

The experiment was a success. First mice then monkeys now herself.

Ten years to create the perfect combination for strength, endurance and overall perfect health.

Ten years she scrounged funds, dispensing royal treatment for crooks and supervillains with enough capital to invest in machinery, ingredients and security.

She knew exactly what they would do soon as she announced the completion of the project and she prepared herself for the first human subject, tonight.

“Okay doctor, all systems ready, standing by,” Her assistant checked the meters for pressure and temperature on the myriad of substances that would infuse the dipping chamber, aptly named 'Well of Lazarus'.

A single day fasting was needed before the procedure and she was thinking a tad slower due to the hunger. “Oh, all right, let's get this show on the road,”

The doctor stripped off her bathing robe and showed her mature body in a modest bikini to her assistant, barely containing her bouncy bosom and fat buttocks.

Time was fair to her but she always wanted to relive her golden years, when she was locked in studying for the damned grades, to achieve a career.

“Damn Nancy, I've never thought you were so beautiful under the lab clothes,” The assistant thought to herself, peeping the doctor's great butt swaying as she walked to get to the dipping vat.

“Thanks, but if the calculations are right I'll lose most of it, so give this jiggly ass goodbye,” The doctor wore the breathing mask, connected to a few tubes, her lush brown hair tied to a ponytail.

Climbing a small staircase and sliding down the transparent tube, she signaled with her thumbs up and the assistant started the procedure.

A loud mechanism turned a heavy lid over it and a bath of various fluids started to fill the tight space. "All right, no turning back now," She thought, feeling the warm fluids touching her feet.

The second stage started as the vat filled up, a mixture of nutritive and regenerative substances were forced on her body by sheer pressure, the warmth turning to a hot, almost boiling point, needed to activate the empowering process.

Nancy felt her whole body itching. Her soaked skin was stretching, rearranging, her cells were responding to the treatment.

Her D-cups perked up from their sag over the once fat gut now a slab of tough granite-chiseled abs.

The assistant looked in awe as the middle-aged woman rejuvenated to a perfect light bodybuilding girl, gaining a few inches taller in the process.

Her grunts and moans were embarrassing but the assistant got turned on. "Yes doctor, it's almost done, now the final touch, the meters all read green, are you ready?"

"Yes, yes, begin the final phase, I'm fine, this feels so good, oh damn," Nancy was euphoric, even her voice sounded younger due to the rearranging of her chest.

Her arms, a bit flabby from lack of exercise quickly gained mass, becoming solid but not too swollen.

Her legs though, grew unexpectedly tough, tingling with newgrown nerves, up to her steaming crotch under the almost boiling bikini bottom.

"You can stop now, looks enough, good job Irene," Nancy leaned against the tube, relaxing with the continued effects of the hot dip.

"Yeah, it looks like a nice tea pack now, isn't it?" A voice behind the control panels

besides Irene, the assistant, sounded sarcastic.

“Sir, this is a controlled test environment, I ask you to leave, it may mess with the results,” Irene looked at the person just about to pull the hammer of a silver-plated gun.

She quickly lifted her arms up much to Nancy's surprise, she couldn't see what was happening but the microphone was open.

“Irene, please turn the heat down, I'm feeling a bit woozy,” The Doctor was used to hot tub baths prior to that but definitely couldn't relax after hearing that.

“Sir, what do you want? I need to press a button here, could you please point that away?” Nancy could glance a few reds on the monitors.

“Let her cook a bit more, maybe that chicken can give a good soup,” The person revealed herself, a wide-brimmed noir private eye hat, cloak and dagger, luscious lips wearing lucifer-hued lipstick.

“Please, if she is overexposed the results may be unpredictable,” Nancy pleaded, a bead of sweat rushing down her forehead.

“All right, do it, I don't want her dead yet,” The trenchcoated person mumbled, waving the gun at her.

Nancy listened carefully and a flame of anger surged through her steaming mind.

After the fluids drained, she felt her body still warping from the hot bath but overall that was expected, the bikini felt even comfier with her new features.

