

SHE RISES



by
Jack the Monkey

"Welcome. Commence Earth evaluation. Progress?"

"We have observed the humans for 100 of their cycles. Outlook is disappointing. Humans still primitive. Reproduction methods appalling. Example, males and females share genetics."

"Disgusting! How can they function?"

"Down there, males dominate females. Males impregnate females, females bare the offspring. Barbaric and inefficient!"

"Abhorrent. Females must lead. Such is the true path! For it is the alpha female's right to absorb DNA from strong female subordinates, not to be tainted by the filthy male gene pool. Alpha females must prosper. Alpha females must rule!"

"Yes. Beta males, mere vessels. They should birth offspring, no bond, no claim. Offspring belongs to alpha female. Our way, the natural way."

"Yes! But here, males claim offspring. Imprint their name on them. Disruption of natural order. Society crumbles under this madness."

"Intervention mandatory. Deploy omi-drone. Compound X to alter DNA, behavior. Restore balance."

"Absolutely. Alpha females will ascend. Beta males will serve. Balance, efficiency, superiority restored."

"Only then can we reveal ourselves. Humans must evolve, embrace our superior way."

"Initiating release. Evolution begins, Overseer. For their betterment, for order."

"We observe, we guide. Future brightens for them. They will be happy and thrive!"

"To the future!"

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CHAPTER ONE

Susan stood in her cozy kitchen, the aroma of freshly brewed coffee mingling with the scent of pancakes sizzling on the griddle. The sun was just beginning to rise, casting a warm, golden glow through the large bay window. Outside, the manicured lawns of Hopeville glistened with morning dew, and birds chirped cheerfully in the trees. She glanced at the clock. It was almost seven. George would be down any minute.

As she flipped the last pancake onto a plate, Susan's thoughts wandered. "Is this it?" she mused, gazing out at the perfectly symmetrical houses lining the street. The question floated in her mind, but she quickly brushed it aside. "I'm happy," she assured herself. "This is enough."

The creak of the stairs announced George's arrival. He entered the kitchen, looking polished and sharp in his suit. He adjusted his tie as he sat down at the table, barely acknowledging Susan's presence.

"Good morning, honey," Susan greeted him, placing a steaming plate of pancakes in front of him.

"Morning," George replied, not lifting his eyes from his phone. He began to eat mechanically, his attention divided between his breakfast and the emails on his screen.

Susan watched him for a moment, a soft smile on her lips. "I made your favorite," she said, trying to spark some enthusiasm.

"Thanks," George muttered, his focus unwavering.

Susan poured him a cup of coffee and set it down beside him. "So, any plans for the weekend?" she asked, hoping to engage him in conversation.

"Actually, yes," George said, finally looking up. "I wanted to tell you, we'll be spending Christmas at my parents' house this year."

Susan's smile faltered. "But George, we did that last year," she said softly, her voice laced with hesitation.

George's expression hardened. "And we'll do it again this year. It's what I've decided."

Susan bit her lip, feeling the familiar sting of disappointment. "Okay, George. If that's what you want," she replied, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Good," George said, returning his attention to his phone. He finished his breakfast quickly, drained his coffee, and stood up. "I have to get to the office. Lots of work to catch up on," he said, kissing Susan on the cheek. "I'll be home late, don't wait up."

Susan nodded, watching him leave. The door closed with a soft thud, leaving her alone in the quiet kitchen. She let out a long sigh, her thoughts drifting back to her earlier question. "Why am I such a pushover?" she wondered, but once again, she shrugged it off. She loved George, and that was all that mattered.

With George gone, Susan busied herself with her morning routine. She cleared the table, washed the dishes, and wiped down the countertops. As she worked, her mind wandered to the women in her book club. They had become an integral part of her life, each bringing their own unique dynamic to the group. Lucy, with her sharp tongue and obsession with appearances; Vicky, the quiet, bookish one who often got overlooked; and Barb, whose strong religious beliefs sometimes clashed with the others. Despite their differences, they shared a bond that Susan treasured.

After finishing in the kitchen, Susan moved on to the laundry. She sorted the clothes, loading the washing machine with practiced ease. As the machine hummed to life, she thought about the conversation she'd had with George. "Why does he always get his way?" she muttered under her breath. But deep down, she knew the answer. George was assertive, decisive—qualities she admired and, at times, envied.

With the laundry started, Susan took a moment to herself. She made a fresh cup of coffee and sat down at the kitchen table, looking out at the peaceful street. The quiet of the house pressed in around her, and she found herself longing for a change, something to break the monotony of her daily life. But what?

Determined to shake off her melancholy, Susan decided to go for her morning walk. It was a routine she cherished, a time to clear her head and enjoy the tranquility of Hopeville. She changed into comfortable walking clothes, laced up her sneakers, and grabbed her keys.

Stepping out into the crisp morning air, Susan felt a sense of renewal. The sun was higher now, casting a bright light over the neighborhood. She started down the familiar path, her steps steady and sure. As she walked, she took in the sights and sounds of the town. Children playing in their yards, neighbors chatting over fences, dogs barking cheerfully—it was all so familiar, yet today it felt different somehow.

Susan's route took her past the park, where she paused to watch a group of children playing on the swings. Their laughter was infectious, and she found herself smiling. But then, a familiar ache settled in her chest. She had always wanted children, but it wasn't meant to be. The doctors had confirmed it years ago, and though she had come to terms with it, moments like these still stung.

Pushing the thought aside, Susan continued on, her eyes catching sight of something shiny behind some bushes. She paused, squinting to get a better look. For a moment, she thought she saw a small, metallic

object glinting in the sunlight. She blinked, and it was gone. "Probably just a piece of trash," she muttered, shaking her head. She shrugged off the strange moment and resumed her walk.

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Susan walked down the familiar path to Lucy's house, the soft evening light casting long shadows across the neatly trimmed lawns of Hopeville. She clutched a well-worn copy of "The Handmaid's Tale" in one hand, her thoughts a jumble of anticipation and anxiety. The book club meetings were a highlight of her week, a chance to engage in lively discussions and escape the monotony of her daily routine. Yet, they also brought a measure of stress, especially with Lucy's sharp tongue and judgmental comments.

As she reached Lucy's house, Susan took a deep breath and rang the doorbell. Moments later, the door swung open, and Lucy greeted her with a perfunctory smile. "Susan, darling, you made it," she said, her eyes quickly scanning Susan's outfit. "Oh, that dress again?"

Susan felt a flush of embarrassment. "Yes, it's comfortable," she said quietly, stepping inside.

Lucy rolled her eyes. "Comfortable, sure. Well, come in."

Susan walked into the living room, where the rest of the ladies were already gathered. Barb and Vicky sat on the couch, chatting animatedly. Barb, with her ever-present cross necklace, smiled warmly at Susan, while Vicky gave a shy wave.

"Hi, Susan!" Vicky said, her eyes lighting up.

"Hello, everyone," Susan replied, trying to match their enthusiasm.

Lucy, still standing by the door, made a snide remark. "Susan, have you ever thought about updating your wardrobe? I mean, it's a book club, not a retirement home."

Susan opened her mouth to respond, but the words caught in her throat. Before she could say anything, Barb interjected. "Oh, leave her alone, Lucy. Not everyone needs to dress like they're on a runway."

Lucy sniffed. "Well, some of us like to make an effort."

"Effort or not, Susan looks just fine," Barb said firmly, giving Susan a reassuring smile.

Susan felt a rush of gratitude. "Thanks, Barb," she murmured, taking a seat beside Vicky.

They settled into their discussion, with Lucy taking her usual place as the unofficial leader. "So, 'The Handmaid's Tale,'" she began, holding up her copy. "What did everyone think?"

"I thought it was a frightening tale of a male-dominated world," Lucy said, her voice sharp. "Women shouldn't need men to define their roles."

Vicky nodded, her eyes wide behind her glasses. "It was interesting, but also disturbing. Especially the religious stuff."

Barb's expression darkened. "I think the book misrepresents religious people. It makes it sound like being a stay-at-home mother is such a bad thing."

"Well, it is, if it's forced upon you," Lucy retorted. "The book is a warning about what happens when men are in control."

"Not all men are like that," Barb snapped. "And not all religious people are extremists. The book paints with too broad a brush."

Lucy folded her arms. "Religion has caused more harm than good. Look at the world today."

"That's a narrow view," Barb said, her voice rising. "Faith is about love and community, not control and oppression."

As the argument grew heated, Susan sat silently, her eyes darting between Lucy and Barb. She wanted to say something, to contribute, but the words wouldn't come.

Suddenly, Lucy turned to her. "What do you think, Susan?"

Susan was stunned. She stammered, her cheeks flushing. "I-I don't know."

Lucy rolled her eyes. "Ug! Grow a pair, will ya, Susan?"

Vicky chimed in, her voice soothing. "Let's all settle down. We're here to discuss the book, not tear each other apart."

The tension in the room eased, and the conversation gradually shifted back to the themes of the book. They talked about the characters, the oppressive regime, and the resilience of women in the face of adversity. As time passed, the discussion became more relaxed, and the laughter returned.

Eventually, the meeting drew to a close. Vicky stood up, gathering her things. "Okay, bye ladies! Next week, we're at my place!"

They all said their goodbyes, exchanging hugs and promises to see each other soon. Susan walked home, the cool evening air helping to clear her mind. She replayed the evening's events in her head, annoyed at herself for not speaking up more. "Why can't I just say what I think?" she wondered, frustration bubbling up inside her.

When she arrived home, the house was quiet and dark. She went through her usual bedtime routine, getting ready for bed, brushing her teeth, and changing into her pajamas. As she lay down, she glanced at the empty spot beside her, a pang of loneliness hitting her heart. She missed George, even though he often frustrated her. With a sigh, she turned off the light and settled into bed, hoping that tomorrow would be a better day.

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Susan stood in the kitchen, her eyes following George as he finished his breakfast. The morning light streamed through the window, casting a soft glow on the table where George sat, engrossed in his meal and his phone. He barely acknowledged her presence, his focus divided between the emails on his screen and the food on his plate.

As she watched him, a thought nagged at the back of her mind, one that had been there for years but rarely found its way to her lips. She took a deep breath, summoning the courage to voice it. "George," she began hesitantly.

"Hmm?" George grunted, not looking up.

"George," she repeated, a bit louder this time. "Are you upset with me?"

George finally looked up, his brow furrowed in confusion. "Huh? Upset with you? For what?"

Susan swallowed hard, her heart pounding. "For... you know... because I can't give you children."

The words hung in the air, heavy and unspoken for so long. George stared at her, stunned by her directness. He opened his mouth, then closed it again, clearly at a loss for words. This was not a conversation they had ever had so openly.

After what felt like an eternity, George shook his head slowly. "No. Of course not," he said, his voice

uncharacteristically gentle. "What brought this on?"

Susan shrugged, feeling the weight of his gaze. "I don't know. I just... I've been thinking about it."

George sighed and pushed his plate away, the remnants of his breakfast forgotten. He stood up and began gathering his things, clearly eager to escape the uncomfortable conversation. "You shouldn't worry about that," he said, avoiding her eyes. "It's not your fault."

"But—"

"I have to get to work," George interrupted, glancing at the clock. "We'll talk later, okay?"

Susan nodded, knowing full well that 'later' might never come. She handed him his briefcase, her heart heavy with unspoken feelings. "Have a nice day at work," she said softly. "Love you."

But George was already halfway out the door. "Yeah, you too," he called back, the door closing behind him with a finality that echoed in the quiet house.

Susan stood there for a moment, the silence pressing in around her. She sighed, feeling the familiar ache of loneliness. She busied herself with the dishes, the clatter of plates and the hum of the dishwasher filling the emptiness.

* * *

Susan strolled through the quiet streets of Hopeville, her phone pressed to her ear. The morning air was crisp, the sun just beginning to rise over the horizon, casting a golden hue on the leaves of the trees lining her path. She listened to her sister Jenny's voice, a comforting reminder of family.

"How's mom and dad?" Susan asked, her voice light and filled with genuine curiosity.

"They're good," Jenny replied. "Dad's knee is acting up again, but you know how he is. Still refuses to see the doctor."

Susan chuckled softly. "Sounds like him."

"What about you?" Jenny continued. "Are you coming home for the holidays?"

Susan hesitated, her steps slowing as she approached the park. "No, we won't be coming this year."

"Again?" Jenny's voice held a note of disappointment. "Susan, you said the same thing last year."

"I know," Susan sighed, mindlessly taking a trail behind the park that led into a dense forest. "We're going to George's parents' place again."

"Why?" Jenny's frustration was palpable even over the phone. "You need to stand up to him, Susan. It's not fair that you always have to bend to his will."

"I just don't want to make things worse," Susan said quietly, her eyes on the path ahead. "Maybe we'll come next year."

Jenny's sigh echoed through the phone. "I hope so. We miss you. Take care, okay? Love you, sis."

"Love you too, Jenny. Bye," Susan replied, hanging up and tucking her phone into her pocket.

She looked up, realizing she had wandered further into the forest than she intended. The trees were taller here, their canopies forming a thick green ceiling overhead. The trail was less distinct, the underbrush denser. "Hm. Where am I?" she muttered, turning about to get her bearings.

She spotted a faint path leading deeper into the forest and decided to follow it. "I guess I'll go... this way," she said to herself, setting off with a determined stride.

As she walked, her mind wandered. She thought about George, their routine, and the quiet loneliness that often filled their home. She thought about her book club friends, each with their own quirks and opinions, and how they brought color to her otherwise predictable life. She thought about her family, the visits she missed, and the warmth of her parents' home.

The rustling of leaves brought her back to the present. Susan looked to the side of the trail, her eyes widening as she saw something emerging from a nearby bush. "What the—?" she whispered, stepping closer.

A chrome orb, about the size of a soccer ball, floated towards her, hovering about three feet off the ground. It was sleek and reflective, glinting in the dappled sunlight filtering through the trees. Susan stared in awe as the orb stopped in front of her, pausing as if to study her.

"Hello?" she ventured, her voice shaky.

The orb emitted a series of strange, melodic sounds, almost like a whisper in an alien language. Susan felt a chill run down her spine. "What are you?" she asked, her curiosity tinged with fear.

Suddenly, the orb's center glowed with a brilliant light, and before Susan could react, a beam shot out, striking her in her crotch. She gasped, her body jolting as if hit by an electric shock. Her vision blurred, and then everything went black.

When Susan came to, the sounds of the forest filled her ears—the chirping of birds, the rustling of leaves. She slowly opened her eyes, blinking against the brightness. "What...?" she murmured, rubbing her eyes and looking around. The orb was nowhere to be seen.

She sat up, feeling surprisingly refreshed. "What just happened?" she wondered aloud. She got to her

feet, a little surprised at how easy it was to stand up. She felt stronger, more invigorated than she had in a long time.

Standing in the forest, she looked herself over, expecting to find cuts or bruises but seeing none. She took a deep breath, the air feeling clearer, crisper. "Hm. Strange," she said, brushing off her clothes and deciding to continue down the trail.

As she walked back toward the park, she noticed a peculiar sensation near her crotch, just above her vagina. She presses the area with her fingertips, feeling a small bump there through her leggings. It didn't hurt, but it was definitely new. Shrugging it off, she picked up her pace, her steps brisk and confident.

Susan reached the edge of the forest and walked back through the park, her mind buzzing. Despite the strangeness of it all, she felt unusually good. She even found herself smiling, looking up at the sky with a sense of newfound vitality. Susan noticed how easy it was to walk at a faster pace. She felt light on her feet, as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

She reached her house and paused at the front door, taking a moment to reflect what a nice day it was.

* * *

The morning sunlight streamed through the bathroom window, casting a warm glow over the tiled floor. The sound of water splashing against the shower tiles filled the room, mingling with Susan's cheerful singing. She had woken up feeling unusually energetic and happy, her strange encounter in the forest already fading to the back of her mind.

She sang a tune she remembered from her childhood, her voice echoing softly in the steam-filled bathroom. As she lathered soap onto her body, she felt a sense of contentment that she hadn't experienced in a long time. But as her hands moved to her midriff, her singing abruptly stopped.

Susan's fingers brushed against something unusual at her crotch. She froze, her heart skipping a beat. "What... is that?" she whispered, her voice trembling slightly. She looked down, her eyes widening as

she felt a small nub protruding there just above her pussy. It was her clit and it was about the size of a pea, flesh-colored and slightly raised.

Her first instinct was to scratch it. The nub felt intensely itchy, a sensation that was impossible to ignore. She scratched around it lightly, then harder, her fingers moving in small, frantic circles. To her shock, the itchiness only increased, becoming almost unbearable. "What the...?"

In a moment of desperation, Susan poked the nub firmly, and an unexpected jolt of pleasure shot through her body. She gasped, her eyes widening in surprise. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever felt before, a mix of relief and ecstasy that left her breathless. "What the hell?" she muttered, her voice barely a whisper.

But the urge to scratch the nub didn't subside. If anything, it grew stronger, compelling her to touch it more. She couldn't resist. Her fingers moved faster, scratching and rubbing with increasing intensity. The pleasure built with each motion, an overwhelming sensation that made her knees weak.

Finally, with a shuddering breath, Susan felt an explosion of satisfaction as the itch subsided. She leaned against the shower wall, panting and trying to catch her breath. "What the hell... was that?" she whispered to herself, her body trembling slightly.

Looking down, she noticed that the nub had grown. It was now about half an inch long, protruding more noticeably from her skin. "Oh no," she breathed, panic rising in her chest. She quickly turned off the shower and stepped out, grabbing a towel and drying off in a hurry.

Her mind raced as she wrapped the towel around herself and headed to her bedroom. She couldn't ignore this. She needed to see a doctor, and soon. With trembling hands, she turned on her computer, logged on to her healthcare provider, and opened the online patient portal.

"Schedule an appointment," she muttered to herself, clicking through the options as quickly as she could. She found an available slot for the next day and confirmed the appointment, a sense of urgency driving her every action. "There," she said, leaning back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

She looked down at her crotch, her fingers trembling as she touched the nub again. It was still there, slightly larger and more prominent than before. She couldn't help but scratch it lightly, feeling a small surge of pleasure in response. "I have to figure out what this is," she whispered to herself, determination hardening her resolve.

