developed over the past few days.

“But am I still a danger of passing this onto other people?”

For a time, Justin just remained silent, staring at her from where he sat atop a lab stool. And then he placed his hands on her hips and looked into her eyes.

“Let’s... find out shall we.” A corner of his mouth rose whimsically. “It might be good to know that you don’t have to have just me from now on.” Liz bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling, feeling the corners of her lips rise into a small smile. “I want you to disrobe, and we’ll check your body out.”

Again, Liz smiled nervously, but didn't bother to bite her lower lip this time. Then lowering her gaze, she stepped back from her lover, and crossing her arms before her, pulled her shirt off her head to release the firm expanse of her bodice. The twin orbs of soft flesh and firm glands resting atop her chest bounced as she exhaled sharply, and looking between those breasts, her fingers then undid the belt, button and zipper of her borrowed jeans.

The lovely folds of her pussy clenched underneath his examination, her thighs pressing together tightly as she stood before him, and in spite of himself, Justin gained an erection that popped the snap at the top of his pants.

The both looked down at his groin as he got up and snapped it back with one hand.

"It apparently wants you again." He joked. "You know these things, got a mind of their own when it involves women."

Liz laughed, thankful that he was trying to keep this situation as light as it could for her.

Samples of all sorts were taken from her bodice. A hair sample, dander sample and a blood sample. Then he drew a saliva sample, and with the use of a pair of fingers between her labia and the gentle kiss of his lips about her breasts, she produced enough seminal juices to fill yet another vial.

At last, there was a short rack of samples that he painstakingly began to prepare with dyes and slides. All the while, Liz stood close behind him, not bothering to dress again, but rather kept the tenseness from his shoulders and back, hugging him in a way where he could still work.

The time on the wall read that it was nearing midnight now and Justin kept rubbing his eyes to keep himself awake. At last, he turned to her, and pulling her close, embraced her.

"All traces of the sample that I found seem to be missing from all the fluid samples I took from you, Liz." He sighed, and promptly closed his eyes as he rested his head upon the broad expanse of her bosom.

"But how come I'm still changing then." She asked, hugging him back while playing with his hair.

"Because you've already been changed... and I believe on the genetic level. I contracted the same condition, only because your body must've been saturated with the chemical at the time you and I first made love. Your saliva was probably sucked into me through a seminal priming charge prior to ejaculation, that or through your own vaginal fluids."

"And how bout you?"

"I'm sure the same is true. You were infected by a much larger, much purer amount of the mutagen, and were only half a day infected longer than me. But just to be safe," he sat backward, his eyes hungrily sliding down her bodice to admire her breasts, her hard ridged

stomach, and the firm mound of her crotch between her thick thighs. "I think we need to be together tonight."

"Hmm... I think so too." She sighed, holding onto his shoulders as she stepped forward a pace, her legs parting to shoulder width as his knee and then his leg slid slowly between her thighs against her crotch. "I don't feel that I should be alone tonight, and I need someone big," her reddened, ample lips kissed his forehead. "And strong," and then kissed the bridge of his nose. "...To watch over me." Then she kissed him.

The kiss was enough for nearly a whole minute before her hands slowly traced a path down his abdominals toward his belt, and her fingers were just beginning to unbuckle it when there was a rap on the door.

"Mr. Ashe?" came the voice of a guard.

"Yes?" Justin answered right away, the two of them as attentive as squirrels on the ground, especially with a seven foot tall naked amazon standing there.

"The building will be closing down in fifteen minutes sir. You have until then to leave otherwise you'll have to spend the night here."

"Understood, thank you." He answered, and then turned to look longingly at his new beloved.

She had already slipped into her borrowed jeans, but left her full-lipped vaginal mound press out over the top of its still opened zipper, but now that it seemed that they weren't going to be barged into, she left them unzipped. Justin was given that delightful pleasure of seeing the pert swell of her crotch pushed out over the base of the zipper as she pulled on her shirt, her breasts likewise bouncing a little with her motions. And then she was tucking it in and zipping herself up, and with a smile, she buckled her belt and followed after him.

At the door, however, as he was unlocking it, his free hand reached back and gently cupped her crotch... a promise for later, while safely in his coat pocket rested his sample of the mutagen and her fluids. The rest was safely within a sealed biohazard waste bucket.

But on their way out, they took a detour, and picked up a cute little white rat, which Liz happily carried with her because she thought that it was so cute.

"What are we going to do with her?" Liz asked as the little rat sniffed at her in her cage.

"She's an 'it,' actually... all our lab animals have been neutered just in case."

"Just in case of what?"

"Just incase someone accidentally makes and improvement on them and they get loose. You see, there are some people out there who make tiny little altercations to their animals, just to test the wonders of genetics. I heard one guy took the genes of a jellyfish that had a luminescent exterior

and put it into a bunny. He was successful in that venture to the point where we now have a living rabbit somewhere on the earth that glows in the dark.

“Now imagine what would happen if that rabbit got out and started to breed.”

Liz stared openly at him.

“Our beautiful little rattie here, is gonna help us find out what we have to look forward to.” He responded, unlocking the door to his car and getting in, continuing after unlocking the other door and pushing it open for her. “Our little friend here is going to receive a sample of that sludge we got.”

“What?!” Liz looked horrified once she had sat down in her seat and the news had hit her. “We’re gonna commit this poor little mousie to that?”

Justin bit his lower lip, and then reached across the space between them to touch her shoulder reassuringly.

“A rat’s metabolism is considerably much greater than ours. Even with it sitting around, we should be able to see the advanced stages of what happens to a creature subjected to the mutagen first hand. From that we can discover if its good to let it run its course, or try to counter act it.”

“But you said that it had already run its course.”

“It has, but its effects haven’t. I believe that the T-cells – the cells that hold latent genes that aren’t needed by a body anymore, have been activated in us somehow.” He started the engine and pulled out, with Liz still looking down at the rat who continued to sniff the air. “With the T-cells activated, past inactive genes are being reactivated, which is what might be causing us to gain so much strength... a degeneration to the Neanderthals.”

“But I don’t fell any dumber.” Liz observed, and turned to look at Justin.

“Apparently mentality hasn’t been touched yet. But it may also be triggering latent cells, which is what is causing even more muscle growth and height increase.

“I measured myself this morning, and in the last forty-eight hours, I’ve grown two inches.”

“And I’ve grown more than a foot.” Liz countered and looked back down to their little rat in its cage.

Justin’s hand left the steering wheel and caressed her strong thigh, and he felt it tense briefly underneath the denim.

“You’re not becoming a monster as far as I can tell, Elizabeth.” He said, and lightly caressed her strong thigh, but regardless, he felt her leg tense and then swell again, and when it released, it

remained the thickness of when it had tensed. “But I want you not to worry about this. I’ll find out what’s going on, you’ll see.”

He left his hand on her thigh, and gently continued to caress it while she played with the rat through its cage. The rest of the ride was quiet silent.

Again, they entered the apartment complex, where the guard who was there nodded as they passed him to the elevators, and they took those elevators up to his suite. Shortly thereafter, Justin loaded a syringe with a sample of the sludge, and injected it into the rat just behind her front left leg. He then stroked the little rat on her head for being such a good rat before putting her into a prepared aquarium he had off in one corner of his apartment suite.

The rat scurried around a little bit, but then settled down quietly and seemed to go to sleep.

“So far no adverse affects.” Justin commented, and ran his hand through his hair before removing his lab coat and sprawling it over a chair before he himself sat down in it.

Liz in turn came over to him, and sitting on the floor, laid her head and arms on his lap before he gently began to pass a hand through her now long, mid-back length hair. But then Liz’s mind began to grow numb, and she felt the change coming, recognizing it now as something tightened at the base of her stomach and the peak of her pelvis. She knew she was powerless to stop it as the webbing of her veins and arteries all began to thicken, and the points of her nipples and clitoris engorged, while her cunt pinched around her pink little nib.

One of her hands lowered to her lap then to cup her crotch as if to stop the transformation but felt her pussy instead clench and swell, tighten and swell again. Her teats pressed against the soft fabric of the shirt she was wearing, creating a pair of tiny mounds while her back arched of its own accord. She sighed, her breasts heaving enough to stretch the cloth between them while her rear jutted outward in hopes of having her vaginal mound pierced in the way her ancestors thousands of years ago took it: from behind. And then the hand between her legs slid upward to cup her breast, and she knew that the beast inside her was growing again, and wanted to feed.

Elizabeth knelt up then, and she felt Justin’s hand slide off her head, and he watched her as she lifted both her hands to frame her swollen and firm breasts that rested oh so perfectly atop her chest. Her fingers began to work then, tugging the cloth an inch at a time upward, revealing her creased and tight abdomen, and then the lower swell of her breasts, and then at last her fully erect nipples. With the breath of the air in the apartment against them, and Justin’s gaze leveled upon them, she felt them thicken to a full inch atop her chest and as hard as stones.

“Justin,” she whispered his name like a magic word of sexual might, and removed her borrowed shirt, caressing her breasts before sliding her hands down her front and standing up before him.

The way he was sitting, her already moist pussy was opened up right before his face as she unzipped the crotch of her pants and unbuttoned it, and rolling her hips she pushed the jeans off her bodice. Then pushing his knees apart, she came to stand before him, her hands resting on his shoulders as she waited for him to take her.

Justin, though his desires hadn't developed as far as Liz's had, indeed did take her, and leaning forward, he wrapped his arms around her legs, holding at her bottom and the small of her back with either hand, kissed stomach and then dipped his head to taste of her womanhood. Liz closed her eyes as her heart practically exploded into motion inside her, and inside both their ears, they heard a snap as Justin's top button undid itself again as his groin swelled.

Then hungrily, Liz squatted downward, getting a kiss or two from Justin along her bodice, before both rolled away from the chair, placing Liz on her back and Justin bracing himself above her. The logic of what would happen if they were to make love with one another, the act of enhancing their transformations, didn't cross their minds as Liz helped Justin out of the rest of his clothes. She cooed and sighed, kissing his chest and rolling her hips as he settled into her; the entire length of his improved self sliding deep into her own improved self.

But indeed, even as Justin descended upon her breasts to suckle from her teat – even as the engorged and firm thing discharged her sweet nectar into his mouth – the beast inside her awakened. It awakened like it had done the first night it had awakened and took over her body.

The next thing they knew, she was flipping them both over, squeezing her crotch firmly around his manhood, teasing him, pawing at his flesh, caressing him with her fingers. And then she began to change.

At her chest, her already immense breasts began to swell, the glands inside them continuing to bisect over and over again while Justin continued to fondle them, while the pectoral muscles beneath them swelled tremendously. Her totally erect nipples were coaxed even further outward, and so compacted did her breasts become that they no longer jiggled and swayed against her chest.

Her ribcage fanned outward and then forward, lifting her chest higher as the muscles all along her sides thickened and overlapped each other. She slid her fingers down her bodice, feeling her abdominals go from a six to an eight back, as the lateral abdominals folded from one pair to two even as she clasped her pussy tighter around his groin. She felt her crotch swell around his cock, felt him in turn harden even deeper inside her.

Then her back flared outward, her shoulders broadening and rounding ever more, with striations and chords of thick, thick muscle lining her back all along her spine. Her spine in turn pushed even further outward, growing thicker as her hips flared outward, maintaining the constant width equal with her shoulders, stretching the skin tightly across her pelvis.

All the main tendons and chords of her inner thighs suddenly tensed, and the packs of muscle along the insides of her thighs all thickened at once. Together they formed a mass of tangling and overlapping shards of flesh all connecting to her swollen vaginal mound, which in turn pulsed fractionally larger and larger by the second. Then her once smooth thighs practically doubled as they thickened, both creasing immensely as the muscle slowly rolled down to her calves and forelegs, and thickened those too.

The cheeks of her bottom suddenly thickened and pushed outward and spread from one another, while the bulge that had formed at the base of her spine earlier extended her tailbone outward some, thickening the mound.

At last her biceps hardened and swelled to the size of softballs, while her forearms and triceps gained striations of their own, while at last, her neck flared outward practically as wide as her shoulders and creased all around.

Then she was leaning forward, again giving her lover a chance to suckle from her delectable breasts, while the pair just continued to swell centimeter by centimeter.

But then beneath those thickened thighs, something new and spectacular took place, and Justin too transformed beneath her. Though not nearly as amazing as the changes Liz had just gone through, it was nonetheless just an overall enlargement and beefing up. And just as his erection began to grow with the rest of his body, Elizabeth's body reacted likewise and her first orgasm erupted inside her, and in retaliation, all the muscles of her swollen pussy and internal mechanisms all suddenly squeezed.

This time it was Justin's turn to gasp as his body spasmed, and his pelvis lifted off the ground as he slammed up into Liz, forcing her body upward in the process as her bodice spasmed downward.

Justin again pushed upward, and another orgasm struck Liz, triggering another eruption of motion inside her, while a wash of fluids seeped out around where they were conjoined. A second, and then a third time this continued, Justin's one and only allowable orgasmic motion drawing itself out, triggering a plethora more inside Liz.

Her arms flexed, and her body tensed, and all the major muscle masses from her biceps to her calves, from her pecks to her gluteus, all swelled and creased all over again.

And then Justin turned his beloved again, bringing Liz back onto her back as he began to lean rhythmically into her, fondling her bodice, caressing her breasts and teats, sucking again from an almost bottomless well of creamy milk.

Feeling that she was missing something from what Justin seemed to take from her each time, Liz then tilted one of her breasts upward, and setting upon one of her teats, she too began to suck on it, feeling her erotic pleasures sore, as the creature again enlarged inside her. Her body surpassed the seven-foot mark then, and again she felt herself tense, felt a mass of muscle pile on her body just as Justin took a hold of her thighs and slowly began to pull out of her.

She gasped as he did, and as Justin collapsed backward from exertion, wet but still erect and throbbing, Liz scrambled forward catching him by his still erect member, and opening her mouth descended upon him again. She tilted her chest forward, pushing her breasts around it as she subtly began to suck.

When he came into her mouth, it took her two mouthfuls to swallow all the tangy sustenance, and she continued to suck on his member until he fully deflated inside her mouth. That done, she licked it clean.

But she was still hungry.

She again pushed up against him, her now powerful form pressing close against his as she looked into his eyes and whined like a puppy. But Justin kissed her, and maneuvered her over his hip and onto her back again, and to thank her for what she'd just done for him, he began to lay kisses down her bodice. The tip of his tongue would touch off her flesh, dropping a minute bit of moisture there before his breath would blow on it, and after several of those, Liz's whole body became covered in goose bumps.

Then finally, Justin cradled her waist in his strong, capable arms, and with one last kiss caressed her swollen pussy, before his face slid in between the pair, and his tongue and mouth began to suck upon her clitoris.

Liz's body convulsed suddenly, her back arching deeply, her breasts sliding in a miniscule way atop her chest about her face while her fingers clawed the carpet. Her voice called out as an orgasm rippled through her loins, and she called out again as another took her, and another before a burst of wetness erupted from inside her. Justin's face and chest were immediately splattered with a sticky wet film, and like some primeval monster rising from a lake, he rose from her vaginal wall to kneel above her.

He looked down at her, bracing his weight on her spread knees, And Liz immediately sat up and embraced him before kissing him on the mouth, tasting her own sweet vaginal fluids.

Before, when she'd made love to him or stood close to him, her breasts would flatten between them but now they parted to either side of him due to their firmness. Justin settled down on her lap then, and the two continued to kiss, Elizabeth cleaning Justin's face, mouth and chest off of her own silky body fluids with her tongue. Justin returned the favor to that which rubbed off on her chest and breasts.

And then at last, their minds came back, and Elizabeth and Justin stared at each other, still feeling the last bit of their erotic highs begin to wane.

"We, made love again?" Elizabeth breathed, and blinking for a moment, she rose to her feet, now a tremendous Amazon all that much more taller than seven feet now. "Look at me," she said, and struck a pose like a body builder, her arms hanging stiffly at her sides while her legs tensed gracefully before her to display the thick muscles lining them.

Justin indeed did look up at her, and though he was changing right along with her, he stood only at six foot six. She was now more than a full head taller than he, with her breasts – rounded and full with erect nipples sitting atop them both – now filled to capacity. Either was larger than either of their heads.

Liz lifted her hands, and began to rub her breasts gently, taking two hands upon each at a time to coax feeling from them. Lowering his gaze to her mid section, Justin noticed that her pussy was beginning to shine with new moisture, like beads of dew on a fresh leaf.

Liz began to display herself, growing giddy with each passing moment as she flexed muscles she never thought she had. The most spectacular displays were when she tightened her thighs together, planted her hands on her hips, and then turned around and did the same. From her front, she was all rounded mounds and subtle curves, but from the back, she was a mass of sharp arcs and striations, of cords and taut tendons.

All of a sudden, the song Brick House began playing in Justin's mind as he stepped up to her, and planted his hands on her hips, feeling her breasts press against his shoulders. She was practically twice as wide as he was, and one of her arms was worth two of his. The only thing that he had on her was that his manhood had grown so much faster than the rest of his body, that he was able to fit in her and pleasure her so thoroughly.

"You look beautiful, beloved." He smiled, and actually rose up onto his tiptoes to kiss her.

Elizabeth smiled, and holding him up to her, his feet dangling while she embraced him, she returned his kiss, and promptly began to feel the hunger rising again.

"Hmmm." She sighed, and then rolled her hips into his groin while one of her hands lowered to his rear for a feel.

She drew back, and again smiled down at him, and between her legs, she felt the thickness of his cluster rise up to meet her cunt, but then the sounds of scurrying and squeaking alerted them both.

The little rat was in convulsions when they both neared, the tiny little thing flopping around before it fell onto its back and laid there twitching.

"Oh gawd, I think we killed it." Liz said, her face taking on a hurt look, as she reached out to touch its tummy.

But the moment her long fingernail brushed against its fur, the rat spasmed, and tried to bite and claw her finger all at once. Only through the sheer providence that she'd likewise developed her reflexes along with strength, kept her unscathed. The rat again flopped onto her back, and began breathing heavily, her pink little eyes closed while her body heaved with her breathing.

And then, with a sound much like the rodent was being wrung in half – with bones cracking and tendons tightening – Justin and Liz both watched as the rat began to grow. It gave off a long wheezing squeak as its legs flailed momentarily, and then six spots of pinkish flesh appeared and began to swell.

Individual muscles thickened and grew, its legs lengthening while its hindquarters and back rose powerfully for such a small creature. It got to the point where its fur began to thin as its body

grew, creating bands along its legs while its stomach thinned to a soft pink belly. That was a moment before it immediately folded into many ridges.

And then the transformation halted, and their little rat was left a jumbo albino sewer rat!

“Amazing!” Justin said, and then delicately picked up his lab specimen and gently rubbed its belly.

It squeaked appreciatively.

“She’s doubled her size in less than five minutes, Liz!” he said, and held the rat as she promptly went to sleep.

Justin suddenly became aware of a very, very deep silence around him, and his eyes snapped up to the towering woman who just recently was preparing to make love to him again. Her eyes shone with gathering tears, and her body trembled.

“D-does that mean... that *I’M* going to become twice as large?”

Justin cursed himself, and as quickly and as gently as he could, laid the rat back down among the newspapers and wood chips and surged forward to embrace his sweet lover.

“She’s a rat, Liz.” He assured, looking up into her eyes. “A different body, purely. This just gives us an idea of what *may* happen to you. It gives us a chance to prepare.” He led her over to his bed and sat her down, and then sitting beside her, he reached over and fondled her cheek. “You know that all you need to do is say the word, and I’ll put all my resources into trying to stop this.”

Liz’s hands lifted and cupped his hand to hers before she pulled it over to her mouth and kissed it tenderly.

“Lay with me, Justin.” She said then. “I feel cold.”

22

Justin awoke early the next morning, his eyes opening to stare at a white plaster ceiling. At times past, he had contemplated repainting that ceiling to maybe a yellow or a light blue for the longest time, just to give him something different to wake up to in the morning. But then as he laid there, he began to notice that something was missing... a laden pressure against his side that he was growing very accustomed to feeling as of late.

It was the full body pressure that Elizabeth had been giving him, the pressure of her stomach and breasts, the weight of her arms against his chest, and the touch of her thighs curling over his knees. It was a pressure that was slowly, yet surely, growing more and more steady against his side.

And it wasn't there.

Sitting up, he looked around for the young maiden, who was now a whole head taller than he, and looking past the divider curtains that could segment his suite he found her standing before the slightly opened patio door.

Her body language was very apparent as to how she felt, her body ridged, her arms folded beneath her breasts to push them atop her chest. Her body even seemed more segmented and creased than it had after her most recent transformation last night, which meant that she had either grown again, or that her whole body was tensed

The windows lining Justin's apartment were of course tinted now thanks to a revolutionary technology that allowed them to be clear, opaque or even transparent depending upon how much electricity was going through them. His beautiful Amazon was quite safe from view despite that she was as naked as a jaybird... or his bird of paradise as he now called her. Unless someone was using a telescope from one of the nearby rooftops and was looking *right at her*, she was well hidden.

Getting out of bed, not bothering with getting dressed, he walked quietly over to her, and pressing against her back and rear, he planted his strong, large hands onto her broad hips and then kissed her shoulder blade.

Her body was as tense as a steel pole.

"You're so tense, love." He said, and then folded his arms around her middle, dipping one hand into the tight V of her crotch to neatly caress the twin folds of her crotch. "Are you still worried about the future?"

Her upper back may be practically twice as wide as he was, but her middle hadn't grown much over the past few days. As a matter of fact, he wondered if it had compressed at first before widening back out again recently.

"A little." She admitted, bending her head forward so that her long mane of hair fell about her face and broad shoulders.

At this time, her neck went straight to her shoulders now, leaving her back broad and massive as it was now constructed about her equally broad and flaring rib cage.

"So, what is your wish, my lady?" he asked, then, and with gentle nudges, was able to turn Liz around to face him, though it was she who allowed herself to be turned. "Shall I see of a way to stop or perhaps reverse the process? Or... do you want to see it through?"

Elizabeth lowered her gaze then, and despite that she had to look down at him anyway, her chin pressed to her chest in an effort not to look at him.

She thought for a while. She thought for a while longer. And then she simply collapsed to her knees before him, falling out of his touch and grasp to fall on the floor. She looked quite defeated that way, and almost as quickly, Justin knelt down before her to hold her shoulders, which were even more tense than before. She then looked up at him, and then, with her eyes shining with gathering tears, she squeezed them tightly.

“What... could you do if you can?” she asked.

This time, it was Justin’s turn to be quiet, and finally, he admitted the inevitable. “Not much... at first.” He said, and tightened his fingers slightly about her shoulders. “But I will learn how to fix this if you ask.”

She blinked her eyes, and then sighed. “No... I want to feel what happens when this is fully run.” She said at last, and then leaned back, planting her still small hands behind her back to look down at her immense breasts. “I remember wanting a pair of these all my life.” She voiced, and then sighed deeply, the pair rising and expanding at the same time before they settled again. “Now that I have them, I don’t want to go to what I was before. Small, flat-chested, narrow-hipped, and disrespected. Now I’m larger than any man, including you, with a rack sitting atop my chest that weighs more than I used to altogether.”

She laid back then, leaving Justin to kneel between her legs, with his hands now migrated to her hips from her leaning back those last two times. Looking down between them, he saw the opportunity that fate just presented to him, and he felt the blood between his legs rise a little. But he would not take advantage of her like that.

“Then if you want to see this through, then I won’t do anything for myself either.” He said, and leaned forward – not into her – but over her, so that his face was once again within her field of vision. To do this though, and make it over her immense bosom, he had to long arm both arms atop her ribcage.

Liz lifted both hands from her sides to cup his face, before she then pulled him down into her bosom before embracing him. The pair laid like that for a while before Liz sat up again, sitting there with her legs spread and Justin once again kneeling between them.

“I am hungry again,” she said, and Justin noticed her legs flop even more open, having the stretching capability of an Olympic gymnast now; her inner thighs beautifully displayed a pubic mound that immediately went from flat, to bulging. “And we might as well help it along if we’re both going to see it through,” she continued, planting her hands upon his multi-ridged stomach while her nipples rose a clear inch from her breasts again. “And I’ve been looking forward to a good workout before breakfast lately.”

Justin looked at her bodice while his brain went numb, and after a moment, he felt that that was because all the blood in his body had suddenly rushed to his groin. This realization, however, came only after the thing thumped him in the belly button.

This time, Justin did lean into her, and worked his loving magic upon her bodice like he had done the dozen or so times they'd made love in the past few days. He made his new songbird sing in her multiple orgasms during the hour or so that they made love with one another, until at last, even Liz was exhausted. But that was only after Justin had to make himself ready a second time after becoming incensed.

Liz stood up then, rubbing her still moist and swollen labia appreciatively, and then looked down at herself, examined her body for changes.

"Justin," she said after a moment, and then lifted both hands to measure one of her breasts. "Justin, I don't think I've changed at all this time." She voiced, and turned to kneel before him once more.

Justin, however, did change, and was perhaps an inch taller than before, and a little bit wider at the shoulders.

"Perhaps that's as far as you go," he voiced. "If that's true, then I should stop soon too... I only started half a day after than you did."

"But I got like a hundred times the dosage." She looked down at her hands, wondering if her skin had darkened again, and plopping back onto her rear, briefly probed her vaginal mound to see if her clitoris had changed even. "Nothing," she confirmed at last. "I somehow feel... unsatisfied."

Justin reached out and planted both hands against her immense breasts. "I can fix that for you. You may have to wait a few minutes for me to get ready again, but I'll do my best."

Liz blushed, but then sat forward, pushing her breasts even further into his hands. "Don't tempt me, I may take you up on that, she said, and then rose to her feet again and stretched, her fingers brushing the ceiling briefly before she relaxed again. "Maybe later, then." She said, and then flexed one of her thick arms, feeling her muscles bubble outward as her great bicep pressed against her bosom. The blood bumping over her bicep, and between her legs. "Sooner than later." She corrected.

Justin rose to his feet as she then strode to the kitchen, and he stood numbly there while she began to make him breakfast, which, after he had gotten some sweats on, was shaping out to be a huge meal.

All his life, he'd heard some of the older men say that they preferred their women barefoot and pregnant while working in the kitchen. They said nothing about big, strong, naked and working in the kitchen, but this was a new millennium after all.

And so when they both sat down to their meal, it was with he in his sweats, and she wearing nothing at all.

"You are a good cook," he complimented after sampling her meal. "This sure beats cereal and bagels everyday."

“Does that mean I’m a keeper?” she giggled, her cheeks turning a shade of red.

Justin looked up at her with a drunken smile. “A woman with a face that would shame the goddess Athena and Aphrodite both, a bodice of perfection, a *very* loving personality, and she could cook... Liz, if you aren’t a keeper, than no woman on Earth is.” He reached across the table to take her hand.

“Why Justin, sah,” she mimicked a Scarlet O’Hara accent. “Would that be a proposition?”

“Why Miss Elizabeth, Ah’d have t’ be both mad and dumb not to ask for your hand.” Justin countered with his best Red Butler accent, and moved his other hand to hold Liz’s with his first, and then set off into his normal speak. “If you’ll have me that is. I could borrow you some of my clothes, we could go shopping tonight, and then, we could go look at rings.”

“Y-you’re serious.” She said, blinking at him.

“Elizabeth, I’ve dated many a brainless woman, seen dozens of women who would be counted perfect tens, but you... are a perfect twenty, you’re smart, and your affection for me feels genuine.” He caressed her fingers. “If you want to wait a little longer, I am a patient man, but I give my heart to you to do as you will.”

Liz hesitated, and then folded her other hand over his.

“Good sah,” she said, closing her eyes and lowering her head with a smile, again taking up a southern accent. “Ah’d be delighted, to marry up with you.”

23

After Justin had dressed, Liz and he had gone through his entire wardrobe looking for clothes for her. Since yesterday, she’d grown out of both her panties that she had left behind, as well as the stretching cloth of her bikini bottom even. And so Justin provided her with a roll of medical gauze, which he wrapped about her in such a way to protect her from a future embarrassment.

Liz stood with legs apart as he stood before her and unrolled it, and biting her finger, she wondered what he was about to do with that. But trusting his creative genius, she stood still and didn’t voice a complaint during the whole time he worked about her.

He first unrolled the gauze, and finding the mid point, put that at the small of her back. Then crossing that in front of her, folded the twin folds over her crotch and fished it between her legs, and then up between the cheeks of her bottom. From there, he began to wrap the long gauze about her waist, pelvis and bottom, until tying it at last in a bow at the small of her back, leaving her well protected.

Then, a pair of his sweats that needed to be pushed up over her knees because of how short they were. At last, an extra, extra large shirt with the sleeves ripped off and the frays removed

covered her bosom. But since the shirt couldn't be tucked in, they were forced to leave the bottom and top buttons undone and just tie the tail ends together.

To protect her enlarged feet, Justin provided a pair of sandals.

"It's makeshift, I know, but we'll try to find a place that sells clothes that fit."

"I'm just glad that the sweats are still baggy." She said, and tugged appreciatively at some parts of it. "Your shirt is a little tight, though, but that's mostly because of my chest."

"And what a chest! I'm going to have to make a point to frame that shirt once we get it off you."

Liz blushed, and though his comment was sexual, she was glad to hear it.

"Grab your purse, I'm just gonna check on our little friend." Justin commented, and went over to the converted fish tank.

It took her a moment to find her purse, and did so only after lifting, Justin's whole bed with one hand to retrieve it. Once she had it in her hands, it took her a moment to realize that she had just lifted something that weighed several hundred pounds with one hand. *It didn't even have weight to it!* She thought and stepped forward again to lift it, and giggling happily, she tried it several times.

"Justin, look at this!" she said, and then turned to him, but found him staring blankly at their little animal. "Justin?" she prompted again, and put the bed down before seeing him gesturing over his shoulder for her to join him, not bothering to look at her. "Justin, what's wrong, I wanted..."

She gasped then as she looked down at their rat, which was no longer a rat, but rather a very hairy little girl, with a tail and mouse ears and a pair of buckteeth hanging out.

"Less than twenty four hours." Justin commented. "Hell, less than twelve hours, and she's not only twice over doubled her size, but also mutated into a semi-humanoid state."

The rat was sleeping, but it was definitely developing more defined hands, more prehensile, with its tail long and slender.

"What does this mean Justin?" she asked, and then turned to him as he put the screen cover on top of the aquarium and then added four clamps to keep it shut.

"It means that there are currently two stages in the transformation."

He finished clamping it down, and then took the tablecloth from the dinner table and pulled it over most of the cage to keep her asleep. He then gently took her by the arm, and sat her down on one of the chairs to the dinner table and squatted down before her, his hands coming to rest on her knees.

“Elizabeth, the first stage, I’m willing to believe you completed last night when we last made love, a stage for you took a little over forty-eight hours. The second stage, which may begin soon for you, is a mutation. By which you will again double in size, and take on the traits of another creature, or no creature, perhaps an entirely new type of creature.”

Liz was staring at him. She didn’t think, didn’t breathe, and for a moment, didn’t even think her heart was beating anymore.

“You mean I’m going to change, *again?*” she asked.

Justin nodded. “And so shall I. What we discussed earlier... do you still want me to hold off on finding a cure.”

All at once, Liz’s body went into motion, and she suddenly felt dizzy from it.

“Yes... no.... Yes! Yes I want you to hold off.” She caressed her bosom, took a deep sigh and heard the buttons straining. “Yes,” she said again. “I want to transform.” She then gathered both his hands into hers, and managed a small smile. “I want to feel myself reborn again.”

She stood up then, which placed Justin’s face right into the sunken valley between her pelvis and thighs, and she gently held him there. Beneath his cheek, Justin felt her cunt thicken as it swelled underneath the gauze and sweats covering it.

“Very well, Elizabeth.” He said, his voice a little muffled as he wrapped his arms about her legs, and then stood up before her. “But my offer still stands.”

“Do you want to find a cure?” she asked, and Justin looked straight at her.

“If I were to stop transforming and you weren’t... I’d go live in that drain and get a more healthier dose of that mutagen before I’d loose you like that. If you don’t want a cure, than neither do I.

“I’ve come to love you, Elizabeth. I don’t want to loose you.”

Liz smiled warmly at his devotion, and then bent her head forward and kissed his forehead, and then his mouth, before cupping his face in his hands. “I’ve come to love you too, Justin. Of all the men I’ve known, you were the first who hadn’t been puffed up in himself, or treated me like trash or both. Let’s just live for now. If that next stage starts, then I want you near me.

“Forever.”

24

Justin replaced the film on the camera that he’d placed on their rodent yesterday, a pod camera on his computer that has been recording to a digital tape drive since they placed it in its fish tank

yesterday. It was complete with a time/date stamp, which would allow for accuracy, while the tape itself would allow them both to witness what was happening when they missed a transformation.

Then again, Justin took Diana round town after the tape was changed, mainly by walking, and though they had to go into the stores to service larger people, and though Liz felt bad about having to buy muumuus and oversized dresses, they did fit nonetheless, and it was by sheer providence that they were so large.

“They’re for fat people who weigh like a ton or something.” She said holding out one of the muumuus.

“Pardon me for pointing out the obvious, love,” Justin smiled, his hand planting at the small of her back. “You practically *do* weigh a ton, you’re just not fat. But follow me, and we’ll fix the miss-fit.”

Confused, Liz followed him through a checkout lane – aware that everyone was looking at her, while little children pointed in open-jawed awe – down several streets, and into a swanky tailor service. In one of the many dressing rooms that had been way to large before, which was now just right for Liz, she undressed out of her clothes. At one instance while she was in the room, she forcefully turned a security camera nearby that was getting a torrid look at her chest, and emerged with the first of her chosen dresses: an exotic muumuu that hung straight off her breasts. She then stood for the tailor, who spent a good long time staring up at her with wonder before Justin lightly and playfully nudged him into action. The tailor took pins from his mouth and made pleats in the muumuu, and with a tailor’s pencil, marked certain points in the dress.

Three times, they did that as they went through the three different dresses they’d chosen for her. She didn’t want to get too many, because she didn’t know how much larger she was going to get.

Once done, she emerged once again in her makeshift clothes, and they were told to come by later and the changes would be done. And then, taking one of the smaller bags of purchases out of Justin’s car, they walked up the strip to the beach.

One look at the dressing booths affirmed that neither of them would be able to fit in one, and though Justin could perhaps change in the men’s bathroom still, Liz just could not change in the women’s bathroom. The ceilings in those things, she knew, were way to low, and she’d have to step in almost double, and then sit or kneel on the floor to change her clothes.

And so, they found a dense thicket together, where the leaves and the trees would protect them if they went deep enough. Elizabeth, then started stripping of her clothing for Justin, both of them laughing as she did poses and changes that one would only see in exotic videos. She gave her sweet lover a beautiful view of her femininity as she knelt on the forest floor in exotic and revealing ways before finally slipping into her bathing suit.

They had chosen it because it was one of those “one-size-fits-all” sorts of things, and would fit her no matter her size. Even the bikini top fit, and would fit should she go through several more

changes, with the square patches large enough to cover a good percentage of her breasts. Elizabeth giggled then, and turning around, readjusted her bottom, so that more of her butt cheeks were displayed, and received an affectionate slap on the rump for it.

Then arm in arm, they made their way out onto the beach.

Liz was beginning to actually *like* the looks of awe that people were giving her, and the fact that heads turned when she walked by, and not only was she getting used to it, but she was even expecting it. She laughed and chuckled with Justin as they found a nice patch of beach, and laying down on one of the oversized towels; Elizabeth closed her eyes and got the wondrous feeling of Justin rubbing lotion onto her body.

“Hmm... you have the hands of a masseuse.” She mumbled as Justin’s strong fingers worked the plethora of super-developed muscles of her back from the nape of her neck to the base of her feet.

Once done with her back, Liz turned over and allowed him to work the muscles of her front from brow line to feet, and even working some of the lotion under her bikini top and its elastic bands. Then adjusting the bottom piece, he was able to work his magic onto her inner thighs and even her vaginal mound.

By the time that he was done, he was forced to throw the bottle away, using what he had on his hands to cover his face, shoulders, forearms and stomach by simply wiping his hands off. Liz was practically asleep as she laid there with a pair of sunglasses on.

The whole afternoon was spent on the beach, the two of them sharing ice cream, frolicking in the deep water, just because they could, and enjoying the waves caused by the boats and Jet Ski’s driving by. At the end of the day, however, while they were packing up they were approached by two young women. Elizabeth’s friends: Jen and Angie.

“Liz?” one of them ventured, the pair staring at her in disbelief.

Liz smiled shyly, and shrugging her massive shoulders, she lifted a hand and wiggled her fingers hello at them both. “Uh, hi Jen... hi Angie.” She grinned shyly.

Of Liz recognizing them both, were all they needed for their suspicions to be confirmed, and both as one let their jaws drop at the same time. Then, all at once, the two women, both in their own skimpy bathing suits, started talking to and asking their friend questions galore, feeling her muscles, and tentatively touching her breasts to see if they were real.

“Liz, you disappear for three whole days, and then you show up at the beach looking like... like...” Jen began, catching on the last line of words.

“She Hulk!” Angie finished in exclamation, throwing her hands up.

Justin, standing with a whimsical smile on his face and the beach towel over one arm, noted that the two friends standing were as tall as Liz was kneeling.

“How did this happen to you?” Jen continued. “You've been taking steroids or something? Did you finally beat J.J. up? Can I get some of that stuff you're using?” Jen then made a bicep. “I wouldn't mind looking like that.” She then grinned ferally, her bicep not even tensing all that much.

“An accident. Sort of. Yes and... and I don't know.” Liz answered a little shyly to their questions in the order they came.

Again, Justin was amazed that having grown as large as she had, that Elizabeth was still the same woman he'd fallen in love with in that shared drug induced dream they'd both had.

“It's currently being tested.” Justin said finally, and stepping forward, laid a hand on Elizabeth's shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze. “We're not even sure if it is a good thing to market yet. It might be too dangerous.”

Jen and Angie both turned their heads to Justin, and both gaped openly. Justin merely smiled pleasantly and nodded cordially at them even as they both looked him up and down.

“Liz! Who is this gorgeous hunk of *beefcake*?!” Angie exclaimed again, and immediately went up to press against him. “Gosh... he's as solid as a brick house with...” There was a pause, and Justin watched Angie's eyes grow wide. “An-and... he's hung like a bear!”

Liz and Jen both giggled while Justin's eyes widened in surprise before a nervous grin and a deep blush rose up against his face.

“Your friends are quite honest, Liz.” He smiled, recovering superbly from yet another awkward experience.

“But c'mon, Liz, tell us how you got so big!” Jen said, collapsing to her knees before Liz and looking up at her like a little girl who was about to get a bedtime story.

To save her from that, Justin detached himself from Angie, and then went to stand behind Liz, his strong hands rubbing her shoulders that were now above his head.

“It's a combination of natural chemicals found in the body, which through a combination of genetic reconstruction and the use of her internal energy stores, she's gone through a number of growth spurts.”