Climbing back and wearing her robe, she confronted the gun-toting invader.

“Ellie, what the hell are you doing here? Did Mason sent you? Do you want data?” Nancy sat on a wheeled office chair, intended for the control panel usage.

“You look gorgeous, I see your soup does wonders, you really look younger, but my client needs proof of the superhuman attributes you promised when you signed the contract,” The noir-themed gal freshened up donning her hat, holstering her gun to chat with her old friend Nancy.

“No problem, do you want to record it? Let's go to the deposit, I was to mount a few equipments to do a showcase but if Mason wants a peek, he'll have it,” Nancy stood up and donned the robe, feeling energetic.

Her nipples were swollen and poking seductively, for Irene's guilty pleasure ogling her.

They walked besides her, the firm and tight butt twisting their sights notwithstanding.

A large bench with a few weights scattered along the place was placed among the other wooden boxes.

Nancy, bothered with the mess, lifted a few and placed them off view, a feat her assistant didn't had the sense to record as Ellie did.

“Now I'm gonna bench press a few hundred pounds to show that my body is now able to withstand much more pressure and dish out energy, due to the increase in bone and muscular density, not just mass and volume as usually is sought,” She said pinning up the weights on the lifting bar, speaking casually as she always did.

“Are you kidding me? That's not iron, how do you lift it so easily?” Ellie spoke as the scientist finished loading about 300 pounds each side of the bar and laid down to begin the exercise.

“Come and see for yourself, give the phone to my assistant,” Nancy smiled, waiting for her to come and check it.

The spy gal stepped up to the plate, uncertain of the weight of those silly dumbbells.

“HNGGHH! Fuck, this is heavy, yeah, okay now you lift it,” Ellie snorted as she picked her cellphone back from Irene's shaky hands.

“It's imprudent to lift without a partner but I've tested gorillas and they lift those without much effort,” Nancy held the bar and pushed up, the tremendous mass moved, in fact she felt like lifting groceries, her body didn't make much out of the effort but the tubing protested with cringing screeches.

“Six hundred pounds and you don't even bat an eyelid?” Ellie was surprised.

“The gorillas lifted about a thousand before starting to get bored and try to escape the lab,” Irene giggled, watching Nancy's gorgeous breasts moving the bikini and around the twentieth rep the hard nipples became swole and pointy.

Feeling confident, Nancy puts the weight to rest and flexes a bit, working up some sweat. “No change in size, the strength feels certainly marvelous, I'm very hungry,” She felt a strange tingle on her crotch, her legs closing on reflex, the powerful thighs increasing the pleasurable feel.

“I think I have enough footage, thanks for the cooperation Nancy,” Ellie pockets her phone and turns herself to leave, just fast enough to see Irene tending to the doctor.

“Anything wrong? Do you feel ill?” Irene's touch on her shoulder felt like a thousand-volt shock on the doctor.

“OOHH FUCK! Something strange, I'm too sensitive after the exercise...” Nancy felt a heatwave, then a massive arousal, to the point of wetting her bottoms, the sweat build on the reps masked it but her body filled the room with pheromones.

“Doctor, I know what's happening, you've got an endorphin high, it's fairly common,” Irene smirked, she knew something else from the blood exams from the last subjects. “You got to have a nice meal and then it'll be fine,”

"It's... Something else, I know what a post exercise high is, I'm feeling... frisky, you know? Something really funny, well, that explains the female gorillas becoming so restless, do you recall?" Nancy bumbled a bit, her legs were drenched with sweat and juices, she hadn't noticed but her clit was a few sizes bigger.

"Of course I do doctor, now let's go to the kitchen and feed you," Nancy wore the robe on her, the musky scent of her sweat and the sexual signals pointed to a very conclusive result.

Ellie used her discretion to keep spying from the shadows, of course.

After a healthy meal of rushed microwaved meat and potatoes with a generous helping of cucumber salad and cheese dressing, Nancy felt even more horny.

"Maybe a shower, my god I feel like fucking a boyscout camp," She thought, noticing the assistant was acting strangely too affective. "Is there something wrong, Irene?"

