

SHE RISES



by
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*This is a work of fiction intended for adult audiences only. All characters depicted in sexual situations are **18 years of age or older**. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The events, locations, and individuals portrayed in this book are products of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. This material contains explicit content and is not intended for readers under the age of 18. Reader discretion is advised.*

"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.

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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.

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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... Mmmmmfffff!" 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 THREE

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 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 itself 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, push whatever it was out of her. So she did.

As she pushed... nothing happened, just urge to push again. Nothing. But then, when she pushed a third time, two fleshy balls crested out of her vagina, just below her huge cock —slimy, translucent sacks that slowly emerged out of her, flowed by a flow of thick goo. She pushed yet again with a massive grunt, and her testicles descended out of her completely with a loud "plop". The 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.

Slowly, her new testicles began to increase in size, and within moments they had grown into large, bulbous spore sacks, its surface purple and slick, 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 sacks began to pulsate, and Susan felt an intense pressure build up inside it. She cradled the things dangling under her, like an ape proudly holding two treasured coconuts. They needed to be unloaded. She could feel living liquid within the sacks, 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.

So she released the dam, and easy as one would press a button, or pull an easy lever. She let the cum-like substance out, globs of cum mixed with alien spores began to flow through her dick, 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 cum sprayed into her mouth and its 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 cock 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 overcome by the same wonderful forces 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 her cum was tying them together, linking them. The more cum, the stronger the link.

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 so bad? 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 push 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 FOUR

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, 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, pushing her panties to the side, veiny and pulsing with its own rhythm. She walked with an almost feline grace, her fingers idly stroking the 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.

* * *

Overseer, she's spreading it so quickly and her seed is potent, very potent.

So?

Even the High Emperess wasn't this effective at so early in her stages.

Are you trying to get us executed? I'm erasing that last comment from the record. Keep watching and keep your mouth shut.

Very well.

CHAPTER FIVE

The air in Susan's home gym was thick with the scent of sweat, pheromones, and the faint metallic tang of iron from the weights. The rhythmic clinking of the barbell echoed through the room as Vicky, now a impressive figure of sculpted muscle and voluptuous assets, continued her curls. Her biceps bulged with each repetition, veins snaking across her arms like rivers. Her transformation was undeniable—her once slender frame now radiated an aura of dominance, her curves sharper, her presence more commanding. Her hair, thicker and longer, cascaded down her back in waves, and her lips, fuller and more pronounced, curled into a smirk of satisfaction as she offered herself to her Alpha.

Susan stood behind Vicky as she worked out, her own form a paradox of elegance and menace. More muscular than Vicky, her body had grown taller, her posture straighter, her movements more deliberate. Her 12-inch appendage, now fully engorged and throbbing with alien vitality, was the center piece to her transformation. It pulsed with a life of its own, veins coursing along its length, the tip glistening with a faint, otherworldly sheen. Her balls, now larger and heavier, swung rhythmically as she thrust into Vicky ass, each movement eliciting a gasp or moan from her devoted follower.

“You are lucky, slave,” Susan purred, her voice a low, sultry growl, as she slid her cock in and out of Vicky. She gripped her hips tightly, her nails digging into the flesh as she railed Vicky with a ferocity that bordered on primal. “It took me a week to get as big as you are. But my cum seems to speed up your growth, it blesses you. Doesn’t it not?”

Vicky paused mid-curl, her arms trembling as Susan thrust deep into her this time and held herself there, pausing, stretching her asshole to the max. The sensation was overwhelming—a mix of pain, pleasure, and something far more profound, something that made her feel alive in a way she never had before.

“Yes... ung! My queen. I am blessed!” she cried out, her voice breaking as Susan’s seed flooded her ass once again.

Susan cummed into her asshole and Vicky cummed with her, hard. She didn’t had testicles like her Queen, but her own erect penis twitched and wet female juices squirted out of her pussy below it. The effect was immediate. Vicky’s body shuddered, her muscles swelling and expanding as the alien cum worked its way through her system. Her skin creaked faintly, stretching to accommodate the newfound strength coursing through her. Though the changes were subtler now, they were still undeniable—her shoulders broadened slightly, her thighs thickened, and her cock-like clit, already impressive, throbbed with renewed vigor.

Susan withdrew her thick cock with a wet *plop*, her appendage glistening in the dim light of the gym. Vicky, still trembling from the experience, resumed her curls on the other arm now, her movements slower now, more deliberate, as if savoring the lingering effects of her Alpha’s gift.

From the corner of the room, George watched in silent despair. His once-stable life had unraveled completely, replaced by a nightmare he couldn’t escape. His wife, the woman he had married, was gone, replaced by this... creature. And yet, despite the horror of it all, he found himself unable to act. Something about Susan’s presence, her voice, her very essence, seemed to paralyze him, stripping away his will to resist. Tears streamed down his face as he stood there, a broken man in the shadow of his wife’s transformation.

“George, you worm,” Susan snapped, her voice cutting through the air like a whip. “Bring us meat!”

The sound of George's footsteps echoed through the house as he scurried to the kitchen, his movements frantic and uncoordinated. He returned moments later with a plate of raw steak, his hands trembling as he placed it on the bench near Vicky. Susan didn't even glance at him, her attention focused entirely on her phone, which had just emitted a soft *ding*.

"Oh my," Susan murmured, a wicked smile spreading across her lips as she examined the screen. "It seems Lucy is breaking down. She just sent me a drunk photo from New Sam's Pub... I know where that is." She chuckled darkly, her eyes gleaming with predatory intent. "Aw, Lucy. The middle finger? How crude. Vicky, my love..."

Vicky set down her weight and stood, her broad frame casting a shadow over the room. She idly massaged her cock, her expression one of eager anticipation. "Yes, my Alpha?" she said, her voice low and reverent.

Susan nodded, her smile widening. "Go, bring her to me."

* * *

The dim, flickering neon lights of New Sam's Pub cast a hazy glow over the room, illuminating the sticky wooden bar and the scattered patrons nursing their drinks. The air was thick with the scent of stale beer and fried food, a comforting yet suffocating atmosphere for Lucy, who sat slumped on a barstool, her fingers wrapped tightly around a half-empty glass of whiskey. Her mind was a storm of confusion, anger, and fear, the events of the previous night replaying in her head like a nightmare she couldn't wake up from. Susan's grotesque transformation, the way her body had betrayed her at the gas station, the strange whispers that seemed to echo in the back of her mind—it all felt like a fever dream. But it wasn't. It was real. And Lucy was drowning in it.

She hiccupped, slamming her glass down on the bar with more force than necessary. The bartender, a grizzled man in his fifties with a tattoo sleeve and a perpetual scowl, glanced at her but said nothing. Lucy didn't care. She was too busy staring at her phone, her thumb hovering over the screen. With a bitter laugh, she snapped a selfie, her middle finger raised defiantly, and sent it to Susan. The caption

read: *"Bitch. Freak. Who do you think you are?"* This was her 5th text to Susan, all with a similar message.

"Who does she think she is?" Lucy muttered aloud, her words slurred and dripping with venom. She tossed her phone onto the bar, not caring if it cracked. The screen lit up again, but she ignored it. Susan could rot for all she cared.

The alcohol was doing its job, numbing her mind and dulling the edges of her fear. But it wasn't enough. She needed more. She waved at the bartender, her movements clumsy and exaggerated. "Another one," she demanded, her voice louder than she intended.

The bartender raised an eyebrow, wiping down a glass with a rag that had seen better days. "You've had enough, lady. This is your last one."

Lucy scoffed, leaning forward on the bar, her cleavage pressing against the sticky surface. "We'll see about that," she shot back, her tone defiant. She glanced over her shoulder, her eyes scanning the room. That's when she noticed him.

A man, probably in his early forties, was standing a few feet away, watching her with a mixture of curiosity and amusement. He was attractive enough—trimmed beard, broad shoulders, a fitted flannel shirt that hinted at a decent physique. Lucy was in fact looking to hook up with a stranger that night, but something about him repulsed her. She couldn't put her finger on it, but the sight of his face made her stomach churn. Was it the way he looked at her, like she was some kind of prey? Or was it something deeper, something she couldn't quite name?

The man approached, his confidence oozing with every step. He leaned against the bar next to her, his cologne overpowering the stale air.

"Hey there," he said, his voice smooth but laced with arrogance. "You look like you could use some company."

Lucy rolled her eyes, turning back to her drink. "Not interested," she muttered, taking a long sip of

whiskey. The burn in her throat was comforting, grounding her in the moment.

The man chuckled, undeterred. “Come on, don’t be like that. I’m just trying to be friendly.” He reached out, his fingers brushing against her arm.

Lucy recoiled as if she’d been burned. “Don’t touch me,” she snapped, her voice sharp enough to draw the attention of a few nearby patrons. The man’s smile faltered, replaced by a look of irritation.

“You don’t have to be a bitch,” he said, his tone turning cold.

The words hit Lucy like a slap. A surge of rage coursed through her, hot and uncontrollable. She clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms. But beneath the anger, there was something else—a strange, almost electric pleasure that made her body tingle. It was the same feeling she’d had at the gas station, the same feeling that had made her grind against her car like some kind of animal. She hated it. She loved it. She didn’t know what to do with it.

“Get out of my face, dog,” she spat, her voice low and venomous. The words sent another jolt of pleasure through her, and she couldn’t suppress the moan that escaped her lips. It was involuntary, a reaction she couldn’t control. The man’s eyes widened in confusion, his irritation giving way to unease.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” he asked, taking a step back.

Lucy didn’t answer. She couldn’t. Her mind was a whirlwind of conflicting emotions—anger, fear, desire. She wanted to scream, to lash out, to run away. But she couldn’t move. She was trapped, caught in the grip of something she didn’t understand.

The man opened his mouth to say something else, but before he could, the door of the bar burst open with a loud crash. The sound was so sudden, so violent, that everyone in the room turned to look. Lucy’s heart skipped a beat as she spun around on her stool, her eyes widening in shock.

It was Vicky. But it wasn't Vicky.

The woman standing in the doorway was almost unrecognizable. Her hair was tied back in a sleek ponytail, her face sharp and angular, her lips full and painted a deep crimson. She was dressed in a leopard-print halter top that barely contained her now-enormous breasts, and her tight black leather pants clung to her muscular legs like a second skin. But it wasn't just her appearance that had changed—it was the way she carried herself, the way she moved. There was a wolf-like grace to her, a confidence that radiated power and dominance.

Lucy's breath caught in her throat. She had seen Vicky just the other night, but this... this was someone... something else entirely. This was a woman who had fully embraced her new self, who had become someone more—something more dangerous. Vicky's eyes locked onto Lucy, and a slow, predatory smile spread across her face.

"Get away from my girl," she said, her voice low and commanding.

The man who had been bothering Lucy took a step back, his bravado evaporating in an instant. He muttered something under his breath and quickly retreated to the other side of the bar.

Lucy stared at Vicky, her mind racing. She wanted to run, to scream, to do anything but sit there. But she couldn't move. She was frozen, caught in Vicky's gaze like a deer in headlights. Vicky sauntered over, her hips swaying with every step. She stopped in front of Lucy, her smile widening.