The two women stared at him.

“Smart too.” Angie grinned. “Watch out Liz, we might steal him from you.” She giggled then and nudged the much larger woman.

Liz knew that that was a joke. No other woman would dare gain the ire of a woman as large as Liz was now. And to accent her position that Justin now belonged to her, and visa versa, she stood up, towering over her two friends at practically twice their size. The immensity of her breasts alone would have cast a shadow on the pair, but thankfully, her immense size lent to that affect.

Justin himself stood chest, head and shoulders taller than the two girls, but Liz stood head and shoulders over him.

“We gotta go now.” She said then, and taking a deep sigh, spreading the twin squares of her bikini top with such a deep breath, the chords holding them also stretching, she exhaled a sigh at seeing her two friends again. “Justin and I need to finish some work together.”

“Yeah... *sure* you do.” Angie grinned, nudging Jen and the other grinned like a Cheshire cat.

Liz and Justin said goodbye to Liz’s friends and again made their way for their stand of trees. There, Liz knelt, shouldered off the straps to her bikini top, and then pulled it off her chest. Then, while Justin was pulling out her temporary clothing, he straightened to see his new beloved fondling her ample breasts with a pair of fingers from each hand, her eyes and face set in a mask of contemplation.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, and knelt down beside her, and Liz leaned back before rolling her shoulders back, displaying her full and rounded breasts for him to stare at.

“Look at these.” She said, and gazed at them herself. “Three days ago, I had been jealous of those two women because they were so rounded and full... either of them *always* had men all over them, while I – at least in the past – always got the rejects and losers.”

“I am honored to be the one to break that, Elizabeth.” He said, leaning forward to press against her abdomen with his, and lightly caress her teat with the fingers of one hand. “And so now you are twice as big as any woman on Earth, twice as tall as an average woman, and stronger than any ten men I’d wager. And so you wonder... *‘Am I still human?’*”

Liz looked up at her lover, and then closing her eyes and lowering her head, she nodded. In return, Justin smiled warmly at her.

“I see a woman,” he said, and leaned further into her, and Liz opened her eyes as she found herself being planted onto her back. “You have the face of a woman,” he said, caressing her soft flesh, and bending forward, slid between her breasts to kiss her lips. “Beautiful and intoxicating, the face in which the ancient goddess Aphrodite would’ve been jealous of.

“Silky soft hair, and eyes the color of jade, and reddened lips,” he fingered the contours of her mouth. “... That has locked me to you with their kiss.

“I feel the flesh of a woman,” he said, and Liz lifted her chin as he caressed her neck and fingered her jaw line with his thumbs and in spite of herself she began to smile at him. “Soft and sumptuous, possessing a fragrance about it that captivates me.

“You possess the breasts of a woman, and the body of a woman, rounded and supple in all the right places,” he caressed her breasts, stomach and hips. “And firm and tight, again, in all the right places.” He caressed her thighs and her rear, and then moved back to her breasts.

“And lastly, you possess the object of womanhood,” he smiled seductively, and she felt his knee and thigh slide between her legs to delicately rub her vaginal folds. “And so, you are a woman. No more, no less.” He looked down at her solemnly then. “Elizabeth, you are what I call... perfect.

Liz did indeed look into his eyes and saw how he saw her; and was captivated by it. In his eyes she was beautiful, a feeling she had never felt before then. She then surged forward and embraced him as tightly as she could, and she heard him gasp briefly before she released the tension in her thick body to let him breathe.

“I love you, Justin.” She whispered in a gasp, her eyes closing tightly while tears fell from her eyes.

“And I you, beloved Elizabeth, he returned, his long, powerful arms, not quite wrapping about her broad body in return.

25

The two picked up Liz’s new clothing, her extra large dresses made to fit her ample body perfectly! Liz was so happy to slip in the first of her new dresses that she felt like a normal woman again. But that didn’t stop her from having to duck underneath the door jam on their way out.

“Thank you, Justin, for being there.” She chuckled, and took his arm in hers as they walked back to his apartment.

But then Justin stopped her, and moved her to a bench before having her sit down.

“I have something for you.” He smiled, and then reached into his pocket.

Elizabeth wasn’t expecting the black felt box that he removed.

“I-is that what I think it is?”

He moved in close to her, planting his foot on the bench before opening it up for her. Inside was a ring... on a chain. Lifting it out of the box, Liz held it up smiling disbelievingly, smiling wondrously, at the thing she held.

“It’s a promise.” He said, taking the ends of the chain and placing it around her neck. “I got the biggest ring they had, but I don’t think your delicate fingers can hold it anymore.”

They both smiled at each other, Elizabeth most happy about what was happening to her, thankful that her new beloved was trying his best not to draw attention to her newly gained size. Justin then leaned forward, and placed the chain around her neck, the ring dipping into the space between her breasts.

“I love you Liz. This is more than just an attraction, and I still can’t believe that it happened in only three days, but I want you with me... always. Be my wife.”

“Oh, Justin. Of *course* I will.” She said, and snatched him up, embracing him as firmly as she dared.

They may have made a spectacle, one immensely massive woman, and one super man embracing like that, but neither of them cared... they had just gotten engaged. And then they released each other, and laughing and holding each other’s arm, they made their way back to Justin’s apartment, talking about dates, with Justin asking how soon they could move Elizabeth in.

So happy were they that it took them a moment or two to notice the mess when they entered his apartment.

The fish tank that their little rat had been in had shattered on one end, and its occupant was missing.

With a leap and a bound, Justin first checked underneath the sheet draped over the tank, and then quickly turned to his computer to sit down. His fingers flew over the console before he brought up a replay on one of the other two monitors, showing the video of their rat, to reveal a remarkable transformation right before their eyes.

For several hours after they’d left, the rat slept all the way up to nearly an hour ago. Justin keyed a quick command, rewound a little and started it again in real time, just as the transformation began, and both leaned in close to watch the rat as it twitched in its sleep. And then it leapt to its feet before bending its head downward, and the once jumbo, albino sewer rat-girl began to enlarge, its muscles rippling and flaring, changing into whole new configurations before the rat flopped onto its back.

“My gawd, Justin.” Liz breathed. “She looks human.”

And that she did. The rat now looked like a little girl, immature with a budding chest. Wedged within that cage as she was, her growing mass shattered the cage, just then, and what had once been a rat fell out of the cage. From there, she disappeared from view.

“There’s no other way out for her.” Justin said. “She’s still in here.”

“Then we must find her before she hurts herself.” Liz said, and rose to turn. “We...” then she gasped and stopped in mid motion and Justin turned around to see what she had gasped about.

Framed within the dim light of the apartment was a shadow, hunched over itself, with a minute form. It was looking at them, with a pair of pink eyes that seemed to glow from the light reflection.

Then the figure stood, shakily, a slender body, like that of an adolescent girl, with slender body and hips that were about to broaden with the onset of puberty. When it finally got to its feet, Justin and Liz could see that there was a glimmer of pearly white at its mouth, coming from a pair of oversized teeth. Decorating its head – sticking out of a virtual mane of hair – were the hoods of a pair of overly large ears, while a whip vine-like tail fell from its backside.

Once it had stood, it tried to walk forward, like a baby taking its first steps, but then it fell forward, collapsing to the floor with a loud squeak. Then there was the groan of a young woman as it tried to push itself up again.

“Computer, raise lights slowly to full luminosity. Time elapse one minute.” Justin voiced as he rose to his feet.

“Acknowledged.” The computer responded, and the lights began to rise within the room.

There was another squeak from their guest as it fell back to the floor, and then getting out of his seat, Justin and Liz both cautiously walked over to the creature.

Their once diminutive rat no more than twenty-four hours ago, was now adolescent human-sized, and for that matter, was also human shaped. She was still covered by a soft white fur, with the hair on her head made of the same fur only much, much longer. The only portions of her body that wasn't covered by that fur were her palms and bottoms of her feet, along with her mouth and pink nose. On top of that, there were then two large patches of bare pink flesh on her chest, budding breasts it seemed, followed by two more pairs of smaller circles below those.

“Justin, look at her shiver.” Liz said; reaching her hand out to let the rat child smell her hand, allow her to know that Liz was someone who had handled her. “I think she's cold.” Liz then moved a little further forward, and pulled the rat girl into her arms.

Justin stood there, still dumbfounded at what he was looking at, and then snapping to his senses, he went over to his bed, ripped off the top cover, and then scurried back over to the two transformed women. Their rat they wrapped up within the blanket and rubbed her body to get her blood circulating, and at the peak of her head, her large ears folded backward over her mane of hair.

“What should we do now?” Liz asked as Justin knelt down beside her.

Justin thought for a moment.

“Give her a name.” He answered at last, and then smiled, and then gave his own hand for their rat to smell, before gently petting its head. “I think that’s the only fitting thing to do now.”

Liz bit on her lower lip, and looked down at the adolescent that she held as she looked up at her with eyes that were all too human, but were the hot pinkish color of her rat self.

“Tanya.” She said, and then smiled warmly down at their bundle.

“Tanya.” Justin agreed, then taking her from Liz, rose to his feet with her, and brought her to his bed, and laying her down, tucked her in. “It’d be best if she got some sleep.” He said, and then brushing Tanya’s flock of hair before her eyes, watched as the rat girl indeed did go to sleep.

Liz came up close behind him. “Funny,” she smiled. “All of a sudden I feel like we have a daughter already.”

Justin chuckled, and then folded his arms across his broad chest. “Someone wants our relationship to speed up for some reason.” His hand lowered to her leg, his fingers slipping beneath the hem of her new dress. “But while our ‘child’ sleeps in our bed, ‘dear,’” they both laughed at that. “That leaves our little nest taken.”

He turned to her, looking up the short distance between them into her eyes while his hands moved to her sides to undo the clasps holding the sides of her dress closed about her bodice. Her dress promptly changed into a muumuu again.

“Who cares?” she asked, grinning warmly at her new fiancée, feeling her ring dangle between her ample breasts. “We’ve done it on the floor before.” She mused, leaning forward a little, feeling her body begin to grow incensed, with her crotch beginning to pinch while her nipples drew erect. “I don’t mind it.” She continued, Justin now undoing the front of her dress until the folds slid off her immense shoulders.

There she stood; wearing only her gauze for a pair of panties, but that was quickly removed by just a pair of her fingers before she began to slide her hands underneath his shirt.

“Good. I feel like celebrating tonight.” He smiled warmly, and then lifted his hands to her hips, his thumbs lightly caressing the base of her multi-creased abdomen. “Computer, dim lights and windows, close bedroom drapes.” He said, just before Liz pulled his shirt up over his head.

“Acknowledged.” The computer responded, and immediately, the drapes surrounding the bed closed, the windows darkened into blackness, and the lights dimmed slowly into nothing.

Liz was then pulling him backward to kneel between her legs yet again, her thighs spread open as her supple vaginal folds thickened and grew moist, while her fingers deftly began to unbutton his trousers.

Then, in very short order, Justin was leaning into her again, his lips and his tongue tasting her flesh and the milk from her erect nipples while she arched her back deeply for him. Her soft

cries and moans were music to Justin's ears, as he added his own low and guttural grunts and gasps.

But then Liz squeezed her eyes tightly, and Justin felt her orgasm tighten like a pair of hands about his improved member. "Ah, Justin. How did you learn to tease a woman's teats so well?" she gasped, and another orgasm clenched around his extension, but Justin rose against his beloved, his hands bracing on her hips.

At that moment, he had been kissing and teasing the flesh just beneath her full and rounded breasts, and now kneeling up as he was he felt his brows beetle in confusion as he took to rocking into her. Then licking the fingers of one hand, he passed it over her rib cage just below her breasts, and felt Elizabeth orgasm again, and yet again, while the moisture between them grew to a fluid wetness. And then he bent forward, and kissed her ribs before drawing his head back again, and Liz tensed internally, and orgasmed again. And then, right before his eyes, he watched as four points along her ribcage slowly darkened, the tanned skin lightening into pink, and then darkening into a hotter pink. And then all at once, three oval pads began to fill there, rising up, and then clenching into two pairs of nipples against her bodice.

Hesitantly, still rocking into her hips, he reached out and lightly caressed them, teasing them until they indeed hardened as hard as pebbles.

"Oh, Justin!" she gasped then, and pushed her hips powerfully up into his and as his eyes closed with the wave of pleasure she gave back to him, his suspicions were confirmed.

She had changed beyond being a human at last.

He continued to love her, being extra specially delicate with his powerful love, allowing her to just lay there and be worked upon until they both laid on the floor next to each other. To his joy, Liz laid there with her eyes closed, her body quivering from the lasting affects of his pleasuring her. He himself laid beside her, looking into her seemingly sleeping face while one of his strong arms reached around her sizeable tit to delicately caress two of her newly gained nipples.

For that matter, he noticed, her rib cage seems to have barreled out a little more.

But then Liz began to grow still, and all of a sudden, her eyes snapped open and her hands slapped to Justin's hand and squeezed it.

"Justin... I-it feels as if you're teasing my nipples... but then why is your hand along my ribs?"

Justin was silent until she looked at him, and then removing his hand, he let her feel her own flesh, and she blinked at him as he folded his hand over hers.

"You've changed again, Elizabeth." He said, and she quickly sat up.

From the floor, he watched while she attempted to look between her breasts to see them, tried to move them out of the way to see how she had changed. “Damn these things!” she cried, and surged to her feet before going to the bathroom.

Justin rose to his feet once the light was turned on, and from where he stood, he could see her staring blankly at herself in the mirror. Sighing, he moved over to her, and coming in behind her, he wrapped his arms about her body and looked at her bodice from over her shoulder now. Mutely, he noticed that he had grown again, and she had not, but she was the one dealing with the new crisis... not him.

“Justin,” she said, still staring at them unblinkingly. “Humans don’t develop this many.”

For once, Justin didn’t have an answer, and sliding around her side, his hand lifted to caress the four newly arrived nipples along her ribs about her sternum.

“Don’t worry, love... we’ll make a new bathing suit to cover those too.”

Elizabeth smiled suddenly in spite of herself, but despite his effort to make light of this, tears welled up from her eyes and spilled out over her cheeks.

“Beloved,” he said his thumbs opening and his hands surrounding the four new teats. “It’s ok.” He then moved his hands to cover them, and then lightly caress them.

Liz in turn, once again began to slide into her sensuality, and squeezed her legs together as she began to grow moist again. It was an odd feeling then, to feel four new nipples harden, and passing her hands over her ribs and his hands where they laid, she could feel a broad pad swell as well beneath them. Within that pad, she could feel two new masses of glands pressed against each other.

And like her primaries, these four were immensely sensitive.

She turned around, leaning against the bathroom sink, displaying her bodice for Justin while looking down its length. Then finally, she looked back at her lover.

“What do you think?” she asked, and blinked a couple times to clear away the tears, rubbing her eyes with one hand as he rubbed his chin.

“I’m trying to think of something that would make you feel better, and still not sound like male chauvinism. I mean, I have a fiancée with six breasts!” he splayed his hands out to her, and a half smile crossed his face. “You look beautiful, Liz. Simply beautiful. I wish I could think of something more to say.”

He stepped forward then, and though he did lean into her, the bases of their pelvises pressing one over the other, he did not plant his hands right over the pack of four teats. Instead, his hands braced gently upon her broad hips, and he leaned his forehead into her clavicle while she got the privilege of feeling his erection grow into the space between her legs.

She hugged his head to her chest, her breasts pushing up over her biceps and either of his shoulders while she felt the touch of his lips pressing affectionately against her chest just between her tits.

“I want you to move in, beloved.” He said, his voice muffled by her titanic chest.

His head lifted after a moment, and she looked at him lovingly, her hand sliding down to the base of his thickening neck. Mutely, she realized at last that he’d grown again, and they were practically of like height.

“What?” she practically whispered, her mind a little dreamy from all the emotions assailing her, from the basic desire to mate, down to the confusion and vulnerability of this most recent change.

“I want you to move in. I’ll arrange it with my landlord, but we both need to watch over each other beloved.” He said.

Only then did he begin to caress the four erect teats lining her ribs, the effect of which, his touch over them all relaxed her instantly.

“But do you think...” she started, her speech coming out in a sigh as her nipples drew erect again.

“I don’t need to think. You’re gonna be my wife,” he nuzzled her neck, and she felt something strong and stiff rise between her legs and she rotated her hips forward above it. “I want you with me now.”

The pad of her four new nipples swelled, pushing the flesh about her ribs outward a little.

“But first,” he began again, but didn’t finish.

Liz was quite surprised that he could lift her weight now, and picking her up, he placed her delicately on the floor, while she obligingly spread her legs and arched her back. Elizabeth cradled her sweet lover to her as he entered her again, holding his weight above her as he tasted her flesh. And strangely, he didn’t stop until she had climaxed again and again about his improved member. And then given a small break, she then loved him back, the pair switching positions while she pleasantly rode him, clenching her vaginal muscles time and again, so that the tremor of her heart cascaded around his manhood.

Before her, she watched as his body slowly transformed... his musculature drawing ever more powerful even though he was still not as tall as she, nor as strong as she.

At last, he pushed himself into her, the force of which lifted her a little off the ground, before he began to deflate inside her, and she knew that he had left a pleasant deposit for her. She smiled

warmly down at him, still clenching her womanhood against him, while her hands lightly caressed her stomach.

Great maker, I'm already thinking about a child? She thought pleasantly and then slid off him to sit on his chest.

“Hmmm.” She smiled, and arched her back before sliding her hands over her teats, all of them. “This past week has been so magical. I feel like some enchanted princess in a storybook.” She began to feel another bout of pressure behind her vaginal walls, and she slowly began to slide inch by inch up over the hump of his now increased chest. As soon as she drew close enough, his enlarged hand grabbed one of her butt cheeks apiece and cupped them fondly.

“What am I going to do with you?” he mused, looking up at her face from between the gap between her legs and then again from between her breasts.

“You’re going to be my obedient,” she smiled and leaned over him. “Faithful,” she slid her hips forward. “Servant.”

Then her legs parted wide, and smiling lazily, Justin pulled her the rest of the way forward, began to suck upon her still swollen womanhood, and coaxed it alive with the touch of his tongue and lips. As he pulled her clitoris into his mouth and sucked, he also got a mouthful of her tantalizingly smooth vaginal juices.

Their last act of lovemaking was that sumptuous kiss that Justin gave her, and hours later, the sun rose, and found them asleep with one another on the floor.

26

Elizabeth awoke the next day, and dressed in her gauze panties, and then in one of her new dresses, settling it simply about her middle before passing her hands along all six of her nipples. Dressed like that, who would know that she had become ‘more human than human?’

Justin himself bid her farewell with a kiss that almost got them undressed again... or at least his robe off and her panties as well. But finally, they did break from one another.

Justin was going to go speak with his landlord, and take up the precedents of taking in his fiancée and her ‘daughter’ Tanya.

And so, the morning sun found her in her apartment again, as she began to box and bag up her things. She considered a moment at her dresser, and then bending down, she just picked the thing up without breaking a sweat! She could’ve done it with one hand but she had to use her other hand to balance it. She put it back down, and tried her bed, and this time, was able to lift it with one hand. She smiled broadly, knowing that a usually all day event, would perhaps take only a few hours this time.

She was giddy with the feelings in her body of being so strong, and she began to lift things, propping them up against walls, just to test the thick biceps that were her arms. She felt the thing rise and split as the two halves swelled immensely, felt her triceps swell while the sleeves of her oversized dress clenched at her shoulders.

The feeling of blood pumping so powerfully through that great artery on her biceps, a steady pumping throb, felt better and better as the hours wore on. Soon, Liz had much of her stuff packed and readied to move, and by that time, she began to feel that feeling spread over her whole body.

And then she braced herself, feeling the other arteries in her inner thighs throbbing against her crotch, and within the span of several very long seconds, she felt her pussy thicken and spread before becoming moist. She gasped then, as all six of her nipples drew erect.

“Hmmm.” She sighed, and opening her eyes lazily, not even realizing that she’d closed them, she ran her great hands enticingly over her bodice, while her need for a man intensified briefly before her sensual high waned.

By this time, it was late in the afternoon, and with her curtains down, the light spanned readily into her room, bathing her in its light, and turning her dress a little opaque. She had already told her landlord that she was leaving that afternoon, and a little later, she was going to get a van to haul all her stuff out. Normally, as she had heard from other tenants, he would've forced people to continue paying until the month is up, but he grinned nervously up at her and said that she didn't have to.

She suspected then, that because her chest probably weighed more than he did, he thought it would've been an error to piss her off.

But now, while Liz stood there, remembering with fondness that exchange, she once again felt a throbbing sensation between her legs that was much heavier than before, and all her nipples yet again hardened and thickened.

“Oh, Gawd,” she gasped, rubbing her nipples tantalizingly. “I’m burning up!”

Indeed she was. Portions of her bodice felt as if a thousand tiny needles were pricking it in a way that created a tantalizing affect instead of pain.

“Oh Gawd.” She voiced again, and sank to her knees, either arm cradling its mate just before her titanic bosom.

Just then, an orgasm rocked inside her bodice and her vaginal folds clenched, and a steady stream of three powerful burst of seminal fluids launched into the gauze surrounding her waist. Her fingers dug into her arms before she bent over, and getting on all fours she felt her pussy clench again with another burst of fluids before she felt the feeling of change take her.

Simultaneously then, her chest began to push outward, her breasts yet again swelled, and her spine began to push outward, to the point where the back of her new dress split open. The split climbed up her back till it broke the neck as she continued to grow again, before the spreading of her rounded chest drew the fabric between them taut. With her arms and the sleeves still intact, even the slack of her ripped back didn't save her dress before the front gained a tear. Shortly after that, another tear appeared and then half a dozen more before the whole front was shredded completely open, and her now unbound breasts hung out into the air.

She gasped then as her biceps began to thicken, and spreading her legs, felt the hem of her dress slowly slide up her thighs as she began to grow larger. Her sides broke the ties at her sides as her waist, for the first time since her whole series of transformations, widened on a major scale. Her hips, yet again widening – already long since being of a perfect child-baring width – turned her dress into a miniskirt and soon after that a wrap. Then at last, the last of her skirt broke open at her rear as she rolled her hips toward the floor, her mind imagining that Justin were beneath her, and she were pleasuring him this moment.

Then she sat back on her ankles as a new transformation took her, and another burst of seminal juices completely wet the front of her makeshift panties, even as the medical gauze stretched as far as it could go. If nothing else were to happen, that gauze might've even held. But then the cheeks of her bottom spread and the bulge that had been forming at the base of her spine for the past day or so, finally turned outward. One by one, sections of the straps broke apart, revealing first her already swollen pussy, and then soon thereafter her broad thighs and tight, tight rear. And then the bulge at the back of her spine began to thicken, and elongate, creating vertebrae after vertebrae as it extended a full foot from the base of her spine.

It was then that she began to scratch frantically at her arms, feeling the beast inside her taking control again like it had that first night. After a few subtle scratches, her fingernails lengthened into claws, curving and folding as they thickened. But then those claws gouged into her flesh, tearing away a layer of it, to reveal a layer where her flesh had hardened into scales!

Just then, her gaze fell upon that strange sight, of scales underneath her flesh, and despite that she continued to change, despite the sexualism her body was experiencing, she didn't feel it. For one intensely long moment, she could only stare at that realm of scales.

But then the beast inside her began to exert itself again, and her eyes closed as she was bathed within a blanket of ultimate pleasure. Her body continued to bulge, continued to grow more powerful, to the point where her weight was beginning to cause the floorboards to creak. But now, as she continued to grow centimeters at a second, more began to tear off her, but this time, it was her flesh that ripped off at her back.

Again, with a layer of her flesh gone, a brilliant realm of white scales displayed itself, and the further along she grew the more that it all just sheaved off of her.

Her forearms and forelegs elongated, with claws arising on her toes as well, while her face pushed out slightly, her mouth and nose even more so. Her spine rose like a small fan, with each vertebrae sticking outward slightly from the peak of her neck to the tip of her new tail. A narrow

waist with a huge bodice and broad hips formed from this once slender maiden. Her entire body was so thick with muscle now that whenever a section tensed, one could see a rippling affect coalesce her flesh.

Then Liz was done shedding her skin and she rose up onto her knees to look into the mirror.

Much of the beast inside her had merged within her mind, and she was no longer as intelligent as she was before, but she knew that her almond pupiled eyes that were absent of any iris were wrong.

She screamed; horrified at what she saw, seeing the face of a monster, and in her flight to get away, she had broken through the window, taking a few bricks with her. She then quickly climbed up the wall and onto the rooftops before anyone knew what had happened on the streets below.

27

The white-suited man strode purposefully into the command room of S.C.U.M. Labs, chewing on the end of his noxious smelling cigar. Many of the techs wondered if there was the hint of marijuana in that cigar.

“Alright!” he bellowed. “What now?!”

“Up on the screen sir.” One of the female techs voiced, and the man’s eyes lifted to the large screen arrayed before them all.

It showed a tremendous, hulking creature standing atop a rooftop, *definitely* female; there was no mistaking that. How *could* someone mistake that? Her titanic breasts were larger than her own head, and on top of that, the way the satellite was positioned, it was catching her at an angle, showing her face, her breasts, four additional nipples, and one tight pussy!

The man in white chewed his cigar appreciatively, before a swift erection increased the front of his trousers at the sight of that. He’d have fun with this footage later.

“The face of the creature matches the face of the rather large woman we caught on video camera with the incident with the guard. It is the same face of a much smaller woman that was detected by the drainage pipe by the lake.”

“Show me those images,” he responded, and took another puff of his cigar, and the screens to the side of the main one showed an assortment of images before he pointed to the image of another.

“Who is that man!” he bellowed.

“Unknown as of yet.” Someone answered. “We have only one picture of him, and as you can see, his features are partially obscured. But by the looks of him, he is definitely more than human.”

“As is the female on display.” Another tech said. “The computer is placing her height at approximately nine feet. Because of her tendency to walk on her toes, true height as of yet cannot be ascertained. Weight however is over a metric ton, and the strength level we can only guess at.”

“You don’t suppose with all those genetic engineering in the labs, that the sludge released last week was successful when all those tests and trials weren’t,” a female tech said.

The white-suited man glared at her, and then lifting his watch, held in two buttons, and then suddenly two armed guards in assault armor were entering the room. “Take this tech to the genetics labs for... *Reprocessing.*”

He sneered, and the lab tech was roughly picked up and hauled away. Though she was balling when they hauled her past the white-suited man. As soon as the doors closed, she wiped her tears and let the two guards haul her to the reprocessing center.

In S.C.U.M. labs, *reprocessing* was actually a good thing, though the head honchos had designed it as a final punishment for their female employees. Of course, some of the female employees feared for their lives, and would rather die instead of being reprocessed, but this tech had been looking for a reason to undergo reprocessing.

The whole thing meant being injected by all sorts of hormones, pheromones, and genetic restructuring that essentially made one the perfect love slave. She was looking forward to showing off a nice pair of tits and walking around with little or no clothing on, rubbing up against guys and pleasuring herself and them for a living.

Screw eight years of college... this is more fun, she thought with a smirk.

Within minutes, they were tearing her clothes off before propping her up on a conveyer belt, and though her body became sore with all the pinpricks, within an hour her body had resculpted itself. She was more beautiful than a supermodel, with a perfectly sculpted body, and a pair of breasts that were of the E-cup size.

And to top it all off... she was as horny as all get out, and at that point, she would’ve enjoyed the presence of a woman if a man couldn’t be found. Thank goodness, they threw her into a room with a hundred other women who felt the same.

28

Justin, after a long day of signing papers and renewing his contract with his superintendent, a nice, understanding old man who’d been running the place since the nineteen-sixties, he rented a moving van. Then taking it to the front of Elizabeth’s apartment building, he parked in front of it and entered the building only to be confronted by the landlord.

“Are you Justin? You must be... only a guy like you could possibly get involved like a girl like her.”

“A girl like *her*,’ good sir?” Justin repeated, raising an eyebrow and immediately becoming very annoyed by this person as he wrung his hands.

“Yes! A girl like *her!*” the landlord responded curtly. “Come here, young man, I want to show you something, and maybe, just maybe, you will change your mind about her.

Justin followed him, keeping his patience and his cool as the landlord brought him up the elevator to the floor Elizabeth’s apartment was on, and then down the hall to her very door. There he pushed open the door to reveal a large window looking out over the fire escape, which had been made all that much larger from it being broken through. Whatever had done that must’ve been huge!

All of a sudden, Justin became very worried and surged into the room.

“Elizabeth?!” he called, and ran into the bathroom. “Elizabeth!” he called again, and when he came back out, saw that the landlord standing there with arms crossed.

“I thought your girlfriend...”

“Fiancée.” Justin corrected.

“...Whatever; was a nice girl, but she must’ve gotten into steroids to get that big!” Now look at this! There’s a hole in my building, she’s gone, and all that we have here is a smattering of things strewn around haphazardly.

“I’ve notified the police. They’re going to send a patrol around promptly, so you, Mister, are going to give me some answers!”

Justin looked around him quickly, and then hurrying over to Liz’s dresser, he bent down, clapped a hand beneath it and a hand atop it, and raising to his feet with the huge thing strode over to the door.

“Hey. Hey!” the landlord hollered at him as he set the dresser down to push it out the door. “This is a crime scene.”

“Not yet.” Justin answered. “Not until an officer of the law barricades it off.” He then again picked up the dresser and hurriedly strode to the stairs to take it with him down the main floor.

“You owe me some answers!” the landlord said as he followed Justin down the stairs with him balancing the huge dresser with both hands.

“No I don’t.” he said curtly, arrived at the moving van, and holding the dresser with one hand, threw open the back door and then shoved the dresser in until it slid to the back.

“Then you owe me for damage to my building.”

“On what grounds?” Justin asked, turning on his heels and going once again back up the stairs. “Your fiancée did damage to an apartment in my building.”

“Prove it.” Justin said curtly and then turned on his heel again back toward her apartment.

“A window is broken in *her* apartment.”

“Could’ve been a break in.” Justin said, taking up her bed, sheets and all, in one hand and under one arm, and then a collection of suitcases in the other. “Her apartment *is* on a fire escape, and you know the kids in this area.”

“Yeah, but a whole freaking hole?!” he gasped. “Hey, slow down... I’m trying to yell at you.” He panted on their next trip down the stairs.

“Make me!” he said in turn, brought the bed to the truck shoved it in, with the suitcases, and then set himself back up the stairs.

At the peak of the stairs, he found the landlord straightening up from just locking the door, and turning to spread himself in front of the door, he gritted his teeth and set himself so that he wouldn’t be moved.

“Now look here, son,” he began to say.

Justin however, reached into his pocket, pulled out his wallet, took out a hundred dollar bill, pushed it into the landlord’s shirt, and hauling him up by the scruff of the neck, tossed him aside before kicking the door in.

That was when he saw it.

Laying on the floor, now visible that the bed was gone, was one of Liz’s reshaped dresses, her makeshift panties, and... something else.

Bending down with the landlord watching him, Justin first lifted the gauze, feeling that they were still wet, he smelled them, and smelled the sweet smell he had learned to love whenever he was sucking on his sweet lover’s femininity. Then going about her dress, found that it had been torn in several places, whereas the new piece of evidence, looked like the husk left by a snake after it shed its skin...

“Odd...” he said aloud, and pushing the things aside, saw that there were scrape marks in the floor, and lifting a hand, he found that one set were in the right places for fingernails, and another set for toe claws.

She transformed again, he thought, and dumping out a waste paper basket into the building supplied garbage barrel, he stuffed those things into the basket, and that inside a nightstand, along with a lamp. Hauling that in one arm with another lamp, and another set of suitcases in the other hand, he brushed past the landlord, down to the van. He had to make a few more trips to get it all before he was finally able to close the back of the van.

Just then, a police car pulled up just as he was pulling away.

He sat quietly in the cab of the van before looking to his side where Tanya sat quietly in her pretty little sundress and a big hat to hide her ears. She looked like a little girl of about twelve years of age if not for the fur, the short muzzle and the pink eyes.

“Liz ok?” she asked timidly from her seat while holding onto her tail from between her legs and under her dress.

Justin was surprised at how quickly she had learned to talk, and how quickly she’d been potty trained too.

“I don’t know.” He said, and took the turn for his apartment. “We’ll find her though, or she’ll find us.”

“I feel warm.” She said then, and reaching over to her forehead, found that Tanya indeed did feel a little warm.

“Do you feel sick?” he asked instead, but she shook her head. “I’ll take your temperature when we get home, but remember, keep your collar up and your tail hidden until then. There are some people who won’t understand how special you are.”

She did as she was told.

One of Liz’s old discarded dresses did well enough of hiding her, and he hoped that she could forgive him for using it. A pair of his socks then hid the fur on her legs, the hat her ears and the jacket her face, while saying that she was really shy covered up for the reason behind all the subterfuge.

Justin then made several quick trips up and down to deliver all of Liz’s things to his apartment, before they returned the truck and once again drove home. Tanya was still a little unsure on her feet with sandals on, so he carried her upstairs and then promptly locked the door.

Tanya started stripping herself of all her clothes while Justin sat down and ran his hands through his hair.

It was night out now, Liz was missing, and to top it all off, I think I’m growing more hair, he thought to himself. His fingers then ran over the back of his forearm, noting that his head hair was past shoulder length now, and his forearm hair was getting really bushy, but also rather soft instead of bristly.

And then Tanya was there in front of him, holding her head and her chest. “I burn.” She whispered, and Justin reached up to her head, felt that she was still warm. Additionally, the fur upon her chest seemed to be going away, and now the sides of her chest were completely bare save for a narrow strip of fur at its base, and a thick tuft at its peak.

Her chest felt warm too, but Tanya still said that she didn’t feel sick, even after Justin took her temperature and tried a few basic medical techniques that he knew.

“You’ll be okay. But the moment you don’t feel well, I want you to tell me, ok?”

Tanya nodded.

Justin then set up the opposite side of the room from his bed for her, clearing out the section that was normally used for a guest but was now nothing but bare floor. So he set up most of Liz’s things there, save for her dresser, which he put by the bed that they would inevitably share.

And then he pulled out the waste paper basket from the nightstand, and emptied it all out onto the dining room table. The first thing he directed his attention to was the skin, which, after he held it up and found some corners found that it fit Liz’s shape perfectly.

On the outside, her skin was smooth and soft, but on the inside, there was something like crinkles, of something overlapping over and over again. *Scales*, he thought inwardly, taking a segment of the skin before wadding up the skin and throwing it back into the waste paper basket. Her dress was ordinary, but had been torn so thoroughly, that she must’ve grown tremendously in all measurements to tear through the thing.

It had originally been a muumuu after all.

At last, he removed her makeshift panties: a roll of gauze that had been securely fastened about her bodice. It was still moist in one section, the scent of it still having the hint of human musk in it, and that, just by sheer contact with his senses, drew an erection from him. Drawing it away from his face, he brought them over to his computer and its equipment.

A strip of the gauze he placed over a chemical analyzer, while cutting a piece of the skin he had taken, he put that onto a slide and fed it into a mechanism close by his computer console.

It took only a few moments for the chemical analyzer to come back with compositions, and what it read was human seminal fluids, mixed with a tinge of water and salt – sweat – combined with... reptilian and human pheromones.

Justin felt his lips press together at what he saw, and then turned his head to the screen displaying his love’s delicate flesh, seeing that it indeed was beginning to gain scale structure to it.

He stared at the two displays, understanding now how Liz appeared to have such a high sexualism... and how she seemed to affect him so thoroughly during their lovemaking.

He felt his eyes pinch at the corners with worry then, and he began to wonder where she was as his head turned to look out the still translucent windows, hoping that she would be there. Finally, he just reached forward and powered down his computers, leaving only the house computer active. Then, removing his shirt, he made a command to the remaining computer and the lights dimmed, the curtains closed and the windows darkened to panes of black.

Removing his trousers, he slipped into bed, mentally hoping that Liz was safe.

29

Tanya opened her eyes as she laid in bed. Over the past several days, things had been happening to her where she felt... different. First, she got really big, then she learned to walk on two feet, and then she finally learned how to talk to the big people.

She woke up because she was starting to feel that feeling of change again.

She threw off her sheets; her legs fanning open so that she could look down at her body, feeling her tiny, imperceptible heart beating within her ribcage. The feeling of that heavy beating slowly slid down into her stomach, before it then pounded behind her femininity. On its own accord, her breathing quickened alongside the beating of her heart, and right before her eyes, she watched as those twin folds between her now much longer legs began to swell.

Her hips rolled as she closed her eyes and gave of a low squeak of pleasure, while her bodice began to grow warmer and warmer. She gasped, and her tiny, clawed hands slapped to her crotch as it continued to swell, her fingers kneading the twin folds, pressing them together while sliding her ring finger up and down the crevice.

And then the feeling of change took her in its fist and squeezed.

Tanya rolled out of bed, deftly catching herself on her hands and toes, before she rose to her feet with a snap of motion, her hands folding over her stomach.

Little squeaks and chirps escaped her lips and oversized teeth as something began to churn inside her, something wonderfully good, something that made her feel as if she were drinking that strange fluid again. And then she began to grow again, her beautiful fur thinning along her chest and stomach as she changed from a minute four feet, to four and a half to five. As she broke five feet, more changes began to happen to her.

Her shoulders began to broaden, and with them, so did her hips; drawing wider and wider, stretching her flesh and fur until the twin folds of her crotch spread slightly. The skin along her chest and stomach began to fade as she threw back her head and breathed deeply, her bottom rounding out, her arms lengthening with her feet, and her body growing ever stronger.

She felt her chest tighten, and her hands slid tentatively over it, feeling the heavy rounded ridge along the base of her chest as it pushed outward with her muscle piling onto it. She felt striations form as it continued outward, felt it crease deeply while her biceps thickened and split into long and slender things. And then she gave off another low squeak and a groan, and her hands cupped her hard chest as the bases of the things began to grow tender. She felt all four of her nipples suddenly harden, growing super sensitive as they clenched and thickened. And then she felt a pressure within the pads of her palms, as her once flat chest began to fill with something more than muscle.

She could feel them thickening, feel them grow as they filled with glands, with the glands growing and splitting, thickening and swelling all over again. The primary pair continued to push outward, continued to fill, rounding the front of her chest ever outward, while the pair rapidly slid through the Alphabet.

From AA to B, from BB to C and so on, until a pair of E's erupted on her chest. But the size of those breasts didn't complete. No, far from it. When they completed growing into their large, rounded and firm forms of pink flesh, the second pair below them also swelled, winding up just short of D cups. And then her chest rose, her ribs barreling upward and flaring outward, while her stomach slowly receded beneath it.

Her bare front grew moist with perspiration, and her whole body grew as firm as it could be. Her tail lengthened to twice its original length, thickening at the base of her spine and between her cheeks to three times its original thickness. And then her arms and legs grew long and firm, laden with taught muscle and tendons while her ears grew large to fold over the back of her head.