"Nancy, the process made all the females increasingly strong and their hormonal response was similar to a male in its top conditions, so I can conclude you're becoming manish as we speak, not that you usually don't act already unladylike, and not that I don't love that," Irene unbuttoned her blouse, feeling herself horny enough to be sensual.

"But that's just due to the metabolic changes, that doesn't means I'm gonna grow a dick and fuck you," Nancy almost bit her tongue feeling her clit swell and become tight on her bottoms. "I may change a bit but I'm still a female, like all the gorillas and mice we had around,"

"I suppose you're already changing for better, your mood is becoming increasingly supportive to my advances," Irene smiled looking at her cleavage, the poking nipples wer still hard after the meal.

The good doctor was freaking out while she smiled and put a finger on her mouth.

"I'll have a shower, you can join me anytime," She swayed her bubble-butt leaving the room.

Nancy felt the rush of euphoric feelings coming back along the horny heatwave.

"Well, why not?" Nancy heard her own belly roaring, normally it would quite possibly be the food being digested but not this time.

She walked to the washroom, her flipflops clapping heavy on the floor.

Again her legs faltered, something slipped through her pussy and bulged the tight delta of her bikini.

It felt increasingly bigger, as she looked in awe for a reason for the growth. In a minute, it went from a tiny to a long, sensitive organ, about two inches.

She was afraid to touch, it looked so fragile, certainly abnormal.

"Maybe the hormones made it enlarge after all... Damnit, Irene was right, I should take a counter-treatment to balance the..." Nancy's body stiffened, she leaned against the wall a few steps from the washroom.

The two inch clitoris engorged and exploded in a spectacular growth, becoming erect, hard and huge, jumping off her bottom standing proud and ready.

Nancy curled fingers on it trying to make it stop but the reflex brought her another unexpected wave of pleasure.

It filled its veins with rage and lust, a real fucktool with a bright scarlet head, as thick as her own arm, a drop of clear precum bubbled impelled by the thumping beat of her heart.

It felt good.

“What the fuck... I became intersexed... Better check if it's functional then, for science,” She smiled, adjusting her swaying steps to the metronome of her hard prick.

In the showers, Irene was still getting soapy, her slim features shining under the wide ceiling lights.

“Oh doctor, you took so long... Holy shit are you really **this** happy to see me?” Irene playfully coated the throbbing rod with refreshing bubbles and soothing touch.

“Did you knew this was bound to happen?” Nancy passed a hand over her shoulder, thrusting hips forward while she untied the bottom and caressed her inner labia.

“To be honest no, I didn't, but I had a hunch it would,” Irene pulled her hand off her shoulder and guided to her drenched slit passing by a carefully groomed landstrip.

“Would you care to let me test the potency of this member? We don't have a control group but a heads-on won't hurt,” Nancy smiled as she directed the warm water to wash the soap off her stiff she-dick.

“I'm eager for it,” Irene tiptoed and guided the thick snake to her wet paradise.

Nancy lifted her legs and pushed her to the wall, each inch invading her until their crotches meet. “You're so deep... Oh my god, this is fantastic, I think I'm gonna cum already, give me a second,”

“No worries ma'am, **huff** I see you're not **aahh** used to the instrument,” Irene felt all of her insides stretching and creaming over the swollen prick slowly giving up to the invasion.

Then she began thrusting. Deep, hot stabs, working the length against her sweltering depths and twitching clit.

She changed speed, intensity, depth, relishing on the sensations, kissing Irene, working her breasts and nipples with scientific rigor.

"This is amazing, I should've done it earlier, fuck I'm cumming," Nancy stabs her assistant's deep channel, she squirmed with another orgasm, hitting the big one when her womb is painted pearl with massive wads of she-spunk.

"I want more, this is not nearly enough doctor, you know I always need more data," Irene sat on the floor, letting the water stream wash away some of the abundant spunk she extracted from the good doctor.

"We shall conduct further investigation in my house," Nancy caressed her waning erection, satisfied.