"You've been a bad girl, Lucy," she purred, her voice dripping with mockery. "Running away like that. Susan's not happy."

Lucy's heart pounded in her chest. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. Vicky leaned in closer.

"But don't worry," she whispered. "I'm here to take you home... where you belong."

The words sent a shiver down Lucy's spine. She wanted to resist, to fight back, but her body betrayed her. It didn't help that she was drunk, very drunk. A wave of warmth spread through her, a familiar, intoxicating pleasure that made her knees weak. She hated it. She craved it. She hated it.

Vicky leaned back, straightened her shoulders, and let her friendly facade shift into a self-assured smirk, then back to the façade.

"Come on," she said, placing her toned arm around Lucy. "No?"

Vicky sighed and slid onto the stool beside Lucy, her presence still commanding attention. She was impossible to ignore now. Her thighs strained against the fabric as she sat, her large ass spilled over the edges of the stool, drawing glances from a few other patrons in the bar behind her. She exuded a raw, primal energy that made Lucy's skin prickle, even in her drunken stupor.

"Why are you fighting it?" Vicky purred, her voice low and sultry, she was a lioness luring its prey. She leaned in close again, her breath warm against Lucy's ear. "I know you feel it. The urge to return to her."

Lucy stayed silent, her head swimming with the effects of the alcohol and the intoxicating scent of Vicky's pheromones. It was a scent that made her heart race, her palms sweat, and her body ache with a longing she couldn't quite understand. She stared blankly into the bar mirror, her reflection blurring as her vision wavered.

Vicky smirked, her lips curling into a knowing smile.

"Take it from me, it's so much better when you give in." She reached out, her fingers brushing against Lucy's arm, making her hot pussy give a single throb. "You don't have to fight it anymore. You don't have to be afraid."

Lucy's grip tightened around her glass, her knuckles turning white. She wanted to scream, to run, to do anything but sit there and listen to Vicky's honeyed words. But she couldn't. Her body felt heavy, her mind foggy, as if Vicky's presence alone was enough to render her powerless.

“Still denying your destiny?” Vicky teased, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. She tilted her head, her eyes scanning Lucy’s face for any sign of weakness. “Okay, let’s just be friends then. Another drink?”

She turned to the bartender, “ Another drink, please!”

The bartender shook his head, his arms crossed over his chest. “She’s cut off,” he said firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Vicky’s smile didn’t falter. In one swift motion, she reached across the bar, her hand closing around the front of the bartender’s shirt. With a strength that defied logic, she yanked him forward, his body slamming against the bar top. His face was inches from hers, his eyes wide with shock and fear.

“I don’t think so,” Vicky whispered, her voice a dangerous purr. She leaned in closer, her lips brushing against his ear. “She’s my responsibility now. You can trust me.” To emphasize her point, she circled her tongue around the inside of his ear, her breath hot and wet against his skin.

The bartender shuddered, a mix of fear and arousal flashing across his face. He nodded quickly, his voice trembling as he stammered, “O-okay. Fine.”

Vicky released him, giving him a playful double pat on the cheek.

“Good boy,” she cooed, her tone dripping with condescension. The bartender hurried to pour another whiskey, his hands shaking as he set the glass in front of Lucy.

Lucy reached for the drink automatically, her movements slow and uncoordinated. She brought the glass to her lips, the sharp burn of the whiskey doing little to clear her head. She stared at her reflection in the mirror, her eyes unfocused, her mind a whirlwind of confusion and desire.

The next hour passed in a blur. The bartender kept serving her drink after drink, his earlier defiance replaced by a nervous compliance. Vicky stayed close, her presence a constant, oppressive force. Her

whispered words of temptation, her hands roaming over Lucy's body—it was all too much, and yet not enough.

“Come back, Lucy,” Vicky murmured, her lips brushing against Lucy's ear. “She wants you.”

Another drink. Lucy's head spun, her body growing heavier with each sip. She felt herself slipping, her resistance crumbling under the weight of Vicky's words and the alcohol coursing through her veins.

“Give in,” Vicky urged, her voice a seductive whisper. She leaned in, her lips capturing Lucy's lips in a deep, hungry kiss. Lucy's mind screamed at her to pull away, to fight back, but her body betrayed her. She moaned into the kiss, her hands gripping Vicky's strong shoulders as if they were the only thing keeping her upright.

The other patrons in the bar stared, their expressions a mix of shock and discomfort. But Vicky didn't care. Her hand slipped under Lucy's skirt, her fingers finding their way to the heat between Lucy's thighs. Lucy gasped, her body arching into Vicky's touch, her mind too foggy to protest.

Another drink. Another kiss. Another moan. The line between pleasure and pain blurred, and Lucy felt herself teetering on the edge of something she was too drunk to name.

Fingers were inside her pussy.

Another drink.

Her wetness dripped down the barstool. *Fingers. Drink. Pussy. Whispers. Fingers. Drink. Pussy. Whispers. Fingers. Drink. Pussy. Whispers. Fingers. Drink. Pussy. Whispers.* She was about to... about to...

Her body convulsed, her back arching as she spasmed on the bar stool, her cries of pleasure not entirely

drowned out by the hum of the jukebox.

People were gasping. Pointing. Laughing. Yelling. Judging.

The bartender's voice cut through the haze, sharp and disapproving. "That's enough."

Lucy mind was warped and spinning. *Too drunk. Need help. Vicky was there. Yes, Strong, sexy, Vicky. She'll... save me.*

Someone wrapped an arm around Lucy's waist, holding her up as she swayed unsteadily on her feet. "It's okay," Vicky's voice said to someone, "I'll get her home."

Lucy's vision blurred, the world around her fading into darkness. The last thing she remembered was the sound of Vicky's laughter, low and mocking, as the blackness swallowed her whole.

* * *

Lucy's vision blurred as she blinked, disorientated, her head throbbing with a relentless, pounding ache. The room spun slowly, the details of her surroundings coming into focus like a camera lens adjusting to light. She was lying on her back, her bare skin pressed against the cool hardwood floor of a living room she recognized all too well. Susan's living room. The realization hit her like a freight train, and she gasped, her breath catching in her throat.

She was naked.

Her heart raced as she tried to piece together how she had ended up here. The last thing she remembered was the bar, the neon sign flickering, the weight of her fear and confusion driving her to drink until the world became a hazy blur. And now... this. She glanced down at her body, her skin flushed and vulnerable, and a wave of shame and panic washed over her. She tried to sit up, but the movement sent a sharp spike of pain through her skull, forcing her back down with a groan.

Across the room, Susan sat in a plush armchair, her muscular, statuesque form on full display. She was nude, her body twitched as she flexed various isolated muscle group, something she did recently to pass the time away. Her skin glowing with an otherworldly sheen. Her large breasts rested heavily against her chest, and her legs were spread casually, one foot planted firmly on the floor while the other rested on the edge of the chair. Her expression was one of calm amusement, her lips curled into a knowing smile as she watched Lucy struggle.

To Susan's right, Vicky knelt on the floor, naked as well, curvy and muscular, a mirror of Susan's, yet not nearly as impressive. Her hands moved rhythmically, one cradling Susan's massive, veiny balls while the other stroked Susan's enormous, throbbing 12-inch cock. Vicky's own erection stood at attention, an impressive 8 inches of hardened flesh, but it went untouched, her focus entirely on pleasuring Susan.

Lucy's stomach churned as she took in the scene, her mind struggling to reconcile what she was seeing with the reality she had known just days ago.

"Wh-what is going on?" she stammered, her voice trembling. She reached up to touch her forehead, wincing as the movement sent another wave of pain through her skull. "Ow, my head..."

Susan chuckled softly, the sound low and sultry. "Tsk ts. Poor dear," she purred, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "You drank too much. You must have a massive hangover." She leaned forward slightly, her piercing gaze locking onto Lucy's. "But don't worry. I can make it all go away."

Lucy's breath hitched as she tried to sit up again, but the pain in her head was too much. She collapsed back onto the floor, her body trembling.

"Why... why are you doing this?" she whispered, her voice breaking as tears welled up in her eyes. "What do you want from me?"

Susan's smile widened, her eyes gleaming with a predatory light. "It's time, Lucy," she said, her tone firm but gentle, like a mother coaxing a child. "No more beating around the bush. It's time for you to come to me, crawl to me, and kneel here, beneath me, with your mouth open."

Lucy's body reacted before her mind could process the command. A rush of warmth spread through her, a fleeting moment of relief as the pain in her head momentarily subsided. It was as if Susan's words had triggered something deep within her, a numbing medicine that calmed her fear and dulled her pain. But the relief was short-lived, and the pain returned with a vengeance, leaving her gasping for breath.

"Come," Susan beckoned again, her voice a seductive whisper that seemed to echo in Lucy's mind. She idly massaged one of her large breasts, her fingers tracing the curve of her nipple, while her other hand rested on Vicky's head, petting her like a loyal pet. Vicky's hand continued to move up and down Susan's shaft, her movements slow and deliberate, her devotion unwavering.

Lucy's tears flowed freely now, her body wracked with sobs. She felt trapped, her mind and body at war with each other. The pain in her head was unbearable, but the thought of giving in to Susan filled her with a deep, visceral need.

"I... I can't..." she choked out, her voice barely above a whisper.

Susan's expression softened, her smile turning almost pitying. "Aw, I know," she cooed, her voice dripping with false sympathy. "Poor thing. Just crawl a little. One step. You'll feel so much better."

Lucy's mind raced, her thoughts a jumbled mess of fear and desperation. Susan's words wrapped around her like a warm blanket, soothing and comforting, even as they filled her with a sense of unease. One step, she thought, her body trembling. What could it hurt?

Slowly, hesitantly, Lucy pushed herself up onto her hands and knees. The movement sent another wave of pain through her skull, but she forced herself to keep going. She crawled forward, her body shaking with every inch she gained. As she moved, the pain in her head began to fade, replaced by a rush of endorphins that flooded her system. It was like nothing she had ever felt before, a euphoria that made her feel weightless, untethered from the world.

But the moment she stopped, the pain returned, sharper and more intense than before. Lucy gasped, her body trembling as she fought to hold back another wave of tears.

“See?” Susan said, her voice soft and encouraging. “Just come to me... and the pain will fly fly away. Poof! And you will feel so much better.”

Lucy’s resolve crumbled. The promise of relief was too much to resist. She crawled forward again, her movements faster now, driven by the need to escape the pain. Each step brought another wave of pleasure, the sensation building and building. It was like crawling on a cloud of bliss, her mind and body consumed by the overwhelming need to reach Susan.

By the time she reached Susan’s feet, Lucy was panting, her body slick with sweat. She looked up at Susan, her eyes wide and pleading, her mouth just an inch away from the tip of Susan’s massive cock. The throbbing appendage loomed over her, its sheer size and power a testament to Susan’s dominance. Lucy’s breath hitched as she stared at it, eyes crossed, her mind a whirlwind of fear, desire, and submission.

Susan smiled down at her, her hand reaching out to gently stroke Lucy’s hair. “Good girl,” she purred, her voice filled with approval. “You’re almost there. Just a little more...”