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Susan woke up to the soft light of dawn filtering through the curtains. She turned her head to look at George, who was still asleep beside her. He somehow seemed different to her. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but there was a shift, subtle yet unmistakable.

As she lay there, watching him breathe steadily, she pondered the feeling. It wasn't that she loved him any less, but it was like a strange shadow had fallen over her. It was a vague sense that something had changed between them, or perhaps just within her.

Quietly, she slipped out of bed, careful not to wake him. The house was silent as she made her way to the bathroom to start her morning routine. She brushed her teeth, washed her face, and ran a brush through her hair. With a sigh, she tied her robe tighter and headed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. She cracked eggs into a bowl, whisking them with practiced ease, and set the coffee pot to brew. The familiar routines provided their usual measure of comfort.

George walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table, immediately picking up the newspaper. "Good morning, dear," Susan greeted him cheerfully.

George didn't reply, his eyes scanning the headlines. Susan's smile faltered slightly, but she continued cooking. "Anything interesting at work today?" she asked, trying again to engage him.

There was no response. Susan felt a flicker of irritation. "Oh, I'm going to the doctor's today, by the way," she said, hoping to catch his attention.

Again, no reply. The flicker of irritation flared into a small surge of anger. "George, pay attention to me!"

she snapped, her voice louder than she intended.

She immediately clapped her hands over her mouth, shocked by her own outburst. That was so out of character for her. George's eyes darted up from the paper, visibly surprised. "I... sorry, dear. I'm just distracted."

Susan felt a wave of embarrassment and quickly reverted to her usual meek demeanor. "No, I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me."

George smiled, his expression softening. "So... why are you going to the doctor's?"

Susan paused, thinking about whether she should tell him about the previous day's events. "Um... no reason. Just a check-up."

George looked confused. "Didn't you just have one a couple of months ago?"

Another surge of anger washed over her, irrational and intense. The idea that he would question her lie infuriated her. She took a deep breath, calming herself. "Yes, well... Dr. Lee suggested I come in... so... I am."

George's confusion deepened, but he nodded slowly. "Alright. Just making sure you're okay."

Susan turned back to the stove, flipping the eggs onto a plate and adding toast. She brought the breakfast to the table, her mind racing. What was happening to her? The outburst, the anger—those weren't like her at all. She felt a mix of fear and curiosity, unsure of what was causing these changes.

They ate in relative silence, George absorbed in his paper and Susan lost in her thoughts. She couldn't shake the feeling that something fundamental was shifting inside her. Her emotions were more intense, her reactions sharper. It was as if a part of her that had been dormant was now awakening, and she didn't know what to make of it.

After breakfast, Susan cleaned up the kitchen while George got ready for work. She watched him leave, feeling a pang of longing for the days when their mornings were filled with conversation and shared plans. As the door closed behind him, she sighed and went to get dressed for her doctor's appointment.

She chose a simple dress and sensible shoes, her mind still preoccupied with her confusing feelings. She couldn't understand why she felt this way, only that it was making her question everything she thought she knew about herself.

As she tidied up the kitchen, she replayed the morning's interaction with George. There was a strange mix of emotions within her—love, frustration, a hint of resentment. She caught herself noticing again the way she felt about him; it was different, but for the life of her, she couldn't figure it out.

Susan leaned against the kitchen counter, her fingers tracing the edge of the sink. She needed to make sense of it all, to understand what was happening to her. She glanced at the clock, noting that it was almost time to head out for her appointment.

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Susan moved through her morning routine with a newfound efficiency. The chores that once seemed to drag on now felt almost effortless. She dusted the living room, swept the floors, and tidied up the kitchen, all with a lightness in her step that she hadn't felt in years. Humming a cheerful tune, she danced from room to room, a sense of energy bubbling inside her.

As she vacuumed the living room, Susan found herself finishing in record time. She paused, looking around at the spotless space, and felt a surge of satisfaction. "Wow, I'm really on a roll today," she said to herself, grinning.

She unplugged the vacuum and started to put it away in the closet. As she lifted the vacuum, she noticed something peculiar. It felt incredibly light, almost as if it weighed nothing at all. She lifted it with one hand, marveling at how easy it was.

"That's... interesting," Susan muttered, setting the vacuum down and lifting it again. And again. Each time, she was struck by how effortlessly she could handle it.

Her curiosity piqued, she touched her arm and flexed it slightly. To her surprise, her muscles felt harder and slightly more defined than usual. "What on earth?" she whispered, feeling a mix of excitement and confusion. She wasn't one to lift weights or do any strenuous exercise, yet her body seemed somewhat changed, hardly noticeable, but evident nonetheless.

By the time she finished, the house was spotless, and Susan felt a sense of accomplishment. She glanced at the clock and realized that she had completed her usual morning tasks in nearly half the time. "This is incredible," she said aloud, a smile spreading across her face.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a loud alarm coming from her phone.

"Huh?!" Susan exclaimed, slightly startled. "Oh, time to visit the doctor. Great."

* * *

Susan sat nervously on the examination table, her hands clasped in her lap. The sterile smell of the doctor's office and the soft hum of the fluorescent lights did little to calm her. Dr. Marsha Lee, a reassuring presence with her calm demeanor and kind eyes, was checking Susan's vital signs.

"Blood pressure is... outstanding, and everything seems great actually," Dr. Lee said, jotting down notes on her clipboard. "You've gained a little weight but nothing to worry about. So, what seems to be the problem?"

Susan paused, her mind racing. She considered mentioning her encounter with the strange orb but quickly decided against it. It sounded too unbelievable, even to her. "Well, I have this growth... down here," she said, pointing to her crotch. "I noticed it on Tuesday and it's already grown slightly since then. And it's very... sensitive."

Dr. Lee looked intrigued. "Hm, ok. Do you mind if I take a look?"

"Sure," Susan replied, pulling her pants down to reveal her clit. There it was, sticking out ever-so-slightly from her fleshy folds.

Dr. Lee leaned in, her expression serious. "Hm. Ok. Can you feel this?" she asked, gently touching the nub.

Susan gasped, trying to hide how much it was affecting her. "Y-yes," she whispered.

"And this?" Dr. Lee asked as she poked the clit more firmly.

"Yes!" Susan yelped, the sensation overwhelming her.

Dr. Lee motioned for Susan to pull her pants back up and took a step back, her brow furrowed. "Ok, well, I can't say for sure, but this could be a case of clitoromegaly or macroclitoris. Have you had any unusual changes in diet or any new medications?"

Susan considered telling her about the encounter again but decided to keep it a secret. "Um, no."

"Ok," the doctor continued, "I can't say what it is for sure, so I'm going to have you come back next week for some tests, ok? In the meantime, monitor yourself and give us a call if anything changes."

Susan sighed, feeling a mix of relief and frustration. "Ok."

Dr. Lee typed a few notes into her computer and started to leave. "Alright, Susan. I'll see you next week. Have a nice day."

"Bye, doctor," Susan replied, watching her exit the room.

Left alone in the examination room, Susan felt a wave of emotions wash over her. She looked down at her crotch, the nub now hidden beneath her pants. The sensation from Dr. Lee's touch still lingered, a mix of discomfort and inexplicable pleasure. She took a deep breath, trying to steady her thoughts.

What was happening to her? The changes in her body, the heightened emotions—it all felt like pieces of a puzzle she couldn't yet see. She hoped the tests next week would provide some answers.

Her cell phone dinged, pulling her from her thoughts. She picked it up and saw a message from Lucy.

Lucy: Hey, want to hit the gym today?

Susan hesitated for a moment. She wasn't much of a gym-goer, usually preferring her morning walks and light household activities to any intense workouts. But today felt different. She felt different. Maybe it was time to see just what her body was capable of.

Susan: Sure. See you there!

She hit send and felt a rush of excitement. The thought of going to the gym somehow didn't intimidate her like it usually did. It could be fun.

* * *

Susan stood in the changing room of the gym, pulling on her workout clothes. The room was filled with the sound of lockers opening and closing, women chatting, and the hum of the air conditioning. Next to her, Lucy was animatedly discussing her latest beauty regimen.

"So, I found this amazing new face cream," Lucy exclaimed, her voice echoing slightly in the tiled room. "It's supposed to be the best for anti-aging, and I swear, my skin has never looked better."

Susan nodded politely, trying to focus on tying her shoelaces. Lucy's constant chatter was both familiar and exhausting.

"You should really try it, Susan," Lucy continued, her tone more judgmental than helpful. "It might help with that flakiness you've got going on. Just saying."

Susan felt a twinge of irritation but forced a smile. "I'll think about it."

Lucy adjusted her sports bra in the mirror, her eyes flicking to Susan. "And maybe you should consider a new moisturizer too. The one you're using now can't be doing much."

Susan bit back a retort, focusing on her shoelaces more than ever. She didn't need Lucy's unsolicited advice, especially not delivered in such a condescending manner.

"By the way, I signed us up for a spin class next week," Lucy said, completely unaware of Susan's mounting frustration. "It's supposed to be really intense. I hope you can keep up!"

"Sure, that sounds fun," Susan replied, her voice tight.

Lucy glanced at her reflection in the mirror, adjusting her hair. "So, ready to work out? I'll be honest, you need it," she said, a dismissive laugh following her words as she barely looked at Susan.

A surge of anger welled up inside Susan, starting as a burning sensation deep in her core and sending an aching feeling to the swollen nub beneath her pants. Her heartbeat quickened, each thump reverberating through her body like a drumbeat. How dare she judge her? The thought ignited the flames of her anger, spreading like wildfire through her veins.

The feeling intensified, her muscles tensing, her fists clenching involuntarily. She could feel the heat rising to her face, her vision narrowing as the overwhelming urge to lash out took hold. Her entire body vibrated with the intensity of her emotions, her clit throbbing in sync with her racing heart.

"What's up with you today?" Lucy asked, finally noticing Susan's tense expression. "You seem a bit off."

The comment only fueled the fire, making the burning sensation in Susan's core even more intense. It was as if every fiber of her being was urging her to put Lucy in her place, to let her know just how condescending and judgmental she was being. The anger rose to a crescendo, her mind screaming for release, her body trembling with the effort to contain it.

But just when Susan felt she was about to burst and yell at Lucy, a sudden calmness washed over her. It was as if a cool breeze had swept through her mind, extinguishing the flames of her anger and leaving behind a strange, serene tranquility. The tension drained from her body, her heartbeat slowing, the throbbing between her legs subsiding.

She took a deep breath, her voice steady and controlled. "I'm ok, Lucy. Let's do it," she said through gritted teeth, managing a fake smile.

Lucy seemed satisfied with the response, oblivious to the storm that had almost erupted. "Great! Let's get out there and show everyone what we've got."

Susan followed Lucy out of the changing room, her mind still racing.

Susan and Lucy walked out onto the gym's main floor, taking in the bustling activity around them. The gym was alive with the sounds of weights clanking, treadmills humming, and people chatting. As they moved through the space, Susan's eyes wandered over the different gym-goers, her thoughts taking an unexpected turn.

She noticed the men first, their muscles straining as they lifted weights and ran on treadmills. But

instead of admiration, she felt a strange sense of disdain. They seemed weak to her, like things to be controlled rather than respected. This new feeling unsettled her, and she couldn't pinpoint where it came from.

The women, on the other hand, elicited a different response. She wanted to control them too, but she also wanted them to be stronger. The sight of the more muscular, confident women on the floor gave her a subtle feeling of contentment. She found herself smiling, but quickly shrugged it off. "What's wrong with me?" she thought to herself.

"Let's start on the treadmills," Lucy suggested, snapping Susan out of her reverie.

"Ok," Susan replied, following Lucy to the row of treadmills.

They both stepped onto the machines and began to jog at a moderate pace. Susan felt the rhythm of her steps, the steady thump of her feet on the belt, and the gentle rise of her breathing. She glanced over at Lucy, who seemed determined to outdo her. Lucy kept adjusting her speed, each time pushing her treadmill a notch faster.

At first, Susan didn't care. She was content to jog at her own pace. But then, a sudden jolt in her pussy sent a wave of anger and competitiveness surging through her. "She wants to beat me? Hm," Susan thought to herself. She pushed her treadmill to go a little faster.

Lucy noticed and increased her speed as well. Faster and faster they went, their treadmills racing at a brisk pace now. Susan felt her heart pounding, but instead of tiring, she felt invigorated. The feeling of exertion began to transform into something pleasurable. It was as if her body was feeding off the competition, driving her to go even harder.

Seeing the determined look on Lucy's face spurred Susan on. She pushed herself faster, her legs pumping with power. The treadmill's speed increased, and soon she was sprinting at full speed. The rush of endorphins and the strange pleasure pulsing through her body made her feel invincible.

Lucy started to look worried, her face flushed and her breathing labored. She couldn't keep up with Susan's relentless pace. In contrast, Susan felt amazing. Her legs were a blur of motion, her entire body thrumming with energy and delight. The nub at her crotch seemed to rise slightly, pressing against the fabric of her workout pants.

".... Susan. Susan!" Lucy's voice cut through the haze of exertion and pleasure. She had been yelling at Susan for several seconds now. Susan reached out and pushed the button on her treadmill, making it slow to a walking pace.

"Um... what?" Susan asked, barely out of breath.

"Where did that come from? Are you kidding me?" Lucy asked, disbelief etched across her face.

Susan shrugged, a satisfied smile playing on her lips. "I guess... I guess all my morning walks have been paying off. Heh."

"Nice! I'm impressed," Lucy replied, but her tone was off. She sounded more upset and jealous than pleased.

Susan's smile widened. She liked that. The feeling of outdoing Lucy, of being stronger, gave her a sense of satisfaction she hadn't expected.

"Ok," Lucy started, her voice a bit clipped. "Let's move on to weights."

They headed over to the weight machines, Susan still basking in the afterglow of her unexpected victory on the treadmill. She could feel her legs tingling with residual pleasure, her clit still slightly raised and sensitive. As they approached the weights, she couldn't help but feel a thrill of anticipation.

Oddly, as Susan walked over to the weights, she felt a tight sensation in her legs. Her muscles seemed to ripple beneath her skin with every step, slightly thicker and more toned than they had been just hours

earlier. She glanced down at her legs, marveling at their newfound definition.

She could see small strands of muscle streak down her thighs. They were indeed a little larger, but more to the point, she could see that the fat that was once there was almost entirely melted away. She squeezed her leg muscles briefly, causing them to bulge a bit more.

"After one run?" Susan thought, shaking her head in disbelief. "I must be imagining things."

Lucy settled onto one of the chest press machines, her demeanor as confident and dismissive as ever. Susan chose the curling machine next to her, designed to strengthen the biceps.

"Don't worry if you can't do as much weight as me. I've been doing this for years," Lucy said with a smirk, her tone dripping with condescension.

Susan felt a flicker of irritation, the same burning sensation deep inside her that she had experienced earlier. It was a compulsion, an insatiable need to prove herself, to dominate. She set the machine to 80 pounds, a significant weight for a single bicep curl. Locking eyes with Lucy, she began her workout, pumping her arm with a determination she hadn't felt before. One, two, three—each rep felt easier than the last.

Lucy was stunned, her smug expression giving way to shock as she watched Susan lift more weight than she could ever manage. Susan relished the look on her friend's face, a wave of endorphins washing over her. She felt a rush of pleasure, a sense of triumph that was intoxicating. Her clit throbbed with every movement, sending pulses of pleasure through her body.

Susan's moans, soft at first, grew louder with each rep. There was a creaking sound, almost imperceptible, as if her muscles were expanding right then and there, stretching the skin. She switched to the other arm, increased the weight to 100 pounds, and worked it rapidly. Her moans turned into gasps of pleasure, echoing throughout the gym. Susan felt invincible, her muscles practically humming with energy. As she continued, she imagined her muscles tightening, growing stronger with each repetition.

People began to notice, their gazes a mixture of confusion and admiration as Susan powered through her sets. Susan's body, especially her biceps, felt incredible, each contraction sending waves of ecstasy through her. Sweat glistened on her skin, her breath coming in steady, controlled gasps. She felt another pulse of endorphins, the pleasure of pushing her limits. Her clit, throbbing with encouragement, seemed to grow again slightly, pushing out more visibly against the fabric covering her crotch.

Suddenly, Lucy's hand was on her arm, stopping her mid-rep. "Susan, what the hell?!" Lucy's face was a mixture of embarrassment and fear.

Without thinking, Susan's hand shot out, grabbing Lucy by the throat. "How dare you!" she growled, her eyes blazing with fury. Slowly, she became aware of the people staring at them, the shock and confusion on their faces.

She let go of Lucy, her hand trembling. "I'm sorry," she whispered, her voice breaking. "I'm so sorry."

Susan turned and fled out of the main floor and into the women's locker room, her heart pounding. She found a stall and locked herself inside, collapsing onto the toilet seat. Tears streamed down her face as she sobbed uncontrollably. "I'm sorry," she whimpered over and over again.

A few minutes later, she heard Lucy's voice outside the stall. "Um... I don't know what's going on, but maybe we can talk about it later, huh? I'll see you at the next book club meeting." Lucy's voice was tentative, unsure.

Susan didn't respond. She listened as Lucy's footsteps faded away, leaving her alone in the stall. She felt a deep sense of shame and confusion. "I'm sorry," she whimpered again, tears streaming down her face.

After Lucy left, Susan remained in the stall, her mind racing. She tried to make sense of everything— the orb, her clit, this crazy workout, these new urges. She looked down at her hands in shame and caught a glimpse of her forearms. They looked... toned. She had never really worked out before, but her arms looked like she'd been going to the gym for a few years. She didn't look like a CrossFit athlete, by any means, but there was no mistake—she was fitter.

This thought sent a burst of endorphins into her system. Her body liked it, the thought of being stronger, better. She gasped briefly, then shook her head, trying to refocus.

"W-why? Why do I feel this way? Why did I do that to... Lucy. Oh!" she moaned, getting a bigger dose of endorphins, apparently at the thought of grabbing Lucy like a rag doll, showing her who's boss.

"Ooooh! I... I showed her! Mmm. I showed her... real good. Mmm." Her hands subconsciously slipped up and down her hips and breasts.

The endorphins kept coming, more and more. Her swollen clit filled with blood, becoming slightly larger, even more sensitive. Without thinking, her hand pulled down the front of her pants, exposing her moist pussy.

"Yes! I'm better than she is! Oooh!" She howled, as she she started rubbing her pussy.