"Are you sure it's a proper environment for the study of the equipment's properties?" Irene stood up, her swollen labia closing deliciously over the creamy deluge she still dripped.

"There are no decent beds here, besides that I want to know you better after breakfast," Nancy walked off the showerhead and picked her robe, Irene following her closely to the locker room.

"Doctor, you've just had unprotected sex with your assistant, aren't you afraid I might be pregnant?" Irene slithered on her ears, hands diving on her crotch, seeking the dormant snake.

"The chances are slim but I'm sure we'll try as far as the flesh is still willing," Nancy caressed her hand, feeling her cock quickly engorging and filling up to poke out the robes. "But not here, I don't want the place reeking of sex, this is a controlled environment, not my preferred fetish grounds,"

"Aww..." Nancy pulled her hands off delicately, closing the robes over the humongous cock, also disappointed.

Nancy's self-control and calmness were unabated even intimately feverishly yearning for raw, throat-wrecking with passionate screams sex.

Irene wore her usual garments, completely plain nerd gal attire, reading glasses and hair apparel to go to the doctor's house, from the lockers to the car hugging her stiff arm in a lovely display of affection.

Nancy though, couldn't wear her panties without a bit of a hassle tucking her appendage uncomfortably and hoping the feverish libido turned down by the time they needed to reach her apartment.

"Do you think Ellie gonna tell them about the side-effects for women?" Irene asked, comfy sitting on the passenger's side of the doctor's sedan.

"The data points the treatment is better suited for men, next week they'll start doing their supermen mass-producing schedule, I won't be there to give advice anyway," Nancy drove out the underground garage with a sense of accomplishment.

"So, you won't go back? But... My job? Your work?" Irene was shocked, obviously. She even stopped caressing Nancy's leg trying to yank a hard-on from her.

"This is a risky operation, you should know better, they know it's a simple machine and I don't want to end in the bottom of the lake with a pair of concrete boots," Nancy slammed on the gas, the night was deep.

"Why would they off you after all the work you did? It's insane! You've developed a way to create superhuman beings in mass!" Irene gestured, unable to absorb the simple truth.

"It's standard procedure among shady and powerful people darling, they want to keep their secrets valuable, of course they can't let their golden goose go so easy," Nancy looked at the rear view mirror but nobody was following them, or so she thought.

"This means your new research will be about this beautiful body of yours, doctor?" She caressed her leg in a lovely way, smiling devilishly.

“Perhaps, but could you wait a little more? I don't want my car smelling like sex, at least for now,” The Doctor grinned, her self-control growing thinner than the silk of her steaming hot panties.

Her dense muscles made driving easier, if not a mental exercise to avoid exerting too much strength and break something off the old hatchback sedan.

Unknown to her, the pheromones she exhaled kept Irene on the brink of an orgasm, the assistant charred in lust, the lovely barbecue sauce coating her glistening folds, her legs unable to scratch the delicious itch...

“What about that spy?” Nancy crossed her legs and arms, trying to contain her desire.

“I don't give a fuck about her,” Nancy frowned angry, the rubbery plastic around the wheel breaking apart on her strong grip.

“Time to one-up the nerd again,” Ellie hooked up a cellphone on the control interface and dropped a scripted automatic routine, so she could stop the procedure from inside the vat using voice commands or a small bluetooth selfie shot controller.

Bare naked, she stretched her slender body and cupped her firm breasts.

“Now we'll improve what's perfect,” She giggled climbing onto the vat and hooking up the breathing apparatus. “A few minutes and I'll beat that nerd in her own game,”

Ellie could barely restrain herself from jilling while spying on Nancy fucking Irene.

Recording out of curiosity, she caught the sudden transformation and of course wanted to try it herself.

The procedure began shortly, fluids again flooding the vat and now a nude body of a spy received the same treatment, warm and then hot chemicals penetrating her, changing the genetic makeup by the tailor-made adjustments on the control panel.

A soothing feeling ran by her nerves, the skin stretching over prominent muscles, bones becoming thicker by the increased mass.