And her face, still laden with fur, became more like a woman's, while the hair atop her head, grew long and luxurious, brushing against her bottom and shoulders like lady Elizabeth's did. Her stomach took on the form of an hourglass, creasing straight down the middle, while at the base of her pelvis, her pussy swelled to press against the insides of her legs.

And then at last, her body froze in its motions as she rose up on her toes, her mind growing in intellect to be able to handle the wondrous feelings her body was experiencing. And suddenly, she understood new words that had been said around her.

And then her body just crumpled downward, and she fell to her hands and knees.

The feeling of four tits hanging from her chest was a wondrous feeling, and one of her subtly-clawed hands lifted to caress one of them. Her hand then changed from caressing to fondling first one of the top pair, and then one of the second pair, and settling back onto her heels, her other hand rose to join the first.

Her claws and her gentle touch caressed her nipples, and she smiled drunkenly as they all drew thick and hard. She wanted to feel herself, and her hands slid over first one pair of her tits, then the other, before sliding down her stomach to dig into her crotch.

That was even more sensitive than her chest, and for about a minute, she explored the still furry area of her pelvis, feeling it grow moist to her touch as she then explored her inside. That was even more sensitive. Then a shuddering gasp slid through her, and she slowly rose to her feet, a sexual thing, powerful and strong, wishing to feel the touch of a male, while a fire unlike she'd ever felt before burned behind her crotch.

Her still pink eyes held the wondrous abilities of night vision, and she navigated her surroundings across the suite, and into the curtained off area where Justin slept. Her slender fingers parted the curtains, and she snuck inside, crawling up onto his bed with her legs parting to his sides.

He looked peaceful sleeping there, and reaching forward, she pawed at his chest briefly, before her hands slowly pulled the blankets covering him, past his chest and his stomach, and then past his waist.

For a long time, she knelt there, motionless, studying him, finally learning what the difference between a male and a female was. And she was a female, and he was a male. *And what was the purpose of Males and Females*, she thought, immediately feeling her nipples harden at the peaks of her chest, while that fire in her settled solely within her chest and crotch.

And so her hands moved forward, her fingers touching his abdomen, sliding down its length, then his thick, thick thigh, and finally, a finger slid down the length of his groin.

She smiled happily, watching it grow and thicken as it slid up his abdomen to just past his belly button. Then she bent forward and kissed it, before tasting the thick thing with her long tongue, coaxing it even more erect before pulling it between her breasts. Her body then slid along the length of it as she heard a groan from him, and holding it with both hands, she pivoted it upward and then into her bodice.

The walls of her vaginal mound thickened so greatly then that they hardened till they were as strong and as unyielding as the thick member that wasn't even fully leveraged inside her.

And so, she began to take her pleasure, while amidst it all, she again felt the feeling of change.

30

Justin began to toss in his sleep, and as he came toward wakefulness, he took a sudden deep breath, as if he were emerging from being under water before his eyes snapped open. And then he saw her, white fur laden with pink flesh bent over him, her eyes closed tightly while soft squeaks escaped her throat.

It took him a minute to figure out what was going on, and not until his body reacted by raising his hips, did he realize what was going on. And so he spasmed to get out from underneath Tanya, but her agile body kept her atop him before she fell on him to keep him still. He felt two pairs of firm and rounded breasts flatten against his form, felt her crotch clench about his member as her

enlarged body rode his tip. Her own vaginal juices were squeezing between the delectable folds as she pulled backward, revealing a rounded disk of hot red flesh before she pushed down again.

Her nipples were hard, and firm, pressing like tiny pebbles against his flesh, and the feel of her pink flesh, of her supple bodice, was moist with sweat already. He tried to flip her onto her back and get out of the way, but her hands snapped to his arms to pin him down while she began to nuzzle his neck with her wet nose and long tongue.

She's in heat! He thought, and desperately tried to move from underneath her. *Her strength is increased just by that, her sexual drive must be three fold already,* he considered, and in his efforts to continue to escape, he was just pleasuring her more.

But how can she be in a heat? She's supposed to have been spayed!

But then she uncoiled from him, her four tits settling off his chest long after she rose, before her back arched and her hips slammed into him again, and his tip jabbed into the back of her vaginal wall. Then her head reared, and she gasped, and the next thing he knew, Justin began to hear the sounds of rubber being rubbed the wrong way.

Right before his eyes, he saw the four rounded breasts tighten against her chest before they all began to bulge, the primary pair pressing close to each other as they pressed between her arms. The secondary pair fell straight from her ribs expanding to the size of the primaries within moments.

Her bodice lengthened then, her forearms and feet growing longer than that of a human body, her hips spreading wider while Justin watched him slide deeper and deeper inside her. At last, they were pelvis to pelvis, and with their flesh and fur pressed close to each other, she suddenly clenched her vaginal muscles around him while the space inside her continued to grow.

Her shoulders rolled then, and both at once, they doubled in size, which meant that her strength increased eight fold in that instant, before her ribs suddenly spread with the same motion, followed by her hips and then her legs. Each burst of growth sounded like a pile driver being driven into the ground, and was then followed by a series of popping noises as the muscles strengthened around her new form. Deep inside her came the rumbling sounds of bones creaking and growing, realigning to make her even larger.

Her hand slid from his arms then to his chest, and her hips began to rock into his, her squeaks turning into low growls and her sighs into gasps.

Deep inside, then, Justin began to feel himself backing up for climax, for despite what was happening to him, the animalistic love that Tanya was capable of, just felt too good.

His bed was beginning to creak underneath their combined weight, and he clenched his wood, trying to keep his climax back, but that was like trying to hold back a force of nature.

And then the curtains surrounding his bed were thrown apart, and a massive shape stood there. Looking up, Justin saw a pair of glowing emerald green eyes suddenly darken into red before a deep growl escaped its throat.

“Liz?” he gasped. “She’s grown too strong, get her off me!”

Liz took only one step to cross the distance between the curtains and the pair, and picking up Tanya with one hand, she pulled the rat off Justin, the massively sized rodent clawing at him to stay on. She gave a squeak of protest before she was dropped to the floor. The creature that was once called Elizabeth, now practically twice the size of Tanya, slowly paced in front of the rat, crawling up onto the bed, her back to Justin, until she sat on his lap. She remained there for only a moment, Justin staring at her back, before she quickly surged backward, caught his tip between her legs, and surged forward again, and he felt his member slam inside her.

“Oh, no.” he gasped. “Not again.”

Elizabeth hissed low and darkly, sounding like some giant lizard as she began to ride her lover, her own vaginal juices lubricating him. But then the flow that Justin tried to stem suddenly overpowered him, and a mass of climax was ejected into her bodice.

Before, when he was a smaller man, it would’ve taken only two or three pumps to clear himself, but now, at least five were required to empty himself, and this time, seven was what was required.

The combined mass of juices combined inside Elizabeth, spilling out of her bodice in a small wash to cover both their thighs and privates with a sticky fluid.

Then, as he began to deflate inside her, Justin looked at Liz’s back, and was surprised to see a strip of whiter flesh down her back, very ornate, and also very scaled. Likewise, patches of the same flesh existed on her forearms and outer thighs. Additionally, there were the beginnings of a tail folding over her fine behind.

Feeling that he was now deflated inside her, Liz knelt upward, and another spattering of fluids escaped her as her crotch relaxed once he’d flopped out of her. And then tilting forward, Liz climbed off the bed, and sitting up quickly, Justin looked in time to see a series of claws extend from her fingers.

“Elizabeth no!” he hollered, and leapt off the bed in what would’ve been a vain attempt to hold her back.

“Why?” she asked. “Did she try to hurt you?” Justin blinked, and then felt his eyes pinch as he came to stand beside her, Tanya cowering before her at the edge of the line of curtains.

Even standing as he was, Liz – hunched over as she was – was the same size as he was now, and as he placed a broad hand on her shoulder, she hugged his whole body with both arms, her hand

with the extended claws pressing over his groin. In spite of himself, he felt a little of an erection return to him.

Tanya looked up at them both and squeaked with fear, while Liz growled under her breath in return. Not knowing what else to do, Justin lifted a hand to pet his fiancée's her long mane of hair, noting how thick her spine was now.

“Stop it, both of you.” He admonished them both, and despite the fact that he was half the size of Elizabeth, and a full head, chest and shoulders smaller than Tanya now, he was surprised that both cowered behind his voice. “Tanya, what you did tonight was very bad.” He continued, shaking a finger at her. “I am *not* your mate, I am Liz's. I'm only telling you that it is wrong tonight,” he continued in a softer tone. “You were just obeying thousands of years of evolution; I know you couldn't help it. But remember, I may not be able to protect you again should you try to attack me like you did tonight.

“Now go back to sleep.”

Her lower lip quivered as she stared up at him, hunching over onto herself.

“I'm not mad at you.” He said, and leaving Liz, knelt down in front of her. “You didn't know. There are some rules that you will need to learn now, and taking whatever mate you want when you want is definitely not allowed. You must get his permission first.

“Now off to bed with you.” Tanya slinked off on all fours, rising to two feet once she was past the curtains, her long rat's tail disappearing long after the curtains closed her off from view.

Rising to his feet again, Justin then went over to his bed and sat down; cradling his schlong with one hand, and groaning as he slowly sat down.

“Between the two of you, I think I may be in trouble if I don't start growing myself.” He gently placed his manhood onto the bed between his thick legs, and wiped the sticky moisture he had gotten from it off his hands.

Then his eyes lifted to his beloved, her eyes having returned to a subtle green.

“Computer, illuminate area three to thirty percent.”

“Compliance.” Came the disembodied voice of the computer in the suite, and the light above the bed slowly rose in brilliance until a dull light surrounded them.

And there was Liz, looking more sensual and exotic than ever before. The two stared at each other for a moment or two, before simultaneously they both said, “What happened?”

“I'll start, Liz.” He began, and leaned forward. “Apparently our experiment with Tanya was a little more successful than we thought. Her increased growth ability practically has her at the

same level of growth as you in only two days.... Half the time it has taken you to get to this stage now. She may even have surpassed you!

“But I wake up, and there she is riding my jock, having grown into a full woman from the time I sent her to bed, and then right before my eyes, she grew into what she is now. I hate to admit it, but you’re both stronger than me.

“And that’s not the worst of it, Liz. If she is able to experience sexual elation in the form of a heat, then that means her reproductive organs have been repaired, which also means that she is capable of having children. But what I don’t know is whether or not I can father a child through her... I think I’ll try doing a genetic compatibility test on her in the morning.”

Liz lifted a hand to her forehead and shook it.

“Please, Justin, don’t use such big words right now. It’s really hard for me to think for some reason.”

“Perhaps its because you’ve grown so big, while your head hasn’t increased in size much.”

“What does that have anything to do with me not being able to think!” she gasped, her brows knitting for a moment before she covered her eyes and shook her head again. “No, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to shout.”

Justin thumped the bed beside him, and rising to her knees, Liz with her immense weight came to lay beside him. His body twisted so that he could look at her, and not helping himself, he reached out to feel the scales along her upturned thigh.

Her flesh was tough, but unlike the skin around it, this was smooth in one direction, and rough in the other when rubbed against the scales. He looked to her breasts, looked at how one settled over the other, her beautiful face now rounded by thickened packs of muscle, as if she’d the face of a monster and the monster wore a mask.

“It means,” he said, and sliding up the length of the bed, he laid down before her, his hand reaching out to caress the tough pads that supported the four secondary nipples lining her ribs. “That the human mind that you’ve always possessed, is being taxed with having to control a much larger body. When you experience strong emotions, like fear, or hate... or love, your ability to think will lesson with the need to control the affects your body undergoes with those emotions.

“All that the mind will retain are the simpler reactive skills you’ve learned... your instincts. Those and race memories.”

“Race memories?” she asked, her eyes closing delicately at the feeling of her nipples hardening.

“Programmed responses inputted into your genetic code.” He responded.

“Justin, please... no big words!”

Justin sighed. “They are like instincts, but they are special ones that a life form is born with, things given to them at birth. Humans have very few of them, but if you take a kitten fresh from the womb and put it out in the rain it will try to find shelter. Take a human baby, fresh from the womb, and put *it* out in the rain, it’ll just lie there.

“Your race memories will be very basic, but I believe that they are either being built upon, or being replaced by others.”

“Wh-what kind of instincts would those be?” she asked, her eyes opening fully.

“You’ve noticed that you’re growing scales, Liz?” he asked, and she nodded. “Your instincts and desires might be changing to match that of a lizard or reptile... maybe even an aquatic animal like a shark.

“When you came in here just now, and saw Tanya on me, what was the first action you thought of doing?”

Liz rolled onto her back and stared at the ceiling. Justin’s hand stopped its caressing and just laid there so that she could think, but when she finally came with an answer, her eyes blinked a couple of times, and then there were tears flowing down her cheeks.

“I-I wanted to kill her.” She whispered.

“But you didn’t.” Justin soothed. “The human in you still exists.”

Liz grew quite silent then. Looking at her, Justin was willing to believe that despite her inability to think, Liz has never thought so much before. But now that he thought about it, he was wondering if that would be bad, if she came to a wrong conclusion with her reduced ability to contemplate such things. And so his hand again took to caressing her secondary nipples and coming to sit on her waist, he began to caress her.

“Don’t worry about it,” He smiled, grateful that she managed a smile in return, while slowly, yet surely, his groin drew erect once again between them. “It’s ok.” He assured. “I’m sure she forgives you. We’ll have a talk with her in the morning. But right now, I’m sure that you’re tired,” his fingers coaxed her nipples until they hardened into thick pebbles again, her secondaries sticking out a full half inch, while her primaries must practically be two inches by now. “I’m sure that after your trek across the city to get home, avoiding contact so that they couldn’t see you naked,” he positioned himself so that she could feel the state of his groin with her crotch. “To just come home and rest.”

My Gawd, I’m getting more sexually active too! He thought to himself.

He knew that he was being successful though as she closed her eyes, arched her back and sighed, her hands lifting to her breasts to caress her nipples erect.

“Ohhhh... beloved.” She whispered as he bent down to her ribs to taste her four extra pairs of nipples lining her bodice, teasing them with his tongue and lips, while against his crotch, he could feel her growing moist again.

Bracing himself on her hip with one hand, he maneuvered himself into her with the other, sliding deep inside her bodice, before the feel of the warmth inside her pussy coaxed him thicker and harder than ever. Elizabeth gasped then, and Justin worked himself into her bodice, giving her pleasure, helping her to feel alive.

But then to his surprise, she coiled around him, rubbing the sweat of her cheeks onto his, and taking his waist in her hands, she held him like a toy while she worked herself on his erect member.

He tried to continue to coax her, and eventually, all that he was able to do was lightly caress her bodice instead of lay kisses upon it.

And then she orgasmed around his member, and he suddenly felt her internal muscles squeeze tightly about his extension, while her erect clitoris throbbed above his fully erect manhood, hers poking him in the pelvis.

She's becoming stronger than ever! He gasped, as a series of orgasms, one right after the other erupted inside of her, each one tantalizingly squeezing about his manhood like a great caressing hand.

Liz gasped and moaned with each one, each one growing more powerful than the next, while the moisture inside her, the warmth of her insides, coaxed Justin further and further along. He thought he could actually feel his cluster filling again. At last, he climaxed inside her again, filling her bowels up so much, that when her next orgasm came, it squeezed a mass of the collected fluids between them onto the bed.

His hands moved to hers as his own orgasmic thrust spent itself inside her, and he began to deflate. But she still wanted more, and when she pulled him out of her, holding him aloft like a babe, seeing his state, her face took on a sad pout.

He smiled weakly as he coaxed her to put him down.

Liz slid backward, her thick, thick arms laying upon the backboard, her wrists hanging off its ends, her legs spread wide for him as she watched him lay against her bodice, and again coax her.

He suckled from her primary breasts, caressed her secondaries with his tongue, licked the moisture clean of her pussy, and sucked on her clitoris in an attempt to satisfy her... but she was insatiable.

When he was ready to, he rode her, taking her from the front, or the back, or laying while she arched her back to him showing him her rounded behind and the tail projecting between either cheek. Other times, she propped him on her barreled ribcage, placing him on her four erect nipples while pulling his member between her tits in order to suck on his extension. He in turn pushed her breasts together, and caressed her nipples with his hands till milk seeped out over them, collecting in the ravine between the massive pair. With that, Liz got a double taste of his own semi-sweet, sticky fluids, and her own creamy sweet milk mixed together.

Hours went by before she was completely sated, and Justin laid on his stomach, his face planted on his pillow, and quite exhausted; his schlong projected between his legs and laying softly on his bed at last.

31

Now, Liz stepped away from the bed, managing to speak the words to the computer to turn the lights off, and naked, she stepped lightly on her toes to stand before the windows. Another word to the computer, and the windows just before her turned crystal clear again, and while her sweet lover slept she stood there, folding her arms beneath her immense breasts, and thought.

The thing in which Justin tried to keep her from doing started churning inside her brain. The more that she thought about it, the more she decided that the course of action she needed to take, to protect him, was the right thing to do.

Her hand lifted to her throat to feel the now tiny ring in comparison to her thick fingers. She reached up behind her neck and removed the chain and its ring, and thinking for a moment longer, she looped up it's chain and put it around her wrist.

She then stepped lithely, yet full of grace and immense power, over to where Tanya slept, and laying a gentle hand upon her upturned thigh, Tanya came awake with a high-pitched squeak.

"It's ok... it's ok." She soothed, petting the transformed rat's thigh. "I'm sorry if I scared you before, sorry if I scared you." Liz pulled Tanya to her and embraced the rat, her immense breasts cleaving about the smaller creature's bodice, while Tanya's own four immense breasts pressed against her chest.

Liz felt Tanya shivering against her, heard her tiny squeaks as she began to cry.

"I'm sorry, if I hurt you before." She whispered, and then held the smaller female before her while she knelt beside her old bed. It was just large enough to hold Tanya, especially in the way that she slept: wrapped up in a ball. "Tanya, I need to leave."

"B-but... why?"

"Because I don't want to hurt either of you again." Liz whispered, and then bent forward to kiss Tanya's forehead.

Again, their breasts bumped, and Liz moved backward to look at the rack of four firm and rounded breasts set at the rat's chest. Tanya took up her pink tail in her hands as Liz caressed the four, with the back of one of her larger hands, seeing Tanya's bodice react as her nipples firmed and her crotch clenched.

"I beg you, however, not to try to mate with Justin again. When I saw you on him like that, it drove me mad."

She nodded, her eyes closing softly before she gave off a soft sigh.

"Usually males fight over me," she said, and quickly lifted a hand to hold Liz's where it caressed her breast. "I thought that he being only male here, and I needing to feel love, that it was only right. Never knew that in human world, females fight over the males. I will never try to take him again." She finished that off with a gasp, and Liz noticed that her legs spread even further, and Tanya lifted her other hand to hold one of her lower pair of breasts.

Liz removed her hand then, and then cupped Tanya's face one last time, distancing herself, not because her touch was making Tanya hot, but because it was also making her hot. She still desired sexual contact, and even while she knelt there, her own nipples were again hardening, and away from the view of Tanya, Liz cupped her vaginal mound, and delicately began to caress her clitoris.

"I'm going away now, Tanya, in the morning, I want you to tell Justin what I've done, and as soon as I'm done... changing, I'll come back to him. Do you understand?"

She nodded her head and gave off another squeak.

"Thank you, now go to sleep."

She nodded, and curled up into a ball again. Liz stood up, walked back over to the bay windows, and slid one of them open. Stepping out into the night air, she felt her body become riddled with goose bumps as her sweat and the juices of love matted across her body began to cool. She rose up onto the ledge of the patio, and tilting forward, she leapt off.

Thirty stories she fell before landing cat-like on her feet, and in the next moment, she was leaping away, heading for the one hiding place where she knew that she was safe, knew where she could be safe.

32

"She's done what?!" Justin hollered, and Tanya, crouched on all fours, flinched visibly at the loud noise.

"She run away." Tanya squeaked.

Justin was beginning to get annoyed for no particular reason, and lifting a hand to his head, he slicked back what was now a long mane of hair, which had for some reason grown rather soft as of late.

He woke up this morning to find that he had grown four extra pairs of nipples, his robe had turned into a miniskirt, and now his beloved was missing again. On top of that, he was growing hair where there shouldn't *be* hair, and the base of his spine was bulging outward.

"I'm sorry if I yelled too loud, Tanya." He sat down at one of the tables, and the former lab rat scooted forward to sit before him, laying her head on his lap before embracing him.

"She apologized too," Justin noted that she was getting smarter; she was conjugating her verbs now. "Elizabeth said that she needed to go away. Wanted to protect you... and me."

"From what."

"I think... herself."

"Of all the stupid... stupid..." Justin grumbled, and then stood up, laying a hand on Tanya's head. "We can't go searching for her now." He said, and moved off toward his room to pull on a pair of sweats – anything else no longer fit – and deposited his robe on his bed.

He and Tanya ate together, Tanya sitting in one of the chairs instead of on the floor for once, she eating a healthy head of lettuce grasped in both hands; she nibbling on it a bit at a time. Justin, of all things, pulled out a pound of raw hamburger and started eating that, and so steamed was he that he didn't notice that he'd actually been eating raw hamburger until he was halfway done.

He stopped, and then turned to Tanya.

"Tanya, what am I eating?"

"Meat!" she said happily. "Don't humans eat meat?" she asked after a moment. "Aren't you omni-vour-ous?"

Justin blinked at her that she'd managed such a long word. While Liz and perhaps himself were getting dumber, she was turning into a regular MENSAs Society candidate.

"Yes, but we usually *cook* it first."

He sighed, and in spite of himself, finished his meal before going to brush his teeth. Tanya wanted to learn too, but amidst him doing so, he noticed that his canines had grown longer. Drawing down on one corner of his mouth, he revealed the sharp canine to his reflection, and then noticing something else, he leaned forward suddenly, and noticed that his irises were practically gone. His pupils were also far too rounded for a human being.

That did it.

Justin went to the toilet and sat down promptly onto the seat, covering his face with his hands. "I'm turning into an animal." He said quietly as he drew his hands down over his mouth.

Tanya, having spent a great deal of time with her overly large incisors, spit out what was in her mouth and placed the brush down. "What's so bad about being an animal?" she asked quietly, sitting down before him on all fours.

Justin in turn felt the faint touch of a smile cross his lips.

"Nothing, I guess." He scrubbed his fingers through the mane of fur-like hair developing about her head. "Humans just have a much harder time coping with change." He rubbed the four extra nipples now lining his ribs. "Especially changes like this."

He sighed then, and rose to his feet.

"We'll look for Liz tonight. Damn it, where could she be?!"

33

Liz and Justin had made love primarily for the first time in a back ally, but most of that lovemaking was done in a cave in a park close to her old home. A very large cave that went deep underground...

At this time, at the time of high noon, another couple was walking by the entrance of this cave, walking hand in hand.

"Oh, Alex, I'm having a wonderful time!" the woman said, holding onto her lover's thick arm with both of hers, pressing her bosom close to it. "I wish this day would never..."

"Shhh!" Alex said, holding up a hand. "I-I think I heard something, in those bushes over there."

Confused for a moment, the woman looked at Alex. "Oh c'mon... if you're looking to scare me, you should've waited until night time to bring me here."

"I'm serious, Jennifer. I think I just heard something growl in there."

He edged closer to it, with Jennifer holding onto his arm in a vain effort to get him to stop going further.

"Then... then maybe we should tell a cop or something. There's a zoo nearby, and if one of the animals escaped..."

"This didn't sound like a lion, or a tiger or a bear..." he smiled.

"Oh My!" she gasped in mock horror. "But still, whatever it is, it's best to leave it alone."

“But we could get a reward if we catch it, he said. C’mon, let’s at least see what’s in there!”

Jen bit on her lower lip, and instead let him go. “Then you go, I’ll stay out here.”

Alex smiled in return. “Now don’t go anywhere, I’ll be right back!”

“Famous last words.”

Alex leapt through the bushes and disappeared.

Several minutes passed by, and then five more passed. “Alex?” she ventured, and took a step forward. “Alex what’s going on in there?” She waited a couple more minutes, and then drew close to the bushes in order to part them and see beyond.

And then, a massive clawed hand snapped out and grabbed her by the head. Whatever screams she might’ve had were promptly silenced by the palm of the hand as she was then pulled inside the bushes.

Seconds later, a patrolling foot-beat officer passed by whistling a song.

34

Nighttime was at last nearing, but it’d be several more hours before enough people were asleep so that Justin and Tanya could go looking for Liz.

Tanya, wishing to look more human, had asked Justin for clothes again. Like he’d done for Liz, he bound up the bulge of her pussy and lower bodice with Gauze wrapped around her in the form of a bikini bottom. Then taking one of his old sweaters he cut off the sleeves and turned them into arm bands for her, while the rest of the sweater fit snugly about her four immense breasts.

Justin was only glad to do this, because of his own growing erotic desires; he had begun to contemplate breaking his covenants with Liz to relieve the pressure. Finally, he just went into the bathroom, striped himself bare and took a long cold shower.

He’d already rented another moving van, this time a little bit bigger than the last one. This one had a panel between the cab and the storage space so that he could keep an eye on his ever growing and maturing rat.

In the span between morning when they’d learned that Liz had run away, to the evening hours, Justin had gained a small-of-the-back-long length of fur-like hair, while more fur was growing in places where it shouldn’t be. Now he had it growing in huge tufts along the sides of his forearms, on the backs of his calves, and in huge tufts at his chest and along his treasure trail. For that matter, his bush was also getting a little thick too.

And damn it itches! He thought, adjusting himself again.

Tanya, in turn, had grown longer in body, more grandiose in chest, to the point where his old sweater was stretching now, and even broader in hip.

Both of them were immensely stronger now, and though Justin was not as of yet as tall as either of his two lovelies, he was pretty sure that he was stronger than at least Tanya now.

But as the nighttime hours slowly crept up on them, Justin labored in front of his computer, looking at online maps and trying to figure out where Liz could've gone. But while he stared at the screen, a pair of glasses balanced on the tip of his nose, he began to hear some low squeaks, and turning in his chair, he found himself looking to Tanya. With one hand she was fondling her crotch, which had grown thick with her rising elation, while her other hand had slipped underneath her sweater to massage one of her breasts. The nipples on the other three breasts had all thickened greatly beneath the folds of that sweater.

"Are you ok, Tanya?" he asked, and with one hand, switched off his computer.

"I feel hot." She answered, her eyes closing with feeling.

Justin now knew better than to ignore this. The last time he'd done so, Tanya had grown three times over, while in the past day, she had grown twice over. That she was experiencing sexual desires again, especially with the strange changes that happened to them all when aroused, such a thing was dangerous should she start growing again.

"Tanya, I want you to hug yourself." He said. "I'm going to do something about this." He then reached for his phone, and dialed the main desk. "Yes, hello Andrew... can you have a heavy duty baggage cart sent up? Five minutes? Good."

He then hung up the phone. Tanya had indeed gone to hugging herself, her eyes closed tightly while she struggled not to play with herself.

"I burn." She whispered and then squeaked.

Justin came up before her, prompted her to lay down, and began rubbing her stomach from the base of her ribcage to the peak of her pelvis. It was the closest he could bring himself to doing. And then Tanya laid her hands to her sides, her back arching a little, and Justin began to hear a tensing sound like rubber being stretched, and looking down, he watched as her rib cage began to rise and flare. Underneath his hands, he could also feel her flesh tightening.

If I'm stronger than her now, than I may soon not be, he thought. Just then, he heard the buzzer to his door, and in four long strides, he was to the door, opening only a crack.

"Your baggage cart, sir." greeted one of the employees of the apartment complex.

"Thank you very much. Just leave the cart outside. I'll return it promptly."

He then nodded and walked off, taking the elevator down. Closing the door, he then leapt over to his linen closet by the door, took out a few heavy sheets, and hurrying over to Tanya, helped her up.

“Put these over you... we’re gonna try to sneak you out.” Tanya got to her feet, and pulled one of the blankets over her shoulders, while Justin threw another one over her head. “C’mon... this way.” He prompted, leading her by the hand.

Opening the door, he ushered her onto the flat bed that they had provided for him. “Curl up into a ball, Tanya, hold yourself tightly that way, and above all be still and silent until we get you to the truck.”

The portion where her head was nodded, and she covered up onto the flat bed, and Justin used the last of the sheets to cover her rear. Then pressing the button to the elevator, he pushed her and the cart inside. Absentmindedly, he looked at the weight allowance, but considered that they weren’t over the twenty-five ton marker yet.

The elevator ride was agonizingly slow, especially after having been stopped a couple times, before they got to the ground floor. He then wheeled her out to the moving van, and opened the door. Then, making sure that no one was around, he ushered Tanya into the truck. She was about half way in when he heard a shout of “Hey you!” and turning to look around the van, he spied a cop coming swiftly up to them.

“Justin... something’s growing inside me!” Tanya cried, and settled roughly to the floor of the van; her legs spread wide to reveal a supple mound of flesh between her legs that was underneath her gauze panties, and the spot of moisture that was growing there. “I can’t keep it back much longer!”

He gritted his teeth, looked back to the approaching cop, and then back to Tanya before throwing her one of the discarded blankets.

“Not much longer now.” He assured with one hand. “Cover up with this.” She did so, just as the cop came by.

“This vehicle is parked illegally!” he hollered, spittle flying up into Justin’s face. “Didn’t you notice the signs?! You stupid muscle freak.”

“No officer. I’m afraid I didn’t.” Justin grinned, his jaws grinding as he planted his hands in his pockets to keep from hitting the cop in their urgency. “Could you perhaps show some leniency in this case? It’s kinda important that we leave.

“No I will not show leniency.” He pulled out his ticket book. “You people are all alike... think that because you’re so strong that you can push people around without any repercussions. Well, I’ll have you know mister, that I am not one to be pushed around.

“That will be parking in an illegal parking zone, during peak hours, with an extra large vehicle,” he looked over his shoulder. “Next to a fire hydrant...”

“Hey... wait a minute... there’s no fire hydrant over there!” Justin protested.

“If I say there’s one over there, then there’s one over there!” the officer barked. “And that will be insulting an officer... no one call’s ME a liar... Oh my... we’re gonna have to impound this vehicle.”

Just then, the van rocked heavily, and Justin inwardly cursed at Tanya having to move at that particular moment.

“Hey... what was that?!” the cop demanded then, jabbing the butt of his pen at the van.”

Justin stared down at him. Normally, his mind didn’t work in such a cunning way, but this man definitely had this coming.

“I guess you caught me then.” Justin shrugged. “It was only a matter of time, I guess. All these drugs I got in my van here will make you a famous man I’d suppose! Perhaps even a promotion.”

The officer pulled out his gun immediately, and Justin rose his hands in feigned arrest.

“If you’re playing with me, muscle boy, I’ll shoot you just for that.”

“Don’t believe me, look under the sheet. I run away, you have the vehicle, you can check out who rented it, stick me on ‘America’s Most Wanted’... no way I can disappear from that?”

The officer waved him to one side, keeping the gun trained on him, and hopping up onto the bed of the van, reached out for one of the blankets.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” Justin mused, rolling his eyes innocently toward heaven.

“Oh yeah? Well, you’re not me!” He then started pulling the sheet away.

But as he pulled on it, Justin’s hand snapped downward, and he pinched the front of the gun closed, just as Tanya spasmed to life to snatch up the cop.

“Justin... Please... can I have this one? I burn!” she cried, and then gave off a low squeak of pleasure as all four of her nipples noticeably drew erect beneath her sweater.

Justin leapt up onto the bed of the van, took away the cop’s ticket book, snapped his nightstick, and then ripped off his belt.

“Normally, I wouldn’t Tanya, but in this case we’ll make an exception. You can have him to play with. Make sure you take all the pleasure you need, Tanya. It may be awhile before another situation such as this presents itself.

Tanya chattered gleefully, and planting the officer on his back, she promptly sat on his waist to keep him in one place and the cop’s eyes widened as she took off her shirt. He stared horrified as two pairs of wondrously enormous breasts flopped out of it.

“And you,” Justin spoke. “In life, remember it’s the pleasant ones who get all the breaks.”

Justin then hopped out of the van, pulled down the door and locked it tight. Then idly walking around to the cab, tossing the gun belt and radio into the trash, he then adjusted the seat back, lowered it as far down as it would go, and then hopped inside.

35

Tanya loved these new feelings she was able to feel, of being able to caress herself, of having such control of her movements to be able to do things like this.

The man laid on the floor, staring wide-eyed up at her as he promptly began palming his uniform for something to ward this creature off. But her weight, which must’ve been over ten times his own, held him in place. And then he saw her reach behind her back before undoing a bow at the small of her back, and all the gauze that had been wrapped about her pelvis and crotch uncoiled. He then stared amusedly at the folds of her moistened and white fur-laden pussy as it spread wide to disgorge her erect clitoris.

“Wha-what are you going to do to me?” He gasped, but she didn’t answer. She was far too into her sexuality to think up a response.

Instead, her fingers reached down to his uniform front before she began to tear it apart. He felt the van start up and move away, and the first bump that they went over lifted them both up so that his groin ground into her crotch.

The massive rat gave a sigh then, her fingers pausing, her back coiling, before she opened her pinkish eyes again, and with one sturdy claw, tore open the front of his under shirt from collar to waist.

He always thought that he was a fit man... at least he didn’t have to resort to steroids or anything, but in comparison to this behemoth of a monster, he was as light as a twig. Pulling him out from underneath her then, he found that she was ever so gentle about the bulge at the base of his pelvis and between his legs. But once she’d freed the already erecting thing, she went to promptly shredding the rest of his boxers, shoes and trousers off.

She hunched over herself again, and he edged backward, now naked before her, until his back slid up the van’s door. Thinking that she was going to eat him now, he closed his eyes, made his peace, and prepared to die. But then he felt something long, narrow, and moist, lick up the front

of his groin, and opening his eyes, he felt them widen again just as an enormous hand reached forward and closed about his erect penis. The touch of such a delicate hand was electric to him as he felt her massage it, kissing its tip before licking its length again.

Within moments, he became more erect than he'd ever been in his life, to the point where it ached and throbbed with the thick veins sticking out every which way. He hadn't even considered he *could* get like that.

She possessed a pair of oversized incisors, a comical pair of buckteeth. But as he watched his cock become entertained by her long tongue, and then become pulled into the corner of her mouth, his body managed to make it swell just a little more for her. Her tongue and cheeks sucked on him so hard that he actually felt his waist lift off the floor before she let him go, his groin flopping back onto his pelvis as he in turn flopped onto sheets strewn against the van's hard metal floor.

Tanya then arched her back, caressing her breasts before she reached out and pulled him back to her, and again handling his manhood, she then rolled her hips and promptly inserted it inside of her.

She groaned, and immediately went to her hands and knees as she rolled her hips into him, and he felt a titanic orgasm burst inside her as he was slid forward with the strength of those hips. In spite of himself, he gave off a low grunt of approval as his firm extension inside her was squeezed on all sized with a strength greater than that that had been in her mouth. He jabbed himself deeper inside her, and lifting a hand, held one of the huge, pumpkin sized breasts that hung off her chest as if it were the fruit of some grand tree. And even further, in spite of himself, he lifted himself, kissed one of those wondrous nipples, before fastening his mouth around it and sucking.

Tanya moaned softly, her hips rolling into his over and over again, her tail coiling around his feet to keep him from sliding away each time she did. The officer didn't know what was happening to him, but this titanic creature of feminine might wanted to love him, and love him thoroughly... or more specifically, take love from him.

He was just happy to oblige.

But while he lay flattened on his back, suckling from her massive breast, he felt another spasm inside her bodice as yet another titanic orgasm clenched around his manhood, squeezing the life out of it. When it released, a wash of her seminal fluids burst from between them, spilling over his abdomen and laying several sticky fluids that created streamers between their bodies. She orgasmed again, the officer wondering at how such a thing was possible so soon after the last, and then it was answered by yet another. With this final one, her back bowed inward then, her hips jamming into his as she squeezed her vaginal muscles as firmly as she could as a low squeak escaped her throat. The good officer in turn, feeling the drawing build up at the base of his manhood, finally felt it well up out of him, and then eject into her bodice to be trapped deep inside her.

He managed three pumps as her body reared then, Herculean arms slapping to the walls of the van as her claws scratched the wall's solid steel, while her head and upper back slapped to the roof.

The officer stared up at her as she gave off yet another long squeak, seemingly quiet for one so large as she, and he worked her bodice tentatively as he began to deflate little by little inside her. But then as he looked up at her, he witnessed a remarkable thing as she began to...change.

It began with a crunch, and looking down to where they were connected, he made sure it wasn't he shattering while deep inside that wondrous pussy. But there, the only thing that was happening was that her lips were lightly massaging his diminishing erection. And then there came the sound similar to balloon being rubbed the wrong way, and looking up at those wondrous tits, he watched them grow from pumpkins to watermelons and beyond.

Her rib cage pushed outward before flaring wide, the muscles lining her bodice growing thicker and wider. She fell to her hands and knees again, gasping for air as her back and chest continued to push outward, muscle piling on muscle while her sides flared wider and wider.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw those strong, furry arms suddenly begin to thicken, becoming as tight as could be, with the fur growing thin in some places until only stripes of the stuff remained. Her biceps bulged, rounding outward to push her breasts together, the mighty pair swelling as great as her breasts on either side. Her triceps bunched and gained marvelous striations, thickening to be as large around as her biceps were while her forearms flared outward and became nothing but a knot of brachials and tendons.

Her rib cage barreled outward with a series of snaps and crunches, and even despite that she was on her hands and knees, he soon felt her expanding breasts press firmly against his body and flatten about him.

He slipped out of her then before feeling another hot burst of her body fluids cascade onto him, splattering his groin, pelvis and thighs while her thick, thick thighs swelled about his body.

Through the span of a full minute, the once immense rat woman had increased in size to the titanic rat amazon, with beautiful features, and bands of soft, soft fur decorating her bodice.

She settled back, her immense tits resting against her elongated bodice, with her abdominals compressing right before his eyes. They folded into one another, creasing into solid blocks of pinkish flesh, while forming into an elongated hourglass. Twelve individual packs of muscle became surrounded by four more and then two more from her gluteus medius along her sides.

Her pussy had swollen into a thick cloven pad at the base of her flat pelvis, while a score of tendons along the one half of the insides of her inner thighs spread out in a vast array of tendons. Then he saw her thighs continue to swell, amassing to a thickness which was greater than his whole body, her calves growing thicker than his legs, with her feet as long as her forelegs.

And then the crackling and stretching rubber sound faded, followed by a stringy sound as her fur lengthened where her fur still remained – like stripes on a tiger along her mostly bared flesh.

And then she sat there gasping, the remains of the fluids inside her body slowly flowing from the inside of her cunt while she knelt there gasping for air.

The officer sat up, staring up at her, wondering if what he'd just gone through was indeed over. But then her eyes snapped open, her solid pink eyes seeming all that much more human now.

And then she descended upon him again, her bulk filling one half of the van's mass, and to his surprise, she licked him clean of all her own seminal fluids; and through the tongue bath, he gained yet another erection.