Lucy’s body trembled as she leaned forward, her lips parting slightly, her tongue peaking past her lips. The pain in her head was gone now, replaced by a deep, aching need that she couldn’t ignore. Lucy’s world had narrowed to a single point of focus: the throbbing, pulsating giant cock before her. Her mind, once a whirlwind of fear, confusion, and resistance, now felt eerily calm, as if all her doubts had been washed away by the intoxicating scent that Susan produced. She knelt there on the floor, her naked body trembling with anticipation, her knees sinking into the floor of Susan’s living room. The air was thick with the scent of sweat and arousal.

Susan sat above her, a massive, veined cock stood ready and erect, glistening with pre-cum, pointing directly at Lucy’s waiting mouth. Lucy couldn’t tear her eyes away from it. Was she really about to do this?

“Lucy,” Susan purred, her voice low and commanding.

That was all it took, the straw that broke the camel's back, Susan simply speaking her name. Lucy inhaled, hesitated for only a moment, before leaning forward, her lips widening as she took the head of Susan's cock into her mouth.

The taste was immediate and overwhelming—a burst of salty-sweet pre-cum that sent a jolt of pleasure through her entire body. Her eyes shot open wide, her pupils dilating as the sensation flooded her senses. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before, a flavor that was both familiar and otherworldly, as if her tongue had been waiting for this moment her entire life.

Her ass jiggled as her body was rocked by a series of tiny orgasms, each one sending waves of pleasure crashing through her. A pool of her own fluids began to form beneath her, spilling out uncontrollably. She knelt there, twitching and drooling, her mouth planted firmly on the end of Susan's member as waves of ecstasy repeatedly washed over her. Her mind was a haze of pleasure, her thoughts scattered and incoherent. All she knew was that she needed more—more of Susan, more of this feeling, more of this bliss.

"Now, now," Susan chided, her voice dripping with mockery. "Don't get distracted. You have to put in the work, Lucy. Vicky."

Vicky, who had been kneeling patiently beside them, leaned forward at Susan's command. Her once-timid demeanor was gone, her eyes gleamed with devotion to her Alpha. She moved with purpose, her muscles rippling beneath her skin. She nuzzled in close beside Lucy and gently took her hands, guiding them to either side of Susan's shaft.

"There," Vicky whispered, her voice soft but firm. "Now, stroke her. Claim your reward, like I did."

Lucy needed no further encouragement. She was an instant addict from the mere dollop of precum, her hands moving instinctively as she began to pump Susan's shaft. The sensation was electric, her fingers brushing against the warm, velvety skin, feeling the powerful throb of Susan's pulse beneath her touch. Another orgasm rocked her body, and she pumped faster, her movements becoming more frantic as she sought to please her friend.

Faster and faster she went, her moans growing louder, her hips thrusting as if the thing she was sucking on was also pounding her wet, dripping pussy. The pleasure was overwhelming, consuming her entirely, leaving no room for thought or reason. All she knew was that she needed this—needed Susan, needed to submit completely.

“Yes! That’s it!” Susan cried out, her voice rising in pitch as she neared her climax. “Nearly there!”

Lucy kept going, her hands moving in a blur, her mouth and tongue working tirelessly as she sucked the tip and stroked the shaft. She released one hand to cradle Susan’s balls, mimicking what she had seen Vicky do earlier. The act felt natural, as if it was something she had been born to do. She felt a sense of purpose, of belonging, that she had never experienced before. This was where she was meant to be. This was what she was meant to do.

And whatever was going to happen to her, it felt right... no, it felt perfect. Susan was perfect. She looked up at her, this glorious, powerful woman, and felt a surge of adoration. How could she not have seen it before? Susan was meant to dominate her, and she was made to obey, in all things. Yes, Susan was her queen. She was her... a new word suddenly popped into her head, a word that felt right, that felt true... she was her Alpha.

At that moment, Susan erupted into her mouth.

“Yyyyyyes!” Susan screamed, her head thrown back, her hands digging into the armrests of the chair as she came. The cum kept coming, an endless stream of thick, warm liquid that filled Lucy’s mouth. She gulped down as much as she could, but it was too much. Some of it spilled out the sides of her mouth, dripping down her chin, while some squirted out of her nose, the sensation strange but not unpleasant.

Finally, when the torrent subsided, Lucy disconnected with a loud, “mmmwwhaa!” She collapsed onto the floor, her body convulsing and spasming as the alien seed began to work its magic. Her mind was a whirlwind of sensations, her thoughts fragmented and incoherent. She felt a warmth spreading through her body, a tingling sensation that started in her core and radiated outward, reaching every inch of her.

Lucy’s body was a canvas of transformation, every inch of her writhing and reshaping under the alien influence that now coursed through her veins. She stood in the dimly lit room, her skin glistening with sweat as the process began. Her muscles, once soft and unremarkable, began to undulate beneath her skin, as if alive with a will of their own. They pulsed and twisted, growing larger and more defined with each passing second. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her chest heaving as her body was remade.

Her arms, once slender, now bulged with power, veins snaking across the surface of her skin like rivers of electricity. Her shoulders broadened, her back arching as her latissimus dorsi expanded into a powerful V-shape. Her abs, previously hidden beneath a layer of softness, now rippled into a chiseled six-pack, each muscle taut and defined. Her waist narrowed, accentuating her newfound curves, while her hips flared, her pelvis shifting to accommodate the changes. Her legs, already trembling with the strain, thickened with muscle, her quadriceps and calves swelling with raw, unnatural strength.

Lucy's face was not spared from the transformation. Her jawline sharpened, her cheekbones rising to give her a more angular, striking appearance. Her lips, once thin and unremarkable, grew fuller and more sensual, parting slightly as she moaned in a mix of pain and ecstasy. Her hair, damp with sweat, began to grow longer and thicker, cascading down her back in lush, blonde waves. Her eyes looked wild and free, now a piercing light blue.

Her breasts, once modest, swelled with each shuddering breath, growing larger and rounder. Her nipples hardened, sensitive to the air, sending jolts of pleasure through her body. Her ass, too, underwent a dramatic change, growing rounder and fuller, the muscles beneath tightening and lifting until it was a ripe, voluptuous curve.

The pleasure was overwhelming. Every nerve in Lucy's body was alight with sensation, each muscle fiber contracting and expanding in a symphony of ecstasy. She threw her head back, her mouth opening in a silent scream as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure wracked her body. Her legs buckled, but she remained standing, held upright by the sheer force of the transformation. Her hands clenched into fists, her nails digging into her palms as she rode the waves of euphoria.

"Oh God, yes!" Lucy roared, her voice a mixture of desperation and triumph. Her body was no longer her own, but she didn't care. The power, the pleasure, the sheer intensity of it all was intoxicating. She could feel herself becoming something more, something greater than human. Her mind, once clouded with fear and doubt, was now clear, focused, and utterly devoted to the source of her transformation.

Finally, the process began to slow. Lucy's body, now a monument to raw, feminine power, shuddered one last time before collapsing to the floor. She lay there, breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling with each labored breath. Her skin glistened with sweat, her muscles twitching as they settled into their new form.

Susan stood over her, stroking her huge dripping cock, a satisfied smile playing on her lips. She had watched the entire transformation with a mixture of pride and hunger. Lucy was no longer just another pathetic friend; she was a masterpiece, a testament to Susan's growing power. She reached down, her fingers brushing against Lucy's sweat-slicked skin, and whispered, "Now, rise."

Lucy's body obeyed before her mind even registered the command. She pushed herself up, her powerful muscles flexing as she rose to her feet. Her hair fell over her face, obscuring one eye, but the other beamed with unwavering loyalty. She stood tall, her new form radiating strength and sensuality, and turned to face Susan.

"Tell me," Susan said, her voice low and commanding. "Who are you? And who am I?"

Lucy's lips curled into a smile, her full, lush lips parting to reveal perfect teeth. Her voice, once timid and uncertain, was now strong and confident. "I am yours, I understand now," she said, her tone reverent. "You are my queen. My Alpha."

Susan's smile widened, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. She stepped closer, her hand reaching out to cup Lucy's chin. "Good," she purred. "Very good."

Lucy's smile mirrored Susan's, her loyalty absolute. She was no longer the frightened, paranoid woman who had fled into the night. She was something new, something powerful. And she belonged to Susan, body and soul.

* * *

"She has gifted another. A creature of faith. Perhaps this is too much, too fast."

"I said as much!"

"Silence! It's too late now. We too committed. All we can do is watch it unfold."

"Emperess guide us."

CHAPTER SIX

Susan stood at the center of the room, her powerful frame radiating dominance, her alien massive 12 inch cock was glistening, pulsing with anticipation. Her eyes were wild, as she motion to Vicky. The eager young disciple understood and guided Lucy forward with a firm grip on her shoulders.

"One more thing," Vicky purred, her voice dripping with longing. "To truly be one of us, you must take it; you must take her glorious cock *in the ass*. You must be filled with her wonderful nectar!" She moaned loudly at the idea.

Lucy's breath hitched. For just a fraction of a second, fear flickered in her eyes—a last, fleeting remnant of the woman she had once been. But she didn't resist. She *couldn't* resist. Her body was already betraying her, trembling not with fear, but with *need*.

"Oh? Y-yes. I will ob—"

"ENOUGH!" Susan's voice cracked through the room like a whip. The urge was too much, her huge balls ached something fierce. She need to unload it all inside her. She needed release. Deep in her core she felt the need to repeat what she had done to Vicky.

Before Lucy could respond, Susan's hands seized her hips, fingers digging into the firm flesh of her ass.

There was no ceremony, no gentle preparation—only raw, brutal *claiming*. With a single, powerful thrust, Susan buried herself inside Lucy's ass to the hilt. Lucy's asshole stretched wide, giving in to the significant girth of Susan's dick.

"SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!"

The sound of flesh meeting flesh filled the room, rhythmic and obscene. Lucy's mouth fell open in a silent scream, her body jerked, pushing back at each thrust. She was beyond caring, beyond thought—lost in a haze of pain and pleasure so intense it bordered on *religious*.

Vicky stepped back, watching with a smirk as she stroked her own newly grown dick, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She remembered her own initiation, the way Susan had *rewritten* her, body and soul. The memory alone was enough to put her on the verge of cumming.

Susan's grip on Lucy tightened, her thrusts growing harder, deeper, *possessive*. Every snap of her hips sent shockwaves through Lucy's body, her muscles clenching, her nerves alight with sensation. She was being *remade*—not just physically, but *fundamentally*.

Then, with a snarl, Susan yanked Lucy's head back by her hair, forcing her spine into a brutal arch. "Take it," she growled. "Take *all* of it."

And Lucy did.

Susan's body tensed, her muscles coiling as she unhailed sharply. Then—*release*. A flood of thick, alien cum surged into Lucy, filling her, *correcting* her. Lucy's eyes rolled back, her mouth slack, drool spilling down her chin as her body convulsed.

"Guh—uh—uh—UH!"

With a final, wet *pop*, Susan withdrew from Lucy's asshole, causing her cock to briefly bob up and down, as more cum splattered across the floor. Lucy collapsed like a puppet with its strings cut, her body twitching, writhing, *transforming*.

This was different from before. Her first change had been muscle and bone—strength and beauty sculpted into something greater. But *this*? This was *anatomical*. This was internal. This was *permanent*.