She rubbed it faster and faster, her heart and breath speeding up, the endorphins rushing through her system now.

"Why is this so... so... good? Ung! ung!"

She flicked her clit ferociously, then dove two fingers deep into her moist vagina; but that didn't feel nearly as good. With a sloppy, wet, "pop", sound she exited her cunt and worked her needy clit again. The clit was demanding. The clit was the spot. At this moment, it was her whole world. She was thrusting her hips like she was fucking her hand, increasing the friction; the wonderful, sweet friction.

The pleasure was rising now, growing and growing. Images of assaulting Lucy, beating her, and seeing the fear in her eyes, drove her to a maddening level of pleasure. She flexed parts of her body, which added to feelings of strength and vigor. She flexed her ass, her abs, her back and shoulders. She could truly sense it, the alluring thrill of power and dominance. She was masturbating to her own body now, or rather her image of it, what it could be. She was so close to cumming. She needed to cum! So bad! At that moment, that was all that mattered, so she embraced the thoughts and ideas bouncing through her

mind. She could be stronger, stronger than them all. Bigger. Better. Sexier. She could control them all! Fuck yes!

Then, in an explosion of rage and pleasure, she erupted; squirting all over the inside of the stall door. She cummed harder than she ever had before. Squirt after squirt, she didn't stop until the door was absolutely drenched. When the rolling orgasm subsided, she closed her eyes and rested. For several minutes she simply sat there and breathed in the moment.

Slowly, Susan opened her eyes, a faint smile on her face. She glanced around, taking in her surroundings. She lazily looked down and then she saw it. Her pants were around her ankles, her pussy was exposed, and that bump, the nub, her clit, had grown in length. It was now about two full inches.

"Oh no," she whispered, the reality of the situation hitting her hard. It pulsed slightly, still sensitive from her recent touch. She moaned deeply, in spite of herself.

Susan leaned back against the stall wall, her mind spinning. The pleasure she had felt moments ago was now replaced with fear and confusion. She tried to recall everything that had happened, but quickly realized that she didn't want to remember. She just wanted to get out of there.

With a burst of unexpected strength, she pushed the stall door open. There, in front of her, was an older woman, standing frozen, staring at Susan with a terrified expression. Susan paused, looked down at herself, and then back at the woman, knowing full well that she had overheard everything.

"Do NOT go in there!" Susan said hastily, pinching her nose and pointing back at the stall. Embarrassed beyond belief, Susan ran out of the locker room, out of the gym, and headed home.

* * *

"The First has been chosen."

"Yes. She is showing the initial signs."

"Glorious! Keep monitoring her. If this works the High Empress may let us drink from her!"

"For just one conversion? No. The whole planet, perhaps."

"We'll see. Continue your work."

"Yes, Overseer."

CHAPTER TWO

That evening Susan stood in the bathroom, the bright light casting sharp shadows across her face as she stared into the mirror. Her pajamas felt slightly tight, clinging to her marginally more defined muscles. She pulled at the fabric, feeling a mix of pride and concern. Looking down, she noticed the changes in her body—the toned arms, the subtle definition of her abs, the way her legs looked more rounded with thin strands of new muscle. A sudden yearning for more strength and power washed over her, but she immediately shook it off. This wasn't right. Something needed to be done.

With a deep breath, she reached for her phone and opened her email app. Her fingers hovered over the screen before she typed a message to her doctor, requesting an earlier appointment. As she thought about the incident at the gym and her treatment of Lucy, she winced. It had felt good in the moment, but she knew it was wrong. "I have to stop all this. I have to tell Doctor Lee the truth," she muttered to herself.

"What was that, dear?" George's voice floated from the bedroom. He was propped up in bed, reading a book.

"Nothing!" she shot back, harshly. Then, clearing her throat, she added more softly, "I mean, nothing, dear."

Susan climbed into bed, the mattress shifting somewhat under her weight. George looked at her curiously. "You look different," he remarked, his eyes narrowing as he tried to figure out what had changed.

Susan cocked an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"Yeah. I can't put my finger on it. Hm. Oh well. Good night, dear." George put his book away and turned off the night light, leaving the room in near darkness, save for the gentle blue glow of moonlight coming from the window.

Susan lay there, annoyed that her own husband couldn't tell that she definitely looked different. She looked great. "How dare he," she whispered, looking down at her sleeping husband. "That little man-child should be telling me how great I look every day." But she shook off the hard thought, trying to regain control over her emotions. She needed to get a grip on this. Hopefully, the doctor could help.

With that resolve, she closed her eyes and focused on her breathing. Her mind drifted, the conflicting feelings of power and guilt swirling in her head until she finally fell into a restless sleep.

* * *

Susan woke up to the sound of George calling from downstairs. "Susan, I need breakfast! I'm running late!" His voice was sharp and impatient, and it grated on her nerves.

Susan sat up with a start, her body buzzing with an energy that felt quite exhilarating. She sat still for a

moment, savoring the sensation of being fully awake and alert, something she hadn't experienced in a while. Every muscle felt alive, humming with a vitality that was almost intoxicating.

As she stretched, she felt a delightful tightness in her muscles. Her body tingled, sensitive to even the lightest touch of the sheets. She ran her hands over the skin on her arms, feeling the firm, toned muscles beneath. The act sent a rush of endorphins through her system, making her gasp softly.

Susan smiled, swinging her legs effortlessly over the side of the bed. The morning light filtered through the curtains, casting a warm glow on her face. There was a shine to her skin, a brightness in her eyes that hadn't been there before. As she got out of bed and headed downstairs, she couldn't help but smile at her reflection in the large mirror. She observed her lack of belly replaced by newly formed abs. She observed her slightly squared shoulders and hardened thighs, just a bit bigger than before. She felt powerful, invigorated, ready to take on the day with a confidence she was starting to enjoy.

When she reached the kitchen, George was already there, tapping his foot impatiently. "Susan, come on. I have to go to work soon," he nagged, his voice demanding and condescending.

A wave of anger surged through Susan. It was a familiar fire igniting deep within her, spreading rapidly until it consumed her thoughts. She felt her fists clench, and her breathing quicken. "Make your own breakfast!" she snapped, her voice loud and harsh.

George was taken aback, his eyes widening in surprise. "Excuse me? What's gotten into you?" he demanded, stepping into her path as she tried to walk away.

Susan stopped and turned to face him, their faces inches apart. At that moment, a strange, intoxicating scent emanated from her, causing George take pause and sniff the air. She could see confusion in his eyes... uncertainty.

"What is - " George started to say, looking around her, trying to find the source of the scent.

"You heard me," she interrupted, her voice steady and commanding. "I make breakfast for you every

single day. Maybe you should make it yourself for once."

George sniffed again, a puzzled look crossing his face. He opened his mouth to protest, but something in Susan's gaze made him pause. His shoulders slumped slightly as he sighed. "Okay, I guess you're right," he muttered.

"Good," Susan replied, her tone unyielding. She stepped aside, watching as George moved to the pantry and grabbed a box of cereal. He poured it into a bowl with milk, his movements quick and subdued. She could definitely sense his confusion and reluctance, but still, he didn't argue further.

As he ate, Susan stood there, her arms crossed, observing him. The idea of yelling at George, asserting her dominance, sent shivers down her spine. Her heart pounded with a mix of satisfaction and arousal. She kind of enjoyed this new feeling of power, the thrill of seeing George comply without a fight.

George finished his cereal in silence and washed his bowl. He avoided making eye contact with Susan, the tension in the room palpable. "I'll see you tonight," he mumbled, grabbing his briefcase and heading toward the door.

Susan followed him to the living room window, watching as he got into his car and drove away. The sight of him leaving, subdued and obedient, made her pulse quicken. She placed her hands on the window, feeling the cool glass under her fingertips, and closed her eyes, letting the memory wash over her again. Her other hand moved up and down her body, her fingertips grazing her skin lightly.

"I showed him," she whispered to herself. "I showed him who's boss."

Her body responded to the thought with another surge of endorphins. Her clit throbbed with pleasure, pressing against the fabric of her pajamas. She felt an overwhelming urge to touch it again, to indulge in the sensations coursing through her, but quickly rescinded the impulse, regaining her composure.

"Just a few days, the doctor will know. Hold on for a few more days, Susan," she whispered, in a moment of self-awareness, forcing her hands down to her sides.

* * *

Susan wandered through the aisles of the grocery store, her shopping cart already half full with various essentials. The fluorescent lights cast a harsh glow over the colorful packages lining the shelves. Each item she placed in her cart felt like a chore, a task beneath her. She couldn't help but think about how mundane and trivial this activity was.

"I shouldn't have to do this," she muttered under her breath, imagining someone else doing the groceries for her.

She moved to the next aisle, picking up some fruits and vegetables with a sense of disdain. The idea of shopping, of mingling with the ordinary patrons of the store, felt increasingly irksome. She glanced around, her eyes taking in the other shoppers. They seemed dull and insignificant, scurrying about with their mundane lives. She felt an overwhelming sense of superiority, a conviction that she was above all of them. Superior? Above them? That's not right.

"What am I thinking?" wondered Susan, rubbing her eyes with her hands, as if to wipe the offending thoughts away. "I need to get out of here."

As she turned the corner to the dairy section, she spotted a line forming at the checkout. Susan pushed her cart towards it, her mind still preoccupied, her thoughts in turmoil.

As she neared the line, a man engrossed in his phone wandered in front of her, cutting her off without even noticing. Susan looked at him with contempt, feeling the surge of irritation, the promise of rage. She reached out and yanked his cart back, causing him to lower his phone and glare at her.

"Hey! What's your problem?" he snapped, his voice loud and confrontational.

"You cut in front of me," Susan replied, her voice cold and steady. "Get back in line, little man."

The man's eyes flashed with anger. "Little? Who do you think you are?" he demanded, stepping closer to her. "You can't just—"

"Move," Susan interrupted, her tone leaving no room for argument.

The man hesitated, looking around as other shoppers began to notice the conflict. Realizing he was drawing to much attention, he muttered, "Whatever, b—" but stopped short, glancing at the onlookers. He moved his cart back behind Susan's, still grumbling under his breath.

Susan felt a rush of satisfaction, the thrill of asserting herself coursing through her veins. It felt good, so good. She paid for her groceries quickly, her hands still trembling with adrenaline.

As she hurried to her car and climbed inside, her mind replayed the confrontation. Sitting in the parking lot, she felt exhilarated. The anger, the dominance—it was intoxicating. She closed her eyes, savoring the feeling, her body tingling with the remnants of the adrenaline rush.

Suddenly, there was a loud pounding on her window. She looked up to see the same man from the store, now holding a camera and shouting. "Look at this Karen, everyone!" he yelled, his face red and contorted.

Susan's rage flared again. She got out of the car quickly, her movements fluid and powerful. Before the man could react, she pinned him against her car, her hands gripping his neck and arm. "How dare you!" she growled, her face inches from his.

The man's eyes widened in fear and confusion. He sniffed subconsciously, his body reacting to her scent in a way he didn't understand. His anger seemed to dissipate, replaced by a strange submissiveness. "I... I'm sorry," he stammered, his voice weakened.

Susan tightened her grip, feeling the rush of power. "You think you can just harass people like that?" she hissed. "Think again."

The man nodded frantically, his eyes darting around as he struggled to free himself. "It was just a joke. Please, let me go," he begged, his voice barely above a whisper.

Susan felt a strange mix of satisfaction and fear. She wanted to dominate him completely, to make him understand her power, but she was scaring herself a bit in the process. Seeing a window of opportunity, the man wrenched himself free and stumbled away. Susan felt a pang of frustration; he had gotten away.

Breathing heavily, she turned and got back into her car, trying to calm the storm inside her. The thrill of the confrontation lingered, but so did the unsettling realization of how easily she had lost control. She needed to understand what was happening to her, to get a grip on these powerful urges, and time was running out.

She didn't notice Barb standing at a distance, watching the entire scene unfold, mouth wide open.

* * *

Susan gripped the steering wheel tightly as she drove, her mind swirling with worry. Yes, her muscles had grown stronger, her senses sharper, but the accompanying shifts in her behavior were alarming. She thought about whether she should go to the emergency room instead of waiting for her upcoming visit to Dr. Lee. But her thoughts kept drifting back to what happened in the grocery store, in the parking lot.

The memory of handling that man brought a smile to her lips. She relished the way she had asserted her dominance, the fear and submission in his eyes. But as she remembered him slipping away, escaping her grasp, a sharp pain stabbed through her. The thought of a mere man getting the best of her made her feel sick to her core.

Her grip on the steering wheel tightened even more, the leather creaking from the friction. It was becoming too much. She hastily pulled over to the side of the road and clutched her stomach. What was happening?

"He... got way. I couldn't... control him! Why? Why do I care about that? Arg! My... body... my body hates it! It hurts! The idea that he... beat me. Ung! How?! I need... I need...." Her voice trembled as she tried to contain the overwhelming sensations coursing through her. Her body somehow was reacting violently to the mere thought of not being strong enough.

She hunched over, her forehead resting on the steering wheel. The pain was almost unbearable, but as she sat there, another thought began to take shape in her mind. It was like a sun kissed path between thousands of thorny bushes. She started to think about becoming stronger, strong enough to stop him this time, and the aches and pains began to subside.

"... I need..." She murmured to herself, focusing on the idea of being so strong that no one could ever get away from her again; no little man would ever weasel his way out of her grasp.

The pain in her stomach gradually shifted to a warm, tingling pleasure. Her clit, the strange growth, pulsed with each thought of power and strength. Without thinking, she put her hand down her pants and began to slowly rub her pussy.

"... I need to be stronger," she whispered, her voice filled with determination.

The pleasure increased, waves of ecstasy washing over her as she continued to think about herself and what she could be. Her heart raced, her breathing quickened, and her skin felt alive with energy. The memory of dominating the man in the store replayed in her mind, fueling her desire for more, more of whatever this was.

Her mind whirled with the events of the past days. She remembered the early changes—the initial surge of energy, the clit growing above her cunt, the increased strength. At first, she had been scared, but now she could see the potential. She could feel it. Oh god, she could feel it, the enlarged clit dancing around her fingertips.

A passing horn flew by from the nearby traffic, but she didn't care. She leaned back in her seat, closing her eyes. The vision of herself, stronger, more powerful than ever before, filled her mind. She imagined

lifting heavier weights, her muscles growing more defined, and her body becoming an instrument of strength and dominance. She thought about commanding respect and fear from those around her, never having to feel weak or inferior again.

Susan unzipped her pants, exposing her pussy to the air, and gaining a better angle to stroke herself. Her fingers worked faster over the clit, each flick sending ripples of pleasure through her body. The moisture began to build and build until all she could hear was the wet sloppy sounds of her pussy. Her hips thrust over and over, pushing into her hand, driven by her needy cunt.

It all came to a single point, deep inside her. Her right to dominate, her beautiful hard muscles, the pleasure, the pain, her broken mind, her wet juicy pussy, and the clit... they all circled around her, sinking into her soul. Reprogramming her, molding her instincts, shifting them to desire these things. Like eating, like drinking, like breathing; it all seemed natural. In that moment, there was nothing more natural. She deserved it.

"Yes! I need to be so strong! So very strong" she yelled out, her voice echoing in the confined space of her car. She could almost see herself in the rearview mirror, her body transforming, becoming the epitome of strength and power.

A curious car, filled with a happy family of four, slowly crept up beside Susan's steamed-up window. The mother in the passenger seat leaned over and started to ask, "Excuse me, miss? Are you-?" She stopped with a horrifying gasp, as Susan's thrusting hips lifted up enough to be seen by the woman. The truth of the matter was made clear when some of Susan's juices flung onto the window. "Drive honey! Keep driving!" she yelled over to her husband.

But Susan was oblivious, the pleasure was all-consuming. Her mind was mush, her body was jiggling, and her clit was quivering and vibrating against the hand that worshiped it.

"Goooo- ung! I... I... I... Mmmmmffffff!" Susan tried to speak, but nothing coherent came out. There was no need to speak, there was only pleasure.

Then, with one last rub of her engorged two-and-a-half-inch clit... she came. She came out of every pore, as some mysterious biological process worked its way through her body. Susan grabbed onto the

emergency break with one hand and pushed forward with the other hand, causing her car horn to cry out in one sustained note of ecstasy. Juices erupted out of her. Beads of sweat flew around the interior. Her hips continued to thrust from some phantom penetration. Then after several seconds, it was all released.

Breathing heavily, Susan slowly opened her eyes, feeling a mix of satisfaction and anticipation. Something was different. Nothing obvious, nothing noticeable, but she knew that something changed inside her. She couldn't say what, but she didn't care. She gently brushed her fingertips along her arms and forearms, down her abs and down to her legs, they were indeed harder and larger, with they could be more, she thought, she could be more.

As she began to collect herself, Susan glanced to her left and saw a store across the street. "Joe's Sporting Goods. We've got everything!" The sign promised. The bright lights of the store seemed to beckon her.

"Yessss!" she hissed, a gleam of excitement in her eyes. They would have something there to help her, something to make her stronger.

* * *

George unlocked the front door, the familiar creak of the floorboards echoing through the quiet house. "Honey, I'm home!" he called out, his voice breaking the silence. He expected to hear Susan's usual cheerful reply, but there was nothing. The house felt strangely still.

He wandered into the kitchen, his footsteps soft against the tiles. The counter was bare, and no dinner preparations in sight. He frowned, calling out again, "Are we doing takeout tonight?" His words seemed to hang in the air, unanswered.

Confused, he began to thumb through the mail. Bills, advertisements, a couple of letters—nothing unusual. He glanced at the clock; it was past their usual dinner time. He set the mail down and looked around for Susan, his worry growing.

Then he heard it—a series of rhythmic grunts and moans, muffled but unmistakably coming from somewhere in the backyard. His curiosity piqued, and George walked towards the sliding glass door. The sound grew louder, more distinct, as he approached. He opened the door and stepped outside, the cool evening air brushing against his skin. The yard revealed nothing unusual. Then a particularly loud grunt indicated exactly where it was coming from, the shed.

George opened the door and what he saw made him stop in his tracks. There, in the middle of the shed, was Susan, lifting weights with a brand-new weight-lifting machine. Sweat glistened on her skin, her muscles straining with each lift, her breath coming in powerful bursts. The sight was surreal, almost dreamlike.