Again, she made to go suck on it, like some tantalizing lollipop, but with gentle urgings, he actually got her to sit back again, helping her to part her legs open. She looked confused at first, but then walking forward to straddle her now immensely thick tail, he instead began to please *her*.

Again, her claws scraped against the walls as he worked her, caressing her gently, kneading one of her immense breasts with both arms, suckling from her tit again. Having been a flat foot for most his life, of having girlfriend after girlfriend that swooned over his uniform, but never daring to love a cop, he had learned long ago how to please a woman.

And he pleased this Tanya so fully, using techniques that he'd read in books, he set her into a cycle of orgasms one right after the other that lasted for the remainder of their car ride. And at last, Tanya laid down, with her new plaything laying atop her immense and firm breasts, the remainder of yet another erection projecting into the valley that was between the cluster of four immense breasts atop her chest.

And the two just napped with each other, Tanya embracing the lone officer to her while she slept, the sounds of the road beneath them lulling them both to sleep as if they were both babies.

36

Justin drove for what felt like a couple hours. Nighttime had fallen completely, and now he wished to turn back. But glancing at his gas gauge, he saw that he needed fuel.

They were within the rural areas surrounding the cities now; pulling into a gas station, he pulled out his wallet and opened the car door. But with the light on, it suddenly turned his windshield into a mirror, and he stared at himself a good long time.

Broad lamb chops projected from before his ears, while his ears themselves had become pointed along their tops. His hair had grown into a deep thick mane, and grinning, he saw that his canines had elongated into sharp fangs that were beginning to overlap the opposing row of teeth on either side of his mouth.

But his eyes had also changed, gone now were his irises, while the striations around his pupils were far too detailed for a human to see. Looking down to the dashboard, he could actually discern the shadows in the bumps there, and then spying his hand still on the wheel, he spread his fingers and saw that his fingernails were lengthening into claws.

Damn! He thought, and hopping out of the truck and closing the door behind him, he pulled some of his fur-like hair forward to shade his eyes and cover his ears. With his clothes now stretched tightly across his body, he hoped that he's looked like some punker.

He planted the nozzle of the gas pump into his tank and let it start pumping before he walked to the convenience store servicing them.

The first thing he did when he entered the store was to get a bandanna and some shades, and removing the tags, placed them before the counter girl as he put them on. The second thing he did was buy a grocery bag worth of food and several bottles of water... he was famished, and so might be that cop and Tanya.

Quickly paying for his gas and supplies, he then strode back to the van, redeposited the gas nozzle on its arm, and pulled out. Once the light of the convenience store had disappeared in his side mirror, he pulled the van onto the side of the road, hopped out, went around back, and opened the door.

There, he was surprised to see Tanya cradling the bad-tempered officer, the two talking in diminished and happy tones while he caressed the front of one of her primary breasts. The two turned to him startled then while he stared up at them.

"I think I have to go now, Tanya," he smiled, and gave her a subtle kiss on her forehead before she let him down. Gathering up one of the sheets, he wrapped it around himself like a toga, and then took up his badge from his shredded uniform and placed it in its place of honor.

"I'm letting you off here, now." Justin said. "But remember, when you get back in town wearing only a toga, telling people that you were kidnapped by a werewolf and forced to make love to a twelve foot tall, four-breasted Amazonian rat, they will think two words."

"Insane Asylum." The officer finished for him, and then sighed.

"Right." Justin said, and then made to close the door, but Tanya surged forward, stopped it from closing, and reached out to the officer. Justin felt one corner of his mouth rise in and his eyes widen in muted wonder at the exchange.

"Nooo." Tanya squeaked, and cupped his face in one of her huge hands.

"I'm sorry for being such a dick to you earlier, son." The officer apologized. "But I beg of you, do you have a piece of paper and a pen?"

He finally had to go to the cabin to do so, but the officer quickly jotted down a note. “This is my name, my address, and my phone number. For that wee lass back there.”

Again, Justin felt one corner of his mouth rise in wonder at this as he accepted the note. Especially at the officer’s Irish accent, and the fact that he’d just called Tanya a ‘wee lass’ despite the fact that she was twice the size as even he himself was.

“I’ll be sure to give it to her.” He promised, and then handed the disrobed officer a bottle of water and a sandwich. “If you keep going that way,” he said, pointing the way that they had come. “You’ll reach a gas station a couple of miles down the road. You can phone for a taxi or get a bus or something from there.” Justin then gave the cop two twenties from his wallet.

“Thanks son, for introducing me to such a lovely creature.” And then turning back, he waved goodbye to Tanya.

“Goodbye, Officer O’Connell.” Tanya waved, and the officer closed the door and slapped the side of the van to send it on its way.

Justin pulled away from the officer, leaving him behind until he could find a side road to turn around. No need for the officer to get into any more trouble over them.

37

Jen laid on the ground, unconscious, but soon, the hard stone floor pressing into her back began to become so uncomfortable that her body forced her to wake up to find a more comfortable position to sleep in.

Then she opened her eyes, winced and closed them tightly again with the headache she felt, and then squinting her eyes open again, she raised a hand to her head again and groaned.

“Ohhhh, where am I?” she asked, noticing that there was an ethereal glow within the air.

“You don’t want to know Jen.” Came the voice of her boyfriend, and opening her eyes, Jen looked around her, gasped, and then screamed.

A massive creature, stood before them both, the two resting upon a ledge, and its hips level at where they were resting. It was huge. Massive, even! At least twelve feet tall, with breasts that was larger than its head.

Great Maker, Jen thought, if I were to curl up into a ball, I bet just ONE of those things would be larger and weigh more than even me!

Alex reached over to hold her shoulders as she began to hyperventilate, the creature’s glowing green eyes focusing upon them both.

A realm of light green scales brushed across its shoulders, forearms and fore legs, as well as spots on its neck. And hanging from her backside, it was definitely a she, was a thick tail that didn't *quite* drag along the ground, while a mane of golden hair brushed about her shoulders and hung all the way down her back.

“Don't panic.” Alex soothed. “If she was going to eat us, she would've done so by now.”

“But what does she want with us?” Jen asked, but her answer came by soon thereafter.

A sound like dry reeds being wrung suddenly issued forth then, and the two stared at this behemoth of a creature for a moment, wondering what was going on. And then Alex pointed at where the sound was coming from, and they both watched as her cunt began to swell right before their eyes. The muscles even within the folds of her womanhood were so strong, that when they clenched it sounded like someone's tendons grinding. The twin pads swelled outward and then spread open, showing a moistening slick that filled in the reddened, vein-ridden space between those pads, while a firm and fully erect clitoris pressed outward into the air; the thing dripping with seminal fluids.

But the sound continued, and looking up as one, they witnessed her nipples, all six of them, swelling as well, her primaries coming to stick three full inches from her chest, while the pads behind the other four swelled thick and sweet, the four overlapping each other and her abdominals slightly.

The monster gasped as she arched her back, her short, stubby tail lifting high at her backside between her cheeks before her great clawed hands slid over her breasts, ribs and stomach before grasping a hold onto her wide, capable hips. A long and narrow tongue pushed outward from a short muzzle set within that beautiful face, and she slowly licked her upper jaw from one side to the other, all the while looking down at the pair hungrily.

And then the creature bent forward, and the two lovers were forced apart before Alex found himself between the mighty expanse of her enormous breasts, his arms folding onto the top of them. He was held to her body delicately with both of the monstrous hands, and sitting down with her thighs spread wide, the creature once known as Elizabeth Roshenko again pushed out her tongue, and tasted Alex's face.

“Alex? Are you okay?”

“Ask me again alter!” he called out; clearly frightened at this situation while he kept his eyes steady on that monster of a woman.

But then he was moved away from those titanic breasts, and held aloft for a moment with both hands, and Alex closed his eyes and turned his head as her clawed thumbs began to slide over his body. And then he felt a thick claw slide over his groin, and looking down at last, he felt the blood rise in his pants, before in only a few moments, he had a healthy erection.

His eyes then looked back to the half lizard giant woman, and then shook his head.

“Oh, hell no.” he whispered, but the next thing he knew, she was tearing open his shirt before just ripping it off of him as if she were shredding cotton balls.

And then hooking her fingers into the waist of his trousers, she simply parted her hands and tore his pants straight off him. She then set him before her, and laying back, her massive and highly muscled arms supporting her wait, her legs slowly parted to reveal that immense pussy.

“Oh Gawd.” He said, as he watched the thing swell even more so, and then felt himself grow larger.

The scent in the air was so intoxicating.

“Alex? Alex?!” Jen cried. “What’s going on... what’s she doing to you?!”

“Trust me, love, you don’t want to know.” He mused as he continued to stare at that mighty gate of femininity, and after a moment, Jen popped her head over the ridge of the platform of rock they had been on before.

“*Alex?!?*” she called shrilly staring at this unbelievable situation.

Just then, the tail of that great beast rose, and Alex felt it press against his back and raise between his legs until he was forced to ride down the smooth ridges, catching himself just short of entering her.

“I don’t think she’s giving me a choice, Jen!” he said, poised above her before he felt the tip of her tail stroke his back, edging him further downward.

That drove Jen speechless, and all she could do was stare at this spectacle.

But this was the sort of dream many men grow wet through, over many, many nights, all throughout the ages. Tough Viking men probably did it, Roman centurions probably did it, Egyptians and Chinese probably did it... but *he* was about to live it.

A woman of ungodly might, with the assets of all the women one Earth *combined*, coupled with animalistic lusts, and a cunt large enough for an arm – or hell! – a leg, swelled open to receive him.

And so, not being able to do much else, he descended into her, and began pleasuring this titan.

38

The white-suited man stood very agitated now. With this most current crisis, he hadn’t slept in nearly twenty-four hours, and he was beginning to get pissed at his underlings.

“Report.” He growled to yet another technician.

“We have a definite genetic profile, now, sir.” The little man fidgeted. “We scouted her home, and were able to get some samples of her DNA, some which appear original and unaltered, and another which appears to be under profound genetic restructuring.”

It was a *damn* good thing that the white-suited man knew what the hell he was talking about. After all, he was the most knowledgeable of practically *all* of the bio technicians here. But... he was still pissed.

“I have been up for a very long time, and I am very cranky. What... in the *hell*... do you mean?”

The tech punched a few commands onto a data pad remote. “Here, I’ll show you.”

Within moments, a slender woman, as naked as she could be, appeared within the field. Supple of body, but not of chest. For that matter, she looked like a man with no groin and a pleasing face. White Suit took a deep puff of his cigar, staring at the holographic image, his eyes looking over the genetic helix and then the statistical analysis of her DNA codes.

“Intelligent, superb agility, good strength profile... but an abysmally low estrogen and testosterone count. It’s as if she were never meant to be a woman!”

“Yes sir... indeed it is. We found that she possesses the rare genetic anomaly of hermaphroditeism, the XXY-Chromosome count, as you know. She doesn’t have any of the male reproductive organs in the slightest, *par-se*, but she is incapable of developing breasts, bearing children, etc., etc., but her strength capacity is indeed unrealized. She could be stronger than many of our male adaptives for super soldiers.”

“Why isn’t she?” White Suit asked as he watched her rotate steadily before him. “She has a nice ass, though.”

“Never developed it. The current genetic profile we have of her is an extremely agile woman. Her past experiences include kickboxing, Tai Chi, and,” the tech cleared his throat. “Karma Sutra. She is *unbelievably* flexible.”

“Then how did she develop into such a striking woman that we captured on the security cameras?” he took another puff of his cigar. “That was a woman perhaps twice as strong as any soldier we’ve produced, and three or four times as more developed as any of our reprocessed females!”

“Simple matter there, sir.

“You see, the double strength band of X-chromosomes allows her to have twice the physical capabilities normally granted to the male side of our species. In all affects, she is a man tucked inside a woman. With that double X-chromosome in effect, she is capable of winning both the Mrs. *and* Mr. Universe competitions.

“But as to how she has developed this capability so quickly, is because of this.” He held up a vial of green fluid.

“Where did this come from?” white suit asked.

“From a petri dish in one of our secondary research companies.” White Suit turned abruptly on him, his eyes growing wide. “We’ve identified the fingerprints on the dish. They belong to one Justin Ashe, one of the employees there. Apparently, he has been cultivating the stuff.”

“And where did *he* get it?”

“The picture that we had before from our security cameras, showed that a young man was accompanying Miss Roshenko. Overlaying images that we have of him with that partial image in that picture, we find that that man was indeed Mr. Ashe.”

He keyed up a few commands, and a screen behind them lit to show Justin within its screen.

“He’s one of our most talented bio-engineers, having full doctorates in half a dozen biological fields, including medicine, bio-engineering, bio-sciences, genetics, and so on. He holds the patent on one of our more popular products... an antiseptic spray, which, in its undiluted form, actually regenerates skin.

“As you can see, though, the image that we had of him before,” the tech pulled up a compiled image of what he must’ve looked like behind Liz. “Shows that his strength ratio is five times greater than before at this point.

“So what we believed happened was this:

“Nearly a week ago, we expelled a *failed experiment* through our drain pipe to be projected into the lake. There, it was supposed to be diluted instantly, and at worst, perhaps grow fish that might be just a wee bit larger than normal.

“It is from this pipe that this sample was cultivated,” He indicated the vial. “Taken by Mr. Ashe.

“But, when we expelled the experiment, we believe that Roshenko was in the direct path of the sludge, and in turn absorbed a good quantity of it.”

“How much?”

“By the level of contamination in her altered cells, given time, we believe that every square inch of her body was perhaps covered by it. Whatever bathing suit she might’ve been wearing at the time, seems to have acted as no barrier, as the sludge went straight through it and into her skin.

“In the dumpster behind her former place of living, we found a bathing suit that would’ve fit her, but was severely disintegrating.”

“‘Former’ place of living?”

“Yes, she has since moved in with Ashe. We believe that some time before that, Justin Ashe was infected from her through sexual contact.”

“Sexually? That’s never happened before!”

“No sir, but in this case, her vaginal fluids would’ve still had a good healthy dose of the substance. During sexual contact, with the huffing and puffing, the wheezing, and the wailing, as a man would orgasm the penis acts as a straw, temporarily. During orgasmic pleasure, the insides of Roshenko’s uterine cavity would be filled with seminal fluids ripe with the... um... project.”

“What was in that vat we expelled?”

“Wastes, sir.”

“Aww... shit.”

White Suit crossed his arms, again staring at the woman projected holographically, puffing on his cigar in even more agitation. ‘Wastes’ meant that any excess substances that they had were all mixed together and ejected.

“What wastes are we talking about here?” he asked.

“Several projects in hormonal adjustments, both male and female. Genetic restructuring serums. A new aphrodisiac, as, I’m sure you remember, sir, kept you in the harem for a good six hours. As well as several other chemical combinations.”

“At least the danger is limited to the two of them.”

“Not exactly sir.”

White Suit whirled on the tech, his eyes burning as he actually took the cigar out of his mouth, which meant very bad things for most people. The tech decided to explain fast.

“Ashe, on the same day that he began to cultivate the sample, took out a lab rat.”

“Ah, slag.” White Suit said, and thankfully, put his cigar back in his mouth.

The only thing that scientists did with rats was experiment on them.

“It is an assurity that they had subjected the rat to the substance.” The tech confirmed.

“Now... what does this substance actually do?” White Suit chewed on his cigar. “Or don’t you know?”

“Indeed we do sir.” He keyed in some more commands, and though Elizabeth’s image didn’t change, the data around her indeed did. “I will bring you attention first to the triple helix, sir.”

Indeed, he did look, and stared, his mouth opening to the point where his cigar fell from his mouth to the floor, and so shocked was he, that he didn’t even realize that he’d done so.

“This triple helix, as you quite know sir, is impossible on Earth. As our science goes, it is impossible in all of reality! But here it is. Which means that a triple helix is indeed possible, but as we formulate now, only under artificial conditions.

“In this case, Elizabeth Roshenko’s DNA has been merged with that of an animal... her own DNA having replicated to activate *all* of her inert T-cells. The dominant genes inside her of course overrule the latent ones, but the results are nothing but a massive scale transformation.”

White Suit looked sidelong at the tech. He was getting into hypothetical theories now, but those theories are the only things that could accurately explain this.

“I will now direct you to her physical potential ratings.

“Sir, in short, they are off the scale. Elephants and Blue Whales do not have strength ratings this large. Identifying the triple helix, we believe that Elizabeth is digressing in some areas back to prehistoric times, while others are advancing millions of years into the future.

“We fed a simulation into the computer to find out what would happen, genetically, to the genetic samples we have for Elizabeth, Justin, and the common female rat.”

White suit bent over, retrieved his cigar, planted it in his mouth again, before squaring himself; resting his hands on his hips before nodding.

More commands were inputted, and then he clicked the run command.

Elizabeth’s form immediately began to develop right before his eyes, her hips flaring her breasts expanding while her back arched and her pelvis sunk deeper between her legs, though her bush promptly disappeared. Her hair grew longer, and her body lengthened a little.

“This is *six hours* after contact.” The tech stated. “At this point, other than the apparent changes externally, Elizabeth is now sexually fully active, and fully capable of reproduction. Her underdeveloped sexual organs will now be operating at a level of efficiency above the average woman. Her one overdeveloped feminine part will be her clitoris, which, as you can see, projects beautifully at the peak of her labia even at a relaxed state. At this moment, her breasts will also have the capability of lactation. Very high in nutrients and very creamy.”

White Suit felt an erection growing in his pants as the tech narrated, and for that matter, so did every other male in the room, and, with some of the women, fully erect nipples.

“Continue.” He prompted, and took another drag on his cigar, green smoke rising up into the air.

Another command was inputted, and now all eyes within the operations room were upon the twirling view of Elizabeth Roshenko.

She transformed again, her breasts doubling in size, her hips widening to be as wide as her shoulders, her stomach lengthening and compressing simultaneously to give that wonderful athletic look. Her pelvis sunk a little more, but in its space, the folds of her cunt bulged and swelled. Her arms began to grow tighter and stronger; her legs long and supple, her rear tight and ample. Her face held a captivating beauty, and her luxurious hair fell about her head and shoulders in an exotic way.

“This image is twelve hours after contact.”

He clicked in some commands, and Liz changed again, becoming massive, her breasts again doubling in size, while every major muscle on her body made itself known, her back nothing but a mass of lumps. Her cunt was even thicker, and her nipples stood out practically an inch as they erected, while her clitoris was a firm nib between the lips of her impressive vaginal mound. Her hair now hung to her mid back.

But that wasn't the phenomenal part. The phenomenal part was that her breasts, immensely huge as they were now, rested upon her chest firm and packed without the need of a bra. There were one or two groans around the room as a couple of the men creamed a little into their shorts.

“Thirty-six hours after contact. This shall be the point where we got our first picture of the subject displayed on the main screen.”

Again, he punched in a few commands, and Elizabeth developed into a she woman, with massive pecks topped with a pair of breasts together that would weigh more than a man. Arms thick with striations and massive bulges, thighs thicker than a man, calves that bulged immensely, hips as wide as her shoulders...

Someone attained premature ejaculation out there...

“Seventy-two hours.”

Another command was punched, and Elizabeth just continued to grow larger and larger, until a pause was found.

“Four days.” He said, and pushed his glasses up atop his head. “There are some things I'll direct you to here. The first will be the four extra pair of nipples lining her rib cage, each attached to a pack of mammary glands just prior to being developed.”

“She has six tits?!” someone said, but a glance from White Suit, and he fell silent.

“The next thing will be the almost serpentine like eyes, now completely absent of irises, and then the claws on the hands and feet. Finally,” the image rotated to show her still firm and rounded rear. But with her spine arched as it was, and her legs parted in the image, one was able to get a good look at her vaginal mound pointing straight down between her legs. But then, one was also able to notice something else: “The tail bud at the base of her spine.

“At this point, genetic reconstruction will begin to bring about a transformation on her exterior form other than increasing her femininity and masculinity to several times their original factor. Also, at this point, our subject is nearly nine feet tall, and will weigh practically two metric tons.” There was an assortment of gasps and sighs.

“Elizabeth Roshenko achieved this form earlier last night. We suspect that this was also when she shed her skin.” Another command and she grew slightly larger than before, but her eyes were fully serpentine, and even glowed, while her bodice was decorated in a realm of scales. Additionally, her tail bud was much thicker now, an overlapping pad between and on top of her butt cheeks.

“When does it stop?” White Suit gasped, momentarily forgetting how tired he was, and forgetting that he was supposed to be agitated.

In response, the tech keyed in a response, and Elizabeth just continued to grow exponentially. The chronometer read eight days when it stopped, and before them was an image so phenomenally massive, so erotically perfect, that only the Jurassic Era combined with something from millions of years in the future could accurately explain it.

Monstrous, while at the same time, the pinnacle of feminine evolution, but above all... a Titan.

“Subject’s height at this final stage is twelve meters... practically four stories.” There was a tone of awe in his voice.

“What of Justin Ashe and the rat?” he asked.

Another set of commands brought up two more holographic images, and with the rat, they watched her rise to two feet, become humanoid, and then become immensely massive. With Justin, he just got big and hairy.

“My, he definitely is *hung!*” one of the women techs said, and got a few giggles from around the room.

“Male subject stands at just under eleven meters, while the transformed rat stands at ten. Really a remarkable growth spurt from such a tiny creature.”

“Where on earth are they getting the bio-energy for such transformations?”

“The ooze provides part of it, whereas the rest of it... well... we noticed that the sexual activity for all three subjects rose several fold. For Elizabeth, at one point, her sexuality levels rose to a factor of six!”

“That’s twice as much as *any* of our genetic projects have been able to muster.”

“Yes sir. In this case, we believe that the prompt rise in sexuality in all three subjects can only be defined as a heat.”

“All three subjects?” White Suit puffed disbelieving. “Including the male subject?”

“Yes, sir, including the male, though that capability doesn’t arise until practically the final stage of growth. An unusually great amount of his growth capability comes from that point onward.”

There was an impossibly long moment of silence.

“What counteragents do we currently have in place?” he asked then, and there was another pause, which lasted until White Suit actively focused on the tech.

“None, sir.” He flinched underneath his gaze. “Physically, Mr. Justin Ashe becomes impressively stronger than Elizabeth, but not until long after she has fully attained her primal form. She on the other hand, develops abilities that are beyond his physical prowess which would make her the more powerful of the three.

“The rat would be nothing more than a glorified whoopee machine.”

“Then put the guard on standby, just in case your computer projections are wrong. Send that tasty wench that just got processed to me in half an hour. I’m going to bed.”

“Yes sir,” the tech responded and White Suit promptly left the room.

39

Justin passed another bottle of water through the panel between the cabin and the back of the van, and Tanya drank that also.

“Where are we?” she asked. “I feel tired.”

Justin heard her open up the bottle and start drinking.

“Almost back to the city.” He said in answer.

It’s a good thing too, he thought, sitting in this thing is really getting to be a pain in the butt. Literally.

Tanya looked through the tiny portal between them, sticking her nose out first, and then lowering her head to see with her eyes.

“Oh, look... a nice lady on the side of the road.” She said, and looking where she was, Justin spied a young woman hitchhiking on the side of the road.

She was wearing a yellow dress, with a leather jacket, walking backwards while sticking her thumb off to one side.

“We should give her a ride.” Justin said, and turned the wheel to bring the van over to the side of the road.

“Why?” Tanya asked in her innocence. “She looks like she’s walking fine.”

“But it’s a long walk to the city, we have room, and she’s asking for a ride. That’s what sticking her thumb out like that means.”

“Ooo.” Tanya mused, and again stuck her nose through the panel. “Should I get out of sight then?”

“Just until we drop her off again.” He passed Tanya two more bottles and one of the remaining sandwiches before closing the panel between them.

Slowing to a stop, he reached over and unlocked the door, and the woman in the yellow dress quickly climbed aboard.

“Thank Gawd you stopped mister, she said, throwing her bag onto the floor while scrambling aboard. “How can I ever thank...” she looked up after clearing some of her long auburn hair away from her eyes, laying her eyes more fully upon Justin. “You?”

She paused, looking at the hairy guy as he sat there before her, smiling warmly though not showing his teeth. And boy... was he *built!*

“Hi!” he said, carefully keeping his gums over his teeth. “Where’re you headed?”

She closed the door, and again readjusted her hair. “Just to the city. I...” she looked down between his legs, and a mild exclamation echoed in her head as she eyed that bulge. “I’m going to go see a friend of mine.”

Justin nodded, and then pulled away. Their new guest talked while he listened quietly, nodding at some of her comments, speaking back to her, noticing that the panel between them and the back of the van was open slightly. Tanya was listening in.

Nearly an hour had passed, but unbeknownst to the altered human, and the altered rat, the two of them together were expelling a series of pheromones, and their passenger was beginning to become affected by it. But mainly, she was experiencing them from Justin.

And so, after having fought the urges for more than three-quarters of an hour, their passenger finally let herself experience it, and almost immediately, her body underwent the changes a woman experiences during arousal.

She felt her crotch clench, felt her nipples firm up, and all of a sudden, she grew quiet, and the only sound to be heard was that of the wheels on the road, and the wind rushing past the van. She closed her jacket to hide her arousal, hunching her shoulders while the moisture in her panties grew in intensity.

“You’re pretty quiet all of a sudden.” Justin commented, and she gasped, the sound of his voice forcing her nipples to thicken as hard as they could be, ripening till they ached.

“Wha-what? Oh, I’m sorry... I-I was just thinking all of a sudden.” Goosebumps rose up all along her flesh, and she felt a flush upon her cheeks, and then upon her bosom as the pair swelled a little, pressing into her bra and flattening against the front of her shirt.

She smiled to cover her nervousness, but beyond her control, one of her hands reached out to finger the hem of her dress. Then letting go of her jacket front, the folds opening enough to show the sweat trickling down her chest between her breasts, she reached out and touched him.

“I-I wanted to thank you again, for picking me up. Who knows how long I’d’ve been walking had you not shown up.”

Her hand on her dress pulled a little bit of it back, showing off her knees and calves beautifully. Out of the corner of his eye, Justin noticed that she was wearing a pair of white thigh socks.

“It’s alright.” He said, fingering his throat when he heard a bit of a rumbling in his voice.

Apparently, my voice box is changing, he thought, but the effect on their passenger tipped something off in her mind, in the form of an ancient and primal race memory, which activated her sensual desires. The young maiden, Jena by name, leaned over to him, one hand smoothing the flesh just beneath her throat, the other pulling up on the hem of her dress’s skirt.

“No, I want... to thank you,” she whispered, letting her jacket fall from her shoulders, her bosom pressing against the front of her dress as her fingers hiked up her dress till her light blue panties could be seen. “I want... to show my appreciation.”

She hiked her skirt up the rest of the way, and looking sidelong to her, Justin saw the twin folds of her crotch swell and crease her panties, the base of them growing moist. Her touch settled on his leg, and she caressed his powerful thigh. She then noticed his growth, as it crept down the inside of his left leg, and she thought another exclamation as she saw it pass his mid thigh.

Promptly, Justin pulled the van over to the side of the road, put it in park, and removed her hand.

“Please, Madame... I am.... I’m engaged to be married, and my fiancée is not someone you want to piss off.”

“Oh... a big strong guy like you is afraid of a woman? Somehow I don’t believe that.” She giggled, and setting herself against the door of the cab, she stripped off her panties, spreading her legs so that he could view them.

She then lowered her arms, let her jacket fall off.

“Miss Jena... please,” Justin pleaded, sitting more away from her, afraid to reach out and open the door to let her out should she try to do something while he moved closer to her.

But she continued, and pulled her dress up over her head and then reaching behind her, unhitched her bra and removed it.

“There’s something about you... something phenomenal,” she gasped, smoothing her hands over her full and rounded breasts, feeling her crotch spread open for him while her breasts firmed. “Something wonderful.” It was then that she angled forward, crawling the short length over the couch to get to him. “That I’ve been waiting all my life for.”

“Please, hold yourself.” Justin said, which perhaps wasn’t the best choice of words, as she knelt up before him, and held her breasts – one in either hand – for his perusal.

She then giggled, and then leaned forward, giving him a kiss on the throat as she settled on his lap, feeling his groin swell beneath her legs, and sliding her hands downward, rested her slender fingers on his groin.

“Let me ride you,” she gasped, pressing close to him. “Let me pleasure you, let me give my life to you!” she sighed, and then tried to kiss him.

Just then, there was the sound of the van’s back door being opened, and the whole of the van shook, a moment later, the driver’s door was being opened, and Jena was being forcefully removed from atop Justin.

The next thing Jena knew, she was being held upside down by one ankle, her breasts falling straight into her face. Looking down the length of her body – or up as the situation dictated – she saw the face of a very powerfully built woman, with the head of a rat, and four tits lining her chest. She screamed as loud as she could, managed to keep screaming for several long breaths until the rat woman reached out and covered her mouth with a hand.

“Put her down, Tanya.” Justin said, and climbed out of the cab.

Tanya, showing her best angry face, placed Jena on her feet, which promptly fell to her backside and stared up at them. Justin stepped up before her, took off his bandanna and his glasses, and showed her his eyes and pointed ears.

“Wha-what are you two... some kinda circus sideshows?” she cried, shivering in their presence.

“Not exactly.” Justin admitted, and squatted down before her, grunting briefly before readjusting his pole laying along his left leg, and then readressed her. “We’re altered beasts,” he said in preamble. “And how we got this way, would perhaps be best for you not to know. Suffice it to say, we’ve been changing.”

“An-and her... is she... your fiancée?” she asked.

“No.” Justin answered, and Jena smiled in return; parting her legs again before snaking a hand through her tawny bush. “My fiancée is much bigger.” He said instead, and tapped on her knee strong enough so that her thighs folded about her hand. “Tanya here is a recent transformation.

“I understand that you’re perhaps normally... not this friendly. You are a beautiful woman, indeed, but I have a woman who already has my affections.”

He stood up, gathered up her things from the cab, and then handed them to her.

“My apologies, but we will have to leave you here. Tanya, let’s go.”

They got in their moving van and left.

Jena was left standing there for a time, the sunlight again rising, until another passerby drove by, and actually stomped on his brakes for her. The driver emerged from his window, took one look at her and smiled.

Jena did hurry into his vehicle, but it didn’t pull away. At least she got releaseal from the sexual desires that Justin had stirred up inside her.

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Jen watched as her boyfriend was once again forced into pleasuring this great beast, he entering her using his knee now while tickling the folds of her vast chamber with either hand. Jen in turn had the unfortunate privilege of watching the creature growing larger and more massive as each hour passed, her scales continuing to broaden across her form, while her tail grew longer and longer.

The only time in which Alex had been able to rest was in the two times that she had shed her skin, growing titanicly more massive each time, and the time she’d actually slept.

But it wasn’t as if it were one sided, Alex at least was getting some back, receiving a tongue bath with that great tongue of hers, being able to suckle and fondle her breasts, everything. Jen, after seeing so much porn, has actually taken to sitting with her hands between her legs as her knees remained tucked up to her chest, her fingers lightly kneading her crotch. Already, it was quite moist between her legs.

Her boyfriend was beginning to get tired, she knew, and she hoped that it was fear that drove him to pleasure her that much, for his sake. Because if he weren't, then he'd be in great trouble once she got hold of him.

Her eyes slid sideways toward the great beast.

Something about her was familiar... perhaps it was the face... something in the eyes. But since Alex and she had been brought here, that face had changed so much. A crown of horns now grew about her face and her nose and mouth had completely fused into a short muzzle. Also, a fan was beginning to grow from the back of her head, splitting her golden mane of hair while her ears had elongated and pointed.

Her heavily muscled body was thick with striations and folds where her flesh still remained, soft and pleasant to the touch, according to Alex. But spots of hide continued to appear, which then became replaced by rough flesh, then by scale, and now that half her body was scaled, plates of body armor.

Then her loins ached and she squeezed her legs together as her fingers clawed around her zipper, and she gave a low groan. But when she opened her eyes again, she found herself looking at the titanic creature, that creature having leaned forward to look at her.

Jen gave a low cry of alarm, seeing the creature's eyes narrow with her pleasure. And then Jen suddenly became enclosed within a titanic hand, thick claws locking around her as she was picked up and laid on the ground. The creature looked down at her then, her great rounded eyes regarding her for a moment, while, with one finger, she pushed Alex deeper inside her.

Again, Jen gave off a cry of alarm as she saw her lover pushed deeper inside that monster, but then screamed as she saw the creature's hand lower toward her. But it didn't harm her, instead the clawed hand turned, and a knuckle delicately massaged her cheek. Above her, she could hear the creature purring. She looked back up at her, relaxing a little, but then the hand turned again, and one of the massive claws hooked into her shirt and started drawing down her body.

She felt the touch of that great claw as it slid harmlessly over her bodice and between her good sized breasts, tearing open her shirt and snapping the front of her bra in the process. The claw then caught into the hem of her pants, sliding down into her panties. Jen hunched briefly as she felt the coolness of the thick bone glance over the crack of her pussy before her pants and panties alike were torn open.

She gasped then, as the monster's other hand lifted and scooped beneath her, and Jen was unwrapped like a Barbie doll in the hands of some little boy who'd just discovered girls.

"Jen, be strong... I don't think she want's to hurt you."

Jen tried to be strong as the creature cradled her in both hands, holding her up while she smiled warmly at her. The creature quivered then as Alex did something to her, and Jen watched as she

grew in every which way possible, from tit to toes, from head to gigantic pussy, becoming all that much more monstrous and exotic at once.

When her eyes opened again, they glowed with a faint light, and still being held, Jena felt herself being lifted before the magnificent creature, and then felt her nose nuzzle her belly. Jen did begin to relax then, dangling there for a moment idly, not knowing what to make of this. But then the creature's thumbs moved, caressing the bottom of her breasts, before her mouth opened, and her tongue slid out to taste of the vaguely moist wetness of her crotch.

The strength of it, the wetness of it, made Jen shiver instantly with the feeling of that touch, and in an instant, her tits had firmed up, her nipples drew hard, and her pussy clenched so hard that it ached.

Three more licks brought an orgasm from her, and then at last she felt her bodice become pierced as the length of that tongue slid between the swollen lips of her cunt, and probe her insides.

Jen's seminal fluids flowed down that tongue, the sticky clear liquid filling the creature's mouth while dripping incessantly off that length of tongue. In spite of herself, Jen hugged that face to her, no longer caring if Alex were enjoying himself down there, she was getting too much pleasure *here!*

And then the tongue worked its way up her bodice, tasting her flesh before the creature caressed her breasts with it, and Jen began to make low cooing sounds as her orgasms grew in force inside her. Her bodice reacted, and her crotch began to rub along the soft underside of the creature's jaw and neck as her breasts were nursed from.

The creature then let Jen down, resting her on one of her breasts, which was as firm and as tight as could be. Jen, still feeling her body fly out of control in its orgasmic pleasure, quivered there in the throes of that pleasure. With her long, slender legs resting around that massive breast, the fluids of her body draining from between her legs onto the creature's breast, as not one, nor two, but three final orgasms rocked her loins.

And then she felt a massive kiss upon her chest, just before that wet tongue returned to lick both her nipples at once. So high in her pleasure did she become, that Jen looked down, and felt her mind grow numb as she viewed milk leaking from her teats, both of which were as hard and as erect as the clitoris between her thighs.

"Ah," she gasped, and cupped both of her breasts, not believing that this was happening, and leaning forward, began to kiss this delicate creature's breast and throat. "Ohhh," she mused, getting a kiss of her own on her bottom, the tongue snaking around behind her and between her legs again to taste of her vaginal fluids. After that, the tongue slid sinuously along her spine.

Another burst of seminal fluids erupted from her, splattering her thighs with its heat to trickle down the length of her body between she and her, and then backward to drip aimlessly off of that immense nipple of the breast.

For a good quarter of an hour, it felt, Jen simply received a hearty tongue bath, reveling in the feelings that she received, not from a man, but from another female. It was too hard to think amidst the pleasure, to think of the ramifications of what that meant, so she didn't.

She simply drifted off to sleep.

41

Jen awoke some time later, laying on her stomach upon some soft, warm sand, and opening her eyes, saw her boyfriend sitting beside her, his back against a rock, with his hand resting upon her rounded bottom.

“How're you feeling?” he asked, and moved to lay down beside her, his touch rising to her ribs.

“Truly exhausted,” she smiled, and rolled over onto her back, revealing to her lover her good-sized breasts, and the sunken valley of her pelvis.

“I wish I can take the credit for that,” he responded, smiling a little sadly, before actually laying against her side, his touch coming to her stomach while he propped his head up on the back of his other hand.

“Our host seems to have gone swimming.” He said, pointing off to where a pool of water laid at the far corner of the cavern. “It's pretty fresh if you're thirsty.”

“How long have I been out?” she asked then, and after a moment of pause, she sat up to face him.

“A good two hours, I think.” He mused, and sat up again. “I'd tell you for certain, but I think I lost my watch in there. Most of the pleasures I've given her were from me trying to find it again.”

“It slipped off?”

He turned to her and nodded. Jen in turn lifted her eyes to the ceiling, felt a tremble begin somewhere inside her body, which rose to a giggle, then a chuckle, and finally to full out laughter. Alex joined her after a moment.

With their host not wanting to hurt them, only gain pleasure, it seemed then that they weren't really in any danger. But still...

“I think I found where our host had brought us in here. It'll be a bitch to reach that opening up there without spelunking equipment.” Again he pointed, and Jen looked up at an opening several stories up.

“The only other way out I can think of, is through the water, and if *she* can make it out, then there is an opening for the two of us to make it out. I just don’t know how long the tunnels are. It could be a long swim. I tried earlier, while you were sleeping.”

“Is that why your hair’s wet, I thought it was because you... you know.”

Alex stared at her, and this time, it was his turn to experience the long buildup to full-out laughter.

“No, not yet. But there is more than enough room in there for me to curl up in, I’ll tell you.” He sighed, and then slowly laid down beside her like he was before, his touch alighting a little higher on her stomach this time.

They smiled at one another, and then Jen felt something leap inside her heart. Here she was, buck-naked with Alex, the man who she’d sworn to that she wouldn’t have sex with until after marriage, as she had sworn to every other guy, and she was beginning to grow incensed.

She rose to a sitting position when she began to feel her teats grow firm, her eyes closing as her breathing quickened momentarily.

“Ick. I feel so sticky and dirty.” She said, covering for her nervousness. “I think I need a bath.”

She rose to her feet, hugging herself as she strode over to the pool of water.

“Should you be bathing in our water supply?” Alex asked, rising to his feet after her.

“If that massive creature, whoever she is, can jump in here and get clean after all that,” Jen began kneeling before the pool. “And the water is still clean then I think it’s safe to do so.”

Jena slid into the pool, entering to her waist while Alex leaned his back against a stalagmite, folding his arms across his chest as he lifted a foot to lay flat against the lower surface of the thing.