It was just a nub at first, just a small, fleshy protrusion between her legs. Then—

CRACK!

The sound of tendons stretching, skin splitting, *something new* forcing its way out. Lucy's back arched violently, her entire body bridging off the floor in a perfect, agonized curve.

4 inches.

Her thighs trembled, her toes curling.

6 inches.

A guttural moan tore from her throat, her hands clawing at the floor.

8 inches.

Then—*collapse*.

Lucy flopped on the ground with a shuddering gasp, her body slick with sweat, her chest heaving. For a moment, there was silence, save for the sound of their breathing. Then, after a long moment—

"Rise." Susan's command was absolute, and Lucy obeyed.

Like a newborn baby getting her first glimpse of the world, she pushed herself up, her limbs shaky but strong. She looked down. There, standing proud between her thighs, was her new cock—thick, veined, *alive*. It twitched with every heartbeat, bouncing slightly as blood rushed through it.

And Lucy felt...

Proud.

Horny.

Complete.

Tears welled in her eyes as she looked up at Susan, her goddess, her *Alpha*.

"Thank you," she whispered, her voice breaking with devotion.

Susan smirked, "Come... to the bedroom. Time to celebrate. Time to fuck."

* * *

The steeple of St. Michael's Church loomed over Barb like a silent sentinel, its weathered stone casting long shadows across the gravel path. The late afternoon sun painted the stained-glass windows in hues of crimson and gold, but the beauty of the sight did nothing to ease the storm raging inside her.

Barb stood frozen at the foot of the steps, her fingers clenched around the silver cross hanging from her neck. The metal was warm from her grip, the edges biting into her palm. She barely noticed the pain.

What is happening to me?

The question echoed in her mind, relentless, suffocating. Images flashed behind her eyes—Susan’s muscular, grotesque transformation, her massive... thing. Flashes of Vicky’s new form, and the way her eyes glazed with worship. Was it the chili that Susan fed to them? What was in it? And what happened to Lucy after they parted ways? Is she out there, afraid like her, feeling the same sinful feelings she was?

Then there was the other memory, the one that made her stomach twist with shame: the way her body had *betrayed* her while trying to do laundry, hips grinding against the vibrating machine, pleasure coursing through her like a poison, a wonderful poison.

She shuddered, her breath coming in short, panicked gasps.

This isn’t me. This isn’t who I am.

Barb had always been devout. She prayed every morning, attended Mass without fail, kept her home filled with icons and rosaries. Sin was something to be avoided, something she always *resisted*. But now? Now, her skin felt too tight, her nerves alight with something she couldn’t name—something hungry and *wrong*.

She took a step forward, then stopped.

I can’t go in there.

The thought hit her like a physical blow. She *wanted* to. She *needed* to. Father O’Connell would know what to do. He would listen, he would absolve her, he would *fix* her. But the idea of confessing—of speaking these sins aloud—made her throat close up. What if he saw the truth in her eyes? What if he *knew*? As much as she trusted him, she was deeply afraid of his judgement.

Barb turned around sharply, walking away, her plain white shoes scuffing against the gravel. She would go home. She would pray alone. She would— Her hands moved before she realized it. Fingers trailed up her sides, brushing the curve of her waist, her ribs, her breasts. A soft, involuntary sigh escaped her lips.

No.

Barb's eyes snapped down, horrified. Her own hands were *touching* her, caressing her body like a lover's. She jerked them away as if burned, her face flushing with shame.

Why—?

She hadn't even *realized* she was doing it.

Trembling, she looked back at the church. The heavy oak doors seemed to mock her, promising salvation she didn't deserve.

I have to go in.

Her legs felt like lead, but she forced herself forward, one step at a time. The gravel crunched beneath her feet, each sound deafening in the silence.

I need help.

The thought was a prayer in itself. She reached the large, hand crafted doors, her hand hovering over the handle. For a heartbeat, she hesitated. Then, with a shaky breath, she pushed them open and stepped inside.

* * *

The bedroom was thick with the scent of sweat and cum. The sheets, tangled and damp, clung to the three women as they lay in a tangle of muscles and wavy hair. Susan sat propped against the headboard, her phone glowing in her hand, her sharp eyes scanning the screen with predatory focus. On either side of her, Lucy and Vicky—once ordinary women, now sculpted goddesses of strength and submission—nuzzled against their queen. Their lips traced slow, worshipful kisses along her neck, their hands gliding over her body with reverence, as if touching something cherished.

Vicky's fingers traced the hard ridges of Susan's abs, marveling at the sheer power coiled beneath her skin. Lucy, meanwhile, pressed her full lips against Susan's collarbone, her breath hot and needy. The room was silent except for the occasional wet sound of a kiss or the rustle of sheets.

Then, Lucy spoke.

"What are we?" Her voice was soft, but there was no fear in it now—only curiosity, devotion. "With respect, My Queen... what has happened to us?"

Susan's fingers paused on her phone. Slowly, she set it aside and turned her gaze down to Lucy, her dark eyes gleaming with amusement. She reached out, running her fingers through Lucy's long, sweat-dampened hair, petting her like a favored pet.

"I don't know exactly," Susan admitted, her voice a purr of dominance. "All I *do* know is that some... strange metal orb gifted me this."

Susan flexed as she motioned to herself, referencing her entire body sprawled on the bed. Every muscle in her body tightened in response, her biceps swelling, her abs rippling, her thighs hardening like steel. Lucy and Vicky both shuddered, their bodies reacting instinctively.

"But, I *deserve* it," Susan continued, her voice dropping to a growl. "This is what I am. And you... you are

what I *make* you. Understand?"

Lucy lowered her head, pressing her forehead against Susan's breast in reverence. "Yes. And thank you." Her voice was thick with emotion. "I never knew that this is what I was meant to be... but I do now. I was silly to deny you, Mistress. The thought of it makes me sick now."

"Me too," Vicky echoed, her voice breathy with adoration.

The words should have pleased Susan. And they did—but they also stirred something darker inside her. A flicker of rage, hot and sudden, at the mere *idea* of disobedience. Her fingers, still tangled in Lucy's hair, tightened without warning. In one brutal motion, she yanked both women's heads back, forcing them to look up at her with their throats exposed.

"You'll *never* disobey me," Susan hissed, her grip ironclad. "You *hear*?!"

Lucy and Vicky gasped, their bodies tensing—not in resistance, but in *arousal*. Their pupils dilated, their lips parted, their chests rising and falling faster.

"Yes, my Queen!" they cried in unison.

Susan's grip tightened further, her nails digging into their scalps. "And you will do *anything* I command. Yes? SAY IT!"

"Anything! *Anything*!" they moaned, their voices trembling with need.

Susan could *feel* their submission, their desperation to please her. She could feel their placid nubile cocks press against her thighs, slowly becoming erect again at the thought of pure obedience. She could see the way their powerful bodies—bodies she had *crafted*—quivered under her control. They were strong, yes. But she was *stronger*. The realization sent a bolt of pleasure through her.

I could crush them if I wanted to.

The thought made her moan. Blood rushed into her cock, and her eyes widened as she saw it rise and rise, waking from its brief slumber, clearly more impressive than theirs.

With a final, possessive snarl, she released them, letting their heads drop. All three women were panting now, the air between them charged with desire.

Susan leaned back, her lips curling into a wicked smile. "Now," she murmured, her voice dripping with dark promise. "We have much to do."

She let her hands drift down, tracing idle patterns over Lucy and Vicky's sweat-slicked skin. Their bodies tensed in anticipation, waiting for their queen's next command.

"Time to guide the last little lamb back to the flock."

And then Susan laughed—a low, throaty sound that sent shivers down their spines.

* * *

Barb sat alone on one of the many worn wooden benches inside the church, her fingers nervously tracing the grooves in the pew where countless hands had rested before her. The familiar scent of incense and polished wood usually brought her comfort, but today it felt hollow—like she was some sort of imposter.

She glanced around, taking in the stained-glass windows casting fractured light across the stone floor, the flickering votive candles whispering prayers into the stillness. The quiet should have soothed her.

Instead, it only agitated her more.

What is wrong with me?

Her skin still tingled from earlier, from the way her body had moved without her permission, touching herself like some wanton stranger. The memory made her cheeks burn. She clenched her fists, her nails biting into her palms.

I need to be cleansed.

Her eyes flicked to the confession booth. The red light above the door still glowed—*occupied*. She had been waiting nearly thirty minutes, her resolve fraying with every passing second. Part of her wanted to bolt, to run home and bury herself under her covers at home, ignoring it all. But no. Deep down, under the shame, under the fear, there was her hope. Her faith. She had to do this. Confession was the only option.

But it terrified her.

Finally, the booth's door creaked open. A young man stepped out, his face relaxed, almost serene. He caught sight of Barb and offered a polite nod before walking toward the exit, his footsteps echoing in the empty church.

Barb exhaled shakily. She was alone now. For a moment, she hesitated. The booth loomed before her, its dark interior suddenly feeling less like salvation and more like unbearable judgment, something painful.

What if Father O'Connell thinks I'm a monster?

But she had no choice. Steeling herself, she stood and crossed the aisle, her legs trembling. When she reached the booth, she paused. Barb stood frozen in front of the confession, her fingers twisting the

hem of her sweater. The weight of her secrets pressed down on her, making the simple act of stepping inside feel impossible.

Then, a gentle hand touched her shoulder.

"Barb?"

She turned to see Sister Laura's kind, wrinkled face smiling at her. The elderly nun's eyes were warm with concern. "You seem distressed, my dear. Is everything alright?"

Barb swallowed hard, forcing a weak smile. "Oh, I—I'm just..." She trailed off, unsure how to put her turmoil into words.

Sister Laura gave her shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "Whatever it is, Father O'Connell will listen. Don't be afraid. The Lord's mercy is boundless."

Barb exhaled, some of the tension leaving her body. "Thank you, Sister. I... I really appreciate your advice all these years."

"Of course, child. Now go on." The nun gave her an encouraging nod. "He'll be happy to hear your confession."

Barb took a deep breath, nodded, and turned back to the booth. "Alright. I guess I'll go in, then."

With one last grateful glance at Sister Laura, she stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

* * *

The sleek black car rolled to a stop in front of St. Michael's Church, its engine purring before falling silent. For a moment, nothing moved. Then the passenger door swung open, and *she* emerged.

Susan.

She stood tall—*taller* than before, now a commanding six feet of sculpted muscle and raw femininity. The afternoon sun glinted off her sweat-sheened skin, highlighting every curve, every vein, every impossible swell of her transformed body. Her tight black shirt clung to her like a second skin, the plunging neckline barely containing the heavy swell of her breasts, which had grown fuller, *rounder* since Lucy's recent conversion. The fabric strained with each breath, threatening to rip apart at any moment.

Behind her, the other car doors opened.

Vicky stepped out first, her own towering frame—five foot ten of dense, corded muscle—barely contained in a skintight red top and leggings. Her arms flexed unconsciously as she moved, her biceps pressing against the sleeves. Lucy followed, slightly shorter at five-nine, but no less striking, her toned body moving with newfound grace.