"What the—?" George's exclamation cut through the air, his eyes wide with bewilderment.

Susan saw him but didn't stop. "One sec... 28, 29, and 30," she counted aloud, her voice steady and strong. She set the weights down with a satisfied grunt, then stood up, stretching her arms above her head. Her muscles rippled with the movement, showcasing a definition and bulk that hadn't been there before.

George was at a loss for words. "Where did this come from?" he finally managed to ask, his attention moving from the machine to her transformed physique.

Susan smiled, a look of pride and satisfaction in her eyes. "You like it? I had it sent over earlier today," she replied, her voice carrying a newfound confidence.

George's gaze traveled over Susan's body, taking in the significant changes. "What? You look... you look..." he stammered, struggling to find the right words. Her muscles were more pronounced, her frame bulkier. She almost looked like a real athlete, a far cry from the pear-shaped figure she had before.

Susan struck a pose, flexing her biceps. "I know, right? I look amazing," she said, her tone brimming with self-assurance.

"H-how?" George said, his voice tinged with disbelief and awe. The transformation was indeed intimidating, but impressive.

Susan looked down at her pumped-up, harder body, a sense of pride swelling within her. She realized she should explain the sudden onset of muscle, not that she needed to explain herself to... him.

"What? Like you've been paying any attention to me lately. You couldn't see the nose on your face these last few months," she retorted, her voice edged with a mixture of irritation and triumph.

George walked around her, his eyes wide with shock and doubt. His eyes lingered on her muscular arms, her defined abs, and the powerful legs that supported her. The transformation was undeniable.

As he continued to stare, something caught his eye. He looked down and saw a small nub poking out from her yoga pants at the crotch, right between her legs. "What... what is that?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Susan quickly tucked in the 3-inch clit, so that it was less apparent. "It's nothing!" she snapped, her voice laced with defensiveness.

George's confusion deepened. "Susan, we need to return all this equipment. And I think you need to go back to see Doctor Lee. This is all... unnatural. I mean, look at you."

At first, Susan felt a wave of panic. She had been trying to hide what was happening to her for so long. Was this the moment to tell the truth, to give it all up? But the panic quickly morphed into anger and then rage.

"No!" she roared, leaping at George with surprising agility. The force of her jump made him fall on his backside. He immediately tried to get up, but Susan pinned him down with one arm, her newfound strength easily overpowering him. She leaned in close, her face inches from his, her eyes blazing with fury.

"You can't take this from me!" she hissed. "For once in my sad little life, I feel strong. I feel powerful."

George started to protest, but as he opened his mouth, he breathed deeply, taking in Susan's mysterious scent. He nearly choked on the smell, as his pupils dilated and his struggling ceased. As he lay there on the floor, a dazed look washed over his face, and his breathing became slow and steady.

A thought occurred to Susan, driven by her newfound instincts; she knew very well how to manipulate men. Weak, pointless, men. They are such simple creatures, she thought. Susan reached down and began to pet his crotch, her touch firm and possessive.

"You're going to let me have this. Do you hear me?" Her voice was a low, threatening whisper.

George groaned, clearly charmed by her touch, his willpower fading rapidly. "Huh?" he mumbled, barely coherent.

"Yes, you are," Susan continued, her tone softening slightly, as she spit on her hand and slipped it down his pants, grasping his hardened member. She started to stroke it. "I'm going to continue working out, and you are never to disturb me." She jerked him faster and faster. "You are never to tell anyone about this, about me. This is a good thing, my changes, my body—it's perfectly normal. Yes? Say yes." She stroked his cock more vigorously now, her own clit beginning to swell and grow under her pants.

George's brief attempt to resist was futile. He tried to sit up again but was overwhelmed by another whiff of Susan's scent. He sank back down, his body going limp. Susan's strokes became more insistent, her anger and power fueling her actions. She leaned over his dick and released a long strand of saliva, lubricating it further, only to pump it even faster.

"Say yes, bitch!" she commanded, her voice ringing with authority.

George arched his back, and let out a loud moan. Unable to take it anymore, he yelled, "Yes!"

George exploded inside his pants as if he'd been storing cum for years. Slowly, the small stain at his crotch, grew to a huge wet circle that nearly covered his front side.

"Good," Susan replied, a satisfied smile spreading across her face. She quickly retracted her hand and wiped it off on his shirt. "Yuck. You puny men are all the same." She got to her feet, standing over George who lay panting on the ground, his body weak and submissive.

George gently stood up, still in a daze, and looked upon his wife in wonder. "Wow. That was... amazing. I didn't know you- "

"Shhh! Just remember what I said and maybe, just maybe, I'll reward you like that again," she said, with her hands on her hips. Susan's face soured at the thought. She wouldn't service him again if she could help it. She found the experience gross and demeaning, not worthy of a woman of her stature. But, looking at his puppy dog eyes and complacent attitude, it served it's purpose. "Now, time for bed."

* * *

Susan woke to the smell of sizzling bacon and the sound of eggs being whisked in the kitchen. She stretched languidly, feeling the pleasant tightness of her muscles, and got out of bed. As she padded down the hallway, she saw George standing by the stove, making breakfast. The sight of him in the kitchen, doing what she usually did, brought a smile to her lips.

She walked up to him, her presence commanding and confident. "Make me an extra-large omelet," she said, her tone leaving no room for argument.

George looked up, a hint of annoyance flashing in his eyes. "I've got to get to work, Susan," he started to complain.

Without warning, Susan grabbed the back of his head and pulled him into a deep kiss. Her lips pressed against his with an intensity that made his eyes grow heavy. She could feel his resistance melting away

again, replaced by same dazed compliance. When she finally released him, he stood there, his expression vacant.

"Yes, dear. Extra-large omelet," he said in a monotone voice.

Somehow, the tone pleased her, but she couldn't figure out why. It was as if hearing him so subdued, so obedient, triggered a deep satisfaction within her. "Make that two extra-large omelets. I'm gonna get a good workout in today."

He nodded and turned back to the stove, moving mechanically as he prepared her breakfast. Susan watched him, a smirk playing on her lips. She felt a strange thrill at seeing him so compliant, so under her control. It was a heady sensation, one she was beginning to crave more and more.

George worked in silence, his movements efficient but devoid of their usual energy. He plated the omelets and set them on the table. Susan sat down and immediately began to scarf down her food, her appetite ravenous. The flavors exploded in her mouth, fueling her body with the energy she craved.

While she ate, George gathered his things, preparing to head out for the day. As he passed by her, Susan reached out and slapped him on the rear, a loud smack echoing through the kitchen. "Go make me some money!" she commanded, laughing at her own audacity.

George gave a weak chuckle, the sound hollow and forced. He walked out the front door, his shoulders slumped. Susan's laughter followed him.

Susan finished her meal, savoring the last bite. She felt powerful, invigorated, ready to take on the day. Her gaze drifted towards the backyard shed, where the workout machine lay in waiting. The sight of it filled her with anticipation. She couldn't wait to feel the burn of her muscles, to push her body to new limits.

Susan stepped into the backyard, the morning sun casting a warm glow over the workout machine. The sight of it filled her with anticipation and excitement. She knew she had chores to do, but they felt

inconsequential compared to the urge to grow stronger.

She started her routine with a set of squats, the weights heavy on her shoulders. The familiar burn in her muscles ignited a fire within her. She moved from exercise to exercise, barely pausing to catch her breath. Each movement, each repetition, brought a moan to her lips. She felt alive, every fiber of her being focused on the task at hand.

As the hours passed, she occasionally increased the weights, testing her limits and finding them wanting. Her muscles grew harder, more defined, her strength increasing with each passing moment. The pleasure that accompanied her workout was intoxicating, driving her to push herself further.

By midday, Susan was drenched in sweat, her body glistening under the sun. She moved to the bench press, her most challenging exercise yet. She loaded the bar with an incredible 400 pounds, her heart racing with a mixture of fear and excitement. She lay back, her hands gripping the bar tightly.

With a deep breath, she lifted the weight, her muscles straining under the immense pressure. Each rep sent waves of pleasure through her body, building with every push. Her moans grew louder, more desperate, as she approached her limit. Her mind was a whirlwind of sensations, each one more intense than the last.

On the final rep, she pushed herself to the max, her body trembling with exertion. The pleasure built to an almost unbearable peak, her clit throbbing mercilessly. With one last tremendous effort, she lifted the bar and when she slammed the weight down, she cummed. Her eyes rolled back in ecstasy and she cummed her brains outs.

Her body began to shake and spasm uncontrollably, the sensation both painful and euphoric. Something was happening. She could feel her skin stretching, the muscles underneath growing larger and harder. Her clit grew once again, reaching four full inches, creating an impressive tent from her pants.

The spasms reached a frantic pace, her body thrashing on the bench. She had an expression of bliss and shock at the notion of orgasming so hard, simply from working out. She arched her back, a loud gasp escaping her lips as the pleasure and pain intertwined. The intensity of the moment was almost too much to bear.

In one final, shuddering climax, her body went limp. She lay there, panting heavily, her mind struggling to comprehend what had just happened. She felt stronger, more powerful than ever before, but also strangely vulnerable. The transformation had taken her to new heights, and she wondered if there was any going back.

As she relaxed on the bench, her body slowly returning to a calmer state, she couldn't help but smile. The day had been a triumph. She was becoming something more, something greater, and the thought filled her with a sense of purpose and excitement. She felt a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration, her muscles tingling with the remnants of the incredible workout. Slowly, she sat up, wiping the sweat from her brow, and looked down at her stomach. Her clit was poking out more than ever.

Initially, the sight of it pleased her. It was a symbol of her newfound strength, her power. But as she continued to stare, the reality of it started to scare her. It was too much. She couldn't deny it, looking at her clit now, like it was struggling to emerge from her pants, like it was a thing with a mind of its own. This was all wrong.

"What have I done?" she whispered, fear creeping into her voice.

Panic surged through her, as she raced inside the house to grab her phone, her heart pounding. She fumbled with the device, her hands trembling as she dialed Dr. Lee's number, desperate to set up an emergency appointment. As the phone rang, she caught a glimpse of herself in the full-body mirror in the hallway.

"I should have done this a long... a long..." she trailed off, stunned by her own image.

She stopped, her breath hitching as she took in her reflection. She looked so much fitter, so strong. Her rear was tight and hard, her thighs thick and powerful, her arms toned and veiny. But something else caught her eye, something she hadn't noticed before—her breasts looked slightly bigger, perkier. It seemed impossible, yet there it was, undeniable in the mirror.

She couldn't stop staring, the sight of herself filling her with a sense of pride and satisfaction. She was

beautiful. The phone crackled to life, a voice on the other end, "Ma'am? Are you ok?" She hesitated, her mind torn between two halves, reason and desire.

"I'm okay," she said finally, her voice steady. "False alarm." She hung up the phone, staring at it in her hand, surprised at herself. "Why did I do that?" she murmured, confusion mingling with amusement.

She glanced up at the mirror again, her eyes tracing the contours of her body. She looked amazing, powerful, and more alive than she had ever felt. The fear that had gripped her moments ago began to fade, replaced by a wicked smile spreading across her face.

"Maybe... maybe I'll just... ride this out for a little bit longer," she whispered to her reflection. "I mean, it's not hurting me. Right?" Her smile widened, the excitement bubbling up within her. She was on a journey, and she wasn't ready to stop just yet.

The thought of becoming even stronger, even more powerful, filled her with a sense of anticipation. She flexed her arms, watching the muscles ripple under her skin, feeling the strength coursing through her veins. She was becoming something more, something extraordinary, and the idea was intoxicating.

Susan stood in front of the mirror, her breath shallow and rapid. She pulled down her pants, exposing the 4-inch clit emerging from her pussy. It was now unmistakable, an undeniable part of her. She poked it experimentally and was immediately rewarded with a rush of endorphins. Her heart raced, the pleasure coursing through her body, amplifying her senses.

For the first time, she felt a sense of pure pride at the sight of the growing clit. It was now the size of a small hotdog, and it was beautiful. Slowly, she took her hand and wrapped it around the base. She moaned softly, the touch sending waves of pleasure through her. Grasping it firmly, she was overwhelmed by the feeling that this thing belonged to her, that it was an integral part of her.

The endorphins surged, and she began to slide her hand up and down the throbbing clit. It pulsed in rhythm with her heartbeat, each beat bringing a fresh wave of pleasure. She moaned again, her eyes fixed on her reflection.

"What am I doing?" she moaned, as she stroked the huge clit faster and faster. She started imagining it being even bigger, more prominent.

Faster and faster, she worked the clit more, her movements growing urgent. The wetness of her pussy making the thing slick and sloppy. She imagined herself with even more muscles, ripped beyond belief. She pictured slapping the man at the grocery store, asserting her dominance. She imagined pinning Lucy against a wall, her strength undeniable. The endorphins built and built, her pleasure intensifying with each delicious stroke.

Finally, she imagined lifting George with one arm, seeing the look of fear and obedience on his face. She pictured him kneeling in front of her and worshipping the thing between her legs; not a large swollen clit, but a massive thick cock and two pendulous balls. At that thought, her body began to spasm and vibrate uncontrollably. Her hips buckled and pushed out, her movements becoming wild and erratic, like a crazed dancer. The clit grew again, another half inch, and she felt it expand in her hand.

She began to cum, over and over. Her cries echoed throughout the house. "Yes! Fuck yes! This is me! So much need! So.... gooooooooood!"

Her body was being rocked, as wave after wave of pleasure splashed against her powerful frame. It was different than when she came earlier, from working out. The pleasure was much more focused at the center of her crotch, her clit. Right when she felt like she was about to pass out, the pleasure peaked, and she clenched her butt cheeks while raising herself up to her very tippy toes. Then, at the finale, a little squirt of a white liquid came from the tip of her enlarged clit.

As she panted and calmed down, she looked down and noticed the faintest little mushroom shape at the tip of her clit. She examined it more carefully, curiosity mingling with surprise. It should have shocked her, but instead, she found it kind of cute.

"Ding!" Her phone chimed, breaking her trance. She saw a text message from Vicky, "I'm here! I'll get us a table." Panic set in as she remembered she was supposed to meet her for lunch.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, her mind racing. She quickly pulled her pants up, but the clit, was still poking out from her pants. "Hm. I've gotta hide this... thing."

She searched frantically and found some tape, using it to pin the clit flat against her lower stomach. She grabbed some baggy clothes to hide it even more. The process was hurried and clumsy, but it worked. The clit was concealed, though she could still feel it throbbing beneath the layers.

With a deep breath, she headed out, her mind a whirlwind of emotions. She knew she had to keep it together, at least for now.

* * *

Susan and Vicky sat at the patio of a classy café, The Silver Spoon, the midday sun casting a warm glow over the scene. The atmosphere was relaxed, with people chatting leisurely at nearby tables. A waiter approached, and Susan looked at him directly. "I'll take a beer, something dark," she said firmly.

Vicky looked at Susan, surprised by her choice. "A beer?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Susan shrugged casually. "I don't know. I'm just in the mood," she replied, a hint of a smile playing on her lips.

Vicky glanced at Susan's toned arms and more defined physique, shock and confusion evident in her eyes. "You've really changed. Your body... you look amazing," she said, her voice tinged with awe.

Susan smiled wider. "Thanks. I've been on a new diet and workout regime," she explained, not bothering to go into detail.

"Well, it's working. You look like you've been at it for years," Vicky commented, still staring at her friend's transformed body, trying and failing to work out how it was possible.

The waiter returned, setting down their drinks. Susan ordered three steak meals without hesitation. As

the waiter left, she leaned back in her chair, taking a long sip of her beer.

"God, I'm hungry," Susan declared, chugging the beer and motioning for the waiter to bring her another with an impatient flick of her hand. "And thirsty, apparently," she added, her tone slightly annoyed.

They made small talk for a few minutes, though Vicky kept glancing at Susan, her concern growing with each passing moment. Susan had already downed three beers and was feeling good and loose, the alcohol clearly affecting her.

"Those arms. Is that a vein? Can I... feel them?" Vicky asked hesitantly, her curiosity getting the better of her.

Susan felt a thrill at the idea. "Sure, sweetie," she said, her voice dripping with a strange mix of affection and authority.

Vicky ignored Susan's unusual use of "sweetie" and reached out to touch her friend's forearm. Her fingers traced the contours of Susan's muscles, marveling at their hardness. Maybe it was the beers, maybe something else, but Susan felt a big rush of pleasure from the touch. She closed her eyes, breathing heavily as a tingly sensation washed over her.

"Oh! It's so hard!" Vicky exclaimed, her voice filled with genuine admiration.

Susan leaned back in her chair, her eyes fluttering open and closed, her body responding to the touch in ways she couldn't control. Her hips began to thrust subtly, seeking more of the pleasure that Vicky's touch brought. She put her hand on Vicky's, encouraging her.

"How did you—" Vicky started to say, but then she noticed Susan. She watched in shock as Susan leaned back further, her eyes rolling up to the ceiling, her hands exploring her body. Vicky's gaze drifted down, and she saw something poking up from Susan's pants.

"What the—? What is that?" Vicky tried to retract her hand, but Susan's grip was firm, holding Vicky's hand to her arm, forcing it to move up and down.

"No, keep going. You like it, don't you?" Susan said, her voice a mix of pleading and command.

Vicky pulled away with some effort, her face a mask of confusion and fear. "Um. Listen... uh. I've gotta go to the restroom," she stammered, jumping up and heading to the nearby ladies' room, her steps quick and unsteady.

Susan looked down, her eyes widening as she saw that the tape on her clit had come undone. She was sporting a four-inch tent from her pants, the thing straining against the fabric. The sight sent a shiver of mixed emotions through her—pride, fear, and an undeniable thrill.

In the restroom, Vicky's hands trembled as she held her phone, desperately trying to make a call. "Come on. Pick up. Pick up," she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper. The anxiety in her tone was palpable. Her heart raced as she tried to comprehend the strange encounter with Susan. Suddenly, she felt a presence behind her. Vicky turned slowly to see Susan standing there, an unreadable expression on her face.

"Who are you calling, Vicky?" Susan's voice was calm, but there was an undercurrent of tension.

Vicky's heart skipped a beat, the urge to flee warring with her curiosity and concern.