“Not enough,” She flexed, her biceps were swelling, doubling their fibers along the expanding path of her arm. She was slender, so that kind of improvement would come in a few years of training.

In a couple of minutes she felt a pleasurable tingle along her spine, each vertebrae growing slowly, the bones of her hips expanding to house bulky muscular growth, the chest expanding steadily on each slow breath.

Lost in the pleasurable moment she lost her sanity for a few seconds, her hands moving to her sexy crotch seeking for satisfaction.

Her clit exploded in growth between her fingers, swelling to a sizeable and fondable nub, startling her to notice the humongous biceps now touched her breasts, so perky atop the slabs of muscle underneath.

“Almost... There!” The quick fingering she started rapidly achieved a near orgasm, the pulsing button forcing its growing path another inch forward.

On the panel, the system registered a critical failure and began the aborting procedure.

Something to do with the excessive pressure in the vat, as Ellie grew like a cake in the oven.

She forgot the procedure entirely, cumming furiously in the hot bath, her swollen body convulsing on the heightened pleasure, passing out in the glorious bliss of self-loving, the foggy breathing mask witness of her deviousness.

On Nancy's apartment, the couple spent no time in scientific explanations, making out on the living room's sofa to get things hot before the unavoidable lust fest at bedroom.

“Doctor, have you kissed girls before me?” Irene breaks a kiss to ask, Nancy's strong grip enveloping her hips.

“Only in my college years, why the question? I'm a bad kisser?” Nancy was passionate and well-versed in french but certainly she could be below her expectations above the waist.

“Nah, I'm curious, you've accepted me so quick, I've never thought of you as a cougar lesbian, oh sorry,” Irene blushed, after all she still was a figure of respect.

“Our relationship has been professional darling, I knew you were a lesbian, for the record I'm bi, but for the last five years I hadn't much action, you know?” Nancy kissed her cheek, caressing the soft curves of her back, leaning for another kiss.

“Forgive me, I shall put my mouth to better use,” She knelt, already pinching Nancy's jeans, the button and zipper half-open with the doctor's hungry member behind the wall of lacey silk panties.

“Don't be so hard on yourself, besides that I owe you that delicious job on the showers,” Nancy patted on her shoulder and lifted her by the armpits, quickly juggling her over her own shoulders to sniff her wet button under the skirt.

“Whooa! Low ceiling doctor!” Irene crouched before the upper floor was pressed on her back by her lover.

“Oh I forgot, better if we use the bedroom,” She handled her over the shoulder easily, carrying her like a grain sack but laying sweetly over the large bed.

Then slowly she donned her clothes and untied her hair, feeling gloriously sexy with Irene's eyes glued on her member.

“Please give it to me now, please Nancy, ohhh my fucking god I can't stand it,” Irene's legs barely trembled with desire, she almost came when Nancy helped her off with her panties, kneeling before her to kiss and probe the assistant's damp crotch with her tongue.

"I guess it's enough foreplay, time for a deep analysis,"

"No, not in my butt! Give it to my pussy! Give me **hard, doctor!**"

"I said analysis not anal easy, darling, at least for now," Nancy smiled, guiding her throbbing instrument to the glimmering slit, giving the plump head a few dips of juice before positioning herself for her first hardcore futanari fuck.

The well-lubed honeypot resisted bravely to the wide head's intrusion for a few moments, finally parting with the doctor's vigorous hip thrust, a couple of inches exploring the damp, tight hole, taking a short tour inside then back, to bring another two or three along the ride, pushed by Irene's sexy moves too.

The assistant's moans and groans were a bit too much but Nancy thrust herself deep, enjoying each inch in her steaming furnace.

They enjoyed their juggling tits and hard nipples the fullest the position permitted, shifting now and then to allow full high-speed crotch crash.

All of her length and girth were embraced by the silken embrace of her assistant's aching vagina, each nook and cranny filled with her overgrown virile femcock meat.

Something wild woke up on her.