The three women stood together, an unholy trinity of power and seduction. Susan's nostrils flared as she tilted her head, inhaling deeply.

"She's in here," Susan murmured, her voice a low, velvety growl. "I can *sense* it. I can *smell* her."

Vicky and Lucy exchanged a glance, their lips curling into identical smirks before nodding in unison, impressed by their new queen.

The sidewalk erupted in whispers as people stopped mid-step, their eyes widening at the sight of the three women. A middle-aged couple froze as they passed by, the man's jaw going slack as his gaze

locked onto Susan's impossible physique—the way her hips swayed, the hypnotic bounce of her enormous, peach-shaped ass. His wife noticed, her face twisting in outrage before she *slapped* him on the arm.

"Honey!" she hissed.

The man flinched, turning away—but not before stealing one last, longing glance over his shoulder.

Susan didn't even acknowledge him. Her focus was fixed on the church's heavy oak doors. The three women came to a halt at the entrance. Susan reached out, her fingers—long, strong, tipped with manicured nails—brushing against the wood.

"Poor little Barb's hiding in there," she purred, her voice dripping with amusement. "Thinks she can run from what she *really* wants. From what she will become."

A slow, wicked smile spread across her lips. Then, without another word, she pushed the doors open and stepped inside, her disciples following close behind.

* * *

The confession booth was suffocating.

Barb sat hunched on the narrow bench, her knees pressed together, fingers knotted in her lap. The air was thick, the darkness pressing in around her, weighing her down. Through the thin partition, she could only make out the faintest outline of Father O'Connell—a shadow among shadows. She swallowed hard, her throat dry.

"Go ahead, Barb," the priest's voice came, calm and steady. "Just continue. Take your time."

She opened her mouth, then closed it. Where did she even begin?

"I... I don't know if I can say this," she whispered, her voice trembling. "I don't know what you'll think of me. Or what *I'll* think of myself if I say it out loud. Maybe I shouldn't—"

"It's okay," the Father interrupted gently. "Whatever you say, it doesn't leave here. You know that, right? This is how you address the sin and the stresses of your life. Keeping sin inside is never a good thing. Please, take your time. I'm here."

Barb let out a shaky breath. She could do this. She *had* to.

"Well... I have a few friends," she started slowly, her fingers tightening around themselves. " Lucy, Vicki, and... Susan. They mean the world to me, but... something is wrong. Something is *changing*. Susan and Vicki aren't like they were before."

A pause. Then, Father O'Connell replied carefully: "What do you mean?"

She bit her lip. How could she explain this without sounding insane?

"You might think I'm crazy," she murmured, "...I didn't believe in the devil before. Now... I think maybe he exists. Because they've changed into something *horrible*. They're *bigger*. And they have... something else growing from them." Her voice trailed off, the words sticking in her throat.

"Bigger?" the Father repeated, his tone measured. "What do you mean by—"

A sudden *rustle* cut him off.

Barb froze. There was movement on the other side of the partition—fabric shifting, a muffled thump, then silence. Her pulse spiked.

"Father?" she whispered.

No answer.

Then, after a long, tense moment—a *voice*. But not quite like the Father's. This voice was *hushed*, barely more than a breath.

"Continue."

Barb's blood ran cold. That wasn't Father O'Connell, was it? Her hands clenched into fists. Why was the priest *whispering* now? Why did he sound so... different?

But the voice urged her again, soft and insistent: "Go ahead."

She hesitated. Who else could it be? Maybe this was how he worked. She couldn't really say for sure. She hadn't been to confession since she was a child. But, she was feeling too timid, too vulnerable to call him out on it. More importantly, she needed to continue, she needed to unburden herself. So bad. Her words spilling out in a nervous rush.

"They—they have some kind of *appendage*," she stammered. "Growing out of them. And they're stronger, *bigger*, in just a matter of *weeks*. And I... I fear they've done something to *me*."

The memories surged forward unbidden—her body moving without her control, the shameful pleasure she couldn't resist, the way her skin *ached* for things she'd never wanted before. And Susan, looming over her, muscles bulging, with that...thing. That thing. Once she started thinking about it, Susan's thick cock, it was hard to stop picturing it, imagining... touching it.

Barb's hands started to wander on their own, slowly inching between her legs.

"I can't say it," she choked out, shaking her head. "I can't say what I've been doing—"

The voice in the darkness didn't hesitate.

"It's okay," it whispered. "Say it."

Barb's breath hitched. Something was very, very wrong. The urge to flee was overwhelming.

Barb's body moved before her mind could process the danger. She lunged for the door of the confession booth, her fingers scrabbling against the wood, nails digging into the grain as she tried to open it. But it didn't move. She was in a panic now, and shoved her full weight against it. Again, it didn't budge. Not even a tremor.

Something—*someone*—was holding it shut.

A low, throaty laugh slithered through the darkness, muffled but unmistakable. It was coming from *outside*.

The whisper from behind the partition returned, "Go ahead. Say it."

Barb's breath came in ragged gasps, her chest heaving. The voice was getting closer now, more *intimate*.

"What have you been *doing*?" it murmured, dripping with false sympathy. "What have you been *thinking* about? Have you been thinking about *them*? About *her*?" A pause. Then, softer, *hungrier*: "You have, haven't you?"

Barb's mouth opened. No sound came out. She tried to scream, but all that escaped was a choked,

broken whimper. Her lungs burned. Her vision blurred at the edges. She was trapped.

And then—*the smell*.

It hit her like a physical force, thick and cloying, flooding the cramped space. Spicy, musky, *familiar*. *The chili*. Her stomach twisted. Memories of that night crashed over her—the way she'd devoured Susan's cooking, moaning between bites, her body alight with pleasure she couldn't explain. Her head spun. The scent was *everywhere*, seeping into her pores, clouding her thoughts.

Then—*movement*. The thin partition in the booth curved slightly. Barb's eyes snapped toward the slit in the screen just as something *pressed* against it from the other side. Not a hand. Not a face. *Something else*. The material between them *stretched*, the slit widening with a sickening *creak* as the thing behind it forced its way through. A meaty dick. A thick cock. Veined. Throbbing. *Alive*.

It pushed forward more, inch by obscene inch, glistening under the dim light, the head swollen and flushed. A dollop of precum beaded at its tip. Twelve inches of pulsating, pink flesh, revealed itself now, like a creature emerging from its hovel.

Barb's body locked in place, paralyzed by terror—and something else. The smell was *stronger* now. Her skin prickled. Her thighs trembled. And against her will, a traitorous warmth pooled inside her pussy.

No. No, no, no—

The voice behind the partition dropped all pretense. Susan's laughter, rich and dark, filled the booth.

"What's wrong, little lamb?" she crooned, her tone dripping with mock concern. "It's okay. You don't need a *father* to confess your sins."

A wet, slick sound as the appendage twitched, swaying closer, aiming for her mouth. Two large testicles followed behind it, spilling out from behind the broken barrier.

"*Mother* is here."

Barb jerked her head away at the last second, but it was too late. The tip grazed her cheek, leaving a hot, sticky trail in its wake. She whimpered. And then the scent *exploded* in her lungs, flooding her system, drowning her in a wave of dizzying, *blissful* heat.

Her thoughts scattered. Why... why did this feel *good*? She *should* be screaming. She *should* be fighting more. But as the appendage withdrew slightly, teasing, *taunting*, all Barb could do was stare and breathe it in.

Her lips parted, she lean forward slightly, and let the very tip enter her face.

Barb's eyes flew wide as the slick, throbbing tip slipped itself past her lips, stretching her mouth open with a single, fluid motion. A muffled moan vibrated in her throat, her fingers clawing at the wooden bench beneath her. Then—*bliss*.

Barb's world had narrowed to the sensation of the appendage plunging between her lips, the way it stretched her mouth obscenely wide, the way her tongue *moved* on its own, lapping at the throbbing head as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

The first dollop of seed hit her tongue, thick and warm, and the world *shattered*.

A single, thick dollop of it—warm, salty-sweet, *bliss* in liquid form. It coated her tongue, seeped into her taste buds, and *oh God*, the *rush*—

Her eyes rolled back.

Her jaw went slack.

And suddenly, she was *helping*.

Her hands, which had been clenched at her sides, now drifted forward—one cupping the heavy, swollen base of the shaft, massaging the throbbing flesh there, while the other slid between her own thighs, fingers pressing against the damp fabric of her panties.

More. More. More.

The thing in her mouth moved like a piston, deeper, its rhythm growing faster, more insistent. It shoved itself to the back of her throat, making her gag, but the discomfort was distant, unimportant compared to the *pleasure*, the *rightness* of it.

Her nostrils flared as she breathed hard through her nose, her body rocking forward to meet each thrust, her lips stretched taut around the girth of it.

Deeper. Deeper.

The throbbing thing fucked her mouth with wet, repetitive *slaps*, the sound muffled in the cramped space. Drool spilled down her chin, mixing with the sweat beading on her flushed skin. Her breasts heaved, her nipples stiff beneath her blouse, and between her legs, her fingers worked her clit in frantic circles, chasing the pleasure coiling tighter and tighter inside her. Her sloppy wet pussy caused a pool to form on the beach, which in turn dripped down to the ground. Drip Drip.

Then—a *twitch*.

The appendage pulsed violently in her grasp, swelling, *throbbing*.

Barb's body understood before her hazy mind did.

It's coming.

Her fingers dug into her thighs as the first spurt hit the back of her throat—thick, hot, *endless*. She swallowed reflexively, but there was too much, *too much*—it spilled from the corners of her lips, emerged from her nostrils, her body convulsing as Susan's seed flooded her whole system.

Her vision whited out.

Her back arched.

And as she drank, she changed.

* * *

Sister Laura moved with a slow, practiced rhythm, her wrinkled hands carefully folding the heavy embroidered altar cloths. Each fold was precise, a meditation with fabric, a silent prayer in action.

She hummed softly, the melody of "Amazing Grace" a familiar comfort in the stillness. Her mind was a gentle checklist of duties. The vestments needed to be put away, the silver chalice and paten polished for tomorrow's early Mass, and then she needed to review the floral arrangements for the Henderson wedding next week. It was to be a grand event, and the bishop himself might attend. The thought was not daunting, but a point of peaceful focus. She hoped the lilies would arrive fresh.

A faint sound echoed from the main body of the church.

Sister Laura's hands stilled atop the smooth white linen. Her humming ceased. She tilted her head, listening. The old building often spoke its own language—the groan of settling timber, the skitter of a mouse in the walls, the wind whistling through a loose pane of stained glass.

This was different.

It was a low, guttural moan, followed by a solid, deep *thud*, like a sack of grain hitting the floor. It was muffled and distant, but it was unmistakably human. And it came from the direction of the nave.

A frown creased her brow. Perhaps it was young Tommy from the choir, who sometimes stayed late to practice and had a knack for tripping over his own feet. Or maybe Mr. Gable, the stooped old caretaker, had dropped his keys again.

She took a half-step toward the sacristy door, her hand pausing on the cool iron handle. Her instinct, honed over sixty years of service, was to go and help. To offer a steadying arm or a kind word.