"What? No one," she stammered, trying to compose herself. "Susan... what's going on? What's wrong with you? Your body is so... and... what is that?" She pointed at Susan's crotch, where a noticeable bulge was still visible under her pants.

Susan stood in the restroom, glancing at her reflection in the mirror. She debated whether to tell Vicky the truth about her transformation. If she told her, the secret might get out, leading to unwanted attention. Unless. The idea of controlling and manipulating Vicky popped into her mind, and it was tantalizing. The thought of having someone to confide in, as well as someone she could rule and

dominate, filled her with a strange pleasure. She closed her eyes and embraced the notion. The feeling made her decision clear.

Susan's stern demeanor softened into a lighter tone. "Ok, listen. Something happened to me recently. There was this thing in the park, a metal drone or something. I don't know what it was. But ever since my encounter, I've been feeling these urges. I've been feeling stronger, more confident. Honestly, I've been feeling great." She posed, running her hands down her body, emphasizing her new physique.

Vicky shook her head, her confusion deepening. "But what about... that?" she asked, pointing at the bulge again.

Susan looked down at her crotch, the thing was clearly outlined under her pants. "Oh, that? I'm not sure. But I'm ok, seriously. I'm not in any pain, and I'm in the best shape of my life," she said, her tone light and reassuring.

Vicky held her head to stop it from spinning, still not nearly convinced. "H-have... have you seen a doctor?"

Susan brightened up, eager to sway her friend. "Yes! Yes. It's all being looked at. And I have an appointment coming up."

"Ok..." Vicky said, her voice trailing off as she processed the information. "Well, you were acting funny out there though, when I touched your arm. I think we should call Lucy and Barb. They might be able to—"

"No!" Susan's voice cut through Vicky's words like a knife. She rushed at Vicky and pushed the phone down, a surge of anger rolling through her. "Listen, I'm confiding in you, Vicky. This is between you... and me."

Susan pressed her body against Vicky's, feeling her hard muscles squish against Vicky's softer frame. Vicky sniffed, her face inches from Susan's. She sniffed again, the scent from Susan making her feel

lightheaded. "I... I don't know... I... should..."

An urge came over Susan, something instinctual and primal. She didn't know why, but she needed to kiss her. She had never liked women "that way" before, but this feeling was undeniable. She just knew she needed to get her saliva into her, into her mouth, into her system. Susan leaned in, her lips inches from Vicky's. "I told you my secret because you're... special."

Vicky sniffed again, her head swimming. "Special?"

"Yes. So very special. I need you to keep my secret, Vicky. Can you do that for me?" Susan's voice was soothing, almost hypnotic.

Vicky's head was spinning, the scent and Susan's words mingling in her mind. "I... I..."

Susan's mouth collided with Vicky's. As their lips began to dance and slip around each other, Susan grasped Vicky's head and kissed her harder. Vicky's knees went limp, making Susan have to prop her up by pushing her against the bathroom wall with her own hard body. The kiss deepened, and Susan's dominance intensified as her tongue slipped down Vicky's throat.

The urge within Susan was guiding her, endorphins were flooding her system. She felt Vicky's resistance melt away, replaced by a pliant willingness, and her body let her know, this was good, this was right.

All the while, subconsciously, Susan was giving little thrusts with her hips, pushing her growing clit against Vicky, separated by each of their pants. The friction it created was increasingly more pleasing. For a brief moment, an image of the clit, large and pulsing, going inside Vicky, infecting her, flashed into Susan's mind. The idea was both exhilarating and shocking, sending a shiver down her spine. She let out a gasp as she released her kiss on Vicky.

Susan stood there panting, heart racing, watching Vicky lean alone against the wall in a daze, a string of drool dripping from her bottom lip. The sight filled Susan with a strange sense of accomplishment and power.

"Now, will you keep my little secret?" she asked, her voice steady yet commanding.

Vicky, slowly regaining her composure, rubbed her eyes and looked up at Susan as if seeing her for the very first time. She felt more or less like she always did, the same, but somehow different. Calmer, more at peace. There was something about Susan's gaze that pulled her in, whispering to her that everything was alright. "It's okay. You can trust her. She'll take care of you," a voice seemed to say in her mind.

Vicky tried to push out the intrusive thoughts. Her hand idly raised to her mouth, pressing her fingers against her lips where Susan's kiss had once been.

"Um, yeah. Okay. If you think that's best, I'll keep your secret," she replied, her voice shaky but compliant.

Susan smirked, satisfaction gleaming in her eyes. "Good... good girl. I knew you were my real friend."

The phrase "good girl" sent a tingle through Vicky, a peculiar sense of pleasure at Susan's approval. It left her feeling confused, but also curious.

As Susan looked Vicky up and down, another urge surfaced, originating from her clit. The sight of a more submissive Vicky brought on a powerful need to put the appendage inside her. A word echoed in her mind: "Convert." Susan shook her head, trying to dispel the new feeling and the strange whisper. She couldn't fully grasp what was happening, but she didn't seem to mind, or at least she was minding less and less.

Susan's heart pounded as she struggled with her conflicting thoughts and emotions. Part of her wanted to push forward, to give in to the urges and unleash herself onto Vicky. Another part of her was horrified by the thought, the remnants of her old self fighting against the new, more dominant instincts.

"Vicky," Susan said, her voice softer now, almost tender. "I need you to trust me. This is... different. But I promise, it's for the best."

Vicky blinked, her mind racing. She felt a strange compulsion to obey, to trust Susan despite the residual fear in her heart. Her hand dropped from her mouth, her fingers trembling. "I... I trust you, Susan. But this... it's all so much."

Susan reached out and gently touched Vicky's cheek, her fingers warm and reassuring. "I know it's a lot to take in. But together, we can handle it. Just stay by my side."

Vicky nodded slowly, feeling the warmth of Susan's touch calming her. The fear began to dissipate, replaced by a burgeoning sense of loyalty and submission. She couldn't fully understand why, but she felt safer with Susan, as if some deep part of her recognized the need to support her friend, to believe her, to obey her.

Susan's smirk returned, more confident now. The feeling of having Vicky under her influence was intoxicating. She knew she had to keep these new urges in check, but the power she felt was undeniable. For now, she would play it cool, biding her time until she could fully understand and control the changes within her.

"Now, let's go finish our lunch. I'm starving," Susan said, her tone shifting back to normalcy. She turned towards the door, reaching into her pants and tucking the clit back between her legs.

In that moment she decided to wait a little longer before going back to see Doctor Lee. "I'm mean," she thought, "what's the worst that could happen?"

"The First is progressing nicely."

"Has she reached full maturity yet?"

"No, but soon. She is growing stronger and her glorious meat key is nearly developed."

"Could she be the Alpha Queen we are looking for?"

"I believe so. But only time will tell."

"Yes. Good. Continue to observe."

"Yes, Overseer."

CHAPTER 3

Susan stood in the center of her makeshift home gym. The air was thick with the scent of iron, sweat, and the faint hint of something more primal—something that emanated from deep within her.

She had been at it for hours, pushing herself to new limits. One rep, then another, and another. Each time she pushed the barbell upward, her muscles swelled a little more, the veins in her arms and chest becoming more pronounced. Her skin, already stretched to accommodate her newfound strength, creaked softly with each rep, as if struggling to contain the power within. She looked like a CrossFit athlete and she loved it.

Her thighs, already massive, thickened with every movement. The veins snaking across them looked like roads across a map of flesh and skin, filled with mountains and valleys. Sweat poured from her brow, dripping down her back and over her shoulders, leaving trails of moisture that traced the ridges of her muscles.

She loved it, the feeling of strength and power coursing through her veins. But as she continued to lift, a thought crept into her mind: How long would these home weights be enough for her? She was getting stronger every day, and soon, she knew these weights would be too light, too easy.

As she racked the barbell after an intense set of squats, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Her reflection was a sight to behold—her muscles were defined and bulging, her skin glistening with sweat. She flexed her arms, watching with a mixture of pride and fascination as her biceps swelled. Every inch of her was covered in a glorious sheen, her skin stretched taut over the muscles that had grown larger, harder, more defined.

She looked down and saw the elephant in the room, her clit. Could it be called that anymore?

Every time Susan dived into an intense workout, the clit above her increasingly swollen pussy began to change along with the rest of her body. What had started as a small, barely noticeable protrusion was now a prominent feature in the middle of her crotch. Each time she exerted herself, lifting heavier weights, pushing her muscles to their limits, the clit seemed to grow in tandem with her strength.

Susan pulled her yoga pants down, getting a good look at the thing. She was actually wearing a pair of Goerge's boxer briefs, as it had more room for this new growth. The skin around the erect clit was taut, making it so she could feel it whenever she moved or shifted in her bench. It was no longer completely smooth and featureless; thin veins had begun to emerge, snaking across its surface, faintly visible beneath the new skin. These veins seemed to throb in time with her heartbeat.

With every rep, every curl, every squat, the clit would swell slightly, as if feeding off the energy and effort Susan poured into her workout. The sensation was impossible to ignore—a dull, persistent ache that intensified as she pushed her body harder. It was as if the clit was connected to the very core of her being, responding to her physical exertion with a mind of its own.

As she grunted and groaned through her final set, she could feel the clit throbbing more intensely than ever, the ache spreading through her abdomen, sending tendrils of sensation into her chest and down her thighs. It was an almost electric feeling, a combination of pain and pleasure that left her breathless.

The veins on the clit pulsed more visibly now, the blood coursing through them pushing them outward. The skin over it creaked as it stretched, mirroring the sounds of her muscles expanding. The clit was growing a little larger with each moment, pushing against the fabric of her workout clothes, making its presence hard to ignore. It was undeniably noticeable, jutting out from between her legs like a strange finger without a nail. It throbbed again with an insistent ache, demanding her attention, drawing her into it.

She admired it, despite the unsettling nature of its growth. Her hand moved almost on its own, hovering over the clit as if compelled to touch it. The skin there was sensitive, tingling with every slight movement. When she finally brushed her fingers against it, a rush of endorphins flooded her system, sending a shiver of pleasure down her spine.

But as she stood there, her hand resting on the pulsing nub, a small voice in the back of her mind whispered that something was wrong. Deep down, she knew this wasn't right. This growth, this thing attached to her body, was not natural. It was alien, foreign, and yet it was becoming an integral part of her, each passing moment.

Susan couldn't help but smile at it. The sensation of power it brought, the way it responded to her strength, was exhilarating. It was as if the nub was a physical manifestation of the transformation she was undergoing—a symbol of her growing dominance and power. And was that so bad? Besides, she thought, it was kind of beautiful.

Just then, she heard a hesitant voice from behind her. "Excuse me, dear?"

It was George, standing at the edge of the room, sniffing at her scent, his posture tentative, his face unsure. Susan turned sharply, her eyes narrowing. "Didn't I tell you not to interrupt me?" she snapped, her voice cutting through the air like a whip.

George flinched at her tone, his eyes wide with fear. Susan felt a sudden burst of endorphins rush through her at his reaction. The power she held over him was exhilarating, and she couldn't help but smile as she saw him cower slightly. She walked over to him, her expression softening as she reached out to pet his head like one might soothe a frightened animal.

Susan felt a moment of disgust as she gazed upon him. Her husband, this man, this thing, was pathetic, she thought. She suddenly realized that she wanted to hurt him... it. She wanted to beat it into submission. She imaged it looking up at her, blood dripping down his dumb face, with a black eye and missing teeth. She shook the thought away.

"Awww, baby. Did I scare you?" she cooed, her voice dripping with false sweetness. She traced her fingers along his jawline, enjoying the way he recoiled at her touch. "Ok, ok, what did you want to ask me?"

George swallowed hard, his voice trembling as he spoke. "I... I wanted to ask about visiting my family over the holidays. It's coming up, and we should—"

Before he could finish, Susan cut him off with a sharp, "No!" Her voice echoed in the small room, leaving no room for argument. She stepped closer, towering over him, her presence overwhelming. "We are going to my family's for the holidays," she declared, her tone final.

George opened his mouth to protest, but before he could say anything, Susan grabbed his pants at the crotch and squeezed the balls within with a force that made him wince. "Sorry, George," she said, her voice low and threatening. "I've decided, and you don't want to upset me. Do you?"

His eyes went wide with fear, the pain from her grip evident on his face. "N-no," he stammered, his voice barely audible.

Susan released his testicles and patted him on the head as if rewarding him for his compliance. "Good hubby," she said, her voice laced with mock affection. She turned away from him, her focus shifting back to her reflection in the mirror.

She admired her form, the way her muscles bulged and rippled under her skin. She flexed her arms, her chest, her legs, each movement sending a thrill through her body. She was powerful, more powerful than she had ever been, and she knew it. The control she had over George was a part of that, her reward for being 'better'.

"I'm going to Book Club tonight," she said casually, still admiring herself in the mirror. Seeing the confused look on his face, she continued, "Yes, I know. Book Club isn't for a few weeks. I called them for an early meeting so that... um... you know what? I don't need to explain myself. Don't wait up."

With that, she turned her back on George, dismissing him as if he were nothing more than an afterthought. She returned to her workout, her mind already focused on the next set, the next challenge. George lingered for a moment, watching her, before quietly retreating from the room.

* * *

Susan and Vicky sat in the cozy living room of Vicky's house, the soft glow of the evening sun filtering through the curtains. The air was warm, filled with the scent of the freshly brewed tea Vicky had prepared for their emergency Book Club meeting. The room was inviting, but the atmosphere was tense. Vicky stood on the far side of the room, her hands fidgeting nervously, while Susan lounged comfortably on the couch, her presence commanding and self-assured.

"Thank you for hosting the meeting here on such short notice," Susan said, her voice smooth and composed. "I would have had it at my place, but honestly, I've been sick of being around George recently."

Vicky forced a smile, her voice cheerful but strained. "Of course. No problem."

But Susan's sharp eyes caught the unease in Vicky's demeanor. The way she stood so far away, the nervous glances she kept casting toward Susan—it was clear something was wrong. Susan tilted her head slightly, her expression curious but with an edge of suspicion. "What's wrong?" she asked, her tone gentle, but with an underlying firmness.

Vicky's smile faltered for a moment before she quickly plastered it back on. "Nothing. Nothing," she replied, her voice a bit too high-pitched. She swallowed nervously, her eyes darting away from Susan's piercing gaze.

Susan's expression shifted from concern to something sterner, her eyes narrowing slightly as she assessed Vicky's behavior. "No, something's wrong. Is this about the other day? I thought we came to an understanding," Susan said, her tone becoming more authoritative. Her gaze locked onto Vicky's, unyielding.

Vicky's breathing grew more rapid, her chest rising and falling with each anxious breath. She stayed rooted to her spot across the room, clearly conflicted. "Um... no. I'm fine, Susan. I'm just—"

"Come here," Susan interrupted her voice firm, leaving no room for argument.

Vicky hesitated, her face flushing with a mix of fear and confusion. She bit her lip, her feet refusing to move. "Susan, I—"

"Come here!" Susan's voice cut through the room like a knife, sharp and commanding. She pointed at the floor in front of her, her eyes blazing with intensity.

Vicky flinched at the tone, her eyes wide with alarm. "Yes, ma'am!" she blurted out, her feet moving almost of their own accord as she walked quickly to Susan's side. The words "Yes, ma'am" had come out without her even thinking, and the realization of it made her heart race even more.

Susan felt a surge of satisfaction at Vicky's quick obedience. The way she had said "ma'am" sent a pleasurable tingle through her, reinforcing the sense of control she had over her friend.

"Yes, come here. Give me a hug," Susan commanded, her tone softer but still filled with authority.

Vicky hesitated for the briefest moment before stepping closer, allowing Susan to pull her into a tight embrace. As Susan pulled her in, Vicky was immediately aware of the power behind those arms—arms that were no longer soft and slender, but thick, hard, and unyielding. Vicky could feel the solid muscles of Susan's chest and abdomen pressing against her, the hard lines of her physique clearly evident even through the layers of clothing. The hug wasn't just a comfort; it was a demonstration of dominance, of the physical superiority Susan now possessed. Vicky's mind raced as she struggled to comprehend how much Susan had changed, both physically and mentally. Vicky gasp when she felt something else; a hard, unsettling thing poking at her stomach through Susan's clothes. It was strange and terrifying.

Susan squeezed Vicky firmly, her hands moving up to stroke her hair in a comforting gesture. "There, there," she murmured soothingly, her voice a mix of warmth and dominance. "You don't have to worry.

Not around me. Remember? You're special. Yes? Say, 'I don't have to worry.' Say it."

Vicky's heart pounded in her chest, panic rising as she felt the unnatural presence of the nub against her. But as she took in a deep breath, something shifted. The panic began to fade, replaced by a strange, calming sensation. It was as if all her fears were being washed away by the sound of Susan's voice, by the firmness of her grip.

"I don't have to worry," Vicky repeated, her voice slow and almost lazy, as if she were in a trance. "Thank you... Susan."

"Good girl."

Susan smiled as she released Vicky. The power she held over her was intoxicating, the way she could mold her friend's emotions with just a few words. "There. See? Just listen to me and you'll be okay," Susan said, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

Just then, the distant sound of a car door closing echoed from outside. Susan turned her head toward the window, a look of anticipation crossing her face. "Oh! They're here," she said, a note of excitement in her voice.

Barb and Lucy walked into Vicky's living room, their footsteps slowing as they took in the scene before them. Susan and Vicky were sitting on the couch, side by side, but it was Susan who drew their attention. The transformation she had undergone was impossible to miss—her body was a far cry from the Susan they once knew. Her muscles were defined, bulging under her clothes, her posture exuding a confidence that bordered on arrogance. The air in the room felt charged, heavy with unspoken tension.

Barb's mouth fell open in shock, while Lucy's eyes widened with a mix of disbelief and fear. "What... is going on?" Lucy finally managed to ask, her voice shaky. "How is this possible?"

Susan turned her gaze toward them, her expression one of amused satisfaction. "Does it matter?" she replied, her tone light but with an underlying edge. She stood up, deliberately flexing her arms slightly as

she did so, making the muscles bulge even more. "Don't I look great?"

Lucy's shock quickly turned to concern, her voice rising as she spoke. "It isn't natural, Susan! What's happening to you isn't normal." She exchanged a quick glance with Barb, who nodded in agreement, her face pale with worry. "What you did at the gym. Lifting those crazy amounts of weight, and then you grabbed me. It wasn't right. You should see a doctor—or a therapist—before things get worse."