From the corner of her eye as she began to rub her body with the cool, clear water, Liz noticed the object of his manhood, and felt her teats harden all the more as she looked at it before forcing her gaze away. *The pleasure I could feel from that*, she thought, and to clear her head, she dunked herself, scrubbed her hair quickly, and then rose again before sighing. Then she remembered the feeling of that grand, wet slimy tongue piercing her womanhood, wiggling and writhing inside her, and she felt her nipples harden even more with the desire to be loved.

“How do you think we should get out of here?” she asked in an attempt to redirect her mind from where it was going, smoothing her hair back before lowering the palms of her hands to her chest; her arms framing her impressive bosom.

“Perhaps we should just ask her to let us go.”

“I’m serious, Alex!” she said sternly, turning her head to look at him from over one of her upturned shoulders.

“So am I.” He said calmly, staring straight at her eyes. “There is intelligence in those eyes, Jennifer. She is self-aware; she knows what she is doing. If we plead with her, maybe she will let us go.”

Jen thought for a moment, remembering the look within those eyes, remembering her recognition, and turning and letting her hands fall to her sides, not bothering to protect her nakedness, she exited the pool. Shaking her arms and her feet, she then crossed her arms beneath her bosom, and thought for a moment.

“Then we’ll ask first, escape later if necessary.”

She stopped then, lowering her head in resignation, and simply stood there, dripping wet. The water she’d just bathed in was the cleanest she’d ever felt, and in her mouth when she drank some of it she detected a crispness she’d never tasted before. But then, while she stood there, she felt a pair of hands latch themselves about her arms, and looking up abruptly, she saw Alex standing before her, his presence so very real to her now.

Not being able to help herself, she looked down between her supple breasts at him, taking real pleasure at seeing a man naked for the first time in her life. Also, in spite of herself, a flicker of a smile crossed her face. And then she stepped forward and moved against him, her ample breasts pressing against his chest, and she felt the cluster between his legs begin to lengthen so that it could hang between them. Then she embraced him, leaning her head against his chest, and they quietly stood there for a moment, she at least, reveling in the feeling of being naked beside him.

“But if it seems that we must escape, how are we going to do it?” she asked after a time. “Have you found out how long the tunnel is?”

“No, I haven’t,” he answered truthfully in return. “I hopped in and looked after her when she left, but she quickly disappeared from sight. Other than that, the only other exit is the opening where we must’ve come in, but that’s gonna be a bit of a climb to get up there.” He paused, his hands sliding down her back to the small of her back.

There, right where her back split into two rounded mounds of her bottom, she waited for a moment with him, closing her eyes as she felt her nipples harden, felt her crotch clench. And then she felt a feeling slide its way through her, and her back began to arc so that her stomach and more of her breasts could press against him.

He kissed her on the forehead.

“Do you think you can climb that?” he asked her then, his hand turning so that the backs of his knuckles slid over the peak of her crack.

“Can you?” she whispered, her own hands pressing firmly against his back to pull him closer. “I can make it up there... if you can, but I won’t leave you.”

Somehow, she felt herself turned around, with her back pressed up against the stalagmite, her bodice trapped between it and him before she felt his lips upon her forehead. “We can try, at least.” He responded, and then kissed her on the forehead again. “Or something...” he finished in a whisper and then she felt his lips upon hers, and though her hands came to rest upon his chest, she did not push away.

Inside of her, a sigh rose up to be expressed, and instead of being released, it came out as a low moan, especially when the thickness of that lance of flesh of his lifted between her legs beneath her, and then thickened while it drew steadily warmer.

“Ah,” she gasped. “Then maybe we should try it.” She whispered, her fingers sliding down his chest to touch his thickening lance, and she got the pleasure of it immediately doubling in size within her fingers before she settled backward to caress it.

“I whole heartily agree,” he answered before the back of his hand slid along the folds of her crotch, and she felt the moisture gathering there suddenly draw into a powerful wetness before his thumb slid down between the folds.

Releasing her hold on him, her back arched even more before she pressed her it firmly against the stalagmite now behind her. Her hands quickly slapped to its sides before she lifted her chin to allow him to nuzzle her throat, his kisses slowly sliding down to her breast, and then her nipple.

Closing her eyes, her fingernails cutting into the stalagmite’s surface, she gave off a subtle sigh as he continued on down her ribs and stomach, and then kneeling before her, cradling her bottom with one hand, he pressed forward and nuzzled her femininity.

Young Jen had long ago began to shave her bikini line, and so her boyfriend had no problem with the hairs that were normally there. His lips found her clit to suck, his tongue navigating the insides of her bodice to firmly draw moans from her now.

When her first orgasm struck her, she tilted forward, lifting up onto her toes as a burst of fluids flowed into the space between her vaginal folds, filling her beloved’s mouth before spilling out over his chest. He held her up as his mouth folded about her entire pubic mound, which was already swollen and full, and her gasps and moans rose to low cries of pleasure as his tongue flicked along the outermost walls of her pussy, and flicked her clit.

A second orgasm erupted from her, and she climaxed still yet again, the folds of her crotch clenching firmly around a now engorged clit that had drawn hard and erect.

And then she slowly lowered to her knees, his kisses landing here or there upon her bodice every once and a while on their way up, until at last she was upon her knees, her lower legs splayed outward to her sides, before she held and pressed her breasts together for him. There, he eagerly

caressed them, burying his face into her chest, kissing the hollow of her throat, and sucking from her nipples until they ached.

At last, she was cradled by those strong hands of his, and then lowered backward around the stalagmite onto the ground, her legs spreading to reveal her wet and swollen pussy, which, through some internal mechanization in her body, had notched her clit straight at the top of the twin folds.

Alex then found himself braced over her, and the two paused just for a moment to look at each other, both of them knowing the inevitable. Then, as one, Alex lowered himself onto his knees and toes while Jen slid her hands down his front, grabbing the length of his fully erect, warm and hard manhood with both hands, and guided it into her.

Firstly, the broad head pushed the tight folds of her cunt apart, which then allowed what must've been seven inches of length, she swore, slide deeply into her body.

All at once, she orgasmed again, and her hips slid up his entire length all at once, her pelvis pressing closely against his, and she came again, and yet again, lubricating the lance that had pierced her. She gasped as she felt her crotch clench yet again, felt it grow warmer and then hot, felt it tremble with her blood pumping around it along her arteries, mimicking the throbbing that pulsated inside her as well.

Her eyes closed tightly, her hands coming to her sides to brace her weight as she continued to press into him; her breathing nothing but gasps and moans beside his brief grunts that followed the powerful thrust into her bodice.

Her head swam with nothing but the pleasure, her knees sliding beside his sides while he continued to kneel between her legs, his touch continuing to cradle her back while the other hand slid about her stomach, her breasts and bottom.

Once upon a time ago, she'd heard that a man would be gifted above all other men if they could last for more than five minutes, but whatever kind a man Alex was, he made her forget the time. It could've been only three minutes, but however long it had taken, it felt like an hour stretching into eternity.

What he did to her, was far, far more pleasurable than having an immense tongue inside of her.

Then his body tensed, spasmed as he thrust powerfully into her one last time, and she felt something hot eject into her body, shortly before she felt it dribble out about the cracks of her cunt.

And then he became so relaxed, and inside of her, the hard, heavy weight of his prick deflated and lessened; he managing a few minor spasms into her before he finally pulled out.

Jen lay there, twitching, feeling spasms rock her body as continuing micro-orgasms erupted inside of her, forcing her crotch to clench lightly each time. Again, she felt the feeling of

weightlessness, and opened her eyes she saw the world turn as she was rolled onto her stomach so that she found herself laying on top of Alex.

She wanted more... she was still hungry, and raising up onto her knees to sit upon his lap, she was obliged all too well.

A caress of her cunt brought forth another wave of sensual delight, to where she lifted herself up on her knees to kneel more upright instead of sitting on her ankles. With her poised like that, Alex slid beneath her, and rose up to take her crotch in his mouth again, and again, she settled downward until she sat atop the peak of his chest, and again, felt his mouth and tongue work upon her womanhood. This time, he made to caress her breasts with one or both hands, and he continued to love her until she was satisfied.

To return the favor, she knelt between his legs many minutes later, and bending over herself, sucked upon his groin as it drew erect again, pulling it between her breasts, swallowing it until another batch of climax filled her mouth, and she swallowed the sweet and sour tasting stuff.

And then the whole thing started over again.

Amidst their lovemaking, the creature once known as Elizabeth poked her head out from the water after having just filled her belly with fish, after having transformed even further beneath the waves of the lake, and once again hungry for pleasuring. But when her water eyelids peeled off from her eyes, she saw her toys – her old friend and her lover – making their own love in her absence.

Rising even further out of the water, being careful not to disturb them, she felt the water rivulet off her body, felt her primary and secondary breasts – now all four the same size – with her tertiary breasts now half their size, all hanging heavily against her chest as she braced her arms along the edge of the pool.

More than two-thirds of her expansive mass still remained below the water.

Liz bent forward then, quietly folding her arms on the edge of the pool before she settled down and watched them with a soft smile, feeling her own nipples harden while her cunt clenched ever so hard between her powerful legs.

Even so, it was many long minutes before either of them finally noticed her, and then, only after they had taken to laying next to one another.

“Omigawd,” Jen whispered to her lover, and Alex turned to look at Liz with her, before he came quickly to his feet to stand before Jena.

Liz laid on her arms and chest for a time longer before she ponderously got up, holding herself with her arms fully extended, but with her chest still touching against the ground. She smiled warmly, her smile broadening to show a row of sharp teeth that all overlapped her gums, with her canines completely overlapping the teeth and gums opposite them.

Ever so slowly, Liz rose out of the water, and stood upright, her head brushing against the stony ceiling. Since she had gone into the water, her transformation had changed her skeletal system completely.

Her forelegs and forearms had lengthened greatly, that if she were to just simply stoop over she could walk easily on all fours. A tail as thick as her leg erupted from between the huge rounded mounds of her rear, and extended her spine outward to as long as she was tall.

Her waist was still impeccably narrow in comparison to the rest of her body, but was as wide as Alex was himself at his chest. Her chest though was immensely stacked barreled out, ever so better to support her four primary tits, with the tertiary pair hanging just below them. Her hips had widened even more, so that they were equally as wide as her shoulders were, which must've been two meters wide by now. And between those immensely thick thighs, still soft flesh, along with her face and her entire front, her pelvic bone now created a tapered plate. At the base of that plate was the swollen mound of her vaginal crevice, centered amidst a mass of powerful muscles and tendons that supported her widely spread legs.

She stood on her toes now, four of which spread widely while the smallest had recessed along the sides of her greatly extended feet. The way she was standing now, with her legs bent as much as they were, she practically sat upon her heels.

Her face now held an exotic appearance, framed by thick bony protrusions, with her mouth and nose having merged into a short muzzle. About all that was a great mane of her hair.

As she looked down at the two, her mouth opened and her nostrils flared as she took in the scent of recent passions, her eyes focusing upon the moist flesh of either of the two lovers, at Jen's enticed bodice and at Alex's distended manhood. Right before their eyes, they saw her body react to those senses, and watched her nipples erect – all six of them – with her primary breasts swelling larger before she caressed that mighty pair. Then they watched her pussy swell and spread to reveal an engorged clitoris and her inner wall, and with her bodice still straining water over it to splatter on the ground, even Jen became aroused again.

“Oh Gawd.” She whispered, and covered her tits with both hands, her legs squeezing together.

Alex went as far as standing in front of Jen, but he couldn't help the erection, which was slowly piling up between his legs.

“No! No more!” he called up to her, and harbored Jen behind his body.

The great beast lowered and tilted her head to focus on him, and for the first time, they saw a fan rise up over her head from out of her hair, saw her back bulge with even that tiny little change in her physique. Larger than an elephant, several times its strength, and inhumanly beautiful.

The creature then slowly lowered to its knees, spreading its legs wide, before giving her swollen cunt a tentative rub before tilting forward to support her weight on its other massive hand.

“Please, let us go.” Jen pleaded, pressing herself close to Alex’s back to hide her elation, though she was sure that the great beast could smell her sexual heat. And she’d be right.

Liz tilted her head to one side, and then bent her back sinuously before rising back up onto her toes and heels again, and again displaying her feminine beauty in all its greatness. The creature looked down at them, and they both got the notion that complex thinking was going on behind those immense glowing eyes.

Then, at last, Liz reached forward, took Alex with one hand, and gently placed him up on the ledge where she had placed them when they had first come in here; with Liz having been half her current height then.

Now naked, and vulnerable before this immense beast, Jen had only herself when Liz turned her attention back onto her, and surged forward so quickly that Jen gave a little cry and fell backward over her own feet.

“Jen!” Alex cried, and immediately vaulted off the ledge, collapsing into a pile before he bravely tried to raise himself again from the hurt. But then Liz opened her mouth, and that long tongue snaked out, and slid from Jen’s toes, up the inside of her leg, probed her still moist pussy before sliding over her stomach and between her breasts. At last, the tongue snaked about Jen’s throat and chin, and then inexplicably, left.

Jen laid there for a time before opening her eyes, not even realizing that she’d closed them, and then blinked as she looked up at the creature, which was looking down at her with a strange kind of smile.

“You always had great body.” It said, soft and feminine; combined with a deep guttural gurgling, and something akin to a baby whale’s singing. “I always jealous of you.” It continued, and then settled yet again on her heels, still keeping her legs spread wide before she slid her immense clawed hands over her titanic breasts. “But I changing now, I needed to express love for you.... Somehow.

The creature, as Jen saw her, folded her immense arms beneath her four primaries, and watched as all four were lifted and pressed upward to hug her throat and the base of her muzzle. But Jen stared up at the creature, and at last, something in the back of her mind clicked with her memory of the features that she’d seen.

“Liz?” she breathed.

The creature that was Liz nodded, closing her eyes as a strange ripple transcended her body. From this, Jen got the wondrous view of muscle simply swelling all across her bodice, while thick and deep veins rose up about her nipples to leak milk, and her chest barreled out as the spines around her face suddenly thickened. Much of her remaining soft flesh thickened into hide, hide thickened and broke into colorful scales, scale thickened and coalesced into plates, plates projected outward into spines and armor.

Just then, Alex was beside Jen, trying to help her up, but at that moment, Jen barely noticed her lover by her side, but then again, Alex wasn't really paying attention to what he was doing as he watched Liz's transformation.

Sounds of supple pleasure escaped Liz's throat in that brief change before she opened her eyes again and a maddening look greeted the two lovers.

"I sorry for having taken you, but changes are so... so..." she closed her eyes, and they both heard the sound of something like tendons clenching, and between her legs her cunt squeezed tightly, and vaginal juices joined the already slick water against her bodice. "Good!" she finished at last. "Each an orgasm, each... so... powerful!"

She surged forward toward the two, stretching catlike with her breasts sliding against the soft sands before lifting again, and first one titanic pair, and then the next pair came up and spread around her powerful arms and biceps as her shoulders rolled backward. This time, Liz's legs spread so much that her pussy dragged along those soft sands.

"Ahh... ah... I... *needed* release." She said, opening her eyes to look at them while a hand lifted to slowly caress her nipple, which stood a good six inches from her chest now.

Alex heard a light tap, and his head snapped downward to see that his erection had become so hard that it had tapped him against the stomach, and even now, a viscous streamer dangled between its flat-head tip and the tight skin of his abdomen.

"But, I need Justin." She whispered then, and her hand suddenly dropped from her chest to the ground with a thud.

"Justin?" Jen asked. "That guy who was with you on the beach?" Liz nodded, and Jen thought for a moment. "Did he do this to you?!" she called, suddenly on her feet with fists balled at her sides.

"No!" Liz cried. "It was accident!" and then she sat heavily on her rear, folding her legs before her as she hugged herself. He nothing like... like..."

"J.J.?" Jen asked, and felt Alex's hands upon her shoulders, and Liz nodded in return. "How easily you've forgotten him."

There was a long pause, and then Jen lowered her head and folded her own arms before herself, suddenly feeling cold.

"Liz, please let us go." She said. "I know you mean well, but please, let us go."

There was an even longer pause, and then Jen felt an immense finger, which touched her from the base of her chin the peak of her chest, force her head gently upward.

Liz was smiling. She then turned quickly, and placing a hand over the tip of a great stalagmite, removed something glittering and shiny from its peak. She then opened her palm for Jen, to reveal a ring.

“Please hold this... I so afraid I loose it...” Liz smiled. “It very, very, very important.”

Jen took it, and inspected it closely. It was an engagement ring.

Jen’s eyes then snapped up to Liz, but then there was a big hand closing around her middle, and she was lifted up to the cave entrance high above the ground level. Both she and Alex were deposited there.

Alex took several steps away, and then paused when he noticed that Jen wasn’t following, and turned quickly to see his girlfriend standing there before the monster Liz, as the creature practically hung by the ledge by the tips of her fingers and chin.

“Take care.” Liz said, and smiling, opened her mouth to taste of her friends pussy again, probing it with the tip to bring a soft sigh from Jen’s lips as she clutched the ring. “He take care of you.” Liz finished once her long tongue had reentered her mouth, jerking her head back to Alex, and then withdrew herself from her perch.

Jen stood to watch Liz disappear underneath the waters again, before Alex’s urgings turned her about. Then together, the two eventually found their way out of the caves through its mouth behind the trees, and into the hands of two very stunned policemen.

Those two policemen then got a very entertaining story of a robber stealing everything that they had. While Jen sat there with a blanket about her shoulders, trying to hide her nakedness, she secretly slid the ring inside her body to make do upon that lie to protect Liz.

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Justin backed up into an alleyway beside their building and opening the panel between the cab and back, looked at Tanya.

“The balcony is still unlocked.” He said. “I want you to go up to our rooms and get some sleep Tanya.” He sighed and squinted as the dawn light suddenly surged into his face. “I’m going to go to the Police and see if any news of Liz has arisen yet. If I don’t find anything, I’ll be back presently.”

Tanya nodded, and opening the back to the moving van, she scurried up the wall of one building, leapt up to the building where his apartment was, and scurried inside. There she could continue to transform unnoticed.

Justin gave a low sigh, and looked down at himself, fingering lightly the clothing he wore.

And I need to find Liz before my own transformation gets too far along... he considered, remembering that Liz abruptly began to have a loss in intellect just before she disappeared.

His once loose fitting clothing, no more than twenty four hours ago, was now as tight as spandex across his form, with the bottoms having turned into shorts, and the top now dangerously close to being shredded. His hands were developing claws, and his body hair – especially around his forearms and legs, his head and of course, pubic hair – were all growing at an unusually rapid rate.

He sighed, and lifting a finger, used his unusually sharp fingernail to cut open the front of his sweatshirt from collar to mid chest, relieving no small amount of strain across his chest, but revealing a healthy tuft of fur-like hair.

Shaking his head and wishing that he could do that for his sweatpants too, he backed up, and headed for the nearest police station. Pulling up in the van, Justin noticed that the park where he and Liz had walked through the day after her original transformation was right across from it. And then he noticed that there was a lot of activity right now, with three patrol cars parked haphazardly with their lights on. Among them was an ambulance.

Concerned, Justin got out of the van, readjusted his headband to hide his ears and pulled his hair together so that it all hung loosely down the back of his neck. Then squaring his shoulders, he strode purposefully forward.

Inside the station was a madhouse.

There were a dozen officers milling about, a paramedic at hand giving a report to another officer, and several people along the edges of the walls, sitting in chairs, all of whom looked like they had done something recently.

Those on one side were all handcuffed to a long bar and were being looked after by two separate cops.

The officer on duty was a rather attractive woman who was busying herself with papers.

Justin grabbed the first officer he could get ahold of by the elbow and turned him gently around.

“What’s going on here?” he asked at last.

The officer, annoyed at having being deterred with whatever duty he was trying to perform, opened his mouth to yell at Justin, but then allowed his eyes to widen greatly as he lifted his head to look the rest of the way up at him.

At this point, Justin could look face to face with the woman sitting in the duty position, which was on a bench raised three feet up.

“Uh... we... we just,” the officer began, and then swallowed deeply. “We just took in a naked couple who had ran through the park to one of our officers, saying that they’d been mugged and forced to loose all their clothing and belongings.”

“And one of two things is probably happening right now.” Justin finished with a nod. “You are either, A: trying to ascertain if they were just necking in the park and lost their clothes and all this is a story, or B: there was a crime committed right under your noses, and your collective pride will not allow you to let it go unhindered.”

“Um... yeah. That’s it.” The officer said, and the two stared at each other for a moment. “Uh, can I go now?”

Justin smiled and gave a light pat on the officer’s shoulder before nodding.

Apparently, being seven and a half feet tall and twice the mass of any other man allowed you to throw your weight around.

And then, as the officer hurriedly left, he looked around himself again, and found someone that he recognized.

Through a tinted glass window, somehow he was able to see her just perfectly despite that, was Jen, one of the young women who’d greeted Liz and himself on the beach the other day.

She sat more or less alone on one of those cheep plastic chairs that were arrayed everywhere else. What caught his attention about her was that she was naked, other than a blanket draped loosely over her shoulders. The ample-breasted woman sat with her head bowed, and a cup of something hot cupped in her hands and her elbows braced on her knees.

Stepping around the doorframe, he was then able to see more of her sensuous bodice, and also, despite the shadows caused by her draped blanket, he was able to see easily between her legs. An erection began to start within his pants, but then he noticed something gripped gently on the tip of one finger about the cup she was holding, and he gave a start at the sight of it.

Liz’s ring that I gave her! A voice exclaimed inside his head, and he gave a quick step forward.

But then he was stopped by another paramedic, who, unlike the cop, was not afraid of his height and mass.

“Hey! Who do you think you are barging in here?” he said, and tired – ineffectively – to move Justin away.

“I am a medical doctor.” Justin said, and reaching to his pocket, pulled out his wallet, flipped it open to reveal his medical license. “I am going to examine that young woman over there, so please move.”

Justin started forward again, and the paramedic was brushed aside with his mass... much like a rowboat trying to stop an ocean liner. Calmly, he came to stand before the younger woman, and as his shadow passed over her, she slowly looked up at him, and blinked for a moment.

“Justin?” she spoke at last and he inclined his head in a brief nod. “How?” she asked simply, and gripped her cup a little tighter.

“Sexually transmitted.” He answered, and watched as her mouth opened and her eyebrows rose a fraction. “The danger of that happening now is non-existent. It can only occur within thirty-six hours of original contact.”

He knelt down in front of her so that they could look eye to eye.

“What happened to you?” he asked at last, and laid his huge hands upon her knees.

“Elizabeth.” She said simply, and lowered her head and bowed her shoulders, the action revealing more of her bodice, her swollen breasts slipping outward into the open while her legs spread a little.

It was then that Justin noticed her breathing quicken, and her nipples draw erect, and remembering his effect on the hitchhiker, he let go of her knees and scooted backward a bit.

“What happened?” he pressed then. “I need to know where she is, Jena. Anything that you can remember...”

“She caught us both... me and my boyfriend.” A wry smile crossed her face. “Strange, but the first thing to sex me up was my own best friend. After that, all my inhibitions about making love before marriage were thrown away, and I made love to my boyfriend in ways that not even the nature channel would dare cover.”

“I can imagine.” Justin smiled briefly; looked down at her bodice; saw the crack of red between her legs within the shadows of her pubic mound swelling with her close contact to him. “How do you feel now, Jen?”

There was a long pause, and then repositioning the cup into the hand with the ring, her now freed hand slipped down between her legs to lightly cup her womanhood.

“Like I need a hard, heavy and thorough screw...” she admitted, and closed her eyes tightly.

“As I thought.” Justin sighed. “The mutagenic drives its energy from sexual highs. The harder the sensual experience, the more potent the transformation, and to make them better, the body is changed to accommodate.

“My pheromone output must be uncharted right now...”

“Yours? Why?”

“A couple hours ago, I had sent a woman into instant erotic overdrive. This was a nice, easy going young lady who was just looking for a ride into town. The type of sex she wanted with me would’ve made porn stars blush.

“And tell me, Jen, did you feel like this before I walked into the room.”

“A little, but truthfully, not nearly as much as until you did.”

There was another uncomfortable pause.

“Where is she?” he asked at last, and forced her to look up at him again.

She stared into his eyes, and he noticed her pupils dilating as she gave a shuddering gasp suddenly and then sat back, more openly displaying her feminine form without the hiding affect of shadows.

“In the park, inside a cave hidden by some trees.” She whispered at last, and Justin fell back onto his backside with those words.

“Of course...” he whispered, looked around himself and then hopped up to his feet. “Thank you. Thank you so much.” He said in a rush.

“Liz gave me this to hold onto.” Jena said, holding up the ornate engagement ring, a beautiful design with expensive stones in its exterior.

Justin stared down at it for a long time, nearly a minute it seemed.

“I wish to ask you a favor...” he spoke at last. “Please, hold onto it for us. Hopefully, when all this is over, we’ll... we’ll find a way to return back to normal. But for now... I *need* to find her!” he turned to go.

“Justin,” Jen said at last, and rose to her feet, again holding the cup with both hands. “Last time I saw her, she was a whole lot bigger than you are now. She’s grown... *a lot*, since we all met on the beach. Many times over in fact. You may not recognize her anymore.”

He nodded, and hurried away.

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On his way out of the room that Jen was within, he was suddenly called up by the officer on duty, the woman sitting upon the stand overlooking the lobby room of the precinct.

“Excuse me sir, could you please step up to this counter, please.” She said in a commanding tone, rising to her feet and leaning over her table to direct her attention more directly at the towering man that Justin had become.

“Yes ma’am?” he said, and stepped over to the counter, looking up at her, and to his dismay, watched as two firm little bumps rose up against her chest as soon as he came in close enough proximity to her.

“Why were you talking to the witness there?” she said, in a much softer tone, her breathing slowing while her fingers fidgeted against the tabletop.

“I’m a friend, and when I saw her in the room, I wanted to know what had happened.” He said equally as calm in return, trying to distance himself, definitely thinking that he would have to remove himself from the population in general with his pheromone count so high. “I’d originally come in to file a missing persons report, but I just found out that that is no longer needed.

“I’ve just gained information where I can find the person who is missing.”

The officer rapped her fingers against the countertop for a moment, pursing her lips in thought before one of her brows lifted discerningly.

“I’d like to ask you a few questions, sir.” She said, and gestured to her right. “McKenzie!” she barked then. “Take over for a bit, I’ll be back as soon as I can.

Justin walked where she directed him, and the two of them passed through a security door, and then another door, down several hallways, and then into what could only be called a questioning room.

There, he was led inside, with the officer coming in directly behind him.

But then she did some strange things, by first locking the door, closing the metal shades to the windows, and finally, removing the power chord from the security camera.

Then turning, she smiled at him, undid her bound hair and faster than he could quite possibly have imagined, she undid the top buttons to her shirt, and her breasts pushed outward from inside, both supported in a frilly black lace bra.

Justin felt the hairs on the back of his neck raise on end as she raised her hands up over her head and stretched her arms, arching her back to heft her breasts even further out of her uniform shirt as she gave a small sigh.

“I missed my workout today.” She mused, looking hungrily at him as her hands slowly slid down her bodice and hooked into her gun belt. “I’ve been so upset over that,” she maneuvered her nightstick between her legs as she undid the clasp of her gun belt, rubbing it briefly between her legs in steady long strokes. “I’m lucky you came along then.”

She gave off a low chuckle, and then slid the tip of her nightstick up between her breasts, so that she could suck lightly on its end. Justin took a step back, feeling his groin begin to swell, his sack fill with seminal fluids that hadn’t been released in over a day, while his schlong erected

and telescoped. He could feel the front of his sweatpants stretch around his groin as it pushed the front of the band away from his waist, its strength actually forming a gap.

“Normally, this sort of thing is absolutely against the rules, but the boys in the viewing stand know what happens in this room when the camera is unplugged.” Again, she chuckled, and then she touched him, her hands flattening against his chest, immediately before they slid down to the hem of his sweatpants and steadily began to pull them down.

Justin quickly caught her hands. “Miss, I don’t think you understand. My... er... circumference has outgrown a woman’s capability to handle.”

“I’ve used a nightstick and a Billy Club to pleasure myself before.” She purred. “This... I admit is larger than a Billy Club, but I’ve been looking for a way to go the next level.”

Her fingers slid against his groin, and she gave off a low whistle as it extended and hardened even further, peaking out of his sweatpants to reveal its broad, flattened and circumcised head at the peak of its thick shaft. It’s whole length was surrounded by thick veins, and it throbbed happily to her awaiting hands.

“Oh!” she exclaimed again, and her broad lips widened even more as his enhanced manhood *telescoped* outward a little, and pressed warmly between her breasts.

Justin closed his eyes, trying to hold back what was happening inside him, but something, some sort of animalistic pleasure was rising up inside his mind, overtaking the rationality, overtaking the logic and intelligence and replacing it with just the now. And then when he opened his eyes again to look down at this woman, this petite thing who had no idea what she was getting into, all that had been Justin Ashe slowly faded away until he was sitting in the back of the mind, and the animal was at its forefront.

All inhibitions as to what might happen were abandoned, his desire to save himself only for Liz forgotten for ‘the now.’

Inside of him, something began to transform.

He watched as this woman unbuttoned the two buttons at the front of her bra, to show the fully engorged head of his erection throbbing between her breasts, his eyes fastening upon her teats as they grew hard and erect. He heard the low giggle from this plaything as she arched her back, sliding his erection further between her breasts as her hands quickly unbuttoned her uniform pants, her eyes centered upon that throbbing head against her chest. Then pulling at the sides of her bra, she removed both it and her uniform shirt as one.

And then she touched the thing, felt how unbelievably hard it was, and became even more amazed as Justin flexed it, and it thickened half its weight again briefly.

“Oh Gawd.” She gasped, and turning her head briefly, she spied a table in which she stepped backward to; pulling Justin with her with her hands around his waist.

Justin obediently moved with her, and once she had hopped up onto the table so that they could become a little bit more level with one another, she slowly began pushing his sweatpants off. She got down to his mid thigh before it all just got stuck, and try as she might, she couldn't get the things off. But Justin simply tightened his legs and the cuffs indeed did snap open; but not only that but his sweatpants were likewise brought to the very extent of their tensile strength, and began to shred.

Officer Lane, as she was known, oed and ahed at the spectacle, and then leaned forward, grabbing his erection with both hands before she brought it fully between her breasts, and pressed it between them with both hands. Then dipping her head, she gently began to suck on his tip, massaging his manhood with her breasts and tongue, her saliva dripping down its length and between her breasts, before sliding down her abdomen.

So big! She thought, drawing back, being that she couldn't even get her mouth completely around it. She smiled up at him, noticing that he did seem to be a bit hairy, but then thought about how the old wives tale of big feet, big nose, big hands meant that he was packing was indeed proven here! Her legs spread, and she gave his tip another subtle lick.

But then she felt his hands upon her shoulders, and she was pushed away and then down to lie on the table. His hands traveled enticingly down her bodice, caressing her breasts, coaxing her nipples, forcing them to engorge so much that they ached against her chest, before his fingers slid down her bodice, dragging open her zipper all the way till his fingers dully taped the tiny lump of her crotch between her legs. Immediately, Officer Lane gave a soft moan as her pussy became wet and swollen, her clitoris aching inside her.

Justin then wadded a hand into the fabric at her hip, and hooked several fingers into the front of her black lace panties, made to match her bra, and pulled them both straight off her long slender legs. Her pants caught at her shoes, but it took only a moment to remove those along with her socks, until she laid naked on the table.

He then caressed her pussy, which went from moist to wet as a trickle of her own fluids leaked out inside of her, and Justin immediately fingered her crotch again, sliding that bead of moisture back up and around her vaginal walls, making a circle around the mound with a thick finger and the tips of its claw. Her legs lifted and spread, her back arched in anticipation, and she felt another bead of moisture escape her along with a hearty sigh before his fingers steepled over the thick pad of her vaginal mound and its forest of downy pubic hairs.

He then slid his extension down into his steepled fingers, just before he pressed his hips forward, and the broad tip of his erection pressed firmly against the crevice of her vaginal mound. He hadn't even entered her yet, but an orgasm erupted from inside her, and she jabbed her hip forward, feeling her stretched flesh widen about his tip, her legs locking around his legs to pull herself onto him, squeezing her eyes tight as the thick head slowly pushed into her. She held her breath as she tried to force it through her gates, until a pair of strong hands gently took her by the waist and pulled equally and as firmly as she was.

Another orgasm escaped her in a groan as her body lurched as she finally got his head inside her.

“Ohhh...”she gasped, closing her eyes again, her legs simply flopping open to the feel of its heat inside her.

The lubrication inside her began to push outward around the mass, and with those strong hands upon her hips, she was pulled further onto its length, the thick veins throbbing along with its entire mass to send dull thuds into her bodice.

A low moan escaped her throat, and she closed her eyes, feeling him push even deeper into her pelvis, until the head of the thing tapped inside her body.

Her eyes opened as she felt the light tap against her inner wall, felt it tap again, and then push a little harder against her insides to slip even deeper into her body with a slight crunching sound coming from her pelvis, as if he were trying to push through into her stomach or something.

She lifted herself up to see what had happened, but instead felt a delicate nuzzle against her throat, and she closed her eyes again as those lips and tongue slowly moved down her neck to her chest, one of his hands massaging her large breast while the other licked the other, focusing upon her nipple.

She gasped as he jabbed into her again, and she felt something inside her open, swallowing his erection completely as her vaginal muscles tensed suddenly, and he pushed his way passed whatever the last barrier was and entered into an as of yet uncharted regions of the feminine body. It was then that she felt her hips press against his, and drawing back, she saw that in fact his sword was buried to the hilt!

She gasped, feeling her pleasure hit her in waves, and the oddest form of orgasm began in her, building up as a form of pressure. It began erupting as her insides began to coat with a slimy fluid, and kicked off into force as her insides suddenly tensed around his erection, squeezing it wholly as she let out a higher pitched moan, and squeezed her eyes tightly as he began to rock back and forth into her.

Officer Lane kept her eyes shut for the whole duration of what could only be termed a repetitive orgasm, her insides squeezing and massaging Justin's bone with each lance into her body. With his length, Justin had succeeded in tapping a source of feminine might and glory in Miss Lane that few other men had ever been able to achieve. Sensitive areas within her bodice came on fire, her legs spreading and her hands holding onto his prick as she also slipped into him, feeling the pleasure come easier and easier. Orgasm lit after sweet orgasm, over and over and over, and unbeknownst to her, the count of those orgasms quickly reached beyond a hundred.

They came so quick and so powerful, that they practically overlapped each other. Her bodice vibrated with pleasure, she shook with it, and in effect, she closed off all her other senses for it.

But with her eyes closed, she did not witness the transformation that Justin underwent.

With her pleasure as such an all time high, her body was releasing pheromones that would drive a regular man mad with it. The fluids inside her pelvis were of a sort that – once absorbed through the skin and the thick, thick veins of Justin's manhood – would fill his body with endorphins and then react accordingly. The metamorphosis that he had been going through ever so slowly for the past few days, suddenly sped itself up ten fold.

What Miss Lane felt was his manhood growing inside her; so much that he became stuck on her; her cunt acting like a cock ring. He stayed engorged, the warmth building up inside her while his cluster dropped from the weight of the upcoming climax.

Every vein and artery suddenly thickened, his heart pattering a staccato rhythm inside his chest. And then, Justin Ashe began to grow.

At once, what remained of his sweatshirt began to tear every which way... across his chest, across his back and around his arms, until what remained of it fell in tatters to the ground around him. His head changed, his skull moving and realigning to push his mouth and nose outward into a short muzzle, with all his teeth growing large and long. At the top of his head, his ears finally became high tapering hoods, forcing his bandanna off before his body hair, everywhere, grew at an alarming rate.

Head hair formed a thick, flowing mane while his body hair grew thick with fur, all of which grew all the longer, hanging from his forelegs and forearms in grand tufts.

And then, the rest of his skeletal structure altered.

His spinal column telescoped outward from his back, forming a ridge of lumps and bumps while his musculature thickened exponentially around it, before that spine extended into a long fluffy tail. His forearms grew to practically twice their length, his hands widening with his fingernails hooking into claws. At last, his feet thickened and elongated four times over; the bases of his toes thickening wide so that he stood upon his toes, with thick, thick claws growing from each.

His neck thickened to join to his shoulders, his shoulders broadened into great mounds of flesh and fur, his chest barreled out and thickened three times over. His stomach folded into sixteen individual folds as it lengthened, his legs becoming twice as thick as his arms, which tripled their size just then.

And with all this unimaginable pleasure, Justin at last climaxed, and Miss Lane was filled with a hot, steamy wash that flooded around the edges of her fleshy cunt with a force so great that it filled her stomach and her cunt, pushing her off of him despite how closely they were attached to one another. The remainder of his climax erupted onto her stomach, her chest and breasts, splattering her face and hair before Justin reared his head and howled; that which was him now forgotten.

Officer Lane opened her eyes with a snap, gasping for air in her still lingering pleasure and her fear of what now stood before her, in all estimations within her mind... a werewolf.

Justin opened his own eyes, focusing a pair of blood red glowing eyes upon her, before he turned and slapped the door, knocking the heavy metal thing off its hinges to go crashing against the wall opposing it. Justin then leapt out, much to the assorted screams of the women surrounding him, and a mad rush for weapons.

Something in his mind remembered what a gun was, and turning on his heel, he vaulted forward, crashing through a wall, and then right through the security door and into the waiting room.

Jen gasped as she saw him, with Alex her boyfriend suddenly embracing her tightly.

Justin stared at them for a moment, and then with the sound of the hammer of a gun being cocked back, he turned toward the sound, growled, and then vaulted at the doors.

Those doors exploded as he leapt through them, and in three long strides, he was down the stairs, across the street, on top of his moving van and into the park.

Two more leaps and he had disappeared into the park, and with a third, he leapt over a fence. But in that leap, his schlong, still flopping from his abdomen, got caught between two beams, and as quick as lightning his toes and fingers clamped onto the fence just as his body drew taut with his mighty sword.

A comical thing as he detached himself from the fence and closing his eyes in annoyance, knelt as he massaged the thing before it slowly retracted into a newly grown penis sheathe. And then rising to his feet, he remembered a female, his mate, Liz, and took off to track her, using his powerful sense of smell to find her.

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For a long time, Justin simply followed his nose, searching for a familiar scent, following pathways and such through the park, avoiding contact with the roving officers that were there looking for a mugger, and now, also for him.

He finally found a cave, hidden by trees, and there, he drew himself up to his full height, and a bit of himself returned, at least to the point where he remembered his name and how to speak again. But it was here that he drew in a deep whiff of air, and smelt several scents merged into one. Of fresh fish, of sweat like that found upon Liz's illustrious body when she was incensed, and from deep inside his mind, the animal in him recognized the scent of a female in heat.

Drawing himself erect, he squared his shoulders and drew them back promptly, breathing in deeply the scents, while down at the base of his abdomen, the top of a reddened stalk peaked out of his penis sheathe in anticipation.

Justin then tilted forward and began to run through the cavern on all fours, actually running on all fours, he noted briefly, before he went back to following his nose, following where the scent grew stronger.