But then another thought, quieter and more weary, intervened. The sound had already faded, swallowed by the immense silence of the church. There was no cry for help, no following commotion. If it was Tommy, he was likely already scrambling up, embarrassed. If it was Mr. Gable, he was a proud man and would not appreciate being fussed over.

It was probably nothing. Just the old bones of the church, or a bit of mischief she was too old to bother with. The world was full of strange noises, and not every one required an investigation. She had her work to do, her quiet rituals that kept the heart of this place beating steadily. The wedding preparations wouldn't complete themselves.

Sister Laura released the handle. She turned back to the linen press, her fingers finding their task once more. She took a slow, deep breath, the scent of polish and piety filling her lungs.

She began to hum again.

* * *

The world was a haze of sensation, a roaring fire in her veins. Barb's body was no longer her own; it was

a vessel being remade, a lump of clay being kneaded and reformed. Every nerve ending screamed, not in agony, but in an overload of raw, transformative power.

A violent spasm wracked her frame, her back arching off the narrow bench of the confession booth. The wood groaned in protest. Her muscles, once soft and yielding, now writhed and bulged beneath her skin, expanding in thick, pulsating waves. The simple floral print of her blouse strained, the fabric screaming as seams split with a series of sharp, ripping sounds. A button shot off like a bullet, pinging against the dark wood of the booth before disappearing into the shadows.

A guttural moan was torn from her throat, a sound of profound distress that was quickly choked off as another wave of change crashed over her. The bench beneath her creaked as she became heavier by the second. She felt the bones in her pelvis shift, her hips flaring outwards as the muscles of her glutes thickened and hardened, swelling into two immense, perfectly sculpted orbs. The fabric of her skirt, once loose, was now stretched taut, the sound of the seam at the hip giving way a muffled tear in the cacophony of her own gasps.

Her chest heaved, not just from the effort, but from the pressure building within. Her breasts, once modest, swelled against the confines of her bra and the tattered remains of her blouse. They felt heavy, dense, blossoming outward and upward until they were large, round, and juicy. The clasp of her bra snapped, and the feeling of release was immediately followed by the exquisite pressure of their continued growth, filling her hands when she instinctively clutched at them.

Her initial cries of confusion and fear began to morph into something less defiant. The Susan's seed flooding her system was rewriting her neural pathways, translating shock and pain into ecstasy.

"Wait... n.... no..." she gasped, the words slurred and thick. Another pulse of growth made her thighs slam together, the new muscle there solid and veined. "W- wait. Mmmmm."

Her resistance was a dam made of sand, a futile barrier. It crumbled instantly.

"Yyyyyessss," the word escaped as a long, shuddering sigh. Her head lolled back against the wall, a delirious smile spreading across her lips. "Yes yes yes."

She looked down, her vision clearing for a moment. Her arms became thicker, powerful, with cords of muscle and rivers of blue veins rising to the surface of her now-tanned skin. She saw her thighs become pillars of strength, her calves become taut and defined. The last few shudders racked her body, a final, seismic release that was both a culmination of the transformation and a powerful, wrenching orgasm that made her toes curl in her sensible shoes.

And then, it was over.

Silence.

Barb sat in the wreckage of her clothes and the confines of the booth, breathing heavily. The air was thick with the scent of sweat and cum. She was a vision of impossible power, a world-class athlete with the voluptuous curves of a fertility goddess. Her DD breasts rose and fell with each deep, satisfied breath, and the tattered rags of her blouse and skirt hung off her magnificent new form like ceremonial ribbons.

She inhaled deeply, the oxygen feeling purer, more potent. She let out a slow, guttural moan of satisfaction.

Her eyes, now a sharper, more focused shade of blue, refocused on the huge cock that still hovered before her. The fear was gone, burned away in the fire of her change. In its place was a profound sense of reverence, a deep, cellular understanding. This was not a monster. This was a part of her now, a connection to something greater, a source of unimaginable pleasure and power. She felt linked to it, to the presence behind it, to the new truth of her own glorious body.

A splintering crack shattered the silence of the confession booth. From the jagged opening of the shredded partition, powerful, familiar fingers curled around the ruined wood. With a violent, effortless wrench, the entire partition was torn away, its remnants clattering to the floor in a heap of splintered plywood and twisted cloth.

Dim light from the church's nave spilled into the booth, illuminating the figure standing triumphantly

where the priest would have been.

Susan.

She stood, a magnificent and terrifying idol, her muscular form barely contained by her clothing. A sadistic, possessive smile played on her full lips. Her eyes, gleaming with conquest, roamed over Barb's transformed body with open hunger. In her hand, she slowly, deliberately stroked her thick, veined dick.

Barb gasped, but the sound held no terror. The sight of Susan, of *her Alpha*, sent a jolt of pure, undiluted adoration through her. It was a longing so deep it felt like a physical ache, a love so absolute it eclipsed every other emotion she had ever known. An undeniable pull, a biological imperative to submit, washed over her.

"Look at you now," Susan purred, her voice a velvet whip. "How lovely. What do you think?"

Almost against her will, Barb's eyes dropped to her own body. She took in the powerful sweep of her thighs, the hard ridge of her abdomen, the heavy, perfect swell of her breasts. A shudder of profound satisfaction rippled through her. Was it from the sight itself, or from the sheer, intoxicating pleasure of obeying Susan's command?

She looked up, her new blue eyes wide with a mixture of awe and confusion. "I'm... amazing. W- what have you done to me?"

Susan's smile vanished. She didn't shout, but her voice dropped into a tone of such absolute authority that it felt like a physical blow. "Turn around."

The command hit Barb's core like a lightning strike. Every muscle in her magnificent new body went rigid for a split second before moving of its own accord, pivoting smoothly to present her back to her queen. Simply obeying felt indescribably good, a rightness that soothed her confused mind.

"Now," Susan said, her voice dripping with dark promise. "It's time to complete you, my precious."

Barb smiled, the expression blissful and vacant. The need to question had been burned away, replaced by a craving for approval.

"Where's your God now, Barb?"

The smile on Barb's face faltered. The question was a cold splash of water on the fire of her transformation. Deep within, a ghost of her old self stirred. The power of a lifetime of faith, a pillar that had once been her entire world, flickered weakly. It conflicted violently with the overwhelming desire to be strong, to be sexual, to obey Susan's every whim. "I... I..." she stammered, a war raging in her soul.

Susan didn't wait for an answer. She shoved Barb forward, bending her powerful new form over the ruined confessional bench. A sharp tear echoed in the small space as Susan ripped away the last shred of her panties, exposing her dripping cunt and tight pink asshole. Barb shuddered, a complex cocktail of pleasure, confusion, anticipation, and horror coursing through her.

Susan rubbed the head of her cock against Barb's ass, teasing her. "This," Susan hissed, "is your new God now."

The war inside Barb reached its climax. Her old ideals, her prayers, her devotion—they crumbled under the visceral, undeniable truth of the pleasure Susan offered. *Where was her God now?* The question echoed. Nowhere. He had abandoned her to this. When had He ever truly helped her? The foundation of decades vanished in a few seconds of brutal epiphany.

"Say it," Susan commanded, applying more pressure. "What is your new God?"

Barb licked her lips, the last vestige of resistance melting away. "Y- your cock," she whispered, the words feeling both sacrilegious and utterly true.

"What? I can't hear you?!" Susan taunted, withdrawing slightly.

"Your cock!" Barb screamed, the declaration tearing from her throat, a renunciation of everything she had been.

Susan's smile returned, wider and more triumphant than ever. "And who do you worship now?"

Barb's eyes went wide, the final piece clicking into place. "You! I worship you!"

"Good girl," Susan cooed. "Time for your gift."

Barb squealed, "Yes! Fuck me, my queen! Use me! I renounce my old God! Fuck him! Useless! You are my one and only. Your cock is my new God. Oh please! Put my new God inside me! I need to feel God inside me!"

Her prayer was answered not with light, but with a single, powerful, claiming thrust.

* * *

"Another? In less than one of their full Earth cycles?"

"Yes."

"Amazing that she can created so much fluid in so little time. These earth creatures are responding like nothing we've ever seen."

"Yes! That's what I keep saying! We should-"

"No! Continue. I want to see what happens next."

CHAPTER SEVEN

The last sliver of late afternoon sun had retreated from the high, stained-glass windows, leaving the sanctuary bathed in the soft, dusty glow of the eternal flame and a few strategically placed sconces. Sister Laura carefully wiped down the wooden credence table with a soft cloth, the scent of lemon oil a clean, familiar comfort. Her mind, finally quieting after the day's small chores, drifted toward the mundane comforts of evening—the leftover chicken and dumplings in her refrigerator, the novel waiting on her nightstand, the gentle rhythm of her nightly prayers.

It was then that the silence broke.

A voice, female but unnaturally deep, a resonant alto that vibrated with a physical force, sliced through the peaceful hush. "What? I can't hear you!"

Laura froze, the cloth still in her hand. That was not the voice of a penitent seeking solace. It was a voice accustomed to command, thick with a strange, husky tension. It seemed to come from the general direction of the nave. Setting the cloth down silently, she moved to the sacristy door, her heart a quiet, anxious flutter in her chest.

She peered out. The vast space was empty, the rows of pews stretching out like silent, waiting witnesses. The only movement was the dance of dust motes in the dim light. Perhaps it was her imagination, the tired fancies of an old woman. She was about to turn back, to dismiss the sound, when

she heard it again.

Thwack.

A sharp, wet, percussive sound that was unmistakably organic. It was followed by the same low voice, now a guttural murmur. "That's it... don't fight it."

Every nerve in Sister Laura's body went taut. Her eyes, sharp despite her years, scanned the shadows and landed unerringly on the row of oak confessionals. And she remembered. Barbara. Sweet, troubled Barb, who had looked so pale and frightened, had entered the last booth on the right. How long had it been? Forty minutes? An hour? Confessions did not take this long.

Her feet, clad in soft-soled shoes, carried her forward without a sound. She moved down the center aisle, her usual slow and measured pace quickening with each step. The air itself felt different—thicker, charged with an energy that was alien to this hallowed space. It was the feeling of a storm gathering behind stained glass.

She was halfway there when another voice joined the first. "You... I worship you." It was a moan of utter submission, a sound of ecstatic surrender. Sister Laura stopped dead. She knew that cadence, that particular inflection. It was Barb's way of speaking. But the *voice*... it was Barb's soul filtered through a different instrument—deeper, richer, thrumming with a power that made the fine hairs on Laura's arms stand on end.

The commanding voice purred in response, a sound of dark, possessive pleasure. "Good girl. Time for your gift."

Gift? The word echoed in Laura's mind, cold and wrong. This was not the language of absolution. This was not the gentle guidance of Father O'Connell. A cold knot of dread tightened in her stomach. The sanctity of the confessional was absolute, a pillar of her faith. To interrupt was a profound transgression. But this... this was a desecration. The sounds emanating from the booth were not of prayer, but of some profane ritual.

She stood only a few feet from the ornately carved door now, her body trembling with the conflict between a lifetime of discipline and a rising, motherly terror for the woman inside. The debate was a silent scream in her mind.

It was ended by a cry from within the booth.

It was the voice that was Barb's and not Barb's, a raw, piercing shriek that tore through the church's silence, a sound of such frenzied, blasphemous devotion that it seemed to crack the very foundations of Sister Laura's world.