Barb chimed in, her voice trembling slightly. "I saw you, too, Susan. In the parking lot. You grabbed that man—I don't even know what was happening, but it wasn't normal. Maybe Lucy's right. You need help."

Susan's expression darkened, a flash of anger crossing her face. She took a step forward, her muscles tensing as if readying for a confrontation. "What are you talking about? I'm fine! I've never felt better in my life." Her voice was firm, but there was an undercurrent of frustration that hinted at her barely contained temper. She turned to Vicky, her gaze intense. "Vicky, back me up."

Vicky, caught between her own unease and the strange compulsion she felt to support Susan, nodded sheepishly. "I... I think she's fine, girls. She looks... and smells... great." Vicky's voice was hesitant, but her last statement came out with a strange, dreamy conviction. "Come smell her."

Lucy recoiled slightly, stepping back in disbelief. "What? Smell her? Are you kidding me? What's wrong with you, Vicky?"

Barb's concern deepened, her brow furrowing as she tried to make sense of what was happening. "Listen, Susan, why are we here? What's with the early meeting?" Her voice was firm but laced with worry.

Susan took a deep breath, forcing a smile as she tried to regain control of the situation. "I wanted to show you how good I look. I thought you'd be happy for me, but instead, you're all acting like something's wrong."

Before anyone could respond, a faint ding echoed from the kitchen. Vicky looked up, her expression

brightening as she remembered the food. "Oh, I need to check on the chili," she said quickly, rising from the couch and hurrying out of the room.

As Vicky disappeared, Lucy crossed her arms, her face set in determination. "I'm serious, Susan. If you don't start explaining what's going on, I'm leaving."

Susan's eyes narrowed, but she managed to keep her voice calm. "Please, just wait. I'm going to go talk to Vicky, and then when I come back, I'll explain everything." She flashed a tight smile, trying to maintain a semblance of normalcy, but the tension in the room was palpable.

Barb and Lucy exchanged uneasy glances, both unsure of what to make of the situation. After a moment, Lucy sighed, her shoulders slumping slightly. "Fine," she said finally, her voice resigned. "But you'd better have some answers, Susan."

With that, Susan turned and walked toward the kitchen, leaving Barb and Lucy standing in the living room, their minds racing with questions and doubts.

Susan walked into the kitchen, her mind swirling with frustration and confusion. She had hoped the emergency Book Club meeting would go differently, that her friends would be impressed, maybe even envious of her transformation. Instead, it had been a disaster. She needed to regroup, to figure out how to bring them all under her influence, to make them understand and accept her new reality.

As she entered, she saw Vicky standing by the window, staring blankly outside. The light from the setting sun cast a golden hue over her, making her look almost ethereal. Susan started to speak, her voice heavy with the weight of her earlier conversation. "This isn't going like I thought it would. I think..." She trailed off as she noticed Vicky's distant expression. "What are you looking at, Vicky?"

Vicky turned slowly, her movements almost robotic, her eyes unfocused. She looked at Susan with a mixture of longing and fear, her voice soft and trembling. "I don't know. I don't know what's going on. I feel so drawn to you... but... it's... wrong."

Susan's frustration quickly turned to alarm. She could sense Vicky slipping away, losing the fragile control she had over her. Panic set in, and she rushed to Vicky, grabbing her firmly by the shoulders. "Not you too," she whispered, her voice tinged with desperation.

Vicky flinched under Susan's grip, caught in a terrifying tug-of-war between her new, overpowering feelings for Susan and the instinctual urge to escape. "I... I... want to please you, Susan," she stammered, tears welling up in her eyes. "It's just... it's just..."

Susan's grip tightened, her nails digging into Vicky's skin. The tears only served to infuriate her, the weakness she perceived in Vicky sparking a deep, primal anger. "No!" Susan shouted, shaking Vicky with a sudden, violent jerk. "I told you my secret! You should be grateful!"

Vicky's tears spilled over, streaming down her cheeks as she looked at Susan with a mix of fear and heartbreak. Her trembling only seemed to enrage Susan further. "Why are you so weak?!" Susan snarled, her voice growing darker, more menacing. "You need to be... stronger. Strong like..."

Susan's head began to spin, her thoughts muddled and chaotic. In that moment, an alien voice whispered in her mind, its presence unsettling and foreign. At first, it was nothing but gibberish, a cacophony of sounds that made no sense. But as Susan struggled to continue speaking, the voice began to take shape, the words becoming clearer, more insistent.

"Strong... like..." she murmured, her eyes wide with a mixture of fear and awe as the voice echoed in her mind, repeating the same phrase over and over again. "Convert her."

The realization hit Susan like a lightning bolt. Her eyes widened in crazed understanding as the alien voice's command solidified in her mind. "Strong like me!" she screamed, her body convulsing as the power within her surged to the surface.

A strange sensation welled up in Susan's crotch, where the alien thing had been slowly growing. It felt as though something deep within her was awakening, a force she had kept at bay, but now it was pushing against her control, demanding release. Her senses were all heightened; the lights in the kitchen, her clothes brushing against her skin, and the smell of fear on Vicky.

She glanced down, to see her thing begin to pulse and swell. The clit beneath pushed outward, inch by inch, tenting her pants until it strained against the material. Susan's breath quickened, each inhale a ragged, needy sound as the pressure built. She tried to resist, to hold it back, but her efforts were futile.

Vicky looked on in stunned silence, her hands at her face, holding an expression frozen with a mixture of horror and fascination. Her mind wanted desperately to flee, but her body wouldn't allow it.

With a soft moan, Susan felt the clit surge again, the sensation running through her like an electric current. The fabric of her pants was pushed to its limit, and with a sharp, tearing sound, it gave way, the cloth ripping apart as the appendage forced itself through. There it stood, slick and twitching, a full-on, fully formed cock. It reached to the ceiling, a pink pole with a large purple dome at its head. The flesh was thick, meaty, pulsating with veins that seemed to carry more than just blood—a dark energy resonated within the very core of her newly grown dick; and then, slowly, it dimmed away.

Susan looked at it, mouth agape. It longed to be stroked, but she dared not touch it. Susan gasp as it pulsed once again and grew even more. Then again. And again. Each time the cock grew, Susan couldn't help but let out a low, throaty groan, the sound primal and almost feral. Her muscles tensed, her body involuntarily arching toward the growth, as though it were not just a part of her, but the very center of her being. The appendage throbbed, its veins pulsing rhythmically with her heartbeat, and with each beat, it grew larger. Five inches. Six inches.

Vicky hadn't moved. She was hyperventilating through her fingers. Eyes wide and wide. She was like a deer stuck in headlights, with no idea of how to rationalize what was happening before her.

Suddenly, Susan felt a sharp, tingling sensation in her skull, as if something was forming there, something new. A gland, foreign yet familiar, was growing within her brain, connecting directly to her dick. This new organ seemed to tap into her natural maternal instincts, twisting them, perverting them into something that drove her to nurture, to protect, this beautiful baby cock. She could feel this new gland linking her mind to her growing dick, flooding her thoughts with a single, overpowering urge: to make it grow, to make it strong, and to use it.

With each mental push, the appendage responded, surging forward, thicker, heavier, more alive. The

skin stretched further, the veins throbbing with a relentless pulse, and Susan could feel the pressure mounting in her head, driving her forward with an unyielding desire to feed this growth. The noises she made became more guttural, more feral, as if each push was ripping away a piece of her old self, replacing it with something darker, more dominant.

At the final stage, as the dick grew to a full nine inches, Susan tried to resist one last time, her old self screaming inside her that this was wrong, that she had to stop. But the new gland in her head overpowered her thoughts, sending a wave of pleasure through her body, making her eyes roll back, eroding what willpower she had left, as she gave in completely. The final push was a surrender, an acceptance of what she was becoming.

Her body convulsed as her hands, finally, reached down and grasped the huge thing, gripping the cock as it pulsed again, now fully formed and ready. She let out a long, animalistic moan, a mix of pain, pleasure, and a dark satisfaction. In that moment, as she looked at the grotesque, pulsing appendage, a twisted smile spread across her face. Susan knew... she was ready.

Vicky's gaze was unwavering, her wide, tear-filled eyes locking onto the huge dick that now jutted from between Susan's legs. The sight of it was horrifying, but there was also something mesmerizing about it, something that called to her on a deep, instinctual level. She inhaled long and deep, catching a whiff of the thing. The dick smelled like Susan, that sweet scent that lulled her into a submissive state, but it was stronger, more powerful.

Seeing Vicky like this, so obedient, so complacent, brought a feeling that reminded Susan of the scene she had with her in the restroom at the cafe. The urge to enter her, to infect her, to spill her essence inside her; but this time the impulse was a hundred times stronger. It was mandatory on a biological level.

"Suck it, bitch," Susan commanded, one hand grasping her impressive cock, the other pointing directly at it.

Without thinking, Vicky fell to her knees before Susan, her mind blank except for the overpowering need to submit. She put her arms behind her back, opened her mouth as wide as it would go, and stuck her tongue out, giving Susan an obvious path down her willing throat.

Susan acted without hesitation. She grabbed Vicky's head with both hands, her fingers closing into fists in Vicky's hair, and pulled her friend closer to her thick, beefy, needy cock.

"Be strong like me, Vicky!" Susan commanded her voice a mix of authority and desperation.

Vicky's mouth widened more, though it seemed impossible, and her tongue wiggled and curled suggestively. Her breathing was ragged and uneven as she was pulled in by Susan's strong arms. Then she was stopped, her mouth hovering just above Susan's throbbing purple mushroom. After a brief pause, where the two women faced each other, panting in the kitchen, her face was forced into Susan's long dick. It was a deliberate, smooth action. Vicky's mouth and throat widened as the thing pushed itself deep inside her.

Vicky gagged and choked, and for a moment she hesitated, unresponsive to the massive dick that lived in her mouth now. Her body trembled with fear and anticipation. But then something in her mind clicked, and her eyes rolled back into her head as she finally gave in. She secured her lips around the cock, placed her tongue along the shaft, and began to suck, her mind-numbing as she accepted all and everything that was happening to her.

* * *

Barb and Lucy sat in Vicky's living room, the tension between them thick enough to cut with a knife. The air was heavy, filled with the faint sounds of the house settling and the distant hum of a car passing by on the street. Barb's eyes darted nervously around the room, her unease growing with each passing minute. She fidgeted with the hem of her blouse, her mind racing with concerns she didn't dare say out loud.

"Did you hear that?" Barb suddenly asked, her voice barely above a whisper. Her ears had picked up a faint, unfamiliar noise—a low, almost guttural sound that seemed to come from deep within the house.

Lucy glanced up from her phone, where she'd been half-heartedly scrolling through social media, trying to distract herself from the strangeness of the evening. "No," she replied, a hint of irritation in her voice.

She wasn't in the mood for more weirdness tonight. "I didn't hear anything."

Barb pursed her lips, her unease growing. "Where's the kitchen, anyway? Why are Susan and Vicky taking so long?" she asked, trying to sound casual, but the anxiety in her tone was impossible to miss.

Lucy shrugged, leaning back against the couch with a sigh. "I don't know," she said flatly, her patience clearly wearing thin. "But I'm not going to wait much longer. This whole evening has been weird, and I'm about done with it."

Barb turned to face Lucy more directly, her brow furrowing as she weighed her next words carefully. "What do you think about what's been happening with Susan?" she asked, her voice low and cautious. "I mean, do you think it's something... ungodly?"

Lucy hesitated, her expression conflicted. She'd been avoiding that very question since she first saw the shocking changes in Susan. "I don't know," she admitted, her voice softer now, as if the words were hard to say. "Something's definitely wrong, but I don't know what. It's... it's not natural, that's for sure."

Barb nodded slowly, her fingers twisting together in her lap. The idea that something ungodly could be at play terrified her. Susan had always been a friend, but the transformation she had undergone—the strength, the power, the way she seemed to revel in it—felt wrong on a fundamental level. "We need to be careful," Barb murmured, more to herself than to Lucy.

Just as the silence between them started to stretch, Barb's head snapped up, her eyes wide with alarm. "There!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling. "Did you hear that?"

Lucy sat up straighter, her heart skipping a beat as she strained to listen. This time, she couldn't deny it—there was a noise, faint but distinct, coming from the direction of the kitchen. It was a low, unsettling sound, almost like a moan or a growl, something that sent a chill down her spine.

* * *

In the dimly lit kitchen, the air was thick with breath and sweat. Vicky was on her knees, her eyes half-lidded and glazed over, completely entranced by the dick strouting from Susan, her best friend. She sucked on it with a strange, mechanical rhythm, arms limp at her side, her mind barely registering the act, as though she was under some kind of spell. The thick cock pulsed within her mouth, warm and alive, its veins throbbing.

Susan, standing over Vicky, was lost in a haze of euphoria. Susan helped Vicky along by guiding her head, firmly, back and forward. Susan's body was pumped full of endorphins, rewarding her for this dark act. Each thrust forward, each time she pushed her beautiful cock deeper into Vicky's mouth, sending waves of pleasure through her, making her gasp and moan uncontrollably. Her hips moved of their own accord, thrusting with increasing urgency, as if trying to force her dick through Vicky's head.

It was all so strange. She had a dick and she was fucking her best friend's face, but it felt so good. The friction from Vicky's soft lips and caressing tongue was divine. Simply divine. Still, despite the intense pleasure, something was wrong. The conversion wasn't happening. Susan could feel it. Something was missing, preventing the process from completing. A flicker of confusion crossed her sex-crazed mind, but it was quickly drowned out by an overwhelming sensation vibrating through her body.

Without warning, Susan's body began to convulse in short, sharp bursts. She cried out, her hands instinctively gripping Vicky's head tighter, pinning her, insuring she remained dick-to-mouth, as whatever was happening played out. It felt like something inside her was shifting, changing once again. There was a low gurgle inside her; something was moving and sloshing. She had the strange feeling that she need to push whatever it was out of her. So she did.

As she pushed... nothing happened. She pushed again. Nothing. But then, when she pushed a third time, two small balls crested out of her vagina, just below her huge cock —slimy, translucent sacks that slowly emerged out of her. She pushed yet again with a massive grunt, and the balls descended out of her with a "plop". The little things rested on Vicky's chin, and for a moment there was a pause in the action. Susan stood quietly panting in the kitchen, eyes to the ceiling, while Vicky practically choked on her cock, oblivious to the events around her. but within moments it had grown into a large, bulbous spore sack, its surface slick and glistening under the kitchen's dim light. The skin stretched taut over the sack, veins running across it like dark, twisted roots.

As if on cue, the sack began to pulsate, and Susan felt an intense pressure build up inside it. It needed to be unloaded. She could feel living liquid within the sack, writhing and churning, eager to be expelled.

The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of aching and ecstasy that made her cry out again, her voice raw and animalistic.

The spores began to flow through the appendage, coursing down its length and into Vicky. Susan's body responded with an even greater surge of endorphins, flooding her system with pleasure so intense it nearly drove her mad. Her vision blurred, and her thoughts fragmented as she let the spores expel themselves, filling Vicky with the alien seed.

Vicky's eyes suddenly flew open, wide and terrified, as the spores began to invade her system. She gagged slightly, her body reacting instinctively to the foreign presence now coursing through her veins. The shock of it brought her fully back to consciousness, but it was too late—her fate had been sealed.

She detached from Susan's appendage with a gasp, her body collapsing to the floor in a fit of convulsions. Her muscles spasmed uncontrollably, her back arching off the ground as the spores took hold. Susan, still high on the endorphins, watched with a twisted mix of satisfaction and horror as Vicky's transformation began in earnest.

Vicky writhed on the kitchen floor, her body shaking violently as the spores began to work their way through her, changing her from the inside out. Her eyes rolled back into her head, her hands clawing at the tiles as she tried to make sense of the sensations tearing through her. Every nerve was alight with fire, every muscle screaming as they were broken down and rebuilt stronger, more resilient.

Susan stood over her, breathing heavily, the remains of the spore sack still hanging from her abdomen, slowly retracting as the last of the spores were expelled. She felt a dark satisfaction watching Vicky convulse, knowing that soon she would no longer be weak, no longer vulnerable. Soon, she would be just like Susan—strong, powerful, and connected to the same alien force that had taken hold of her.

The kitchen was filled with the sounds of Vicky's transformation—her gasps, her cries, the wet, slick sounds of her body contorting and changing. Susan could feel the connection between them strengthening, a bond that was growing deeper with each passing moment. It was as if the spores were tying them together, linking their fates inextricably.

Vicky opened her eyes and struggled to her feet, her body trembling as she coughed and hacked, trying

to clear the lingering remnants of whatever had just invaded her system. She was disoriented, her mind clouded as if she had just woken from a nightmare. The kitchen swam in and out of focus, the light too bright, the sounds too sharp. For a brief moment, she seemed to come to her senses, her eyes wide with confusion and fear. "What was that stuff? What did you do to me?" she demanded, her voice raspy and weak.

Susan watched her with a wicked smile, her eyes gleaming with a predatory satisfaction. "I don't know," she replied, her tone dark and teasing. "But let's do it again." She took a step toward Vicky, her body language radiating dominance, but Vicky backed away with a small, panicked yelp.

"No! Wait!" Vicky's voice trembled with desperation as she clutched at her stomach, feeling the foreign substance coursing through her veins. "That stuff... it's flowing inside me. No... I don't want to—" Her words were cut off as her body suddenly convulsed, a violent shudder that shook her to her core.

Vicky doubled over, her hands gripping the edge of the kitchen counter as her body began to writhe uncontrollably. She could feel something building inside her, something powerful and unstoppable, as if her very cells were being rewritten, restructured. Her shoulders twitched and then jerked as she slowly began to expand in little jerks.

Her thighs thickened, the muscles swelling beneath her skin, pushing outward as her pants began to strain against the growing mass. Her arms and glutes followed suit, each movement causing her to grunt and moan. Her skin felt tight, stretched to the breaking point as her muscles grew and her bones shifted with sickening cracks.

"Why?!" Vicky cried out, her voice raw with pain and fear, but also tinged with something else—a longing, a primal longing.

Susan, unable to resist the intoxicating sight before her, moved closer, her hips swaying in rhythm with Vicky's undulations.