Somewhere in his trek along the catacombs, he stopped, his body shaking as a brief wave of pleasure overtook him, and his body grew, his body hair growing thicker, his tail and snout longer.

And then with a shudder, he hurried off again, coming at last to the mouth of a large cavern.

Rising to his feet again, his eyes that had grown accustomed to the dark, now able to see much, much better than before, focused upon the feminine form of an immense beast lying along the ground.

Apparently, he thought to himself, *I've found the source of the scents*. And in spite of himself, he again rose to his full height, squared his shoulders, puffed out his chest, and felt a bulge settle down within the sheath between his legs.

In the next instant, he had leapt from his precipice, and though he landed silently on the ground, even for his ears, the great reptilian creature nonetheless turned over.

It was Elizabeth, all right, and even with his enhanced form, she was twice as big as he was. *Eight times my weight, ten times my strength... a hundred times more beautiful*, he thought, approaching her as his enhanced manhood slowly pushed out of its sheathe to dangle like a third leg.

“Elizabeth.” He whispered, taking a few steady steps closer to her.

“J-Just-INnnn?” she said, finishing off his name somewhere within the nasal cavity of that short muzzle of hers.

The only parts of her that was still soft flesh was the barest part of her throat, her biceps, the insides of her thighs, a strip down her taut and muscular belly, and of course, her six tits, and that healthy mound of vaginal glory.

Justin nodded as he stared at her, and there remained only a few quiet moments between them before Justin was snatched up within Liz's bosom, and held tightly.

“Mis-sss-ed U.” she voiced, having troubles speaking with the long pointed tongue of hers.

Justin embraced her as best as he could and looking up into her face, saw tears escaping from the corners of her large and very broad eyes. And then embracing him tightly, she extended the tip of her tongue and licked the side of his cheek, matting down his fur there before finally releasing him. Leaning back, she basked in Justin's affection as he kissed and nuzzled her around the neck, having to stand upon her lap and brace himself upon her mighty pair of primary breasts to do so.

“Why did you run away?!” he whispered hoarsely, and leaning into the space between those great tits, lifted his hands to her face so that she had to look at him.

Liz stared at him for a moment, and then taking hold of him around the waist, lifted him up, sat him back down before her and then leaned back again, so that he was forced to take another look at her. With this action, Justin suddenly understood why, and sighed before stepping forward again to hug her around the waist, and despite his own increased size, this was the only place where his elongated arms would fully reach around.

“To protect us.” He mouthed; his lupine muzzle amazingly capable of reproducing human words.

There was a sent here, a truly intoxicating scent right there upon her soft scaled flesh, and within moments, he felt his manhood erecting itself, began to feel his consciousness slipping, and he stepped back quickly to avoid it, but the damage was already done.

She's in heat! He considered as the last of his normal thought process fed from his head with all the blood that was there, and flowed into the swelling mass between his legs. Another, as it were, temporary transformation occurred, that from an intelligent being, into a love hungry animal, all done through the simple act of one's manhood sucking up most of the blood in your body. He started panting, feeling the veins within the thing's length thicken and bulge, and a low growl escaped his throat as his sack dropped and filled, and he erected enough where he had to lean back against a nearby stalagmite to keep his balance.

A low purr escaped Liz's throat as she picked him up, cradling him briefly before she laid him back down upon the nice warm sands where she'd just been laying against. Her titanic breasts hung heavily against her chest as her clawed reptilian hands caressed his shaft, and spreading her legs, she rose up briefly and slid effortlessly onto him.

“Arooo...” Justin commented, and thrust deeply into her body as he continued to extend deeper into her bodice.

Liz in turn bent over him, she practically twice his size, and many times his own weight, with most of that weight in her chest. Six pairs of feminine mass cleaved to either side of his body, and Justin's own clawed hands delicately rubbed them as his hips took on a slow rhythmic thrust of their own; Liz nuzzling his neck and throat, licking him with her great tongue.

Between the two of them, the amount of energy created by their shared sensual desires mounted to levels as of yet unseen on earth, and soon rose to the level of an elephant herd orgy. Above her loving soulmate as his animal power worked her crotch, Liz rose like a creature rising from a murky lagoon, but instead of the titanic roar that such a creature would issue forth, Liz instead released a deep sigh that sounded close to whale song. Her tight crotch clenched tightly, her insides working Justin's erection in a way that, to him, was like a pair of lubricating hands stroking its length merged with a light sucking.

More than once, Liz actually pulled his pelvis up to hers in this way.

And then Liz rolled her shoulders, her hands caressing each of her six bulging tits before she hunched her shoulders, and the mass of her spine pushed outward from her back with a loud

series of cracks and crunches. Spines rose, pushing her back even further apart while her upper legs and arms all thickened to practically twice their thickness. Liz's tail grew equally as thick, and the last bit of her soft flesh thickened into a dark hide molted with gray splotches.

Her hands slid downward along her abdomen, which further hardened into dozens of creases, fingered her moist crotch, and then fingered the shaft of her love erupting from inside her. And then as she caressed the thick, furry treasure trail that lined Justin's abdomen and chest, she felt him transform as well, though the conversion he underwent being that he was just entering into his acceleration period like she had, made him double his size within the hour that they worked on each other.

Near the end, Liz was actually turned onto her back as Justin grabbed her hips and began pumping himself between her thighs, with heavy huffs and puffs with each thrust, while their combined fluids erupted from her swollen and greatly distended pussy. Justin pulled outward one last time, holding his shaft with both hands as he remained with just his tip inside her. Rising herself, and reaching out to pull him closer, Liz also held onto the trembling shaft, and felt it suddenly swell to practically double its size.

She gasped as penis and clitoris pressed so suddenly against each other, and the well inside her loins was suddenly cleared of her fluids as he pushed steadily into her. Justin braced himself upon her hips, and tensed suddenly, his eyes closing tightly, as a low sucking gasp escaped from between his now sharp overlapping teeth. Liz felt the throbbing sensation as it passed between her hands, and a heavy, sticky fluid pumped rhythmically into her body, to the point that Justin, in a moment of not being able to hold himself there, faltered backward a little, and three full squirts of his batch sprayed onto Liz's breasts, abdomen and pelvis.

Justin then promptly collapsed to his knees, his improved self rapidly deflating as excess fluids drained from out of him. He gasped and sighed, his long arms hanging at his sides while he felt his consciousness slowly return. While he remained there, his blood slowly feeding his brain instead of his prick as it slowly retracted into its sheathe, Justin slowly looked up at Liz, while she remained there, big and beautiful, her body glistening with sweat, grime, and his all so recently spent self all over her bodice.

"Hmmmnnn." She sighed, and rolling over, rubbed her front into the sand, taking up great patches of the stuff as it mixed with all those sticky fluids upon her bodice.

"Beloved... I've missed you." He said, and got the benefit of a light kiss atop his forehead as Liz slid forward and up to him again, her breasts cleaving or pressing firmly against his body and the ground while she delicately began to rub her still moist crotch against the sand.

"And I miss U..." she mused, and her tongue again extended from her mouth to lightly kiss her lover. "An' more for U... than for loving."

She knelt upward and folded herself over Justin, embracing him; her crotch continuing to rub against his layered abdomen, and soon, he felt a trickle of warm fluids slide down his stomach.

Again, she kissed him, and lightly laid him down on the ground again as her hips dipped toward his.

Great maker, she was still hungry! Justin thought, and despite that it had been over an hour, and that he himself was spent, he did his best to love her; suckling from her nipples, mouthing her crotch, helping her to achieve that mighty power she was fated to receive. Already she must've grown to over two stories tall!

But despite all that transforming that he'd done, and how little she had done, he believed that she was nearing her end.

Then it's time to move us all here, he thought eventually, as he went to sleep on top of her, he already two thirds her height. *In the night, I'll bring Tanya here as well.*

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Tanya had taken to eating most everything in the penthouse in one night, and with Justin having left her by herself for so long, she was beginning to become scared. Mentally, she had the maturity of a young girl, but physically, and sensually, she had the erotic desires of several women all in their sexual prime. Her loins burned, and there was a fire in her rack of her four overly sized tits that she knew needed to be satisfied, but she knew not how.

Outside, on the building that was rapidly being torn apart on the outside by the numerous, overly-large sized creatures clawing their way up and down it, Justin hurriedly hauled himself up to the penthouse, and pushing the sliding door open, crawled in on all fours.

Already, he'd grown so large so as to enter the rooms on his own two feet, was impossible.

"Tanya." He whispered; amazed at how much of his human voice he still retained.

Tanya, where she laid down upon her own bed, hiding behind the sheets so that the maids who came in periodically didn't notice her, hopped to her feet, fell forward to her own hands and feet, and crawled forward to be greeted by the sight of an immensely huge wolf!

She squeaked shrilly, and tried to run, but Justin merely leapt the length of the floor, caught her, and covered her mouth.

"No, no, no... shhh... quiet Tanya, it's me... Justin." He said in hushed tones, and Tanya at least blinked at him.

"Justin?" she breathed and he nodded.

"C'mon," he said, and smiled warmly. "We're leaving. We can't transform here... Liz... has found a place for us temporarily..."

Tanya nodded, and the two trotted off out to the door, and Justin slid it shut again behind them, and both stood up to test the cool night air. Being that it was quite late right now; people who'd chance to see them would perhaps blame it on alcohol and promptly quit, a really weird dream, or sleep deprivation. Those who didn't would be branded as fools and insane, and would be dismissed. *I mean, who'd believe that they saw two giant animals standing on two legs atop a building at three in the morning?* Justin asked himself. *I'm one of those animals, and even I believe it...*

"Hold onto me Tanya," Justin said quietly. "We're going to move fast!"

Tanya climbed atop Justin, hanging onto him with her arms and legs wrapped about his neck and shoulders, back, and around his waist. And then holding lightly onto her, Justin lowered to one hand and both feet, and promptly jumped off the building.

The feeling of free falling several stories was an exhilarating experience, especially when you do it off the thirtieth floor of your apartment complex. Amidst mid-flight, Justin felt Tanya wrap her tail around his bushy one, and roll her hips into his. The subtle feeling of four pairs of firm breasts pressed against him, of a female that was equally as erotic as Liz, made Justin's head veer off toward naughtier thoughts. As he landed, he shook his head vigorously to clear it, but nonetheless, the tip of his foreskin did extend enough to peak out of his penis sheath.

Raising to two feet again, Tanya embracing him more than holding on, began to nuzzle the thick tuft of fur at his chest.

Standing there, on his now rear-articulated legs, Justin looked down at the much smaller female, who, after some recent changes of her own, now stood at his chest height, which must've been around nine or ten feet by now. He gave her head a little caress, her soft mane of downy fur soft to the touch, and her large, velvety ears falling to fold one over the other at the back of her head.

He then set off full tilt toward the park and the cave entrance, remembering that once upon a time ago, that that was where Liz had taken him the first night she got infected with that mutagen, for that was where they found his torn and shorn clothing, and his wallet.

In the center of the park, he stopped and rose to his hind feet again, testing the breeze, and paused, smelling something else in the air, which, before he could stop, reacted with his body, and his manhood bulged within its satchel to the size and thickness of a pop can. At first, he didn't know what was causing this, until he heard a low groan from his chest, and looking down, felt his eyes grow wide and his pupils dilate.

"Justin," Tanya whispered then, and her little arms suddenly tensed around his body. "I... I burn!"

A minute trickle of something warm and viscous slid down his abdomen to warm the tip of his prick, and before he knew it, his powerful transformed body began to override his indomitable will, and that pop can wide penis began to draw erect.

Why are all the women in my life going into heats simultaneously?! He screamed inwardly, and quickly wedged his hands beneath her body in hopes to pull her off, all the while his prick continued to lengthen; sucking all the blood in his body into the task. He scurried into the bushes hiding the cave entrance as he gained inches at a second into her delicate bodice, wedged her against the rock coming out of the ground that hid the cave entrance, and tried to pull her off. And then his mind, growing too stupid for his will, gave way to his pleasure, and at last, he merely leaned his hands against the tough stone, his claws digging into it, while the much smaller Tanya felt the immense pleasure of his prick invading her body.

Her pelvis and vaginal muscles distended as his erection began to thicken, his veins riddling its phallic length in its entirety, pumping passion-hot blood through it. Tanya gasped, as Justin drew fully erect inside her, and after a few brief moments, sunk to his knees as the transformation began to take them both.

Justin grew larger, his snout elongating, his extending ears higher and longer, like that of a dingo or a jackal. His spine erupted outwards as a series of overlapping knots, as his arms and legs both doubled in thickness. His prick dug even deeper into Tanya, and once on the ground, the transformed mouse fell backward, spreading her legs wider with her own tiny clawed hands scratching at the ground as she gave off minute squeaks of pleasure.

As Justin began to rock into her hips, she rolled them into him for easier passage, her clit growing hard as her body trembled as wave after wave of orgasmic might hit her. And then with a crackle and a snap, her chest wedged upward like an iceberg suddenly rising from the bottom of the ocean, leaving her stomach narrow and lean beneath that chest, while her tits firmed into solid packs of muscle, tightly packed glands, pink flesh and tough hide. Her hips flared out wide, her own legs and arms doubling their size, as her forearms lengthened and flared wide.

Thick, thick veins and arteries, blue and red with her blood, swelled thick and pumped her own blood into her breasts, helping them to thicken and swell, while the disks of her nipples grew hot and started to clench. First nibs that measured several centimeters, and then to an inch as they grew hard and wet with her sweat. Then two, and then three inches as they continued to push outward, growing redder from the heat of her body. All four of her immense breasts swelled to the same size, while her distended pussy swelled into a thick pad that bulged around Justin's own bulge.

His own long shaft, arching in and out of her while he gripped at the rock, giving off low guttural growls with each plunge into her, was wet and slick with Tanya's own viscous seminal fluids.

Tanya squeaked again, and her hands left Justin's stomach and side, to grip his shaft, holding it into her as she fed off his sexual energies. While he pumped slowly into her, she began to rub the outer most portion of his shaft, her clitoris bulging so that it slid over his manhood, peaking out of the tip of the wedge between her vaginal muscles. Tanya had no conception of time, especially since she had evolved into her current form from being a mouse, and Justin simply didn't have mind enough to consider that. Tanya's tail thickened to three times its width, spreading her butt cheeks apart, allowing a shallow trickle of their shared body fluids to dribble down between them.

And then with a final crunch, Tanya's back broadened and swelled to support her frontal mass and broad shoulders. And then, with a shudder from Justin, she received an immense burst of hot sticky fluids, which, from the back-build of all that fluid mass pushing into her body, she slid back and off him from the pressure, sliding up the rock and getting a burst full of Justin's nut all over her bodice.

Only then did Justin open his eyes, the pair shining lazily from the reflection of the dim light nearby filtering through the trees. He looked down at the young mouse as he continued to deflate, and soon, he began to learn of the implications of what had just happened, and curse the fact that he couldn't think as clearly as he did anymore.

He stared down at Tanya as she squeaked with her waning pleasure, and hefting one breast that must've weight a good hundred pounds or so, she proceeded to lick it free of his fluids, before she attacked her nipple and sucked her milk from it.

There he remained, simply staring at her as she cleaned herself, until his gaze lowered to between his legs, just as his prick slid fully back into place with a dull wet slurp.

"She's going to kill me." He whispered, and closing his eyes, hung his head while his claws gripped deep into the rock, all the while Tanya cleaned her body; contorting into impossible shapes in an effort to even wash her crotch with her long pink tongue...

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Liz swam through the deep lake that had so conveniently transformed her into her current state as it was. Swimming around, feeding on the fish, surprised how long she could hold her breath down here, she lurked through the murky depths, seeing strange things down here, like plants that glowed in the dark. Those were always good to swim through, it made her body tingle, made her sexual pleasures rise, especially as she swam through them, and the silky smooth plants tickled her femininity.

If she had more mind than beast, which had now set up permanent residence and was taking up most of her thoughts now, she would have realized that those plants glowed due to radiation, and the oh so pleasant feeling she was feeling, was the delicate mutagen... mutating. Like getting a super charge, it awakened again, and in the state that her body was now, it started a whole new shift of changes, enhancing the enhancement.

Oddly enough, this mutated flock had been passed onto Justin, who, as it was now, was passing it on to Tanya. She had also passed it onto Jen and her lover, but the changes they would go through in the next few days would just make them the prime candidates for Mr. And Mrs. Olympia.

Jen would probably enjoy breasts of a double D nature and a body large enough to aptly support them, while Alex would more than likely enjoy having the type of body Olympian gods was usually portrayed as having, and the erectile function to go along with it.

She had just recently swam through those weeds, and was now just floating like an alligator would at the surface of the lake, just high enough so that she could breathe through the nostrils atop her short muzzle. Only the spine-covered hump of her back erecting through the waters, along with her head and the thick hairs of her still present mane of hair remained above the water; her large eyes closed as she reveled in the erotic emotions she was feeling.

Her four primary breasts, huge and bulbous, each tipped with a nipple the size of two grown men's fists, hung from her chest; the four keeping her quite buoyant. It was a wonderful feeling as the four swayed beneath her, tapping against each other every so often while her hands felt and caressed them every so often.

Her tertiary breasts were now nothing more than a pair of thick pads which added to the huge cleft overhanging her now scaled belly, both tipped with their own sizeable teat, those the size of just one fist while clenched. Other than that pair, two more pairs of nipples riding along her stomach had also formed recently, and though no real glands had formed behind them, they were still quite full, and quite sensitive.

Another half of her upper body length rose into her crotch, now something that only really unfolded once she spread her legs due to the reforming of her pelvic bone and the immense swelling her pussy had undergone. As she drifted, she felt the waters slide over it, as well as the occasional fish that came up to inspect that sweet smelling gap.

At present, she was content.

Since her speech had faded, Elizabeth had lost all sense of time now, other than the difference between night and day. She knew it was safe to feed during the night without being seen, and heaven forbid that thought even leave her mind.

She floated there, until a sound drew her attention, and her shining eyes opened while what remained of her hooded ears lifted to the sound out of the water, and off in the distance, she spied a group of young kids, all of them naked, frolicking in the waters where they shouldn't be. Beneath the waters, she smiled, sub consciously dilating her eyes so that she could focus better upon what was happening where they were, her low-light vision picking them all out as if they were in broad daylight.

She smiled warmly at the various antics of all these post pubescent teens, those who had just discovered that they were of different sexes, and what you could do with it, and all of them just of the right age to enjoy it without legal repercussions. However, not everything else they were doing was.

She paid particular attention to the lovemaking many of them were making, of sweet new positions, and techniques that she tilted her head to one side slightly so as to better view and learn.

Beneath the water, she fondled her pussy, which was slowly swelling within the warm water while she watched the goings on. Then with a gentle exhale, she submerged underneath the water, creating a small wake where she'd just been as the water sloshed together, and with a slight movement of her slightly webbed hands and feet, she surged forward, until she slid down onto the silt and sand covered bottom. She felt her many bulbous breasts flatten as they settled into the bottom of the lake, her hips rolling likewise into the sandy bottom, with her tail raising instinctively a little as she grew more and more incensed with her view.

With her water eyes in place – a thin film that slid over her eyes so that they could focus underwater – she watched both female and male in the throes of love.

There she remained at the bottom, watching them just underneath the surface of the water, until the sounds of thrashing greeted her hearing, and muffled cries for help coming through the water, and turning her head, she looked up to see one of the mutated fish attacking a couple that had swam out to have their sex.

Liz rose, and extending one gigantic claw like a sword, she skewered the thing, slicing it in half and leaving a red cloud of blood that dispersed into the waters. But the damage had already been done and the young man who'd been attacked was slowly losing his battle to stay afloat, and his girlfriend's efforts to help were only steadily pulling her down with him.

There was enough of Liz's mind for her to know that this was wrong, and so she stood up, catching the pair in both hands, and raising out of the waters like a kraken in some ancient movie. She raised the pair in both hands, with water draining out between her clawed fingers, as she displayed all of her feminine glory for all to see.

Four immense tits grew firm as her muscles tensed beneath them, while her back arched and her tail lifted even more out of the water, so that the gathered post teens could view her in all her glory. Her pelvis finally rose last, just above the water, and being that she was standing on the bottom, many of the teens realized indeed how massive she was.

As gently as she could, she placed the pair on dry ground, opening her hands, and giving of a soft crooning like a whale singing, and then stepped back a bit, again displaying her feminine might. Being that she was in heat, she pumped off an immense amount of hormones, and each and every last young man there drew erect, and every last female grew firm and hard.

Smiling warmly, almost motherly, Liz slid her clawed hands over her breasts, coaxing her nipples erect to the disbelief of all the boys, and then turned slightly with a wry twist of her hips and a dip of one shoulder. Then surging forward, she dipped back into the water and disappeared.

The next day would be a media event, as all these teens would be brought forth to tell about how this creature up and popped out of the water. A mutant fish that had been sliced in half would be found, and biologists from all over the world would be brought to examine it. More scientists, and even some military specialists would be brought in as well, and the entire lake cordoned off.

And at the end of it, they would find no creature, and no lair, for Liz's watery entrance and exit was quite well hidden. All eyes, however, would be brought to the SCUM labs across the lake.

Theories would be made, and the media would make them real.

Within thirty-six hours, SCUM labs would be in the hot seat.

47

Inside SCUM Labs the next afternoon, a bewildered young female technician walked amicably over to where she was conducting yet another of her experiments with the new gene-codes. She had spent four years of her life, studying in classes, and tried very, very hard to become a technician at SCUM Labs. Once there, she had spent years in its service, until she learned of a wonderful process that they put young women through for their head management's 'pleasure.'

Pausing, her back arched, and a wry smile spread across her face as her naked breasts lifted out of her lab coat, now having increased in size to a whopping P cup, they both rested against her chest fat and full, and fully capable of lactating.

Her hair had been grown to an equally three times as long, which was annoying when it did the same with her pubic hair between her legs and under her arms, but a quick follicle dip removed those.

As well as all other hair on her body, save for her head hair.

She lifted her hands behind her head, reveling in her newfound sensual ability, feeling her nipples grow firm and tight as the soft pads of her areola swelled outward to lift them both up. But then she saw the barcode tattooed across her left breast, and looking down between her breasts, she likewise saw the matching code on her right thigh, which likewise matched the one on her right butt cheek.

She was a slave... but she was a well taken care of slave who could have all the sex she wanted. It was better than being a porn star.

Her hair felt full of body within her fingers as she slipped her long nails through them, disregarding the sight of the barcode on her tit; reveling in the feeling of hair that was as soft as silk and as full of body as fur, and had that certain bounce to it.

Long legs supported her newly broadened hips, which then supported a long slender bodice that tucked neatly between those legs and led up to her rounded chest, and the full, firm and rounded breasts that even now jutted up naked into the air. Above those were narrow shoulders, long slender arms, and an equally narrow neck supporting a head and face of wondrous beauty.

Above all that, her natural metabolism had been increased – no more potbellies for her – as well as her natural longevity. She would live to be sixty and still look like she was thirty, a hundred and look forty.

But this was nothing in comparison to what was happening to that woman who'd come in contact with just a mass of SCUM Lab's raw drainage.

Giving her breasts one last rub and a squeeze, rubbing her nipples till her crotch grew wet behind the small triangle of her thong, and a bead of milk escaped from one nipple. Hefting one of those breasts, she licked it free, and then let the breast drop, feeling it bounce lightly.

Her eyes then lifted to the phenomenal female that she had been studying for the past six hours. A seemingly comely woman, with average physical capabilities, morphed and transformed into a giant with supernatural reptilian capabilities.

If the transformation could be controlled, she thought, then I could make my current transformation even better! She giggled, and began once again manipulating the samples she was given, paying close attention out of the corner of her eye at the security cameras. Then, when one of them wasn't looking at her anymore, she removed one of the samples in its metal and glass case, pulled down the front of the triangle protecting her cunt, and quickly inserted it deep into her bodice before closing the flap again.

Just in time, she thought with a smile, and opening her coat, proceeded to fix one of her thigh high socks, revealing her breasts to the security guards watching that monitor, so that they wouldn't remember anything else.

With that sample, she could work on it later to get the desired results.

But with her distraction over, she again returned her attention to the holographic model before her, of the titanic creature that one *Elizabeth Roshenko* would inevitably transform into. Dozens of meters high, impressively armored, with a muscle strength that even the titans would've feared. But her eyes were mainly drawn to two things, that of the titanicly shaped rack of tits, six in all, with the four primaries unbelievably huge! And then there was the powerful swell of her pussy; tight and very prominent between her legs.

It made her vaginal muscles swell and compress just thinking about what sort of might she could possibly possess. Thankfully, the vial between her legs was well protected to the gentle stresses those muscles did with the vial, and as a matter of fact, she began to dream up the impression that a thick and hardened prick had entered her. That or she was pleasuring herself, and immediately, her insides moistened in order to lubricate that item.

Closing her eyes, a bit of a smile crossed her face, and planting her hands to either side of the control panel, she reveled in the pleasure of her vaginal muscles tightening and un-tightening, and eventually even cupped her breast and rubbed her nipple again to aid the feeling.

Just then, the sound of the lab door opening came to her hearing, and lowering her hand, she turned to see – of all people – White Suit enter. He didn't give his name, he didn't need to, so to his face, everyone called him 'sir,' but behind his back, everyone just called him White Suit, because that's all he wore. And always amazingly pristine.

It was White Suit that had had her made into what she was now... for being 'insubordinate,' an oversexed blonde with an enhanced libido. She had to admit... she wanted sex a whole lot more now than before. Must've been apart of both the hormonal changes and the mental conditioning she went through. Ideally, she wasn't supposed to do research at all now, but apparently, what was in her mind was too precious a resource to totally waste in the brothels. But she was glad of that, now she could do both of what she had wanted.

"Hello sir," she greeted, leaning back and letting her lab coat and the harem vest beneath it fall open to reveal her breasts, much to his liking she saw with but a glance to the bulge in his pants.

He leveled that gaze on her, and despite all the warnings around the room about not smoking, he lit up another of those nasty cigars.

"Report." He said simply, taking a draw on the thing.

"I've found some interesting things, sir, mainly by accident while I was looking for a way to counteract the virus that the subject has come in contact with."

She keyed in a few commands, and the image rapidly changed into an even more menacing creature, more hunched over, with wings and an even more powerful musculature, with a group of tits even more titanic and bulbous. The pair of giant wings spreading from her back was immense, and a realm of horns now decorated its head, combined with a mass of blades and spines all across its body. Red eyes glared outward, and as a final display, it breathed fire...

"What is this?" he breathed, actually taking his cigar from his mouth.

"This is the subject after a secondary factor has been introduced to her make up to cause added mutation in the virus. In this case, radiation."

White Suit gave her a withering glare, and then started puffing on his cigar again; quite annoyed. "Where is she going to ever come in contact with radiation?" he growled.

"At the bottom of the lake sir." She said, and his brows raised in realization. "Yes sir... all of that radioactive waste we've been dropping down there for years now... it's quite a build up if she swims down there.

"Regarding the most recent media coverage, she was sighted helping a pair of post teens who'd been attacked by one such mutation of said radiation. Which means that she is somehow existing somewhere within the lake, and is probably hunting for food inside of it."

White Suit crossed his arms before his barreled chest. *Undoubtedly he's gone through the male version of the conditioning process*, she thought, and again glancing down at his pants, wondered exactly how deep inside her he could go. And how wide he could spread her legs...

Swallowing, she continued.

“Given the time frame,” she hit a button and the image shifted rapidly backward to a point where Liz was still partially flesh, and her features were more or less mainly humanoid with just a little reptile inside of it. “It would be likely that if she may have just reached this point in her conversion, and by this time, she will have foraged for herself within the lake for food. Before, the techs had displayed that our subject was to take the final form of what you saw in the holoprojector when you first came in.

“Instead of heading that way, she will instead go to this final form.” Another key command progressed the form into the menacing draconic form they’d seen earlier.

“In addition to the former size she would achieve, she will now gain an additional ten feet, bringing her to four stories. Her entire form will be covered with spiny and chitinous body armor, stronger than even the most advanced tank armor. The breath weapon you saw her using earlier is of an atomic level in heat.”

“Good Gawd.” He voiced.

“It gets better.” She said, and keying a few more commands, smaller windows opened up to reveal internal organs. “This first image will be her thyroid, which is the organ that controls one’s aggressiveness. The thyroid, as you can see, is overly large for a creature of her size, and so she will be quite aggressive.

“This next screen, and all the others, likewise display that her glands will be overly developed, and her entire body will be flooded with endorphins, adrenaline, and other such natural chemicals, which will influence her mental state in one of two ways... possibly both. She’d either develop into a sexual aggressor, or she will take pleasure from aggression, the last of the two could lead to homicidal mania...

“And a creature of her size and strength to become either is indeed a nasty proposition.

“Her testosterone level is also off the scale, which explains her increased size, and that level of hormones is outmatched only by her estrogen level, this explaining her sexual might. Pheromone levels are also on a high output, and just standing in her presence – even now – would make one instantly horny, and for a long... long time.”

Just thinking about that is making me horny, she thought, feeling her nipples harden till they ached. A moist slick trickled down between her breasts. She resisted the desire to rub her breasts, but then felt White Suit’s presence unusually close to her.

“Lastly, the natural weapons all across her body will naturally have a sharpness a molecule thick, and the wings on her back, while flapping, could make hurricane-force winds... which could...” she paused, watching White Suit put his cigar out in his palm and then empty the ashes into a trash can before re-depositing the thing into his cigar case.

She stared at that; amazed at first at his pain resistance, and then at the fact that she had never seen him put out a cigar. Unless it was to the nib and about to burn his lips. Covering her nervousness, she went on.

“These are the final forms of the other two subjects, sir. Being that she will be so sexually active, and these two the only other two subjects who can feel the change, it is highly likely that they too will be changed likewise.”

Two more holo screens lifted up into mid air, showing one of an armored wolf with tough hair practically like a porcupine, and the other of the mouse; even larger, stronger, and more sexed up than before.

“The first subject will... will...” she droned off, feeling White Suit’s hands on her shoulders, giving them a light squeeze before she felt him sizing her up, feeling her arms, pulling her coat back to feel her smooth hips. At last, his fingers found the dip of her crotch between her legs, and he slowly began to rub.

She gasped suddenly, her back arching as he pulled her to his front, nuzzling her neck before his other hand raised to begin to massage her breast. “But sir... I... I thought that you wanted priority on this project...”

“Later.” He said. “I know where they are going, I know that you’re working on it, and now I now that I want something to take my mind off all this.

He turned her around, fondling her breasts, and then kissing her nipples, flicking them with his tongue before drawing a mouth full of her milk and grinding his groin into her loins. Her libido slammed into her, and all of a sudden, her scientific mind became that of a bubbly blond who’s only thoughts were those of pleasure, of pleasing and of being pleased.

His caressing found her bottom and massaged her full and rounded butt cheeks before copping a hefty feel. Her lab coat and vest fell off her shoulders in his fervor, and again he kissed her breasts, drawing from the other as she held his head to her bosom. Then he drew himself up quickly, and she stared at him, breathing hard.

“See me in my quarters in fifteen minutes.” he said then, again grinding her cunt with his groin. “Not one second late, or I’ll be upset.” A wry smile crossed his face, and fixing his hair, he promptly exited.

She then lowered a hand down to her vibrating pussy, and suddenly remembered what she was carrying inside her, glad that he didn’t actually enter her and find that delightful object.

“Computer... shut down and lock the room.”

“Acknowledged!” the computer responded, and she hurried to her room, removed the object from between her legs, and then hurried to her master, who was already undressed and sitting naked on a circular bed at the center of his room.

Smiling warmly, she moved toward him, the door automatically sliding shut and locking behind her while she removed her vest, and unclasping the clips of her thong, let that drop to the floor as she spread her legs, sat on his lap, and pushed him back.

A few days ago, a lowly technician, she was now banging the boss, deciding that he indeed had been conditioned like she was, because no man that she'd ever made love to up before him could pleasure her with erection alone for nearly an hour.

After being spent, she even got to sleep with him, and in the morning, when she woke up, he was gone, attending to the media disaster.

Smiling to herself, she then went straight to her room, and began working on further enhancements for herself...

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Like a titanic creature of the deep, Liz navigated the vast catacombs of underwater caverns between the lake and her cave, feeling a flame deep inside her navel, a thick desire; a growing need that was even more powerful than before. She angled her body upward within the caves, water caressing her between her breasts and legs, sliding over her back and rear and tugging at the tip of her tail. And then at last, she surfaced out of the water with a splash and a wave of water that surged outward and back again, before she sidled forward, kneeling on the wet sandy bottom as she caressed her breasts, smiling warmly as a low, cackling purr escaped her throat.

Her legs spread wide as her voluminous pussy swelled thick and firm while water continued to drip off her bodice, her nipples growing hard and firm against her chest – all eight of them – before her long tail tilted upward to reveal her moistening crotch from behind.

Her luxurious mane of hair, having now turned frost white, bunched up behind her head, now becoming framed by a small realm of tiny horns. Spines on her back flattened as she turned, and then settled her great green eyes upon her lover.

And then paused.

From behind his legs peaked a mouse, and it took her a while to remember Tanya, and once that memory was sparked, a network of others raced through her head, and hauling herself from the waters, she forgot about her sensuality, and lowered herself to snuffle Justin's groin. Her suspicions were confirmed, and with one great and powerful arm, she pushed Justin out of the way, and screamed at the mouse, which promptly covered her head and cowered.

A roar like a T-rex quickly rose from Liz's throat, and one of her great-clawed hands rose to tear the relatively small creature apart. But then Justin was there, moving into action so quickly, that he grabbed her colossal hand, and turned it so that she collapsed to her chest. Then, despite his size, he wedged that powerful arm up behind her back, and straddling that back, Justin held her firmly against the ground.

“Liz... Stop it!” he bellowed, his voice coming out like a vast growl. “Think for a moment.”

It took a good while for her to calm herself enough until she could stop and think, and had to at last push her palm into her forehead to force herself to think properly. When basic language, only a few days before, has been simple and easy, it was difficult for her to formulate even the simplest of words.

When she relaxed enough, Justin released her, and once off her back, even helped her to a kneeling position. The cave was currently too small for her to stand up in anymore. Standing, Justin came to stand before Liz, and with her kneeling, it seemed a wondrous account that she was as tall as he was that way. If she were to stand, then he would be able to rub his cheek into her navel.

“What I do?” she said, barely legible anymore... sounding like a deep rumble, a growl, and a hiss with the words slurred on top of it all.

“Liz... we’re sorry, but Tanya and I... we... we made love while you were hunting.”

Liz gasped at the words, and looked over to where the transformed mouse cowered in a corner of the cave.

“It wasn’t her fault, Liz. She couldn’t help it... just like you couldn’t help it either.”

Liz had to think on this for a good long while before it finally settled into her mind, and at last, she simply leaned forward and laid upon her expansive bosoms, folding her arms before her before laying her head on her hands.

“I sorry...” she whispered, and closing her eyes, tears escaped from the corners of those broad eyes.

Justin simply kneeled down beside her, and opening her eyes, Liz looked at him as he laid a hand upon her arm, the pads on his palms and the tips of his nails lightly sliding across her layered plates and scales.

“No... I should be apologizing to you.” He said, and caressed her hair. “I gave into her, but you mustn’t blame her for what she did. The affects of this change are far, far too strong for any of us to resist for long.

“I literally loose my mind whenever I get an erection!”

He paused, and then gave her much larger talloned hand a squeeze.

“I met Jen and Alex in the police station, Liz.” He said then, and her eyes looked blank for a moment, and then widened with remembrance.

“Justin! Justin I...” she started, raising quickly.

“No. Don’t apologize. They forgive you as well. But it’s best to say that we can’t help it. When you become sexed, you forget who you are and what you’re doing, and just go for getting loved and loved and loved some more.” Another pause and he hung his head. “Other than Tanya, I also made love to another because of this...”

He sat roughly down onto the sandy ground.

“I screwed her rotten too...”

Liz rose onto all fours, her transformed legs better supporting her bodice as her back curved, her nipples glancing against the sandy ground, hardening immediately into thick bulbous things as she stepped forward and nuzzled Justin’s chest fur. In her attempt to kiss him there then, she managed only to suck on that thick tuft of fur.

Justin braced himself, sliding a hand against her huge, armored cheek, his thick claws sliding effortlessly over the thick overlapping plates there.

“Beloved...” he whispered, and bent his head to kiss her forehead, feeling Liz’s long tongue lick his chest, and then after a moment or two, work its way down to his abdomen.

“Forgive I.” she whispered then and immediately went to nuzzling her lover turned werewolf, and after nearly a minute later, her head dipped again, her long tongue began to lick his groin and its sheath, and, as soon as his head popped out, she sucked it out, and lightly pushed him to the ground.

Justin’s eyes went wide for a moment, and inside her mouth, surrounded by multiple layers of razor sharp teeth, Liz’s cheeks and tongue began to work; surrounding his manhood with her gums as it rapidly extended into her mouth; thickening and bulging, becoming riddled with veins as it sucked all the blood from his brain.

He grunted gutturally then, his claws digging into the sand as she drew it wet and erect, and slowly drawing herself off of him, maintaining suction as powerful as an industrial strength central vacuum pump, she finally withdrew off him. Then holding his erection firmly in one clawed hand as she licked its tip and then her lips; her long tongue sliding around her snout from one side to the other of her jaw. Then at last she lifted herself, and spreading her legs wide and jutting her hips forward, Justin was able to witness her pussy thicken and swell; drawing the folds apart to reveal her erect clit and the pinkish flesh on the inside of her body before she lowered herself onto his groin.

A length equal in distance from Justin’s hips to the base of his chest, a good four feet or more, slid effortlessly into Liz’s womanhood, piercing her deeply, before another grunt and a thrust from Justin shoved it deeper into her hips, just before it swelled to twice its thickness.

He filled her so perfectly, that it was an effort, even with her insides lubricating it, for it to move inside her. Looking down at him, Liz smiled warmly as she arched her back and rolled her lips, and then using only very subtle movements in her legs and hips, she began to rock into him.

For a good fifteen minutes, this went along, their love making filling the air with the smell of sweat and pheromones so strong that even a human could've detected the sweet smell. In the corner, where she'd been cowering, Tanya again grew incensed, feeling her body begin to burn, her breasts firming up, her nipples tightening, her crotch swelling to press against her inner thighs... she couldn't help but feel the feelings that were burning her from the inside.

And the only beings that could satisfy her were over there, and one of them was mad at her.

She swallowed hard, feeling that fire building up about her, and after several more minutes, to her, it felt as if she were slowly being dipped within molten iron.

She gasped against it, her two hands rubbing and caressing her breasts, with one slowly lowering to her crotch, with two of her fingers slipping inside to coax her clitoris even harder; and practically rising to her feet, she made several halting steps toward them. Timidly, and slowly, she made her way to the two lovers, the much smaller mouse in comparison taking awe at the immense breasts and the thickness of the mighty erection piercing Liz's thighs.