"I NEED TO FEEL GOD INSIDE ME! YOU'RE MY ONE AND ONLY!"

The words hit her like a physical blow, sucking the air from her lungs. Sacrilege. Madness. Profanity. In that instant, protocol was incinerated by a holy, protective fury. This was no longer a confession. This was a violation.

With a strength born of sheer desperation, Sister Laura lunged the final step. Her gnarled hand, usually so gentle, closed like a vise around the cold iron handle of the confessional door. She took one last, sharp breath, a silent prayer for the soul inside, and yanked it open.

The sight that met her eyes made her gasp, a strangled, helpless sound. Her hands flew to her mouth, her eyes widening in sheer, uncomprehending horror.

The world narrowed to the space inside the confessional. The scent that hit Sister Laura first was not of the church, but of sin and corruption—a thick, musky perfume of sweat, sex, and something else, something electric and alien, like the air after a lightning strike.

Her mind, trained for decades to find order and sanctity, shattered at the sight.

Barbara was there, facing the door, facing her, but she was a grotesque parody of the timid, devout

woman who had entered. She was crammed into the small space, her large hands pushed at the sides of its walls, anchoring her to the stall. Her simple floral blouse was a torn web of fabric, stretched to its absolute limit and beyond over a torso that was now a masterwork of hard, defined muscle. Her shoulders were broad and powerful, her arms thick and veined, and beneath the tattered cloth, the severe, sculpted ridges of a bodybuilder's abdomen were clearly visible.

But this raw power was fused with a hyper-exaggerated, almost cartoonish femininity. Her breasts, impossibly large, round, and pert, strained against the ruined fabric, their perfect, heavy swell defying gravity. Below a cinched waist, her hips flared, and her ass—toned, wide, and impossibly plump—filled the space, two globes pressing against the figure behind her.

And Barbara's face... it was contorted, but not in the pain or shame. It was a mask of crazed, transcendent ecstasy. Her head bobbed forward and back with a brutal, rhythmic force, driven by the powerful thrusts coming from behind her. Her lips were swollen, her eyes rolled back in her head, showing mostly the whites, and a line of glistening saliva dripped from her chin. With each inward thrust, a guttural, choking moan was punched out of her, a sound of utter, willing surrender.

Sister Laura's horrified gaze traveled past Barbara, into the deeper shadows of the booth. There, she saw *her*.

It was a woman, but more, a magnified and perfected version of the new Barbara. She was larger, even more densely muscled, her own body a landscape of terrifying power and voluptuous curves. She couldn't quite make out what she was wearing, but her skin slick and gleaming with a layer of perspiration. Her face was also obscured by shadow, but Laura could see the powerful set of her jaw, the corded muscles in her neck straining as she moved.

And she was moving. Her hips, powerful and piston-like, drove forward with relentless force, smacking against Barbara's ample backside with a wet, fleshy *thwack* that Sister Laura now recognized. She was fucking Barbara, hard. She was the source of this sin, the engine of this profanity. One powerful, muscular arm was wrapped around Barbara's waist, holding her in place, while the other hand was tangled in Barbara's hair, guiding the frantic, involuntary motion of her head.

Sister Laura could make out the edges of something big and meaty entering Barbara's pussy. She could see it slide in and out of her, like a mutated worm entering some fertile soil. The Sister could also see a

pair of large pendulous testicles hanging from the woman behind Barbara, swinging subtly with the motion, tapping repeatedly against her thick and spread thighs.

They were a single, sweating, convulsing organism of flesh and muscles, a living blasphemy enacted in the very heart of God's house.

The world seemed to hold its breath.

Then, Barbara's rolling eyes somehow focused. They locked directly onto Sister Laura's horrified stare. The ecstasy on her face did not diminish; it intensified, curving her lips into a wide, blissful, and utterly insane smile. Her body continued to be jolted and used, but her voice, that deep, powerful, unfamiliar voice, cut through the obscene noise, clear and mocking.

"Hello, Sister Laura."

All pretenses of quiet sanctity, of secrecy, shattered as the confessional door was ripped off and flung aside by Barbara. For a horrifying, suspended moment, Sister Laura's mind refused to process the tableau before her. It was a blasphemy rendered in living flesh.

Then, the woman behind Barbara moved.

With a powerful, possessive grip on Barbara's newly sculpted, meaty thighs, the woman pushed forward, forcing them both out of the cramped darkness of the booth and into the open vastness of the church nave. The frame of the opening cracked and broke in places, too small to contain the size of each of them as they passed through. The connection between them, her cock in Barbara's pussy, was maintained, a grotesque and intimate tether that made Laura's stomach lurch. They stumbled into the warm light, a tangled, sweating monument of raw power and lust.

The woman fucking Barbara was completely naked, and her true form was a terrifying revelation. She was well over six feet tall, a giantess of sinew and muscle, every contour of her body a testament to impossible strength. Her skin, slick with perspiration, gleamed like oiled marble in the soft light. As she

straightened to her full, formidable height, her back arched in a powerful curve, the muscles in her shoulders and back rippling with each movement. This was normal, thought Sister Laura, this was some a dark creature of wicked desire.

And it was relentless. Her hips pistoned, driving her thick, veined cock deeper into Barbara's needy cunt with a force that was both brutal and practiced. The sound of their bodies meeting was no longer a muffled *thwack* from within the booth. Now, in the echoing chamber of the church, each impact reverberated like a thunderclap, a booming, wet slap that seemed to shake the very pews. *Boom. Boom. Boom.* The sound was a profane drumbeat echoing under the vaulted ceiling, drowning out the memory of whispered prayers.

Barbara, her own powerful body now a canvas of glistening sweat, was lost to the rhythm. Her head was thrown back, her new, lush hair whipping with the force of the thrusts. Her muscular arms flailed, then found purchase on the floor, her fingers scraping against the cold stone as she braced herself, hinged forward, bent over. Her moans were not of pain, but of frantic, mindless encouragement, raw and guttural. The two of them were a single, writhing entity, a cyclone of spasming muscle and jerking limbs, moving with a violent, earnest hunger.

The thrusts intensified, the tempo accelerating from a powerful rhythm to a frenzied, machine-like pace. Sweat flew from their bodies with every collision, sprinkling through the air like a foul, sparkling mist. A bead of it landed on Sister Laura's cheek, cold and shocking.

The nun fell back onto her backside with a thud. She couldn't move. She could only stare, paralyzed. Her world, which had been built upon a foundation of scripture, ritual, and quiet faith, was collapsing into a nightmare of primal, grinding flesh. The scent of sex and sweat, thick and musky, filled the air, replacing the faint comforting aroma of incense.

Her lips, numb and trembling, parted. The words that emerged were a breathless, broken whisper, a final, desperate plea to a God who suddenly felt very, very far away.

"Dear God," she muttered, her voice lost in the cacophony, "no."

And through it all, Barbara's eyes were locked on Sister Laura.

There was no shame in that gaze. No apology. Only a blazing, zealous ecstasy that was more terrifying than any demonic visage Laura could have imagined. Her face was a mask of transcendent pleasure, her lips parted, her breath coming in ragged, powerful gasps that syncopated with the rhythm of her violation—or her consecration.

“Witness me, Sister,” Barbara’s voice was a low, throbbing hum, each word fractured by the jarring impact of Susan’s hips against her own. “Witness.” Her voice was slow and deliberate. “Witness as my goddess gives me her gift.”

Laura’s mouth opened and closed, a fish gasping on a holy shore. Her hand fluttered to her chest, searching for the cross that felt suddenly impotent, a trinket against this raw, tainted power.

“I have found a new thing to worship, Sister,” Barbara continued, a beatific smile breaking through her strained expression. “And it is so glorious and good... and it’s so *giving*.” The last word stretched into a long, shuddering moan.

Tears welled in Laura’s eyes, blurring the monstrous tableau further. She tried to look away, to find the crucifix above the altar, but Barbara’s gaze was a magnet, pulling her back into this waking nightmare.

Barbara’s eyes, gleaming with unshed tears of pleasure, never wavered. Her voice took on a tone of ritualistic deference. “May I tell her, my Alpha? May I tell her what you are doing to me, Susan?”

The name confused Sister Laura. Susan? Barbara’s friend? Surely this can’t be the same woman she often spoke about.

From behind her, Susan’s voice, a silken whip-crack of authority, cut through the heavy air. “Yes.”

The permission was a catalyst. As Susan’s movements intensified, the pace becoming a frantic, pounding storm, Barbara’s voice rose to meet it. She began to shout, her words a desperate, fervent prayer to a new and hungry god, trying to be heard over the hurricane of sex.

“I AM BEING BAPTIZED!” she screamed, the sound tearing through the sacred silence. “YOU WILL GET TO WITNESS! MY NEW BIRTH! I WILL BE BORN AGAIN IN THE IMAGE OF MY MISTRESS! IN THE IMAGE OF MY ALPHA!”

Laura squeezed her eyes shut, but the sound was inescapable.

“SHE WILL GIVE ME THE GLORIOUS GIFT! SEE ME! SEE ME NOW! WITNESS IT! WITNESS ME!”

The force of the act became seismic. Barbara’s powerful arms, veins cording along the defined muscle, flung out to her sides, her palms slapping against the air in a cruciform pose of ecstatic surrender. Her head snapped back, her throat a taut, offering arc, a silent, rapturous scream etched upon her features.

“OH, PRAISE BE! PRAISE BE SHE! ALL WILL PRAISE IT!”

Then, in one final, cataclysmic motion, it culminated. Susan drove forward with a force that seemed to lift Barbara’s entire, powerful body from the floor. The two figures locked together, frozen in a single, impossible moment of supreme tension. Barbara, arms outstretched, head thrown back, was suspended—a twisted, living icon of a profane crucifixion, a statue of flesh captured at the precipice of what was about to happen.

A brief moment of silence. Then.

A guttural, wrenching cry was torn from Susan’s throat, a sound of pure, unadulterated release that was less human and more elemental, like the cracking of a mountain. Her body, pressed flush against Barbara’s ripe ass, began to shake with a violence that was both brutal and sensual. It was a quaking, a quivering that spoke of a pleasure so immense its expenditure was a earthshattering event.

Barbara’s reaction was instantaneous and visceral. Her eyes, once locked on Sister Laura, rolled back into her skull, a canvas of pure, mindless sensation. Her tongue, pink and distended, lolled from her mouth, dripping streams of saliva onto the swell of her chest. She was being filled, claimed in the most fundamental way possible.

And it showed.

Beneath the taut, sweat-sheened skin of Barbara's lower abdomen, a subtle but undeniable rounding began to occur. It was as if a small, firm balloon was being inflated deep within her, pushing outward against her muscle wall, a visible testament to the torrent being unleashed inside her. Yet, miraculously, her pose held. Her arms remained outstretched in their profane T-formation, her head was still thrown back in offering, her body a vessel enduring a holy storm.

Then the convulsions took her. Her entire form began to spasm, violent, jerking motions that should have thrown her to the ground completely. But some unseen force kept her locked in position. From her gaping mouth, a sound emerged that would haunt Sister Laura for the rest of her God fearing days. It was a drone, a low, steady, unrelenting moan of absolute ecstasy that seemed to have no need for breath. It was the sound of a soul being rewritten, a steady tone of pleasure so intense it bypassed the need for modulation.