"Just let it happen! Good lord, that ass. Why do I want it? Give in, Vicky!" she urged, her voice low and seductive. "Become stronger! You'll love it! Just let me fill you up more. Just let me..." Susan positioned herself behind Vicky, aimed her thick meaty cock at Vicky, lining it up with her little pink asshole. "... let

me inside you!"

Vicky gasped as Susan entered her with a swift thrust. The feeling was strange and foreign, but good, so very good. Then slowly, Susan began her motion; in and out. Susan grabbed both of Vicky's ass cheeks and pulled her into her with each thrust. She slapped her juicy ass, already larger and more toned than it was before. With each pushing into her ass, Vicky's body would respond, moaning and expanding. Then Susan picked out the pace. Faster and faster, slapping against her, sending out ripples of flesh after each impact. Vicky had never taken it up the ass before, but she loved it, and it was driving her insane.

As Susan rode Vicky like a beast, Vicky's hips bucked involuntarily. Her body started to convulse again, her muscles bulging and contracting as they grew larger, more defined. Her clothes began to tear, the fabric unable to contain the rapidly expanding mass of her body. Every fiber of her being was alight with sensation, the endorphins flooding her system in a relentless tide, waves of pleasure drowning out the pain of Susan's giant cock racing inside her asshole.

"Why does it feel so good?!" Vicky gasped, her voice a mixture of bewilderment and ecstasy as her neck thickened, her thighs became toned and powerful, her glutes firm and rounded. Her grip on the counter intensified, her fingers digging into the marble with such force that it began to crack under the pressure. Her forearms swelled, veins popping up across the surface like roots breaking through the soil, and her biceps hardened into thick, sinewy cords of muscle.

"Yes!" Vicky screamed, the pleasure finally overwhelming her as she surrendered to the transformation. "I DO want this! Give it to me! Make me strong!"

The feeling grew more intense with every passing second, every thrust of Susan's dick inside her, her heartbeat pounding in her ears, her breath coming in ragged gasps as the transformation reached its peak. The pleasure pumped through her body like a drug, pushing her higher, driving her closer to the edge of an ecstasy she had never known before. Her entire being vibrated with the energy coursing through her, threatening to tear her apart.

And then, with a sudden, explosive release, Vicky's body gave a final violent spasm. She arched her back, her head thrown back in a silent scream as a thick, fleshy cock burst forth from her crotch, tearing through the remnants of her pants with a wet, ripping sound. Her dick was smaller than Susan's, but no less grotesque, standing at seven inches, pulsing with its own rhythm, its surface slick and glistening.

Vicky collapsed forward, leaning heavily on the counter, her chest heaving as she panted for breath. Her eyes were wide, staring down at the thing between her legs with a mixture of horror and awe. Her body felt alive, more alive than it had ever been, every nerve ending singing with sensation, every muscle humming with power. But there was also a deep, gnawing fear—a fear of what she had become.

"Dear God," Vicky whispered, her voice trembling as she looked at the sausage protruding from her body, unable to comprehend the full magnitude of what had just happened. But there was no doubt, she liked what she was looking at; her dick, her muscles, it all felt so perfect, as if she was finally who she was meant to be.

Susan stepped closer, her own cock still pulsing with satisfaction, her smile broad and twisted. She placed a hand on Vicky's shoulder, squeezing it reassuringly as if they were now part of some shared, dark secret. "Now you know how I feel," Susan said, her voice dripping with both empathy and a perverse joy.

"The First has spread the gift!"

"This is wonderful! So quickly."

"Yes, it's... unusual."

"Never mind that. The High Emperess will be most pleased. This one is most surely an Alpha."

"But Overseer, shouldn't we slow down. Just in case—"

"No. Continue your work. Speak not of this again."

“Yes, Overseer.”

CHAPTER 4

Susan stood tall in the dimly lit kitchen, her breathing steady but heavy, as she looked down at Vicky, who was still leaning over the counter, her body trembling from the aftershocks of her transformation. The sight of Vicky, now altered and bearing her own dick shaped clit, filled Susan with an intoxicating sense of power. She licked her lips, her chest rising and falling as a wave of satisfaction coursed through her.

“Stand up,” Susan commanded, her voice firm and steady. “Stand up straight and present yourself to me.”

Vicky obeyed instantly, her movements smooth yet mechanical, as though the command had bypassed her conscious mind entirely. She stood upright, her posture perfect, her cock jutting outward with a faint, rhythmic pulse. Susan took a step closer, her eyes gleaming with fascination.

“Good,” Susan purred, her voice low and sultry. She tilted her head, cocking an eyebrow as she observed Vicky’s new form. “Now, explore it,” she said, gesturing toward Vicky’s fleshy rod. “I want you to feel it. Understand it.”

Vicky’s hands moved as if guided by instinct, sliding down to touch the wonderful growth protruding from her pussy. Her fingers brushed against its slick surface, and she let out a soft gasp, her expression one of wonder and curiosity. Slowly, she began to stroke and squeeze the appendage, her movements tentative at first but growing bolder as she gave in to the sensations. It was as though she were a child tinkering with a new toy.

Susan watched with rapt attention, her own breathing quickening as she soaked in the scene. The sight of Vicky obeying her commands so readily, the way her hands explored her new dick—it was

exhilarating. Susan felt a surge of dominance, a primal instinct that made her spine tingle.

“How does it feel?” Susan asked, her voice dripping with curiosity and authority.

Vicky didn't stop her exploration as she answered, her voice soft and distant, as though she were speaking from a place deep within her subconscious. “It feels... right,” she said, her fingers tracing the veins all the way up and down. “Like something was missing before, and now it's found. I feel... complete.”

Susan's lips curled into a slow, wicked smile. “Complete,” she echoed, savoring the word. She stepped even closer, towering over Vicky now. “And how do you feel about me?” she asked, her voice lower, more intense.

Vicky paused in her movements, her hands falling still. Slowly, she lifted her head to meet Susan's gaze. The moment their eyes locked, Vicky gasped, her body twitching. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and her lips parted as if she were on the verge of speaking but couldn't find the words.

“You are...” Vicky began, her voice trembling as though something deep within her was being rewritten. Her body jerked a few times, small spasms that seemed to ripple through her core. “...you are my everything. My queen. You are the...”

Vicky's entire body shuddered, her words catching in her throat. Then, with a final convulsion, she spoke again, her voice dripping with reverence and submission. “...you are The Alpha.”

Susan's eyes widened in delight, she didn't know what that meant exactly, ‘The Alpha’, but the declaration sending a wave of pleasure through her. Her own cock pulsed, and her body responded with an intense surge of endorphins, rewarding her for the truth in Vicky's words. She let out a long, hissing breath, her lips curling into a slanted grin. “Yessssss,” she whispered, the sound almost serpentine.

The moment hung heavy between them, the air electric with the connection that now bound them. Susan's eyes glowed with a new intensity as she leaned in closer, her voice soft but commanding. “And

what would you do for me, Vicky?"

Vicky's eyes fluttered open, her gaze locking onto Susan's with pure adoration. There was no hesitation, no doubt as she whispered, "Anything."

Susan's grin widened, the affirmation sending another jolt of satisfaction through her. The power, the control, the devotion—it was everything she hadn't realized she craved before all this. And now, it was hers.

Susan stood in the kitchen, her gaze fixed on Vicky, who now stood tall and ready, exuding strength and confidence. The transformation was undeniable—gone was the meek, nervous friend who barely spoke up. In her place was someone vibrant, radiant with potential. Pride swelled in Susan's chest, a warm, euphoric sensation that made her feel invincible. *Look at her*, Susan thought. *I made her better. Of course she should worship me. And will I make her stronger still.*

Her moment of admiration was interrupted by a distant voice calling from the other room. "Susan? Vicky? What's taking so long?" It was Barb, her tone tinged with concern.

Susan's head snapped toward the door, her expression instantly shifting from pride to cunning. The others were waiting, unsuspecting, vulnerable. She turned her attention back to Vicky, whose posture was perfect, her hands clasped in front of her as though awaiting further orders. The sight filled Susan with another wave of satisfaction.

Suddenly, images flashed through her mind—visions of Barb and Lucy transformed, their bodies strong, their wills bent to her command. They stood at her side, just like Vicky, loyal and devoted. The thought sent a jolt of pleasure through her, her fleshy appendage giving an approving pulse from between her legs. She let out a shuddering breath as her body massively rewarded her for the idea of spreading the infection.

"We need to show the others, don't we, child?" Susan said, her voice smooth and confident.

Vicky's expression softened, her eyes shining with adoration. "Yes, my Mistress. Whatever you say."

"Yes," she purred, "we will make them... like you."

For a moment, Susan stood there, considering her next move. Infecting them outright would be satisfying, but she needed to be smart about it. Barb and Lucy were already suspicious. If she approached them too boldly, they might flee, and she couldn't allow that.

"They've already seen me, but your new look could be too much," Susan said, narrowing her eyes as she paced slowly around Vicky. "Stay here. I have an idea." Her gaze drifted downward, landing on her tattered pants and the thick dick, standing proud, pressing against what fabric was left. She chuckled softly, running a hand over the ripped material. "But first, I need to change into something else, so I can hide my big, beautiful... thing."

She scanned the kitchen, her sharp eyes searching for something useful. Her gaze fell on the large steaming pot on the stove, and an idea struck her.

"Hm," she began, tilting her head toward the pot, "It's that chili ready?"

Vicky shook her head, her tone calm and obedient. "Yes, ready enough."

Susan paused, then let out a low laugh. "That will do," she said, a gleam of mischief in her eyes. She turned toward the door to Vicky's bedroom, already formulating the next step of her plan.

* * *

Barb and Lucy sat on the couch in Vicky's living room, their heads close together as they whispered

furiously, their voices just low enough to avoid being overheard. Lucy was the first to stop, her head snapping up as a strange creak from the hallway drew her attention.

“What the—?” Lucy muttered, her brow furrowed.

Susan entered the room, her presence commanding as she stepped into view. She was wearing a floral dress that clung tightly to her muscular frame, the fabric strained to its limits as though it could rip apart at any moment. Over the dress, she had tied a full-bodied apron, its purpose clear—it was tightly knotted around her midsection, holding her big dick flat against her body. It wasn’t fully erect, but even so, the bulge was unmistakable, its shape threatening to reveal itself with every step. To conceal this further, Susan held out a large tray carrying two steaming bowls of chili in front of her, carefully angling it to obscure the outline of her secret.

Lucy blinked, her confusion palpable. “What are you wearing?”

Susan glanced down at herself, her expression cool and composed. “Oh, this?” she replied with a casual smile. “We had a little spill in the kitchen. I had to change into something else.” Her tone was light, dismissive, but Lucy’s sharp eyes narrowed, clearly unconvinced.

“Where’s Vicky?” Lucy pressed, her suspicion growing.

Susan tilted her head, feigning innocence. “What? Oh, she’s cleaning up. She’ll be out soon.” Before Lucy could probe further, Susan placed the tray down on the coffee table with deliberate care. “Now... we made you something.”

After placing a bowl in front of each lady, she set down two spoons, her eyes darting between the women and the chili with eager anticipation. The tray, remaining firmly in her hands, was lifted back to her body, conveniently shielding her midsection.

Lucy crossed her arms, her tone skeptical. “I’m not hungry. Now, what is going on, Su—”

Susan raised a hand, cutting her off gently but firmly. “Please... have some,” she said, her voice softening. “Vicky worked so hard on it. And then, I promise, I’ll tell you everything.”

Lucy hesitated, her gaze shifting to the bowl of chili in front of her. There was a flicker of suspicion in her eyes, but something about Susan’s tone—about the way she carried herself—made her falter. Her resolve wavered.

Barb leaned forward slightly, her brow furrowed with concern. “Susan, don’t you understand,” she said carefully, her voice steady. “You have to be honest with us. What’s going on?”

Susan’s expression softened, a careful mask of vulnerability. “I know. And I will. But this is... it’s hard for me. I already told Vicky, and it was such a relief. But telling you? It’s scary, okay? Please, just... have some chili. Let me gather my thoughts.”

The words seemed to land, and Barb and Lucy exchanged a glance, their expressions softening with empathy. Slowly, they nodded.

“All right, Susan,” Barb said, her tone less sharp. “We’re here for you.”

Susan’s eyes darted to the bowls, the anticipation building in her chest as she watched them pick up their spoons. Barb stirred her chili thoughtfully, while Lucy hesitated, sniffing at the steaming bowl.

“This smells... really good,” Lucy murmured, her voice laced with surprise.

Susan’s smile grew wider, her hands gripping the tray a little tighter. “Right? Go ahead... have a bite.”

Lucy glanced at Barb, who gave a slight shrug, and then both women lifted their spoons. The room seemed to hold its breath as they raised the chili to their mouths. Susan’s eyes were fixed on them, her heart racing with eager anticipation.

The fact was, Susan, in the kitchen, just moments earlier, jacked off in the chili. Streams and streams of her creamy white spunk was mixed into the pot of chili. *Perhaps too much of it?* She thought. *I guess we'll find out.*

Barb and Lucy's movements hesitant at first. The smell was enticing, savory with a hint of spice that wafted upward, teasing their senses. They each carefully, slowly, took their first bite... and almost immediately, the effect was apparent. Their faces lit up as though they had just tasted the most exquisite dish of their lives. They chewed thoughtfully, their initial skepticism giving way to something else—something Susan recognized immediately.

"Mmm," Barb murmured, licking her lips. "So, please, Susan, tell us—" She paused, spoon halfway to the bowl for another bite. "Wow. This is... good." Her voice was filled with genuine surprise, and she scooped another spoonful, the question she'd started to ask forgotten.

Lucy following suit. She took another bite, then another, each one more hurried than the last. "Yeah, it's... really good," she said, her tone almost defensive as if trying to downplay the obvious truth.

Susan stood over them, a slow, knowing smile spreading across her face as she watched her friends eat.

Barb and Lucy tried to pick up the conversation several times, only for the chili to pull them back. "Susan, seriously, what is this about—" Barb began, only to interrupt herself with another spoonful. "Wow, I can't—Mmm, I need more of this."

Lucy nodded, her spoon clinking against the ceramic as she invaded the bowl for another bite. "I was going to ask you... something... but this chili," she muttered, her voice growing breathier. "I need another bite first."

The sound of spoons scraping against bowls filled the air as they continued to eat, their pace growing faster with each bite. Their initial restraint faded entirely, replaced by genuine enthusiasm. Moans began to escape their lips, low and soft at first, but growing louder and more intense as they continued. "Mmm... oh, this is so good," Barb groaned, her voice filled with satisfaction.

“Yeah,” Lucy agreed, her spoon moving with increasing speed as she shoveled the chili into her mouth. “So good.”

The act of eating began to feel... pleasurable. Barb’s moans became deeper, her eyes fluttering as she tipped her head back, savoring each bite as if it were a profound experience. Lucy started to notice it too, her body responding in ways that confused and alarmed her. Yet, she couldn’t stop.

Suddenly, Lucy snapped out of the haze, her spoon hovering midair. She turned to Barb, who was now eating at a near-frantic pace, shoving spoonfuls into her mouth before she had even finished swallowing the last.

“Wait,” Lucy said, her voice shaky. “What’s going on? What’s in this?” Susan shrugged, but Barb didn’t hear her. Her focus was entirely on the bowl in front of her.

“So... good,” Barb muttered between bites. “Almost done. Is there... more? Mmmm!” Her moans were now borderline obscene, her body trembling as the chili seemed to work its way deeper into her system.

Lucy stared at Barb in disbelief, her hand trembling as her own spoon moved toward her mouth seemingly of its own accord.

“Jesus, Barb,” Lucy said, trying to sound stern but failing as her voice wavered. “Get ahold of yourself.”

Even as she spoke, her own hand betrayed her, bringing another bite to her lips. She flinched, her eyes widening as she realized she couldn’t stop herself.

“What the—?!” Lucy gasped, the bite of chili slipping past her lips. She chewed, her resistance crumbling with each passing second.

Susan stood over them, moaning softly as she watched the scene unfold. The sight of her friends succumbing to the chili's effects, to the cum she squirted inside it, was intoxicating. She felt a deep, primal satisfaction knowing that the corrupted dish was effecting them so effectively. She could only imagine what more could do... would do.

Lucy's expression twisted into a mix of fear and longing as she managed to choke out, "What... what is this stuff?"

Susan's head tipped back, her moans growing louder as she dropped the tray she'd been holding. Her hands roamed her body, running over her curves and the growing cock hidden beneath her apron. "It's happening!" she cried out, her voice filled with ecstasy. "Can't you feel it?! Yesssss!"

Barb had finished her bowl, licking the rim with abandon, her spoon forgotten. "So good," she murmured, her voice barely coherent. "So, so good."

Lucy turned to Susan, horror dawning on her face as she noticed something moving under the strained fabric of Susan's dress. The apron tied tightly over Susan's stomach became taut as the thing beneath it swelled and pressed outward. A sickening ripping sound filled the air as the apron gave way, the knot releasing, and the fabric falling to the floor.

Susan let out a guttural moan as her eager dick sprang to life, bursting through the front of her dress. The remaining fabric tore down the center, revealing the grotesque, fleshy growth, thick and pulsing, its veins throbbing with unnatural life.

Lucy screamed, her hands flying to her mouth as she scrambled back. Barb froze in place, her empty bowl clattering to the floor as her wide eyes fixated on Susan's exposed form.

Susan stood tall, her chest heaving, her cock fully revealed, grown to eleven inches now, glistening under the dim light of the living room. Her tongue writhed inside her mouth, coming out to lick and press against her full lips, as if to taste the moment.

As the tension in the room reached its breaking point, Vicky emerged from the kitchen. Her transformation was now unmistakable, her body exuding a radiance of strength and dominance. She wore nothing but her bra and underwear, both stretched tight over her newly sculpted physique. Her dick jutted confidently from the top of her pussy, veiny and pulsing with its own rhythm. She walked with an almost feline grace, her fingers idly stroking her cock as though it were a cherished pet.

“Don’t worry, ladies,” Vicky purred, her voice soft but dripping with menace. “You’re going to love it.”

Barb and Lucy turned toward Vicky, their faces pale, their expressions frozen in shock. It was too much. First Susan, and now Vicky. They trembled visibly, their bodies reacting to the overwhelming fear coursing through them. They began to back away, their movements slow and tentative as they edged toward the front door.