Edging herself closer, Tanya delicately placed her hands upon the tops of Liz lower nipples, and slipping forward, she began to suckle upon one of her broad teats. At first, Liz looked harshly down at her, but then feeling that little tongue suckling from her breast, drinking her milk, Liz slowly let her work more.

Tanya finally got to fondle both her breasts, and joining the couple, she was eventually turned around to sit upon Justin's chest, getting a mouth full of tongue in between her legs, while her swollen breasts got a sensuous rub from Liz's strong hands. Lifting her head, Tanya returned the favor by continuing to lick and caress the much larger female's bulging mammarys.

Surprisingly, as they caressed, sexed and loved one another, of the three, Tanya lasted the longest. And also of the three, Tanya was the one who transformed the most, and within several hours of trading places with Liz over Justin, and simply trading pleasure with Liz or both, Little Tanya grew twice her already massive height of twelve feet, and also began to develop some strange new transformations. When she finally got off Justin, her distended stomach again settling neatly over her taught abdominals, she rolled over to lay on her side, her four immense breasts laying one over the other, while she delicately caressed the four new nipples lining her upper abdominals.

She was long and lean now, with rear articulated feet and toes that spread wide, large oversized buck teeth and equally long talons. Whereas Justin and Liz both simply grew larger, she also grew a surprising level of muscle mass, with a mane of hair that trailed down her back that all collected like thick spikes. The same type of bristle like hairs also covered her forearms and the back of her calves, with thick tufts hanging in fetlocks about her extended feet. Stretching out,

she must've been over twenty feet from the tip of her long fingers to the tip of her tail, which had grown thick and powerful.

Her pink eyes were now a blood red, with a single dot in their centers for a pupil.

Beside her with the two titans now snuggling and holding one another, Tanya secretly slid both her hands between her legs, and again began to work her femininity. While the two slept... she continued to coax her growth along.

And then, during the night, something all too amazing happened to her...

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In her sleep, Tanya began to feel something happening to her. Her bodice had stored up an abnormally high level of sexual energy, and of her two companions – the mighty and powerful Elizabeth Roshenko, and her lover Justin Ashe – Tanya, the once stray little mouse, began to assume critical mass in her transformation.

Laying on her back, she gave off a low squeak, her back arching as her hips rolled, and between those soft, furry thighs, her pubic mound began to swell, spreading apart to reveal her pinkish flesh, and the tip of a clitoris that was rapidly becoming supremely hard; seeming like a reddened pebble between her legs. Drawing moist, her breasts suddenly became riddled with veins that all pulsed and pumped blood to her four nipples, erecting two of them out three fantastic inches, while her other four hardened nice and firmly.

Tanya uttered another squeak, awaking with surprise as her hands slid to her moist pussy, her fingers caressing her cunt as she began to give off low moans and sighs, and within seconds, her first orgasm ripped through her loins, and a splatter of fluids burst through her fingers against her inner thighs and pelvis.

She needed to be satisfied, she knew, and quickly flopped over, bracing herself on her hands and knees, her legs spreading wide as she sought out Justin in the gloom, but her vision was blurred, and her mind dizzy from her elation. Another gasp ripped through her, and her hips began to rock as if she were being made love to anyways, and she thought of those wondrous lovers she'd had, and her thoughts went to Justin, that wondrous officer, and that big rat in the sewers before she was captured and sent to a lab.

Her back lifted then, her spine arching like a cat's, and with a ripple of motion, each and every last vertebrae in her back realigned itself, and then spontaneously erupted into a series of growth. With one series of crunches that rippled down her back, her spine rose from between the two halves of her back, bulging supremely into the air, before another ripple sent those vertebrae tearing through her flesh, growing into overlapping plates and heavy, thick, thick spines, which all rose even higher into the air.

Spontaneously, her ribs then all spread apart and grew thicker and rounder in one mighty spasm that sent a pulse of blood between her legs as the motion massaged her heart, and another burst

of fluids erupted from between her legs to wet the ground as she gasped. Her four breasts, swelling with that sudden growth of her chest, were all pressed firmly into the sand as well, the disks of her areola swelling even more, while the tips of her nipples hardened even further from her chest into nibs at their ends. Another ripple of motion along her spine doubled the length of her tail, a moment before it likewise doubled its width in all places, its tip becoming riddled with soft fur while the tail spread her butt cheeks and pushed her pussy even further outward.

Her heart, laboring to supply blood, immediately quadrupled in size, and veins all over her body suddenly thickened; against her chest, on the insides of her legs, and all around her arms. The sheer force of her blood pumping between her legs was more than enough to simulate a lover rocking into her thighs, and her grunting and groaning indeed made her pleasure apparent.

Then all at once, her arms lengthened, and her thighs bulged and thickened five times over; every claw on her fingers and toes lengthening into talons, her buck teeth increasing in size to pointed incisors, and the prickly fur all across her body taking on the collective thickness of porcupine quills.

Her luxurious frost white fur darkened to a gray against her back toward her tail then, and a moment later, she simply began to grow larger and larger. Every few seconds or so the throbbing of all those hormones and natural chemicals, of her blood pumping so rhythmically and powerfully between her legs, Tanya soon began to orgasm in a way so rapid that each following the last practically overlapped one another.

Her thighs and pelvis, even a part of her belly as it sunk beneath her barreled ribs became wet with her climaxes.

She settled backward then, her shoulders and back spreading, both swelling massively with each passing second, just before her stomach became so riddled with muscle, that it was nothing but layer after layer of chorded muscle that actually distended a little bit. Her ribs lifted even more, creating a sunken groove around her still very slender waist where her ribs actual hung over her belly. Likewise, with her hips flared as far as they could go, the plates of her hips also hung over her belly, giving her an almost bony look.

Her fists clenched tightly, her biceps beginning to fill outward from her arms, her forearms spreading slowly as they lengthened, while her hips broadened and her thighs filled out even more. Then her ever growing size and her muscle mass began to make her front from her throat, down over her four tremendously sized breasts, down the front of her ribs and her extra long abdomen, and then down to her moist pussy and her inner thighs, lost all its fur. Gray molted tanned skin replaced that, until quite shortly she slowed in her transformation, and completed the full circle.

Then opening her eyes, which now glowed their deep red, something else inside her awakened, the rage of a beast. She reveled in her power, once a tiny mouse she was perhaps as big and as strong as Liz was now! She caressed her breasts, fingered her crotch and explored her insides briefly before she flopped forward and rose to all fours.

Before, only cheetahs and greyhounds had ever developed a body shape like she had, with powerful hind legs and a bulging chest, she also had the addition of spines and a thick, thick tail. But she was no longer the delicate, tiny little creature she was only a few days before. Now she was a raging machine, with breasts so large that the lower pair practically dragged along the ground, and the forward pair compressed tightly beside each other between her forelegs.

She was hungry now, hungry for many things, things that she'd never been able to have before. Then, with a final leap from where she had stood like a juggernaut, she entered the cave opening, ran headlong down its length and out into the open air of the park.

50

Justin woke up with a headache, realizing that it was indeed quite hard to think right now, and his body ached all over. Strangely enough, his oversized manhood hadn't retracted during the night, and laid heavily against the ground between his legs.

If growth made one feel like this, then you could have it! He thought, and then sat forward, looking down at the long lazy shaft between his legs, and then holding it up to his chest, tried to flex the muscles needed to pull it back into its satchel. It took quite a lot of doing, but he finally got it all telescoped back into its sheath, pushing it back in at last with the tip of a thumb. Once done, however, he noticed that that pouch seemed to bulge a lot more than it used to. Raising to his feet then, he sidled over to the pool of water, and bending over it, he took out a long draw of the crystal clear water before sitting back on his heels again.

Then he began to get the inclination that something was wrong, and turning, he looked for whatever it was. Something wasn't right. Something wasn't as it should be... something... was missing!

He looked to Liz, just to reverify that she was indeed still there and not run off again, and then he looked to where Tanya had went to sleep, and saw that she wasn't there anymore. As a matter of fact, through a thorough search of the cavern, he found only the still hot sexual juices that had clumped up the sand where she had laid.

Getting down on his hands and knees, he took a deep whiff of the scent, his mind remembering that smell, but in the meantime, becoming filled with the scent of sexuality that was so strong, that kneeling there, his shaft immediately expelled out into the air again.

“Oh Great Maker,” he whispered, even as the thing erected and the process of his thoughts draining with the blood in his head begun. Within moments, the only thought he had was to work himself, and with a quick turn, he leapt across the chamber to where Liz still laid, and despite that he was still head, chest and shoulders smaller than she he was able to turn her onto her armored back, spread her legs, and slam himself home!

Liz awoke slowly, feeling her body becoming supremely aroused, she arched her back and rolled her hips, and only then managing to raise up upon her arms, looked over her titanic breasts at her lover who had awakened her with a heady pumping between her legs. Allowing a loving smile

to cross her features, she leaned backward, spreading her legs further, while with one hand she began to caress her teats, which became firm and hard and immediately began to leak cream, and with the other, she held onto his member and worked it with her strong, strong fingers.

Bracing himself upon her thick powerful thighs, Justin himself went through another growth spurt, which at last allowed himself to hold onto his beloved and suck freely from her breasts without needing to stretch his neck, and with his added growth, he filled her so fully, that her vaginal muscles cramped around his erection.

For her, her armor merely got thicker, her body only a little larger maybe, but her breasts, they grew to proportions so supernaturally large, that a single one of them perhaps weighed nearly a ton!

With Justin working so hard, in her mind, she decided to help him in his efforts, and lifting herself to a sitting position, with him kneeling firmly between her legs, she took hold of his narrow waist, and pulled him with some difficulty from inside her. Primarily, the effort of withdrawing slowly felt so supremely good for her, and the other that – even with lubrication – there was very little room for her raging pussy to let go.

With a wet sucking sound, she finally pulled him out of her, and sitting him up on her chest, she pulled his mighty shaft between her breasts, inserted its tip into her mouth, and then pressed her breasts together before beginning to suck, and suck hard!

Bracing his hands atop her firm breasts, his thighs tensed, his chest puffing outward as she drew the very marrow from his bones, it seemed. When he finally climaxed, it was to pump a gallon down her throat; and when even her great maw couldn't contain it, it splattered against her face, neck, and all over the tops of her breasts.

And then he rapidly deflated, leaning his hands just on the inside of his inner thighs while Liz again took up his limp member and began to kiss and suckle its tip again.

But Justin was spent, and it took him a very long time to retract the great bulge again.

When his mind was again free, he looked down at his hands, to see that his forearms had flared wider and broader again, with their overall length increasing. Then going to rub his mouth, he felt something else, and grinning, felt that *all* his canines had overgrown the layer of teeth opposing them. On top of it all, he now had a growing desire for fresh meat. Raw meat.

Then within his vision, he saw a titanic hand flatten against his chest, the length and breadth of which took up the whole center of his chest now. He knew that he was over twelve feet by now, with his rear articulating legs helping that height along, but Liz, his beloved, was still above and beyond larger than him. Looking up at her, he found himself gazing into her emerald green eyes, which glowed in the half light of the cavern, shimmering with the reflection of the water, and in spite of himself, his extension stiffened a little, but he rapidly pushed his thoughts down again. Instead, he took Liz's hand with both of his, kneading her clawed fingers briefly as he leaned

forward, his long mane of hair raising a little against his head while some of the long strands fell before his eyes.

“Elizabeth. Liz,” he began. “Something wrong?” And then realized that he had dropped an adverb in his sentence, and refocused upon his speech. “Something *IS* wrong,” he corrected, and bravely continued. “Tanya’s gone. I think something bad is happening to her.”

Liz stared at him, suddenly growing silent. She was indeed a very intelligent woman but after nearly a week of transforming into this great, great juggernaut of feminine might and power, Liz had subsequently lost that intelligence to something akin to a smart animal... like a dolphin. But to Justin, her minute facial twitches and glances within her eyes read pages of what words could not.

It was as if he were reading the body language inherent in all animals.

Sitting up, she embraced him then, before she cupped his face in her hands and the two kissed. Sitting down, she was practically as high as he was standing up now, and when her hands cupped his thick cheeks, she was cupping his whole head. Then she nuzzled his chest, sucking on a bit of his fur there, and with that, the two parted, Justin immediately leaping for the cavern mouth.

Hugging herself with both arms, compressing the realm of mammaries against her chest together, she laid onto her side and curled up into a ball, her tail rising about her to wag its tip before her face.

And again, Liz was alone.

51

This whole mess had started with Liz taking a dip within intoxicated waters. She passed a mutated virus to her lover Justin, and as an experiment to find out what was going on between them, they had injected a small mouse with the same retrovirus. But the retrovirus, administered in a comparable dose larger than that that Liz had absorbed, inside a creature with a much greater metabolism, sped up the process several fold. Also, with the retrovirus mutating again when it absorbed radiation, it became much stronger, and wholly alien.

Again, the virus was transmitted – sexually – to Justin, and with it inside him, was again transmitted in the same manner to Tanya the mouse.

And so it was then that Tanya completed her transformations first, becoming a wholly erotic creature of massive proportions, having increased from her original size by a factor of over a thousand. She’d gained a human’s fleshy form – still covered with fur in many places – but she still possessed a mouse’s ability for sex, being able to multiply almost as rapidly as a rabbit.

It was a good thing that she was no longer genetically compatible with any other creature on earth. Nevertheless, she craved contact, she needed it, and lurking within the shadows of an alleyway, she waited for her first contact to come... male, female, it didn’t matter. She was

hunched over herself, tucked into a tight pile under a mound of rubbish, peering with her red eyes through a gap in her cover in order to view the world.

It was still daytime out, with maybe an hour or two of daylight left.

From the catacombs, she'd found her way to the sewers and from the sewers to this alleyway, with no greater desire or need than to feel something pumping between her thighs, caressing her breasts as her fluids ran from her.

And so, it was then that some commotion began. Just up the street, a woman of moderate age was walking idly from a convenience store and was much too busy to notice the young man as he approached her from behind; his shoulders hunched, and his hands in his pockets. Nor did she notice him as he suddenly burst into motion, snatched her purse, tucked it beneath his arm and launched himself forward like a football running back amidst cries of alarm.

Turning a corner, the purse-snatcher turned immediately again into the alleyway and hid behind a dumpster. A couple minutes later, a couple of cavalier men ran past his hiding place. He waited another minute before breathing a sigh of relief, before directing his attention to the purse.

Tanya viewed all this, knew very well how important a purse was to a woman, but then something else tinged within her mind: a reminder that she needed her release, and immediately upon seeing that this young man indeed had a bulge between his legs, she felt her breathing quicken and her heart race. She began to rise slowly and quietly behind him, rising like some Neolithic monster out of a swamp as her body continued to become incensed. Her nipples hardened and erected themselves beautifully against her chest, her pussy bulged and moistened, and amidst his findings, having finally secured the lady's wallet, the purse-snatcher paused, smelling a tinge in the air.

It was something that forced his prick to grow erect, forced it to thicken like it'd never done before, and with amazement, he looked down between his legs as he felt that bulge thicken all the more. And then he detected that tinge in the air, a scent of lilacs, sweet honey and sweat.

It was then that he turned around, and jumped back so far that his back flattened against the opposing alley wall at the same time a loud scream escaped his throat.

Tanya, however, smiled, showing off her razor sharp incisors while the hairs on her back, now thickened and collected into bristles and spines, flared about her upper back and shoulders, her once pinkish eyes now glowing red with her passions.

“Wha-what the Fu...” began the purse-snatcher, but Tanya launched herself forward, snatching up her prey with both hands and then leapt away with him.

Down three alleyways, and leaping down an open sewer hole, Tanya then escaped deep into the dark, until finally coming to a place where the water hadn't come up to in perhaps decades. It

took some time cleaning it, and from scavenging through a good deal of the city world above, Tanya had succeeded in creating a rather clean and very warm little nest here.

It had its own light source coming from a white maintenance light on the wall.

And so, it was here that she deposited her trophy on her bedding and all the blankets there and immediately braced herself on all fours above him; her immense tits brushing against his body.

“Wh-what are you going to do to me?” he panted, eyes dilated.

But Tanya didn't answer. Her higher thought processes had already been taken over by her highly advanced sexual urges. She no longer knew who she was, no longer knew nor cared what was happening about her, knowing only that there was an incensed male beneath her who could provide her with the pleasure she sought.

Her clawed hands slid down his front and hooked into his trousers, and with a deep sigh, she tore his pants open, disgorging his manhood into the cool air of the sewer, before she began to pick him clean of all his clothing.

Tanya began to pant over her captive, and hunching back on herself, she extended her long tongue to moisten his crotch, kissing the tip of his purpling helmet before arching her body so powerfully, that the purse-snatcher could actually hear the grinding of her muscles and tendons in the action.

She sighed, and walking forward on her fingertips and long toes, she finally settled down at the base of his legs, and quickly sliding a hand to his prick, she rolled her hips, and took him inside herself. Immediately, her vaginal muscles clamped down hard, sucking her captive straight upward into her body, she orgasming almost immediately.

A high pitched squeak escaped her throat, her nipples all hardening into huge teats, while the pads supporting them likewise engorged outward while her breasts all expanded. Fluids began to flow powerfully in her body, pumping heavily through her arteries, veins and capillaries, feeding her muscles, her body, her very cellular structure with enzymes, hormones, pheromones, and all sorts of natural chemicals.

And with all this in her, the latent radioactive virus in her body, now too weak to transfer to another body, began to transform her again.

Before now, even in her mind, she'd thought that her transformation was complete. Thought that it had run its course. But as her hands planted straight onto her already bulging thighs while she trembled, her eyes closed as she squeaked again, and her vaginal muscles clenching and unclenching to massage the shaft piercing her bodice sped the juices along in her body. Glands swelled, and her supposedly spent transformation lurched forward again as if from a dead sleep.

She gasped, and immediately, her captive felt a tightening about his prick as her vaginal muscles began to thicken, bulging around his extension and squeezing it all the more firmly. Her major

blood vessels all thickened then as the natural chemicals in her body engorged her body and bones, before in the next instant, her muscles began to grow.

The great edifices of her thighs, huge and powerful, immensely taut and intense, began a throbbing motion as they swelled, and within seconds, they would double their size along with the rest of her body. The fur along the insides of her legs spread open, her pussy loosing its soft white bush while the peach fuzz along the front of her body from chest to crotch seemed as if it were being pushed out through a hole in her fur. All of it emerged outside her soft white fur to reveal a pinkish flesh that was hot and sensually aroused.

Her vaginal mound thickened more as her seminal fluids began to overflow from the insides of her body, lubricating her insides to allow his extension to slide all that much more easily inside her body. Her ribs flared, hefting her swelling breasts higher, before her back swelled and hunched over her shoulders, giving her a bit of a hunched over look briefly.

Her hands then slammed downward beside the purse-snatcher's head, and he got a chest and face full of tit as they continued to expand with the sound of balloons being rubbed the wrong way. He felt them grow hot with her body, felt them grow moist with her sweat, just before something quivered inside the two mighty pairs, and began to disgorge milk all over his body. He sputtered and spurted through this shower of cream that whitened his body and hers, her arms thickening as her body grew larger and larger.

The nib of her clit pushed outward over his erection, throbbing ecstatically in the cool air as it continued to thicken as well; extending like a tiny bulge through the top of her vaginal crevice.

Then with a gasp and a shudder, a flush washed over her captive as if he'd just exploded the water in a pregnant woman. But the fluids were all sticky and hot, and began thickening, clotting and crystallizing against his body as soon as they met the air.

And then she spasmed, thrusting her hips into his; and to him it looked as if her spine had just burst from the peak of her back. But in truth, what happened was that the transforming rat's spine suddenly thickened and grew outward in a long series of growth that made it seem as if it were being pulled free. And then the spine thickened again, all the way to the tip of her tail, and then transformed to where a series of blunted spines erupted from her back with a wet, slurpy burst of motion.

Her legs lengthened from thigh to the smallest toe, as did her forearms from elbow to fingertip. Bony spines grew from her knees and elbows, and her ribcage stuck out so far over her stomach, it was like an impenetrable cliff over a craggy mountain face.

She groaned, and right before his eyes, he watched as her stomach began to compress in on itself, forming an overlapping layer of flesh from the base of her ribs to the relatively loose pad of flesh that was swallowing his prick whole!

And then the thistles and spines that had once been her fluffy fur, thickened all over again, arraying themselves like quills about her shoulders, upper back and back of her head. Likewise, more quills formed about the outer edges of her forearms, and still more near the base of her tail.

Then at last, she simply began to grow... and Grow... and *Grow!* She grew until she filled the whole room.

And with her final stage taken, she began to orgasm... repeatedly, over and over again, gyrating into the snatcher's hips repeatedly, until he was weary from the half pain and inexorable pleasure.

Then at last, she was spent.

There she remained, panting heavily, no longer knowing anything but the residual of her pleasure and transformation.

The purse-snatcher slowly got out from under her, backed away, and then hurriedly made his way for the first insane asylum. The woman later got her purse back, from someone... or rather... *something* throwing it at her back.

52

"Where is she?" Justin thought aloud when he returned to their cave. "Damn, I wish I could listen in on the police scanners or get a newspaper or something.

He looked to his wolf's form and knew immediately that that was impossible. The moment he showed his face, there would be screams and chants of 'Monster! Monster!' all around.

But then he looked up to Liz, who laid on her side, watching him with bright shining eyes. She seemed to have changed, even in the two hours that he'd been gone. He stared at her, trying to think what it was, but like Liz had already experienced, it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to think straight.

There were of course some of the more minute changes. Her hide along the front seemed heavier and now creasing every which way horizontally like the belly of a reptile, also, the portion of her bodice that revealed her femininity had darkened some with the growing thickness of her hide. There were more bony protrusions against her back, and she had also grown larger. He himself was nearly over two-stories now, but she was beginning to fill the whole chamber.

But then he smelt something in the air, something that made his manhood begin to erect out from its pouch, and looking down as his erection extended from its sheathe, he was immediately aware of what was truly going on here.

She's in heat again, he realized, even as the blood in his brain began to flow into his groin to fuel it. Desperately, he tried to stem the flow, stop it from happening. But Liz unfolded, her massive

legs spreading open, revealing an already moist crotch that was all too delectable for an expanding groin like his.

But then, despite himself, he fell over onto all fours, slipped up to her, and with the last ounce of his mental strength failing, he slipped into her embrace at the same time as he slid deep into her.

Instantly, transformation began between the two as their sexual energies fueled it along. Liz erupted about his erection, and a singularity was born somewhere inside her at last; a thing which activated one last and final stage of her transformation.

And while they made love, she began to become afraid of it, and breaking away from her lover suddenly, she slid up and out through a cave opening, making her way rapidly through catacombs to a new chamber somewhere underneath the city to cower in hiding from it. Justin was left on his back, panting in his own desires as he continued to grow off the remainder of his passions with his mate; his mighty tower still throbbing from his pelvis high over his body, while his hands holding it aloft just prior to climax.

But Liz, there in her new chamber, that singularity born inside her began to pump power into her body, and she began to grow. She continued to grow unbidden; it didn't stop this time. Her muscles were all on fire, they thickened without relent, growing larger and larger while her skeletal system realigned, her libido enhancing a thousand fold.

She screamed outward then, a scream so intense, so loud, that as it reverberated through the walls of stone, it found its way into the sewer system, and awoke Tanya from her viscous tantric circle. Her eighth victim was pinned beneath her massive body, his head not yet even reaching the height of her lowest pair of tits. The scream continued outward through the sewers, and from each and every sewer grate, the scream echoed outward and stopped the city cold with the sound.

Far below, Liz continued to transform, and with a tantric burst of fluids from her love mound, a series of three erotic flows of fluids that moistened the warm sands beneath her and splattered her thighs with the sticky fluids. Then with a lurch and a spasmodic arch of her back, there was a breakage against her chest about her flaring ribcage and a rapid growth of muscle there before a pair of arms opened wide, extending powerful muscles and tendons, which immediately slid beneath her first pair, with powerful claws and four fingered hands gripping at the air.

Another scream erupted from her throat, and lowering her deeply sunken eyes within head, topped upon a long arching neck, she watched as her tertiary and quandary sets of nipples both expanded upon pads of muscle at the peak of her abdomen, and four new breasts evolved there. This inadvertently finally gave her the chest of most animals, she now possessing a total of eight pairs, though only the top four were really developed like a human's. Her primary two pairs also swelled, forming into overlapping pads of woman-flesh that peaked with enormous nipples of pinkish flesh at the top of her chest. Her third and fourth pairs then formed two more overlapping pairs of flesh beneath those, with those and her newest set of four all beginning to leak milk and cream down the length of her body.

With all of them reshaped and hardened with their firmness, her armor and scales crept around them in their growth, framing them as they all just created a massive, multi-layered, heart-shaped pad trailing down into her abdomen. Titan-like strength extruded from the heavily chorded muscles beneath those many breasts, while those breasts all swelled to capacity with her tantalizingly creamy milk.

She fell forward onto her first pair of arms and knees, her second pair holding tightly about her middle from an ache she felt there, and against her back, its peak suddenly erupted upward like a mountain range of millions of years being formed in a manner of seconds. Just then, the armor there cracked and shattered as spikes arrayed around the immense hump, like spikes around the central disk in her spinal column. But then that pad of flesh unfolded in one direction and then the other, forming wings that unfurled to their greatest lengths, and in turn throbbed with energy and pumping blood to grow into gossamer lengths.

She cried out again, though this one barely made it to the surface, and between her legs, a much weaker eruption of fluids spurted out onto the ground.

Her back arched again, and all her back spikes suddenly thickened, broke open in half, flared outward, and then grew another set of spikes that arrayed themselves down her spine to half way down the length of her tail. The remaining half of her tail also spit, ending in two enormously long whip-vine-like tendrils.

Her frost-white mane of hair, once soft and pleasant began to bunch and thicken to form tendrils along the backward base of her skull, and long quills down the rest of it as a sail erupted from her skull and fanned upward.

There was then, a pause, and within a single instant, her body burst open, breaking open on dozens of sections as her mass doubled! She began to moan and groan then, becoming still larger as her back grew thick pylons, hunched over itself, and erupted even greater spikes, spines and overlapping plates of armor.

Her head lost the final ounce of her humanity as it became purely reptilian, her mouth opening to roar this time, revealing hundreds of teeth set in multiple rows. Her chest jutted out, and she slid against the ground in her half pain/half erotic pleasure, her milk from her tits pattering the ground as she did, her clit extending a full hands length from her crotch.

When she rose again, her secondary pair of hands now caressing her clit, her back broke into the mass of stalactites and stalagmites against the ceiling, shattering them all before her primary pair of arms launched backward to break into the ceiling as well.

She screamed outward again, and this time, a wave of fire erupted from her mouth to melt the stone and cook the sands into glass beads. As soon as she closed her mouth again, another enormous burst of growth occurred, and in the city above, her back spines erupted through a layer of asphalt, as a whole section of the road was lifted above the ground.

People up there began to cry earthquake, but in one final burst of growth, Liz broke upward into the sky, and roared a roar of pleasurable feeling that could no longer be contained. The blessed light bathed her bodice; her body was now free into the air at last.

Idly, her arms brushed away the thick layers of asphalt, concrete, sand and stone, as she stared up at the sun like a long lost lover.

Bunching up her muscles, like the motion of an industrial film in action, she leapt up into the air, spread her wings majestically for a moment, landed atop the tallest building in the city, and cried aloud again.

Then she looked down at the city, her eyes turning a blood red as she grinned. And then the Rampage began.

53

Justin looked up into the sky where his beloved stood. He no longer could find words to utter, his voice no longer there to voice them, but his powerful intellect was still intact. He himself had become a juggernaut of power, but he knew that he was as of yet no match for Elizabeth in the slightest. He looked up at the ensuing destruction his beloved was making, knew that he had to stop it, and knew that he was powerless to do so. He needed more time to grow; he needed to become stronger!

Then he noticed the people looking down into the great cavern here. Sliding back into the darkness, his fur having now darkened and coalesced into spines and quills much along its length, hiding him beautifully.

He had to find Tanya... to finish... *becoming*. *She was the only female large enough to satisfy him, and perhaps together, she and he could stop Liz*. So then, he retreated down the tunnel he had used to follow Liz, his fists erupting against the walls, forming cave-ins in the tunnel to keep their lair secret.

He then set off, with only one thought in his mind:

Must... Find... Tanya!

54

White Suit hurried into the control room of S.C.U.M. labs, for the first time, his suit not so clean, opened to bare his strong, genetically enhanced body with bare and muscular chest, with his tie off kilter and the button in his pants undone. But despite that, he still came in with an aura of power and authority, which stated, plain and simple, "Don't frag with me!"

"Status report!"

The room was in chaos already; with every screen, both flat and holographic, lit. One technician, a busty female in only a thong and a see-through shirt that was split open from her throat on down underneath her lab coat approached him with a data pad.

“We have a situation, sir.” She said with a sigh, her breasts jiggling emphatically as she neared. “We currently don’t have a classification high enough for the emergency level this is displaying.”

She handed him the data pad, and looking down at it, he froze.

It was of a still image of a monstrous beast; monstrous on every level, including size, strength and of course, sexuality. The fact that it was atop the trade building gave one a perfect example of its size.

“It’s already begun to terrorize the city, sir.” The tech supplied. “The police force is of course no match for it, and the governor has already activated the National Guard, and has called in for military reinforcements.”

“Are we in any danger?”

“Not as of yet, sir, but mayhap we should...”

“Send no aid.” He said simply, and threw the data pad onto a console in front of him.

“But sir! We already have the anti-mutagen to stop all this. We can...”

“I *said*, send no help!” he turned to look at her with an evil gaze. Then stepping forward, he slipped a hand beneath her transparent silk shirt and began to grope her breasts. She had become his favorite as of late. “There are penalties worse then being subjected as love slaves, my pet. You’ve been subjected to a process that we know works and works properly. I can also have you sent down as a guinea pig for some of our ‘untested’ chemicals.”

The tech lowered her head away from his gaze, and, as she was required to do, began to encourage his groping by lifting a hand to massage the back of his.

“Yes sir.” She voiced.

“Good, now return to the lab. I may want your services later.”

White Suit returned to his studies of the images as his personal tech left the chamber. Just outside, and beneath the security camera, outside its view of vision, she leaned against the door, looked down between her undulating breasts at the thick mound of her crotch for a few minutes. Then quietly, she slid a hand down her bodice and fingered the small triangular flap of cloth over her pussy, slid the fingers of her other hand inside it, and slowly pulled out a small glass vial.

Inside her body, it had been incubating wonderfully into maturity, and now she held a retrovirus that, in its dilute form as this was, would give her the desired transformation she wanted.

She remained there, one hand over her crotch but underneath the patch of cloth of her thong, and the other hand holding the vial. Then with not another thought, she licked the vial clean of her own sweet vaginal juices, thumbed the cork off, and drank the substance inside clean.

It began to work immediately, she feeling her libido excite itself to untold levels. Despite how much she wanted a man just then, she instead hurried off to her own chambers to hide, until her transformation could run its course.

Once inside, she locked the door, undressed, entered into her shower stall, and turned the water on as hot as she could bear to create steam everywhere. Then sitting down, being splattered by the hot water, her hand, which still remained on her throbbing pussy, slipped a pair of fingers inside herself, and immediately began to caress her clit.

And then, she began to transform.

55

Firemen were desperately trying to put out fires all over the city, police were trying their hardest to herd people from the city, and huge droves were attempting their hardest to get out of the city. It was strange, but not a single person had been seriously hurt as of yet, but this creature's actions were becoming more and more violent. Already, she had toppled a skyscraper, which was now nothing but rubble strewn everywhere.

And to watch her take out one of these immense skyscrapers was a sight to behold. Using techniques usually reserved for kick-boxers, this creature, undoubtedly a female, and was so nicknamed Liz, because of the doubtless lizard-like reptilian nature of her form, would break down whole building in seconds!

Scientists were measuring her breath weapon to be atomic in the level of its heat, while her strength was like no dinosaur could ever hold. At four stories tall, she would've been able to kick King Kong's ass!

And after destroying a building – five having gone down so far – she would mysteriously disappear.

It was then, that a rumble could be heard, and looking to the east, one saw one of the largest mobile military groups ride in, with a flight of apache helicopters, tanks, artillery, support vehicles and a legion of troops marching in.

For the first time since all this began, the police chief, fire chief and mayor of this fine city were all contemplating abandoning this city to this creature. As one, they greeted the General who came in, an aged military general who brandished three stars on his shoulder epaulets, and a cornhusk pipe out of one corner of his mouth.

“All right? Who’s in charge here?” he asked looking around as his battle group immediately began to set their camp up behind him.

“I am,” the mayor said, wringing his hands.

“No longer. By Governmental mandate, I am declaring martial law. I am now in charge, Mr. Mayor. For your safety, you will have to be removed with the rest of the civilians.

“Police chief. I understand that you are currently trying to remove the citizenry?”

“That I am.” The police chief responded, saluting.

“Continue this operation, and while we get radio communication in the area scrambled to stop the damned reporters, you and your policemen are also to arrest all reporters on sight.

“Fire Chief, continue your fire brigade duties. We are getting some drop planes in here to help with the fires. If we can, we will try to save this city and kill the creature.”

“And if you can’t?” the Mayor asked with a hesitating voice.

The general puffed simply on his cornhusk pipe and then blew out a puff of smoke that was a little too green for normal tobacco smoke. “Then, by *presidential* mandate, I am required to level the city and destroy the creature with a tactical nuke.” He turned to the three gentlemen, facing him for the first time. “Until then, I suggest you pray that we are able to stop this wee beastie.”

56

Tanya huddled cowering in her nest, afraid immensely of what was going on above her. Her mentality and speech was still intact, but her instincts were still asserting themselves. But then as she laid there shivering, she suddenly smelt something else... a powerful smell of a man, and pausing in her fright, she slowly began to feel another instinct take over in its place.

Erotic pleasure.

Her tits began to peak, her crotch began to swell, and uncoiling from her bedding, she slid forward on her hands and toes, following her nose for the scent. The closer she got to it, the more she wanted to be with it. She knew it was a specially virile male, full of his own sexual power, and eventually, she was running on all fours as she continued after it. But then she turned a corner and splashed to a stop, and there before her, was a creature of immense size and power, crouching over the sewer water of a storm drain, hands raised to the peak of the sewer, and a prick, fully erect and curving upward, powerful in its throbbing might, projecting from his sternum.

Tanya squeaked loudly, and tried to run away, but a thick and powerful hand caught her leg and hauled her quickly back. Another hand squeezed her neck, cutting off her blood briefly before

releasing again. The swift change in blood flow knocked her out, and she collapsed in his arms. Tanya was then slung over his shoulder as he began to move on his hind legs and one hand through the sewers.

Justin finally brought Tanya, through miles of sewer to the center of the city, to where a great vertical shaft laid, with numerous flood rooms spiraling off from it. Justin leapt across chamber and landed in the highest flood room, one placed for future reasons, but was still quite warm, pristine stone untouched by sewer waters. Right above them was the sewage treatment plant. Lowering Tanya onto the ground, he laid her out, his erection still evident from the base of his abdomen as he reached forward to part her legs open, she laying sprawled along the ground.

His wolf eyes regarded he briefly as he tilted his head gently to one side, and reaching down, slid a finger delicately between and just inside the folds of her vaginal mound, his other fingers lifting to caress the pink flesh around it to entice her awake.

Tanya moaned, and her knees rose and then spread even further open as her thick vaginal mound thickened and spread open as well. When her clit rose out into the air, Justin immediately began to caress that as well, and with an orgasm of pleasure, Tanya awoke hurriedly, and found herself staring wide-eyed at Justin.

“J-Justin.” She gasped. “Please... Wh-what are you doing?!” But Justin moved forward, kneeling over her tail and between his legs, before with one hand he began to lower his erection downward, arching his back. “Justin...” she squeaked, but in the next moment, she squeaked her pleasure as an erection larger than a blue whale’s pierced her loins to the hilt, and inside her, thickened more.

“Need... stop... Liz. Need... final transform. Need... love! Need... *SEX!*”

That was the only words that Justin said before he grabbed Tanya’s hips and began to work himself into her.

With a powerful wolf throbbing into her body, rocking his hips into a much smaller mouse, she felt her vaginal mound spreading to the limits of its ability to do so. And for the first few minutes, she experienced a subtle pain amidst her pleasure. But then, with their passions rising to their height, the energies they shared began to trigger their transformations, and the two began to grow larger, with Tanya quickly accelerating close to the size of the mighty Justin.

But amidst the pumping frag that Justin began to put her through, simultaneously in them both, the same singularity that had awakened in Liz, took them both.

Justin finally released the smaller mouse, and with the power of his climax, she slid against the floor several feet before her body was drenched in his wash. But Justin’s body was already growing to unparalleled heights, rapidly thickening with muscle, transforming into a mighty, long-bodied creature as he broke through the levels of the ceiling and then through the floor of the sewage treatment plant. Beneath him, Tanya too continued to transform, but Justin had achieved what he needed. He leapt upward through the ceiling of the sewer plant and clinging to

one of the mighty buildings surrounding it, he turned and saw the main city far off; and flexing muscles that were still growing and he leapt once from the building and landed with a lunge that shattered the pavement. Then he leapt again, and landed in a run as he went crashing down the road, kicking up chunks of asphalt and vehicles alike in his mad dash.

Behind him, Tanya climbed out of the hole, a smile on her face and quite exhausted. But where Justin was nearing the end of his final transformation, hers was accelerating.

Laying down on her side and chest, she gasped as she fiddled with her still throbbing pussy, feeling her own orgasming shudder her body with the power of it all. And then she began to expand, and within moments, was breaking through more of the roof of the treatment plant.

Her transformation didn't stop for many minutes. And there in the growing darkness, she became a titan!

57

Liz had landed with a lunge and had begun to immediately beat against a building with such force that the impact tremors shattered windows all around her.

She was completely unaware of the sound of helicopters, until she was attacked full on her side by a launch of missiles that knocked her to the ground. She screamed a Godzilla scream in her pain, grasping onto her bulging shoulder even as it healed right beneath her fingers.

But then she felt the tremor of something beneath her, and lifting her gaze, she saw a mass of metal things rolling up the road at her, the largest of them all stopping well behind them and dropping keel blocks as a mighty barrel rose up into the air. She stared at it for a moment until it cocked backward suddenly, and in the next moment, there was more pain as something hit her heavily in the chest, and she tumbled backward head over heels from the impact. The next moment, hordes of other impacts were striking her like punches and slaps as all the smaller vehicles began to shoot at her. As she turned her back to it, there were more before her, which also opened fire, and she was riddled with a barrage of gunfire that was like a thousand bee stings against her body. She screamed as open wounds erupted all over her body, splattering blood onto the ground.

In desperation, she lurched forward and dropped one mighty arm, the soldiers scrambling out of their vehicles quickly as she squashed them flat, while still others backed up out of her way. More missiles detonated against her back, bringing forth another scream from her, but as those scales and plates grew back, they grew back heavier and larger than before, thickening to the consistency of battleship armor now.