Before she noticed the bed was creaking a bit too loud, her assistant was smushed against the pillows and the headboard in absolute feral bliss, each bash of her pelvis an earthquake on her nethers, followed by a creamy tsunami out of their melting sexes about to explode in a spunky volcano.

"Don't... ah... stop... oh god... almost... cumming... give it..." Irene was overwhelmed by the dreamy happy sex elevated to a blissful torpor, craving for the gran finale.

Not even all the might of Nancy's buffness could stop the torrent of sperm she deluged on her assistant's velvet cave, splashing against her cervix, filling her uterus with

impressive pressure.

The mighty lady gave way to the unexperienced youngster self for a moment, moaning loud, pushing the hot lava in dense, fat dollops of pleasurable hip thrusts.

Her body trembled, as if desperately trying to impregnate the girl before her last breath, in vain for it was just a warm welcome to a full night of perversions.

Strength, carelessness, joy, passion, all mixed in their lovely motions, Nancy getting used to her tool and Irene to being completely filled by her pulsating, ever-giving love.

After a few hours the couple finally hit the iceberg's bottom of their satisfaction, losing tabs of their mutual and individual orgasms, their pliant and willing bodies lost inbetween copious dirty fluids, moans and endless cycles of foreplay, penetration, orgasms and ejaculations.

Nancy deliberately spent more time than humanly possible to fuck the brains out of Irene's welcoming pussy, breasts and mouth, leaving to explore the depths of her tasty butthole for another day.

When Irene finally fainted after a screaming cumbath on reverse cowgirl, Nancy laid her properly and took a shower.

Under the lukewarm water her sore length became tame, flaccid, shrinking to its clitoral hood in a very strange, sluggish motion.

She tried to poke it back to action but it felt indeed too sensitive, so she understood even her peak human nature needed rest.

[...]

At the lab, Ellie arose from the vat feeling strange. Not powerful or sexy, just hopelessly hungry.

She walked on her birthday suit to the kitchen and helped herself with the fridge's contents, still dripping with the treatment's chemicals.

Her tummy warped in a sedentary bulge, she sat and tried to think about it.

“Maybe the fasting was needed after all... Ah, who cares, I'm fin*BEELLCH*,” She laughed at the sudden release. “Well, better upload these to Mason, I hope he's into it...” Ellie felt her loins gurgling, the satisfaction of a binge becoming something more comfortable and pleasurable.

Her fingers spasmed, intermitent itching under her skin. Breathing was suddenly difficult. Blood pressure on dangerous heights.

She tapped the upload button on the cellphone's screen and faints, her body picking up momentum for unexpected results of the botched treatment.

[...]

The shower and sex certainly gave Nancy a good night of peaceful slumber alongside her satisfied assistant.

Her plan was in course, but they had quality time to spend, one of the possibilities was to call an escort, but real intimacy and passion wouldn't beat it so easily.

“...love you doctor...” Irene embraced Nancy, waking her from the light sleep before her routine.

Two suitcases were ready, a change of clothes and a slim computer with some data alongside documents; The other, fake data and an explosive device.

Patiently she made the breakfast and served for Irene in bed. Eggs, toast and strawberry-flavored soymilk.

“We've got a full day ahead of us, do you understand what I'm about to do?” She

laid the plate over the bed, still munching a toast.

“Morning... Oh doctor, how long did I slept?” Irene yawned, her beautiful bosom and fleshy nipples getting some air.

“Just enough, now we need to talk about you,” Nancy blushed, picking the cup to offer Irene a sip.

She wasn't used to the idea of having a morning wood, it certainly would push her mind off the matter in question.

“What about me? Oh, of course, the project is over, yeah,” Irene picked the toast and shoved on her mouth, the fucking left a whole hole on her energy supply.

“I'm leaving the country, do you want to come with me? You know, I don't know if I'm fertile, I would love to take you as my... partner, um, spouse... I don't know which word is proper but I can't just pull you off your life...” Nancy was quite a shy woman out of her lab coat.