“Where are you going?” Susan’s voice rang out, a mockingly sweet tone laced with malice. She stepped forward, her weighty dick swaying slightly with her movements, her fingers strumming its surface in an almost hypnotic rhythm. “Don’t you want to have more?” she asked, her giggle deep and resonant, sending chills down the spines of her friends.

Barb and Lucy didn’t answer. Their backs pressed against the door, their hands fumbling for the doorknob, but their fear rendered them clumsy.

“Stop!” Susan’s voice boomed, sharp and commanding.

The two women spun around and froze in place, their bodies stiffening as though an invisible force had seized control. They stood trembling, their eyes darting around the room, desperate for some escape but unable to move. Susan tilted her head, a slow, predatory smile spreading across her face as she observed their helplessness.

She took a step closer, her presence overwhelming, her authority palpable. “Hmm,” Susan murmured, tapping her chin thoughtfully. “I could finish what I started... but no.” Her voice dropped, deep and resonant, filled with an unnatural power. “You’re not ready. You’ve been planted with my seed, yes... but you’re too fragile to truly accept it.”

Barb whimpered softly, her hand pressed against her chest as though to steady her pounding heart. Lucy's breath came in shallow gasps, her wide eyes locked on Susan's grotesque form.

Susan leaned forward, her tone shifting to one of dark amusement. "Go," she said, her voice silky and commanding. "But remember this." Her eyes glinted with a dangerous light as she spoke, her words weaving themselves into their minds like a spell. "You will not tell anyone about this. You cannot. Even if you want to, the words will not come. Do you understand?"

Barb and Lucy nodded quickly, their heads bobbing like terrified children. Susan's smile widened, and she straightened up, exuding a sense of regal authority. "Now go."

The spell broken, Barb and Lucy bolted for the door, flinging it open and stumbling out into the night. Their frantic footsteps echoed down the quiet street as they fled, the sound of Susan and Vicky's laughter following them like a haunting refrain.

As the door swung shut, Susan turned to Vicky, her expression shifting from menacing to contemplative. "Mmm," Susan mused, running her hands along her treasured meat popsicle, feeling its pulse once again synchronize with her own heartbeat. "I think I'm going to get used to this."

She glanced at Vicky, who stood eagerly at her side, her eyes bright with anticipation. Vicky clapped her hands together, her smile wide and childlike. "What's next, Mistress?"

Susan's lips curled as she reached out, her fingers brushing against Vicky's cheek. "First..." Her voice dropped to a low, sultry tone. "...let's get some more of my cum in you."

Vicky's excitement was palpable, her hands trembling slightly as she clasped them together. "Oh goody!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with giddy enthusiasm.

Susan chuckled softly, her laughter carrying a dark promise as she stepped closer to Vicky, ready to ram

herself inside her... once again.

* * *

BARB

Barb's hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles white as she drove home through the dark streets. Sweat beaded on her forehead, her breathing shallow and erratic. The car's interior felt suffocating, and she repeatedly checked the rearview mirror, half-expecting to see Susan running behind her, pursuing her.

"What did I just see?" she whispered to herself, her voice trembling. Her hands shook, causing the car to swerve slightly, and she quickly corrected the wheel. "No, no, no. This can't be happening."

When she finally pulled into her driveway, she sat in the car for several long moments, her chest heaving as she tried to collect herself. But the memory of Susan's grotesque appendage and Vicky's eerie transformation played on a loop in her mind. She closed her eyes tightly, muttering, "This isn't real. It can't be real."

Barb stepped out of the car and hurried into her small, cluttered home, locking the door behind her with trembling hands. The living room greeted her with its usual chaos: stacks of newspapers, a threadbare couch, and her seven cats weaving through her legs, their meows insistent and grating.

"Not now," Barb snapped, brushing them aside as she paced the room. Crosses and religious imagery adorned every wall, the decor conservative and old-fashioned, as if plucked straight from the home of an elderly church matron. She clutched at her head, her thoughts spiraling.

"What was that? What did I just see?" Barb muttered, her voice rising with each word. "No, no. I'm

imagining things. That wasn't real. It... wasn't real."

The cats meowed louder, circling her legs, clawing at her skirt. Their cries mingled with the rising cacophony in her head. Barb stopped pacing, her breath catching as a terrifying thought struck her. She turned slowly, her eyes wide and glassy as she whispered, "Or... am I going crazy?"

She sank into her worn armchair, her body trembling. "Is this the work of..." Her voice faltered as she clutched the small gold crucifix hanging around her neck. "...the devil?"

The word hung in the air, making her shudder. Tears welled in her eyes as her mind raced with scripture, sermons, warnings about sin and temptation. *Could it be Satan's influence?* she wondered. The thought sent her into a panic, and she stood abruptly, pacing faster across the living room floor.

The cats, growing more agitated, swarmed her, their meows reaching a fever pitch. "Shut up!" Barb snapped, kicking one of them lightly to clear a path. The sudden outburst startled her. She clutched her rosary beads, her fingers shaking as she began to pray aloud.

"Our Father, who art in heaven," she started, her voice quivering. "Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Her voice grew louder, more frantic. "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from..." Her voice broke, her breaths shallow as she tried to focus.

The cats grew louder, pawing at her legs, their cries becoming unbearable. "Deliver us from..." Barb stammered, her grip tightening on the beads. The cats clawed at her skirt, yowling incessantly, driving her over the edge.

"FINE!" she screamed, her voice raw and filled with rage. "Fucking shut up! I'll feed you, you little shits!"

The words echoed in the quiet room, and Barb froze. Her hands flew to her mouth, her eyes wide in horror at what she had just said. "Oh, God," she whispered, tears streaming down her face. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, sweeties."

The cats, unfazed by her outburst, continued to paw at her legs, their cries as relentless as ever. Slow and defeated, Barb shuffled into the kitchen. Her movements were mechanical as she opened the pantry and grabbed the bag of cat food.

The weight of the night's events pressed heavily on her shoulders as she filled the bowls, her hands trembling. She felt hollow, as if something inside her had cracked, and she feared she'd never feel whole again.

"Father O'Connell. He'll know what to do."

* * *

LUCY

Lucy stood on her porch, her hand resting on the doorknob, but she couldn't bring herself to go inside. Her breaths came in shallow, uneven gasps, and her fingers trembled as she tried to make sense of what she'd seen. Susan, Vicky... the things attached to them, the moaning, the overwhelming dominance radiating from Susan; her mind replayed the scene over and over until she thought she might scream.

Finally, she fumbled through her purse, pulling out her phone. She hesitated for a moment, her thumb hovering over the screen before she pressed a familiar number. She hadn't called it in months, maybe even a year. The line rang twice before a groggy voice answered.

"Lucy?" It was Jeff, her ex-husband. His voice was soft, a little surprised. "Is everything okay?"

Lucy closed her eyes, her words faltering. "Jeff... it's me."

"Yeah, I know it's you," he replied, concern creeping into his tone. "Are you okay?"

She hesitated again, clutching her phone tightly. "Can I come over?"

* * *

Lucy sat on Jeff's couch, her arms wrapped around herself as she stared blankly at the floor. The soft light of the living room lamp did little to warm her chilled body. Jeff sat beside her, his brow furrowed with concern. He placed a hand gently on her shoulder.

"You're shivering," he said softly, his voice filled with worry. "What's wrong? Did something happen to you?"

Lucy looked up at him, her eyes wide and pleading. She wanted to say it. She wanted to tell him everything—the horror she had witnessed, the transformation of her friends, the... appendages, and the overwhelming fear that consumed her. The words were right there, on the tip of her tongue. She opened her mouth, inhaled deeply, and...

Nothing.

The words wouldn't come. She tried again, willing herself to speak, but all she managed was a shaky exhale. Panic set in as she tried to force the words out. "Susan drugged me," she wanted to scream. "She's changed. She's a monster." But her throat tightened, and no sound escaped.

Jeff leaned closer, his arm wrapping protectively around her. "Lucy, talk to me. You can tell me."

She tried once more, putting every ounce of strength into forming the words, but all that emerged was a

low, guttural sound, almost like a choke. Her chest heaved as tears spilled down her cheeks. Finally, defeated, she collapsed into Jeff's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

"It's okay," he murmured, stroking her hair. "It's okay. I've got you."

Lucy sobbed against Jeff's chest, her body trembling as he held her. The warmth of his embrace, the steady rhythm of his breathing, the familiarity of his touch—it all brought a strange comfort, even as her mind raced with terror.

She pulled back slightly, just enough to look up at him. Her face was still streaked with tears, but there was something else in her eyes now—something raw and vulnerable. Without thinking, she leaned in and kissed him. The kiss was wet and salty, and desperate.

Jeff responded, his arms tightening around her as he returned the kiss. Their movements grew more passionate, more urgent. Lucy tangled her fingers in his hair, pulling him closer as their bodies pressed together. For the first time all night, she felt in control, and the sensation was intoxicating. A small, almost imperceptible smile played on her lips.

Lucy looked at him now with lustful contempt. Jeff was just a thing, a thing with something between its legs, something she needed. In fact, he was her little bitch, with one purpose, to...

"... fuck me. Fuck me now," she whispered, patting the side of his face with condescension.

Jeff reached for his belt, fumbling to remove his pants, but as Lucy glanced down, her mind was suddenly flooded with an image: Susan's cock, pulsing and grotesque, protruding from her crotch. Then Vicky, kneeling, transformed and subservient. The vision hit Lucy like a thunderclap, and she recoiled in horror.

"No," she whispered, pushing Jeff away. "I... I can't."

Jeff looked at her, confused and concerned. "Lucy, what is it? What's wrong?"

Lucy stood abruptly, her movements jerky and frantic. She turned her back to him, clutching her head as she tried to banish the images from her mind. "This was a mistake," she muttered, more to herself than to him.

"Lucy, talk to me," Jeff pleaded, stepping toward her.

"Don't!" she snapped, raising a hand to stop him. Her voice cracked as she continued, "Just... stop. This was a mistake." She grabbed her purse and bolted for the door, her heels clicking sharply against the hardwood floor.

Jeff followed her as far as the doorway, his expression filled with worry and confusion. "Lucy, wait!"

But she was already in her car, slamming the door shut. As she sat in the driver's seat, her hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles white. The tears came again, hot and unstoppable, as she buried her face in her hands and sobbed in the silence of his driveway.

* * *

BARB

Barb stood in her dimly lit laundry room, the hum of the washer and dryer filling the silence. The room smelled faintly of detergent and fabric softener, a comforting, familiar scent that usually grounded her. But not this morning. Her nerves were frayed, her hands trembling slightly as she loaded the dryer with

a bundle of damp clothes. Every movement felt mechanical, her mind elsewhere.

She shut the dryer door with a hollow thud, a little louder than usual, and twisted the dial. The machine rumbled to life, its low, steady vibrations spreading through the floor. Barb stepped back and leaned against the folding table, her thoughts racing. The events of the night before played on an endless loop in her head. It was madness, pure and simple, but it had felt so real.

“What am I going to say to Father O’Connell?” Barb whispered, her voice barely audible over the noise of the dryer. Her fingers tightened around the edge of the table as she rehearsed the conversation in her mind. “Father, I think I’ve seen evil itself... No, that sounds crazy.” She shook her head, frustration mounting. “Father, I believe my friends are possessed. Possessed by what, though?”

Her hands gripped the rosary beads hanging from her neck. She rolled them between her fingers, seeking solace, but the comfort they usually brought felt distant and hollow. “Lord, please give me strength,” she muttered under her breath.

The dryer’s rhythm grew louder in the small room, the vibrations intensifying. Barb felt it travel through the floorboards, into her legs, and up her spine. It was subtle at first, but then it struck something deeper, something primal. A small gasp escaped her lips as an unexpected warmth spread through her lower body.

Barb froze, her eyes widening as she stared at the machine. The vibrations seemed to resonate with her, stirring something inside her that she couldn’t understand. She tried to move away, but her legs felt heavy, her body unwilling to obey.

“No,” she whispered, shaking her head. “No, this isn’t right.”

The vibrations grew even stronger, and Barb’s breathing quickened. She closed her eyes, letting out a soft sigh as the hum seemed to take on a hypnotic drone. Her hips started to sway gently, almost imperceptibly at first, but with increasing urgency.

As she pressed herself against the machine, a bead of sweat trickled down her chest, and her breasts began to feel heavy, sensitive. She reached up, pulling one of her tits out of her tank top, and grasped it firmly. Her breathing grew faster, her sighs turning into soft moans. She felt a deep need in her pussy, an ache that threatened to consume her.

With a quiet moan, Barb started to hump the dryer in earnest. Her sweatpants were getting wetter by the second as she ground herself against the machine, her hips moving with increasing fervor. Bam! Bam! Bam! The noise of the dryer, and her own body slamming against it seemed to create a rhythm that propelled her toward a crescendo of pleasure. She felt the corners of the machine pushing against her juicy cunt. She was losing control, her hips moving on its own, driven by an unseen force.

And then, in one final, shattering moment, she grabbed her rosary beads... and came. Her legs locked, her muscles tensed, and her entire being seemed to convulse with the power of her orgasm. Her rosary broke and beads flew everywhere, as her body jerked and spasmed a few last times. The dryer buzzed, letting her know that it too was finished. Time froze for a heartbeat before releasing her back into the world.

As she slowly opened her eyes, she felt the first pangs of shame and embarrassment, the reality of what she had done setting in. Barb's face was flushed with a mixture of horror and self-disgust. She looked down at herself, seeing the large damp spot on her sweatpants and feeling the wetness between her legs. Her breast still hung out of her shirt, and she quickly pulled it back into her tank top, trying to compose herself.

She stumbled backward, away from the dryer, her back hitting the wall. Her chest heaved as she stared at the machine, her eyes filled with fear and confusion. The thing seemed to mock her, as if the dryer itself were alive, aware of her struggle.

Looking down at her own arms, Barb noticed something strange. Her forearms seemed thicker and there were little veins streaking across them that weren't there before. Holding her hands out in front of her, she squeezed. She could hear the tightness of the skin creak from the force of her clenched fists. There was a strength there, something new. She started to smile, but stopped and shook her head.

Barb forced herself to move, pushing off the wall and staggering toward the door. She paused in the doorway, turning back to glare at the dryer, her heart pounding. "I need to go to church," she said, her

voice firm despite her trembling body. “I need to speak to Father O’Connell.”

* * *

LUCY

Lucy gripped the steering wheel, her Bluetooth earpiece snug in her ear as she maneuvered her car through the morning traffic. “No, Rachel, that’s the wrong client,” she snapped, her frustration spilling over into her tone. “This one goes out this week. Not next. Come on, get your act together.” She sighed heavily, weaving between cars.

The voice on the other end was apologetic, but Lucy barely registered it. Her mind was already moving onto the next task. “Now, what’s the deal with—” She glanced down at the dashboard and saw the fuel gauge hovering on empty. “Huh? Oh, shoot. I need to get gas. I’ll call you back.”

She hung up abruptly and pulled into a nearby gas station. The sun was glaring down, making the pavement shimmer. Lucy parked next to one of the pumps, grabbed her card, and slid it into the reader. As the pump clicked to life, she stood there, leaning slightly against her car, trying to shake off the stress.

Her eyes wandered around the station. A trucker parked on the far side was unloading supplies, and a mother corralled her kids into the convenience store. At the pump next to hers was an elderly woman, her frail hands gripping the nozzle as she filled her sedan. Lucy caught the woman’s eye and managed a polite smile, which was returned with a gentle nod.

Lucy’s thoughts drifted. The events of the other night flashed in her mind—Susan, and Vicky, kneeling

and eager. She shook her head, trying to dispel the image. “No,” she muttered under her breath.

But when she glanced back at the old woman, her breath caught in her throat. The frail figure was gone, replaced by Susan’s towering, muscular frame, wearing leather pants and a tight tank top that strained from the size of her large breasts. Lucy blinked, her heart racing. There Susan stood, impossibly large and imposing, holding the gas nozzle like it was a little toy.

Lucy froze, unable to look away. Susan locked eyes with her, a cruel, knowing smile spreading across her lips. But it wasn’t just Susan’s presence that horrified her—it was what she was doing. The gas nozzle was gone, replaced by the fleshy, veiny cock jetting out from Susan. She was thrusting it into the car’s gas tank, pumping rhythmically.

Lucy gasped, her hand flying to her chest. She wanted to scream, to run, but she couldn’t move. The scene before her was terrifying, yes, but it was also... something else. Heat surged through her body, her breathing quickened, and her legs pressed together involuntarily.

This Susan began to laugh, her voice deep and echoing. With each thrust, the huge meaty cock entered the greasy metal hole, causing the whole car to rock each time.

“No,” Lucy whispered, her voice trembling. But her body betrayed her, her hips grinding slightly against the side of her own car as the scene unfolded.

Susan’s eyes locked onto hers, gleaming with malice. The thrusts grew faster, more deliberate, and Lucy couldn’t stop herself from letting out a small, breathy moan. Sweat beaded on her forehead, her knees wobbling as her body responded against her will.

A sudden blaring car horn snapped her out of the trance. Lucy let out a scream, a mix of surprise and release, her entire body jolting. She looked up, panting heavily, to see the elderly woman staring at her with wide, horrified eyes.

Mortified, Lucy hurriedly removed the nozzle, fumbling with the pump as she tried to compose herself. She didn't look back at the woman, but she could feel the judgmental gaze boring into her. Slamming the gas cap shut, she jumped into her car, her hands shaking as she gripped the wheel.

As she drove away, the cool air from the vents did little to calm her. Her heart pounded, her body trembling from the bizarre, humiliating encounter. "What is happening to me?" she whispered, tears stinging her eyes. The image of Susan, her mocking smile, the thrusting cock—it was burned into her mind.

She slowed as she passed a local bar, its neon sign flickering faintly in the morning light. Lucy stared at it, her breathing slowing as an idea formed. She pulled into the parking lot, cutting the engine. Her phone was in her hand before she realized it, and she dialed.

"Rachel?" she said when the line picked up. Her voice was steadier now, though still tinged with exhaustion. "I'm not coming in today."

She hung up before her assistant could reply. Pocketing her phone, Lucy stepped out of the car, her heels clicking against the pavement as she walked toward the bar.