Apparently, the mutation added a level of adaptability to its new host.

Turning her head toward the tanks, she flipped to her feet, leapt up into the air, allowing her wings to flare open to catch the wind. She then opened her mouth, and sprayed a lance of fire down into the city that made several city blocks catch on fire from the sheer impact of it all. The

shockwave that proceeded the wave slid even the heavier tanks out of the way, knocked soldiers off their feet and shattered more windows.

The tanks melted beneath the fire, but the one remaining one, the big one, simply lifted its canon and fired at her once again, knocking her to the ground so that the helicopters could move in to fire rockets and more missiles at her, with thirty millimeter guns blazing depleted uranium at her hide. She screamed again, flapped her wings up at them, and all the helicopters were all blown away in winds that were the force of a hurricane.

Slowly she got up, holding herself with all four arms, even as the heavy cannon lowered its barrel toward her again. She had totally forgotten about the thing that knocked her out of the sky as she healed, her armor thickening more still, her muscles re-knitting twice as thick. The cannon aimed for her face, pointing its aim straight for the hollow point just above her eyes. But just as its firing sequence was about to go, a massive hand lowered to the barrel, squeezed it shut, and then ripped it off its moorings as if it were a metal pipe stuck in the mud. The pilot and gunners of the heavy cannon all looked up as a giant creature with the head of a wolf looked down at them, just as his foot that had been placed on their machine, stamped downward and flattened its engine.

Dropping the pipe with a shrill metallic clang, the new giant creature approached the creature known as Liz, and from his vantage point, the General lowered his macro-binoculars to look at the mighty creature a ways off from his makeshift watch tower.

The new one was male, immense, and powerful, with a hunching back and a body mass that was slightly greater than the female before him. With a mane and upper body fur the thickness and consistency of quills, its back armored with overlapping spines, with more quills along the outside of its arms and powerful legs, it stepped lithely forward to stop just before Liz, holding itself in an unmistakable battle stance.

“Good Gawd.” The general voiced, and reached over to pull his Comm. Man into his face. “Get me the president... now!”

And there, in the city, Liz drew herself upward, spying the new arrival, and screamed at him, the force of her breath blowing some of the quills about his face idly away. She too took up her kickboxing stance, and in the next moment, they were fighting.

The destruction that had ensued before was nothing compared to these two titans as they battled. A whole city quarter was devastated.

58

Liz drew herself up. Despite her armor, her wings and her breath weapon, this new arrival was just too strong for her. She felt a tremor beneath her feet, and raising her eyes, she saw the titan-sized wolf running for her, and in the next moment, she felt her back slammed against a building, the impact of which forced that building backward; sliding along the ground several blocks from its moorings as this wolf pushed her backward against the building. She roared against the pain,

several of his shoulder quills piercing her mammaries, remaining there as he pulled back and slammed his fist into her sternum several times, and picking her up, threw her up over his head to slam her into the ruined ground.

The network of subways and sewers beneath the impact all collapsed.

And then he was over her. She tried to breathe up at him, but his hand quickly slapped up beneath her chin, closing her mouth, and held her mouth shut. Blazing blue and green fire escaped around her teeth like jets, and when it was finally over and the hand removed, she screamed from the pain of having the insides of her mouth singed. She tried to move his arms, but one pair was held down by his hands, the other by his knees.

His feet hooked over her armored thighs and pulled them open then and she cried outward as his head lowered to her neck. But instead of ripping her throat out, she felt the warmth of a tongue there licking the still softened part of her neck.

Her eyes opened a little in surprise as she felt something warm and heavy begin to slide up along her chest, pressing between the crevices between her tits, and lowering her gaze, she watched as a mighty erection slid its way up toward her mouth. Her body relaxed, and the creature atop her drew backward, burying his muzzle into her bosom; its long wet tongue tasting her breasts as, with a slight movement of his hips, he pierced her immense crotch.

She gasped then, and keened a low moan, and inside her mind, something remembered a part of her humanity. A counterpart, a lover, and looking up at this creature, looking into its eyes, she remembered as if it were a hundred years ago.

'Justin' came a name to this creature, and her back arched as she relaxed into him, her hands lifting to caress her tits as they expanded, her nipples hardening. That name brought all sort of emotions to her, of love, pleasure and erotic and tantric might within her loins. Desires of children, the pleasure of her womanhood, and as they made love to the view of over a thousand soldiers, citizens and reporters who were recording all this from their secret hidey-holes, there was a collective "Awww" from the gathered watchers.

"I said fire!" came the general's voice through the din. "Fire! Fire! Fire now!!"

The soldiers who'd been positioning themselves open fired with advanced mortars, and a dozen of these machines fired a series of eight shells one right after the other, changing their firing-arches each time so that the shells would all hit the same target at the same time.

Justin heard their whining approach of bombs, and turning saw them all coming at them, and turning his back into them, screamed out a cry of pain that pierced the land, which could've been heard from miles around. Without any armor, he was defenseless against the painful strikes. There, he teetered precariously before falling over Liz. She caught him, embraced him, tried to wake him up, and feeling his back as she tried to shake him amidst her coos to awake him, she felt something slick and sticky against his back, and withdrawing her hand, saw the reddened blood.

She stared at it, and began to hyperventilate with disbelief, and her love for him changed to hatred, her hatred became enormous, and her hatred became a need for revenge. She flipped him onto his back, crying over him for a moment before she turned back and stared at the soldiers. She then released a scream of painful hurt that promised that she was about to visit it back upon their attackers a thousand fold. And leaping up into the air, her wings caught the wind, and floating there high above the city, a sparkling glow erupted about her mouth in the form of lightning. Then dipping her head back, she held it there for a moment and then thrust it forward again to blow a strike of fire at her attackers so hot, that when it struck, it was like a super-hot fuel-oil bomb going off.

And there, in the city, Armageddon began.

59

Attention was drawn away from Justin, being that they thought him dead, but to Tanya's senses, she knew quite well that he was still alive. She could hear his heart beating, could hear his breathing, and could hear his sweat still being generated.

She slinked from behind a building where she'd quietly watched the fight, now a lithe creature of long body, enormous chest, long arms and legs, and immensely thick tail. She was only two-thirds the size of Justin, but her muscles were packed thick, and despite her size and Justin's weight, she was able to haul him away easily away into a park on the other side of the city within a few minutes, and away from view of the soldiers. She caressed his face when she laid him down again, and after a moment when he didn't awake, she held his head up, braced his upper body on her legs, and maneuvered his mouth onto one of her teats. With but a thought, the four began to expand, and squeezing the one whose nipple was within his mouth, she was able to squeeze her sultry cream into his body.

A leap of joy entered into her body as he began to suckle, one of his hands lifting to her stomach.

He was weak, but his strength was rapidly returning thanks to his growing healing ability and thanks above all to the super nutrient-enriched milk from Tanya's own teat. When he was strong enough, Justin embraced Tanya, and gave a low whine.

"I know," she whispered, her voice sounding like another person shouting. "Go to her. Keep her safe." She helped him to stand, and he licked her nose and then kissed her lightly on the forehead.

Tanya felt an ache in her body as she watched him go. She had some love in her heart for him, but she knew that he loved Liz, and Liz loved him. There was no place for her between them. Once he had disappeared, she quickly ran off after him, keeping to the shadows of the skyscrapers and the small patches of forests lining the parks.

They were my family, she thought. I must help them.

In no time, they had found Liz again. And the grizzly sight was just too much to bear.

60

Liz had assailed to the very center of the military camp, ignoring the blows and impacts, and with a snatch of her hand, she picked up the general, the prettiest of all these bird, and knew that he was the one in charge.

Squatting there like a two story tall dog, the man in her fist, she grinned her hundred-tooth grin, and then slowly rose to her full height of four stories, a creature of forgotten might. Then shaking him briefly, she then up righted him, and stuck him straight between her legs, pushing his wriggling body inside herself and then coaxing her clit to force her bodice into orgasm.

The general was buffeted around by her tantric forces even as she leapt up into the air, sailing back for the city. At last, he was able to emerge his head out through the front of her pussy, taking a deep breath, and then a gasp as he saw how high he was.

“Hold your fire! Hold your fire!” he gasped over his radio, that had remarkably remained intact and operable, just before he gasped as another of her orgasms pinched around his body, and he spluttered as a wash of her seminal fluids flowed around him.

Liz landed in the center of the city, and squatting down, balancing herself with her tail, she again pushed him inside and began to caress her femininity; her primary pair of hands caressing all eight of her breasts, and her other pair caressing her clit.

And then the general was buffeted again and again, squeezed tightly over and over again, being taken up in a wash of her seminal fluids, until at last he was ejected ten feet from her pussy onto the ground, he landing in a vast puddle of the sticky, sweet and flavorful fluids of her body.

As soon as he looked up, she slammed her hand downward, and he cowered from it, and felt an impact, but not death. Still shivering, he looked upward, and saw that he had been trapped beneath her fingers.

And then disbelievingly, she lifted her hand, rose to her rear-articulated feet, and left him there.

Shivering, the general stood there, realizing how close to dying he'd just been, and remained there until an escort came to pick him up.

61

White Suit stood quietly, having composed himself into his usual pristine self. His personal tech was not where she was supposed to be, and he was now quite irritable.

Especially since the newest development.

“It has been confirmed. Two new targets have been identified.” Came a feminine voice over the loud speaker, and two large holographic screens lit up to show an immensely powerful wolf, and a giant rat. “Further confirmation from the oval office. The general has been authorized to utilize mass destruction weaponry.”

“Crap.” He uttered, and took a deep draw from his cigar. “Prepare an anti-mutagen based on our current data.”

“Yes sir.” Came a reply from somewhere. He took another puff from his foul-smelling cigar.

“And prepare my car. It seems as if it is time that we intervene.”

62

“I don’t care what he says... this is the last I will take from that beastie. I want full ordinances now, and if we can’t destroy her with those, I want a B-52 ready to drop the bomb!”

“Excuse me.” A voice said, but the general continued.

“Full ordinances damn you! I want everything possible. A-10’s, Apache helicopters, F-22’s, I want...”

“*Excuse me.*” The voice persisted, and the general turned around to see a civilian standing before him.

“Who the hell are you?” the general bellowed.

“I am the Regional CEO of S.C.U.M. Labs, general. I believe that I might be able to help you in the matter of this genetically enhanced creature.”

The general stared at the white-suited man. He knew full well who S.C.U.M. Labs was. They were developing the serum for their own super soldiers. Immediately, he began to get ideas as to *how* his current problem came about.

“Get those things for me now. You have one hour.” He said to the phone and slammed it down. “I’ve just seen the tantric insides of that wee beastie; I am now no longer patient with this whole affair. Start talking before I have someone eject you into the nearest mud pie.”

“I have for you, some advanced soldiers that we can use against these beasts. As well as some biological warfare that would be able to weaken and perhaps even, destroy the creature.

“All, of course, for a price.”

The general paused and then looked over his existing arsenal; and what remained of it. Then at last...

“Keep talking.”

63

Liz mounted herself atop the largest building in the city, hanging her head, crying heavily for the loss of her Justin. In her mind, ‘Justin’ meant her love, her desire, everything good that she’d ever experienced, and because of these people, he was gone. She was beginning to feel the urge to destroy this city, and closing her eyes tightly, she hammered a hand downward into the top of the building, the force strong enough to shatter its windows all the way down to its base.

Then bracing her lower hands beneath her, her other pair lifted to her face and she began to sob.

But amidst her sorrow, amidst this calm, there was the sound of high-pitched engines, and pausing in her sorrow, her head lifted, just in time to see a horde of winged creatures hurtling toward her, a moment before blazing hot eruptions of light and heat erupted from them, pelting her body and knocking her off her already unstable edifice.

Liz landed back first on a small building, and fell straight through it, crashing into its sub-basement a few moments later in a great heap.

She gasped, opening her eyes slowly, and then looked up the four stories to where a number of small white things, the same that had attacked her, flying in suits of armor with guns pointed down at her. She turned her head away, not wanting to live anymore now that her Justin is gone. But then, there was a high pitched howl, and opening her eyes and looking upward, she looked in time to see those white armored things fly off, only to be pitched back over her field of vision. A moment before one of the still standing walls above her was ripped apart, and something that made her heart leap emerged above her. She gasped, and leapt up, hugging her Justin as he hauled her out.

Once upon her feet, she clutched to her Justin with a fierce four-armed embrace. But her Justin moved her out of the way, and pointed across the lake to a building. She stared at it for a moment, and then her mind slowly began to draw anger from the sight.

She looked to her Justin, and he nodded with a smile crossing his features. And then together, they both began to make their way to that building, a simple edifice that had a simple sign upon its side.

S.C.U.M. Labs.

64

Sirens were blazing as the two giants made their way across the lake, either large enough where they could simply wade in and still only be hip deep in those waters. People were scattering from inside the building from the approaching giants.

The General stood atop his watchtower, smiling mutedly as S.C.U.M. Labs assembled their own forces to save themselves, much too late it seemed. He was making mental notes of all the things that were scurrying out from the inside that place, with his aide writing them down as a report. The number of crimes they were committing was mounting steadily. Love slaves, genetic mutants, withholding secrets from the United States, ecological damage, pollution, un-lawful waste disposal... they kept going on and on.

The technology that they were throwing at these creatures was immense! Airborne armored troops armed with rail guns, mobile battleoids... things that were still held as sci-fi even in the military's mind.

“Corporal, add a note to search for arms selling, illegal drug manufacture, un-lawful genetic and biological testing on my to-do list.”

“Yes, sir.” The corporal chimed, and scribbled those notes in.

The general had turned White Suit's offer down, and he immediately went into a tizzy. Within minutes after leaving, these new and strange sights began to show up, and now that those two were walking hand in hand toward their base of operations, all these other wonders were happening as well.

But then he felt the ground shake, and he turned quickly to feel his mouth drop open, his pipe falling from his mouth to clatter on the ground. The biggest freaking mouse he'd ever seen was running up the hill to them, her form bounding up the turf until she landed within a four-legged lunge right before him.

She then stood up; her head coming right in front of the general, despite that he was standing on a watch tower built to be three stories high.

“Hello General.” She greeted, and for the first time in a long time, the general was aptly surprised.

“You can talk?”

“*You* can talk.” she stated with a giggle, and saddled forward a bit, her immense breasts bunching up against her immensely thick biceps.

“C-can they?” he said pointing at the two giants that were now battling against S.C.U.M. Lab's defenses.”

“I'm afraid not.” She said. “The transformation has taken their minds. The same transformation, however, has given one to me. Would you believe that I was once a teeny tiny little mouseie?” she giggled again.

“After what I've seen today, I would.”

Tanya nodded.

“I came up here, first to apologize for what my friend had done to you.” She said and sat backward on her hands, feet and rear; splaying her beautiful thighs open to display her femininity in all its glory, but was still large enough in that position to look relatively across the distance at the general. “Secondly, I want to point out something to you. You will see that despite all the stings my friends are receiving, they are approaching that edifice without any regard for themselves. One would consider that that place is the object of much hatred.”

The general turned to look over the distance at the lab, even as the titan mutant wolf and the strangely immense dragon-creature were now walking up on shore.

“The chemical that made the three of us as we are,” Tanya continued. “Comes from the drainpipe attached to that lab, sir.”

The General stared at it, and lifting his binoculars, applied their highest magnification and found the drainpipe.

“Your current predicament comes from that laboratory. It would be best if you were to let it be destroyed.”

The general considered for a moment.

“I have been charged with the protection of this city.” He said at last. “And what if those two were to turn their attentions back to the city once they’re done with that building?” he stabbed a finger out at them.

“Justin wouldn’t let her do that.” Tanya said, and edged forward, her lower pair of breasts nudging the general forward. “I won’t let that happen. If necessary, we’ll try to find a safe place to keep ourselves away from the rest of the world until we can find a way out of our predicament.

“Do we have a deal, General?”

The general backed away from her so that he could look up into her face, and then turned to stare over the distance of his vantage point, over buildings, over park, over lake, to the lone S.C.U.M. Labs building.

“I will allow you your freedom.” He said quietly after a moment’s retrospect. “But should you, or either of those two turn back and attack the city, you won’t get a chance to feel what destroys you all.”

“Agreed, and thank you General. Now, I must go help my friends.”

Tanya leapt up and over the general, her trailing womanhood brushing his hat off as she bounded down the slope of the hill toward the city, her body rapidly outpacing even the fastest of cheetahs.

“Good luck, wee lass.” The General whispered as she ducked between a pair of buildings and minutes later, emerged in the park, racing for her friends.

64

Justin and Liz had both reached the lab, and both were causing destruction like only two titans like they were could possibly do. Fists and tails, body weapons, a sonic shout from Justin and blazing atomic flames from Liz were shattering their defenses quite thoroughly.

Their fliers were all swatted down, their boats on fire and sinking, their armored robots stomped flat and smoldering, and now, at long last, with all their defenses down, Justin and Liz together began to tear the building apart.

But far down by their heels, too small to be noticed, a man with a cigar and a blazing white suit, now covered in a body harness that held a mighty big gun and a back tank, ran out into the clear. Taking one deep draw of his cigar and puffing a cloud of smoke outward, he raised the gun toward the one that was causing the most damage to them, the one known as Liz, and he fired.

A missile retrofitted into a giant syringe rocketed off toward her, its mark flawless, and imbedded itself straight through her sternum ridge plates and ejected a syringe like a pin prick into her heart. Once there, it unloaded a mass of anti-mutagen into her titan body, while at the same time, releasing hundreds of thousands of watts into her form.

Liz screamed a bellowing scream that spurted some of her fire up into the air as she collapsed to her knees and then forward onto her hands; the syringe falling from her body only after it had run its course.

Justin shrieked, and leaping up onto the roof of the lab, collapsed it in a single bound, much to the awry of White Suit, which cursed aloud and readied the next missile. Justin leapt again and landed beside Liz, tried to hold her, but already something was happening to her.

Her teeth gritted tightly, her body shuddered, and then she began to shrink.

Justin turned as Liz began to lose her strength, raw energy sliding off her body in a minute form of light as her armor began to shrink while her body slid more and more toward the diminutive, and he roared as he saw White Suit there. But his roar was cut off as another missile struck him in the neck, and he too fell to the ground on his hands and knees, the serum White Suit had created working its wonders.

Justin too began to shrink.

They gasped and moaned, as within minutes, their titan-sized bodies continued to diminish and coalesce, undoing sexual transformation with a whole lot of pain.

He approached his delightful Patient-Zero... the carrier... the female, and stood over her, puffing on his cigar as he watched her shrink, wings rotating inward before merging with her back, secondary arms tucking into her ribcage, while armor gave way to scales, scales gave way to hide and thusly to flesh.

She reared and gasped, and he was allowed a wonderful sight of her four tits and pleasurable cunt, her body now twice his size, while she continued to compress in on herself.

She grabbed her stomach, gritting her teeth as the last of her scales and horns shrank back, revealing her luxuriously long hair and beautiful eyes, and as she became human in every way but size, he couldn't help but feel the erection tugging the inside of his trousers. He smiled and took another puff on his cigar and holding his gun aloft, he thumbed a switch, and a pilot flame lit at the end of a short nozzle beneath the launch barrel of the missile.

Liz shrank to her hands and knees, her muscle mass leaving her, leaving her long-bodied, long legged, devoid of any of her formidable muscle mass, her tits shrinking and remarkably for her, stopping their tightening at somewhere around a D-cup.

Liz then collapsed to her hands and knees, gasping, her legs pressing close together, and she rose a little, folding her arms over her bosom while her mane of hair fell about her face and eyes. She shivered.

So cold, she thought, not realizing that it was her first real thought that was thought in *words* in days.

But then she heard the foot stomp, and lifted her lucid eyes up to the white-suited man standing before her, the flame thrower of his gun lowering to point straight at her.

“You have cost me an unbelievable and irreparable amount of grief, young lady.” He said, and moving his barrel closer, Liz was forced backward, her back arching and her legs spreading to hold herself. This of course showed her naked body to a man she was immediately learning to loathe.

“It was the chemicals from your own lab that did this to us.” She growled... a bit of the mentality of her titan self still in her head, but it was a hollow and too high-pitched of a growl without her muscles and immense chest.

“True. I don't envy the crap storm that is going to slide my way, but sadly, with no evidence, they won't be able to pin anything on us. The money lost due to fines and damages will be in the billions, but that is still nothing but chumps change to us.

“So tell me, my dear. What would you like to say as your last words? When I scoop up your ashes and put it in a mason jar, I want a bronzed plate on it saying exactly what you say right here and now.”

“Go to hell.” She gritted, trying to edge away from him, but he followed her.

“So be it.”

White Suit braced himself, and pulled the trigger, but before he could even do that, there was a high-pitched scream, like that from a bird of prey, and the gun was levered upward and out of the way even as a plasma flame shot up into the air.

White Suit was knocked into the mud, and tumbling himself to his hands and knees, shook his hair free of mud in time to see something that could only be termed as a ROUS.

A Rodent of Unusual Size.

Even that was an understatement.

This creature had been titanized, easily over three stories tall, bristling with spines and quills, with evil red eyes, eight enormous tits – the upper four many times the size of the lower four – but unlike Liz and Justin, this creature was more stocky. Pound per pound, this creature was more compacted in her muscle mass, and despite her size, undoubtedly would nonetheless still be close to the other two’s strength.

“I won’t let you hurt my friends.” She said, and tightened her fists, the quills on her forearms, head, shoulders and upper back all flaring outward.

“What choice do you have?” White Suit chuckled, and in a movement so quick that it was barely visible, a gun was pulled from a hip holster at the small of his back.

With one pull of the trigger, two burrs on thin wire ejected themselves from two tubes just above a barrel there, passed through the air, and buried themselves into the thick hide of Tanya’s upper pair of breasts. A ten thousand volt current was passed down the length of the wires to stun her briefly, before a laser beam caught her right in the midriff. Within a matter of seconds, an entire dose of anti-mutagen passed down the beam, carried on electrons, which further stunned her, and injected the necessary amount of chemical into her body to reverse the change.

White Suit rose to his feet, slicked his muddied hair backward, and again lifted his multi-weapon to re-ignite the pilot flame.

“I did not forget about you my dear.” He said as she too reversed transformation.

But against expectations, she did not return to the form of a mouse. Instead, she transformed into a beautiful woman, with but a few minute differences. Her body was perfect of form, lithe, supple, and beautiful. Her ears were very rounded, her arms and legs long and slender, but her

eyes held a hue of a light pink, while one full and rounded pair of breasts hung from her chest, and directly beneath those, two pairs of nipples riding one on top of the other decorated her ribcage.

Her hair was a luxurious white, the consistency of fur. But other than that, she looked perfectly human.

“This, I admit is an interesting development. Apparently, there *is* some genetic rewriting in the goop. But oh well... Se-la-vi.”

Taking another puff of his cigar and blowing it into the face of Liz as he swung his weapon back to her, he grinned evilly and thumbed the flamethrower to plasma heat. Liz shivered noticeably, but it wasn't from fear. She faced him sternly, bravely and without flinching.

But then there was a break of motion, a rumbling, and catching them all by surprise, all eyes turned toward the lab, where a section of the wall was breaking away. And then something huge and massive leapt out of the wall, landed right before White Suit, wrenched the gun from his hands and pushed him back in the mud.

Liz looked up in time to see a powerfully built woman, complete with two immense breasts that were a couple times the size of her head and two pairs of teats decorating her ribs like Tanya, standing with the multi-weapon in her hands.

With a jerk, she pulled the hose from tank at White Suit's back, and crushed the weapon in her hands.

Fur decorated her forelegs in fetlocks, the outsides of her forearms, her shoulders, and about her head in a thick mane. A long fleshy tail dropped from between a pair of thick, full, rounded and rigid butt cheeks, and her form stood on the toes of her slightly elongated feet.

A beautiful stripe system decorated her twelve-foot tall body every which way.

“Hmm, this feels sooo good.” She grinned, showing off over-sized canines as she flexed her bicep, the thing thickening to thrice its original size as it bunched against her upper most breasts. “What do you think,” she asked, and posed for White Suit, does it befit me you demeaning, sexist piece of crap?”

She then reached down, picked White Suit up by the scruff of the neck, and held him aloft while pinching his neck muscles to keep him from moving.

“It doesn't matter which way you look at it now... you're fragged.”

65

General Battleaxe rode in on the passenger side of a hum-vee, getting out once he arrived to survey the damage. He puffed heavily upon his pipe, looking over everything as soldiers, police

and firemen swarmed all over the place. Eventually, he saw the creature, a towering twelve foot tall mountain of muscle standing over a small group, and after enjoying the sight of that female – and yet another erection, which were becoming harder and harder to gain now-a-days, no pun intended – he strode over to them with his Comm. Officer and aide close in hand.

When he neared, he found White Suit, stripped to his jockey shorts, tied hand and foot, and gagged with a muddied sock.

Up close, he had a chance to view that mighty titaness, only one-eighth the size of the other two that had been here, but nonetheless, still erotic, virile, sexual and of course... erotic again.

Scattered around her on the rubble, were two women and one man, all wrapped in blankets and holding cups of cocoa. Medics and Paramedics were tending to them, and a soldier was taking their statement.

Taking another puff of his pipe, he addressed the sergeant taking their statements.

“Give me that pad boy I’ll take over from here.” He said, and looking surprised that he was being addressed by a general, the sergeant saluted, presented his CO with the pad and pen, and quickly made a getaway.

Once the sergeant was out of sight, the general took off the small sheet that had the writing on it, wadded it up, and stuffed it into the end of his pipe before lighting it anew.

“Now, if someone will please do so, can you all explain while I am surrounded by three naked people, and one giant cat chick?”

“I will field that response, sir.” The afore-mentioned cat-chick opted, stepping forward on her widely spread toes. “It all concerns the actions of this piece of trash,” She slapped the man known as White Suit against the back of the head. “And a list of crimes against humanity longer than my tail. I can give a detailed list *and* proof of all these actions.”

“Action speaks louder than words my dear. Your presence here is action enough. I’m sure that my teams will dig up more than enough dirt in that rubble to perhaps even execute this piece of crap.

“But now comes my next question. Who are all these people scattered around you?”

The ‘cat-chick,’ formerly a tech of S.C.U.M. Labs, looked around her at the pleading faces, and her own features softened.

“Victims.” She answered shortly, and left it at that.

66

It was called “The Incident” in all the newspapers around the globe.

The whole thing was covered up as destruction caused by an “unknown insurgent force” and the secondary fires from their resulting destruction. Later proof was brought up that S.C.U.M. Labs was responsible, which indirectly they were, which gave rise to a whole slew of crimes. Terrorism, Bio-Terrorism, ecological damage, slavery, unauthorized and illegal genetic and medical testing, illegal dumping of hazardous and biological wastes, etc., etc., etc...

The man nicknamed White Suit was brought up on charges on his own person of genocide, drug trafficking both illegal and untested, money laundering, and of course, etc...

Elizabeth Roshenko and Justin Ashe, as far as everyone was concerned, had no dealings in the whole affair. Though General Battleaxe did have his ideas, the two were left alone. Other than being present at their wedding a month later, he remained completely out of their lives.

The city began the slow process of trying to recover itself, but thankfully, the dismantling of the S.C.U.M. Labs Empire, the selling off of all holdings, all mostly went into rebuilding the city from the rubble it had been reduced to. Thankfully... all the jobs that had been taken from the destruction of so many buildings, was more than doubled in the effort of needing to rebuild the city over a period of the next decade.

Justin and now Elizabeth Ashe, settled down in an unknown location within the city, their new home rumored to have been built within a subterranean cavern within the city’s vicinity near the lake.

Tanya, a woman with absolutely no past, found in the rubble of the S.C.U.M. Labs debacle, was legally adopted shortly after the couple’s wedding.

It was this same genetically altered mouse, now a fully-grown altered-woman, walked lithely through the suburbs surrounding the city, following directions to someone in which she hadn’t seen for a time, but greatly wished to be with.

One Officer Danny O’Connell.

She had followed him for quite some time now, and knew that he was now off duty, so that they wouldn’t be bothered with what she wished so fervently for.

Pulling her hat down over her face to hide her pink eyes and exotic features, she turned onto the path to a tiny house, and walked lithely up to its doors with her tiny slippers padding ever so silently beneath her. Taking a deep breath, she lifted her hand and knocked on the door.

“Just a moment!” came a voice inside, and a moment later, there was the sound of the door being unlocked just before it swung open.

Tanya’s heart leapt as she saw that she had struck right.

Officer O'Connell stood in his uniform breeches and a white muscle shirt, his hair swept back from hat hair.

"Why hello miss, what can I do for you?" he asked.

His experience with Justin Ashe and young Tanya had changed his demeanor in life greatly, and for the better; it having been softened dramatically since he'd been sexed by her nearly two months ago.

"Mr. Danny O'Connell?" she chimed, lifting her head slightly.

"Yes, that's me."

"May I come in?" her voice cracked and quavered that she was so happy.

Danny stared at her for a moment, then pursing his lips, opened the door wider to admit her. Happily, Tanya stepped into his home, and took a moment to look around at the simple decor. He was an officer after all. This was a place to eat in, sleep in, wash himself in and watch TV in.

"You have a nice home, Danny." She said quietly, looking around her.

"Thank you. But may I ask... who *are* you?"

Tanya giggled, and then kicked off her slippers before lifting a hand to her hat and removed it. Then she lifted her head and opened her eyes for him, and he gave a bit of a jump before hopping back a bit.

"H-huh?!" he stammered, but that wasn't all of his surprises.

Tanya then lifted her hand to her waist and undid the belt of her trench coat, and then slid her hands upward to pull it off, revealing her naked body to him. If a naked woman coming onto him wasn't enough, a naked woman with two fully developed tits with four extra nipples beneath them, complete with pink eyes made it seem all the more intense.

Tanya stood there, her graceful body arching as she let her trenchcoat fall off her arms.

"Do you remember me, Danny?" she smiled, squeaking with pleasure as she advanced on him a step or two.

Danny was leaning back over his couch, his fingers white-knuckled against its back.

"I'd think I'd remember something... something looking... looking so amazing." He said, and tried to look at every bit of her at once. Her two pert tits bunched together against her chest, her firm, slender bodice, and her swelling vaginal mound.

Tanya squeaked, and smiled, showing off a pair of incisor buck-teeth at the front of her gums that were slightly larger than the rest of her teeth that just added to her cuteness.

“Then I’ll show you!” she squeaked again, and lifting her hands to lace her fingers into her hair, breathed in deeply, and excited the change.

The anti-mutagen that had been injected into her body did indeed reverse that titanization, but it didn’t make it go away by any means.

And so, Officer Danny O’Connell watched as all at once her two full and rounded breasts began to expand rapidly, filling from pert C-cups to Double-D’s within seconds. And then the pair beneath them bulged and filled outward, and when all four rested against her chest as packed as they could be, she began to grow.

A full body throb began to take her form, with each beating of her heartbeat flooding her body with hormones and enzymes, altered in such a way that this sort of thing was possible. Her biceps began to bulge, her body lengthening while her thighs thickened to frame the thickening folds of her vaginal folds beautifully.

She gasped as the beating of her heart quickened, likewise speeding up the throbbing about her body, and right before Danny’s eyes, he watched as this diminutive creature grew as tall as he was, then taller, then as tall as the ceiling, before she collapsed forward onto her knees to fondle her breasts with either hand.

Then, when she was over eight feet tall, her slender body now made firm, began to throb with power as her muscles began to grow impossibly large now. The type of strength no human could possibly wield was being off loaded onto her.

Her ribcage flared and barreled outward, pushing her already immense breasts steadily away from each other, despite that they continued to fill outward to maintain their pressure against one another. Johnny could hear her flesh stretching and straining, but it just kept growing thicker by the moment. But then she slid forward, her forearms lengthening as they flared greatly, her feet lengthening as a thick tail sprouted from her backside. A soft downy fur rose up against her back and shoulders, the sides of her thighs and forearms, and around her lower legs. And then Johnny felt the warmth of her breasts, the four throbbing as they filled with blood, glands and milk.

And before he knew it, this creature dipped her mouth forward and kissed him.

He relaxed then, remembering the taste of those lips, like a drug it was, and as she continued to transform, she pushed him to the floor, straddling his body and helped him to put his hands on her hot and moistening pussy.

“I couldn’t help but think of you all the time,” he said, and began caressing her as she slowed her transformation, stopping at a good ten-foot tall creature of muscle and feminine might. “I’ve never met anything like you before.”

“Hmm,” she smiled, rolling her hips to get more of his touch into her womanhood, her own hands sliding beneath his muscle shirt, her pair covering the whole of his chest and ribs. “I couldn’t help but think about you too.”

Her hands lifted and tore his shirt open, her long fingers playing over his muscled chest and rounded abdomen as she lowered her fingers to his trouser front and snapped his belt open.

“I’d been thinking what you’d done to me, how you made me feel, like I was a goddess.”

“You *are* a goddess. Not even titans are as big as you.” He responded, and Tanya giggled.

“You should see me when I’m fully grown.” She giggled, and started pulling his trousers off, fingering his already erect erection with a finger, and watching it thicken as full as it possibly could.

“You get *bigger?!?*” he asked, and again Tanya smiled, her mane of soft white fur flowing down about one side of her mousy face; her large, rounded ears lifting slightly at the top of her head.

“Mm-hmm, *much* bigger. Maybe someday, I’ll just show you just *how* big I can get.” She giggled and squeaked, and fondled her breasts a bit. “But for now... I just want you forever and ever.”

Danny chuckled, and before he knew it, he was yet again being loved by his beautiful giantess.

67

Liz and Johnny had gone on a camping trip for their honeymoon. Tanya had said that she had plans for the weekend that they’d be gone, and said not to worry about her. Since she’d learned to do everything that a human could like cooking, cleaning, using a toilet, brushing her teeth and what not, they thought nothing of it.

The new Elizabeth Ashe walked idly about their campsite, which was well away from any other living being, deep in a mountain valley no one ever visited, dressed completely in a simple gray sweat suit that hung loosely about her bodice, but still displayed her chest beautifully.

She was so glad that she’d been left with that.

She paused as she saw her new husband standing at the edge of the campground, looking over the crystal clear lake they’d made their camp at. Feeling something lively rise up within her, she moved over to him, embracing him from behind, and sliding her hands into his opened shirt that was merely tucked into the rim of his pants.

The goop that had transformed them had done some permanent changes to their bodies. Justin, for one, had grown taller, lean and muscular. His stomach was caught in a permanent eight pack, which was then surrounded by a strong, and hairless, barreled chest. She herself had come from a simple, braless A-cup to a rounded D-cup, and she still didn’t wear a bra. They’d become so full

and rounded that they kept themselves up quite well. Her body was also nice and firm, rounded in all the right places, with a firm belly that rippled into six individual packs of tight muscle in an hourglass shape.

She sighed, as she pressed deeper into her lover's back; closing her eyes while in the back of her mind, she toyed with a thought.

"Justin, have you felt... strange anytime in the past month?" she asked quietly.

There was a deftly silence then, the birds even stopping their chirping, and Justin slowly turned round to face her.

"What kind of 'strange?'" he said quietly.

"Of something... waking up inside you?"

Justin stared at her for a while. "I know that feeling Liz." He said slowly. "It's the same feeling that started the last mess we got into."

"I know," she said, pressing her fingertips against his stomach. "But, what if White Suit's anti-mutagen didn't kill the force inside of us? What if it only weakened it enough for us to control?"

There was a form of calm dread in Justin's face. But Liz noticed that he wasn't breathing, and it took her coaxing hands running up along his heart and chest to make him draw a breath again.

"Tanya... showed me something a few days ago." She said pressing up against him, her arms framing her breasts between them. "I wanted to show it to you."

Then she stepped back, and consciously forced a change.

Her heart quickly began to race, pumping blood through her bodice, pushing it through her crotch, and forcing her pussy to thicken into a great pad before it spread open to reveal her throbbing clit. Her breathing became erratic, and looking down to her chest, watched as her breasts began to swell.

Then she felt the first sweet feeling of blood engorging her muscles, filling them, forcing them to thicken and grow more rigid, and the raw sexual power of engorgement once again filled her body like before.

She laughed to herself as she began to grow, her stomach peaking out from underneath the base of her sweat top, while the rims of her sleeves and pant legs slowly edged up the length of her appendages.

Her breasts continued to fill, pushing outward until her sweatshirt tightened around her form, as likewise her sweatpants tucked tightly up into her broadening hips, and folded snugly about her womanhood.

A burst of tantric fluids erupted from between her legs, wetting the front of her sweat pants in a syrupy, sticky goop, before her nipples erecting beneath her shirt made a pair of thick protrusions atop the roundness that was her breasts. She gasped and sighed, lifting her arms to hug her head, while her biceps thickened, her shoulders flared along with her forearms, and within seconds, the first tears formed about the seams on her sleeves.

The next tears formed about her legs as she continued to grow, her muscle mass redoubling the speed of her growth, her body reforming to support such might, while another shred began to burst the front of her sweatshirt open. And there, a tear formed, which slowly widened to push her tits outward between them, before, in a burst of motion, the mighty pair erupted out into the air.

It took only seconds longer for the rest of her sweats to tear from her, and at a mighty twelve foot stature, her form slowed and stopped, and she held herself at her super-human point... just before the beast would begin to subvert itself onto her.

She stood naked, pussy throbbing energetically from the blood still coursing through it, her body at that point twice as tall as Justin.

She held herself calmly, breathing heavily, even as she watched Justin slowly lower himself to the ground to look up at her. His eyes averted from her for a moment, and for that moment, she thought that he had just scorned her, but then she saw his gaze lower to his arm, watched it thicken and lengthen slightly, before it shrank again.

“Damn.” He said quietly. “And just when I’d thought we’d become normal again.”

Liz walked forward, her mass leaving heavy footprints in the sandy ground before she sat down beside him, unbelievably hungry for lovemaking like she always was after a transformation.

“This is why I wanted to come up here, beloved.” She said, and held onto his arm with both her hands. “I wanted to see how far we could take it without being noticed.”

There was the sound of dry reeds being wrung, and both looked to her chest, where her nipples were thickening with the blood still pumping energetically into her breasts.

Justin looked to her chest, and with a small smile, he lifted a hand to caress her swollen areola closest to him, and then moving, Liz rolled onto her back and he slid on top of her stomach before coming to rest atop her tits as if they were pillows.

“Then if we still have these monsters inside of us, Liz, then we’d best learn to control them.” He said at last, but lifted a hand to cover one of her nipples with the palm of his hand. Then sitting back, he pulled his shirt out of his pants and then off his arms. “But first... we must again, consummate our marriage... properly.”

Justin too transformed, as easily and as erotically as it had been for Liz, and later, they both achieved their maximum forms, and again made love amidst the waters of the lake for a bed.

Later that week, the super market tabloids got ‘forbidden pictures’ from the ‘military satellites’ and ‘hidden sources’ of two titans – a dragon and a super beast, terrorizing a city and then making out in a forest lake.

As usual, everyone one just figured the report for folly.

And life went on.

End