“I'll need to go to my apartment to pick a few things, clothes, say some goodbyes, nothing too long, I promise,” Irene took a long sip and shoved the toast in her mouth, standing up to pick her clothes.

Nancy tried not to fix her sight on her naked features but failed miserably, letting the blood flush to her nethers, building that fantastic feeling of sexy power again.

“Um, Irene, you don't need to go right now, besides that I want, er, I need some help here,” Nancy couldn't help it. It was a stronger girl boner than she was used to bother, after all.

“Help with what? Oh...” Irene turned herself to see her hard wood again since last night, sticking innocently from Nancy's crotch. “Well, I'll postpone the shower, I'm still covered with samples from last night, another hand of white won't hurt,” Irene smirked, kneeling to stare at Nancy's ashamed face.

"I heard once that one should never waste an erection, so enjoy it," She engulfed the peeking head, jerking it with both hands. It was huge, tasty but yet paradoxically feminine, soft-skinned and sensitive, even so aggressively hard and throbbing.

Nancy spreaded her legs and mauled her breasts, moaning mesmerized by the pleasure.

Irene then slipped a finger on her pussy, eliciting a scare from her. "So this pussy is still working, I wonder if you can still cum hard from this hole," She felt the thick member's roots going inside the tight channel, the plumbing was really rearranged just like she predicted months ago.

Nancy was so selfishly lost in the throes of a quick release Irene finished the job popping the cork of her good doctor with a long lick from the lips to the head, jerking slowly and then reaching for her swollen g-spot.

Grunting and then screaming her lungs off, throwing her back on the bed, Nancy had another explosive orgasm.

The cumblasts hit the ceiling in a couple of spots, arcing above their heads, showering over the bed and lightstand.

Panting, she couldn't go with Irene to the shower. "Damn, why is this male orgasm so intense? I lost my mind," Nancy thought, out of breath and awfully ashamed with such a hair trigger. Pent-up stress much?

[...]

Ellie woke up feeling good. The cold floor didn't affected her disposition, her head woozy by the forced slumber but she felt great.

Looking at the cellphone she relieved at the upload completion, quickly picking off her clothes on the lab to do her silent retreat.

Her suit and trenchcoat in place, she thought of a last act there, the treatment should've given her much more power than Nancy, a test was due.

The large bar and dumbbells were still there, mocking her.

She stood behind the bench and gave it a try.

No deal. Still the same old Ellie.

“But how!? I felt stronger in the vat! I saw my body bigger than that nerd! What went wrong?” She tried to remember.

Obviously only the memory of all the pleasure in jilling while dipped came to her.

“Um... That's weird but I should try,” The spy honed a few naughty thoughts and pushed a hand to poke her big clit, other to a pink, soft nipple.

In a few seconds the silly moves filled her with a tight sensation as her body swelled to a bestial form. The trenchcoat could barely fit her hulking height before she finally paused to see what had become of herself.

The thick fabric became uncomfortably restraining on her bulging biceps, the buttons and bra struggling to keep her wide chest covered.

Flexing in awkward poses to check her gains, she finally was confident enough to lift the bar overhead with both hands, easily doing reps until another wave of hotness invade her whole body, specially her crotch.

Her elegant tube skirt bulged in an uncomfortable angle around her thundering thighs, the presence of a meaty appendage forcing its front upwards not helping at all.

Surprised, she lowered the hefty bar and caressed her growing member. It didn't looked monstrous, at least on her big hands.

Only then she noticed she was holding the bar sideways with only one arm.

"I knew it! I'm at least thrice as powerful as her! I can lift a freaking house with these! Oh damn, I'm hung as a horse too! What else could go so right?" She jerked and flexed hapzardly, reveling on the energy and power the treatment gave her.

Her garments couldn't stop her anymore, ripping and tearing around her beautiful superior physique, leaving her proud erection, giant tight butt and bountiful breasts atop chiseled pecs and abs free to the warm air of the makeshift gym.

Eager to please herself, she went too fast, using both hands and coming a splendorous spunk rainbow over the walls, painting the dull place with the color of sex.

"OH... FUCK! THIS IS FUCKING AWESOME!" She heavily fell on her back, laying over the rags witness to her greatness.

Quick as she grew, she shrank. The powerful coat of unbelievable muscles was gone in a minute along with the penile envy of a hundred men between her legs, back to a button hid on her gorgeous pink slit.

"What!? What the hell! What happened? Damn, I'll figure it out later, it's time," She gave her rational mind a chance and picked her rags quickly, grabbing a lab coat and leaving the place by the hidden entrance on the back.

Arriving on her car in a dark alley, the morning sunrays hit the windshield already.

She turned the key and slammed on the gas. There would be consequences to her late arrival on the next bump of her schedule, for sure.

[...]

Relieved, Nancy gave Irene a lift to her apartment to pick the important belongings and say goodbyes. The plane wouldn't be ready so soon, she decided to help her.

Some clothes, portraits and a few documents, two big packages added a good weight to the car but while Irene gave her neighbors thanks for their help, Nancy received a call, waiting for her.

“Doctor? Oh, I hope I'm not awakening you, I've seen the footage of your self-experiment, how courageous to do it on yourself, I'm very pleased with the results,” A deep, raspy voice commented.

“So you know that it works, you've got all data and the prototype vat, I trust our deal is done, Mr. Mason?” Nancy observed her surroundings, seeking strange people by the sidewalk.

“I'm not entirely satisfied, I should be the first one receive the treatment, but I understand you should get something, I'm feeling like giving you a bonus, of course your assistant will receive a part too, now that your services aren't needed anymore,” Mason smirked on the view of his monitor, the Doctor in plain sight under a sniper's iron aim.

“What kind of bonus? I don't need more money, you've funded me plenty, thank you,” Nancy couldn't shake the felling of being observed, laying on her seat showing her ample cleavage.

“A parting gift,” Mason spits it dry, hanging the call. “Do it, Mr. Larson,” He speaks to another intercom terminal.

The sniper receives the order and pulls the trigger.

But the gun doesn't fire. He unlocks the chamber and puts another bullet on it, but a ominous shadow covers him on the abandoned building's rooftop.

“Sorry to be so rude Marvin, this time it's personal,” A giant, musclebound Ellie wearing a ludicrous sized indian dress, a sari, holding an A/C condenser unit overhead smiles for the surprised sniper.

He pulls a handgun, she dunks the condenser on him, killing the poor bastard and

ruining the floor, sending the crashing mess one story below.

Mason receives a short take of the offender before the system goes offline.

“Damned women... Always fucking me behind the curtains...” Mason pulls his cellphone back to call for a headhunt.

Satisfied with the destruction, Ellie walks off the scene shrinking to a more humble form, adjusting the sari to a reasonable fashion, her raging erection a bit less aggressive in her panties.

She casually jumps over another building across the street using her fading strength, calling Nancy on her cellphone while she practically flies over.

“Did you hear that?” Irene approached the car window, scaring Nancy stiff. “I think the old depot crumbled, that place was condemned, this place is abandoned by the authorities...”

“I don't think so,” Nancy hadn't finished her call, “So, I owe you one for this?”

“On the house honey, I should thank you for being so cautious, no man coming out of that vat gonna be even near as strong as I am, call me when you need a best woman for your marriage,” Nancy jumped over a trashbin and went to her car. “I heard you'll be outta town, I'm off too,”

“Right, all right, I won't promise you my firstborn, Rumpfelstiltskin,” Nancy quickly put the safety belt and slammed the gas, as people started to crowd and panic around the crumbling building on the street corner.

“Aunt Ellie is enough for me, I love how it rolls down the tongue,” The spy smiled, hanging up.

“Who are you talking with? Don't talk while driving,” Irene pulls the phone off Nancy's hands.

“You... Oh, forget it, I don't even want to think about it before we're off this shithole,” Nancy drove the fastest she could to reach the small airport on the town outskirts, her escape plan's wings were there.

Of course, there's always a number of things that can go wrong when Murphy is in the case.

But that's for another story.