And still, Susan came.

It was too much. The volume of seed was more than Barbara's transformed body could contain. A trickle began from their joined forms, then a stream, and then vast, copious rivers of the thick, opalescent fluid poured out, splattering onto the stone floor between Barbara's powerful thighs. It fell in great, viscous sheets, splashing, pooling, a growing puddle of biological sacrament that gleamed in the church light. The convulsions continued, each spasm forcing out another wave.

It was in the midst of this liquid chaos that Sister Laura's horrified gaze, drifting over the obscene spectacle, caught a new aberration. Below Barbara's belly, at her crotch, the topmost of her stretched pussy, there was a small, fleshy nub. Her clit... but swollen and odd.

As Susan's cum continued to flood Barbara, the glistening nub began to change more.

It swelled, thickening and lengthening in a series of short, pulsating spurts. Each violent jerk of Barbara's body seemed to fuel its growth, edging it onward. A centimeter, then two, then more. Laura watched,

her mind refusing to process the reality, as the clit elongated into a meaty, pink cylinder. A distinct, helmet-like head began to form at its tip, and still it grew, pushing outward from her cunt, like some monstrous, parasitic pink plant seeking the sun.

The sound was not just the splashing of fluid now, but a wet, tearing, stretching noise—the sound of skin and tissue being stress tested. The cylinder thickened, gaining girth, its surface becoming textured with a web of pulsing blue veins. It was a thing of both flesh and purpose, growing with a terrifying, inevitable certainty.

Barbara, amidst the chaos, felt a strange new urge inside her loins. The feeling that something wanted out, something wonderful. So she let it happen, she pushed it out with some internal muscle she'd never had... until now. Suddenly, she was cumming. Her newly formed cock squirting streaks of virgin semen. It felt amazing, feeling the stuff race up and out of her dick; and it felt even better knowing that as she spewed cum for the first time, her Alpha, her God, was doing the same thing inside of her.

The spasms became a final, violent crescendo, a last, jerking dance of creation, and with them, the fleshy appendage gave a final, surging push. It reached its full, horrifying maturity: a thick, veined, and throbbing shaft, a full eight inches of new, potent flesh, twitching with a life of its own. It stood erect from her crotch, a glistening, proud, and utterly unnatural testament to what she had become. And just before the transformation was complete, a last squirt of cum shot out of Barbara's dick and landed on Sister Laura's face, too shocked to noticed.

As if a circuit had been completed, the torrent of cream from Susan ceased too. The convulsions subsided. A great, simultaneous breath was released by both women, a long, shuddering exhalation that whispered throughout the church.

They relaxed, but only slightly. Susan remained pressed against Barbara, their bodies gleaming, panting in the aftermath. Barbara's arms lowered slowly, her head lolled forward, her eyes remained closed, her chest heaving in satisfied breaths. They stood there, wreathed in the scent of sex and transformation, basking in the silent, awful glory of what had just been birthed.

Barbara opened her eyes and smiled.

Sister Laura mumble something and then fainted.

* * *

"Progress. She has breached the mental barrier that humans call... faith."

"And that is significant?"

"Faith is allows them to harden their belief, solidify their loyalties. For better or worse. Yes... it is significant."

"Emperess guide us."

CHAPTER EIGHT

The living room was a cathedral of new flesh.

Susan sat at the center of the couch, a throne of worn leather that now seemed comically small. Her body was a landscape of size and power—broad, sculpted shoulders, a torso cut with deep abdominal ridges, thighs like tree trunks. And between them, rising, her cock stood rigid, a thick, veined column of flesh that pulsed with a slow, living rhythm. Her hand moved on it in a lazy, possessive stroke, up and down the gleaming length.

On either side of her, Vicky and Lucy mirrored the motion. They were naked, their bodies nearly as transformed—broad shoulders, flared hips, heavy breasts with nipples that stood thick and dark. Their own cocks, impressive and erect, were sheathed in their fists, stroking in time, ignoring the news anchor's droning voice from the widescreen television.

At Susan's feet, Barb knelt on the carpet. Her palms were pressed together in prayer, but her eyes were open, fixed in worshipful adoration on Susan's shaft. Her lips moved in silent devotion. Her own body, as massively built as the others, trembled with a need that was both spiritual and fiercely physical.

Off to the side, standing stiff as a soldier, was Mark. He was clad head-to-toe in tight, black leather that gleamed under the lamplight. A large, polished metal bowl was held in both hands, waiting. He was thinner now, his face gaunt, his eyes vacant. He had quit his job. He had severed every tie. He was just... *here*.

"My alpha queen," Vicky stated, her voice a low, pleased purr. Her hand slid up her own length, a smooth motion that made the muscles in her arm dance. "I think we need a bigger couch."

Susan's gaze drifted from the TV. She looked to her left at Vicky, then to her right at Lucy. She took in the sheer bulk of them. The couch cushions were compressed, their powerful hips and thighs spilling over the edges. They had all grown in the past week. Taller. Wider. *More*. Their breasts were heavy and full, nipples alert and perpetually erect. Susan was the largest, towering over the others even when seated. Vicky was next, her conversion granting her a head start. Lucy and Barb were still catching up, their bodies subtly swelling day by day.

"Yes," Susan said, smiling, her voice a resonant rumble that vibrated in the air. "I think we do." She let her head roll back against the couch, her stroking pace increasing slightly. "In fact..." She looked around the room—the standard suburban furniture, the family photos now boxed away, the generic art. "I think we may need a bigger place altogether."

Her attention drifted back to the television. The news was a blur of strife and anger. A segment flashed—men shouting at a rally, faces twisted with resentment. A familiar, hateful rhetoric. Clips played of rallies, crowds watching a particular orange skinned president speaking with grandiose bluster. A chyron read: 'The Masculinity Debate: Crisis or Correction?'

Susan's hand stilled on her cock. A low noise of disgust built in her throat.

"I hate what this world is becoming," she announced. The others' strokes slowed, their attention fully hers. "God, listen to them. Men whining about being victims. Clinging to their pathetic, crumbling little kingdoms." She leaned forward, her eyes blazing with that familiar amber light. "If only they could feel the power I possess. The *truth* of strength. I would love to cum down every one of their throats. I would love to turn each and every one into what my lovely husband has become."

She didn't even look at Mark. "A stupid, obedient meat puppet."

A collective moan rose from the couch. Vicky's breath hitched. Lucy's hips gave an involuntary jerk. Barb's silent prayer broke into a soft, whimpering sigh.

Barb opened her eyes, a beatific smile fixed on her face. She leaned forward, her worship moving from silent to physical. Her hands left their prayer position and gently cradled Susan's balls, weighing them. Then she leaned in, her tongue, pink and eager, licking from base to tip.

Susan hissed, her back arching. "Yes. Imagine it," she growled, her thoughts spilling out as she watched Barb work. "A world where all men just bend the knee. Where we subdue them with these..." She flexed her free arm, the bicep swelling into a perfect, hard globe. "Where we break their pretense with our strength and fuck it right out of them. We take their little dainty asses and we *fill* them. We cum inside them like they deserve. We own them. We *rule* them."

She looked at Vicky, then Lucy. "Don't you agree, my lovelies?"

"Yes, Prime," Vicky groaned, her fist flying faster on her shaft.

"We deserve it all," Lucy gasped, her head thrown back, her neck corded.

"We do," Susan breathed, her own hand matching their frantic pace. Barb was sucking earnestly now, taking the head into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing. The wet, rhythmic sound filled the room, louder than the TV. "We need a bigger couch. A bigger home. Bigger *everything*. We must expand. We must create more... more of *him*."

She finally glanced at Mark, standing with his bowl. A concept solidified in her mind, pure and perfect.

"Worm," she said. The word hung in the air. "That's it. He shall be called Worm. They all should be. That is the new title for men. *Worms*."

The idea, the degradation of it, sent a new, vicious thrill through them all. Their moans climbed in pitch.

"Imagine it," Susan panted, her thrusts into her own hand becoming short, frantic jerks. "A world of Worms. And us... their Queens. Their *gods*. Oh, fuck... oh, fuck yes..."

They were all nearing the edge. Vicky's free hand grabbed her own tit, squeezing hard, pinching the nipple. Lucy's eyes were squeezed shut, her entire body tensing like a bowstring. Barb's sucking became sloppy, drooling, desperate, her own body shaking as pleasure built within her too. She was taking it deep into her throat, gagging slightly but pushing through.

"You!" Susan barked, the command slicing through the haze. Mark flinched. "Worm! Get over here. Stand in front of us. Collect our cum. Collect it *all* in your bowl. *Collect it all and then drink it.*"

Mark scurried forward, his leather suit squeaking. He dropped to his knees on the carpet in front of the couch, directly in the line of fire, and raised the metal bowl with trembling hands.

"Yes," Susan roared.

It was like a dam bursting.

Susan came first. A guttural shout tore from her lips as her body locked, every magnificent muscle standing in stark relief. Her cock jerked in Barb's mouth, and Barb pulled back just as the first thick, iridescent rope jetted forth. It wasn't white, but a shimmering, opalescent fluid that caught the light. It arced through the air and splattered against the inside of the metal bowl with a loud *ping*.

Vicky followed an instant later. She cried out, a sound of pure victory, as her release shot out, a powerful stream that crossed Susan's, mixing in the bowl and splashing over Mark's hands and forearms.

Lucy's orgasm was a silent, clenched-teeth shudder for a moment before she too erupted, her cum joining the pooling, thick liquid.

Barb, still on her knees, was not left out. Her body convulsed as her own, smaller cock twitched and spurted, the release soaking into the carpet beneath her and under the couch.

Mark hunched over the bowl, trying to catch it all, but the flows were too copious, too forceful. Streams hit his chest and his face, dripping from his chin. The bowl quickly filled halfway with the luminous, combined essence.

Susan's orgasm rode her in waves, each contraction wringing another thick rope from her. She watched, through half-lidded eyes, as her seed decorated her husband. Her *Worm*. The final few spurts were weaker, oozing over her own fist and onto her thigh.

Slowly, the storm subsided. The frantic motions became tremors, then stillness. Susan sank back into the couch, a deep, rasping breath filling her lungs. Vicky slumped against her side, panting. Lucy lay sprawled at the other end, a sheen of sweat on her sculpted stomach. Barb lay back on the carpet, spent, a dazed smile of perfect peace on her face.

For a long moment, the only sounds were their ragged breathing and the soft *drip* of excess fluid from the bowl's rim onto the leather between Mark's knees.

Susan's eyes opened. She looked at the bowl, then at Mark's submissive, cum-smeared face. A profound sense of rightness settled over her.

"Yes," she breathed, the word full of satisfied finality. She licked her lips. "Yes."

She sat up, swinging her legs off the couch. Her cock, still semi-hard, slapped against her thigh. She ignored it, her gaze sharpening, the post-coital haze burning away into crystalline purpose.

"We have work to do." She stood, and the room seemed to shrink further. Vicky and Lucy quickly found their feet beside her. Barb rose more slowly, reverently. "We need a new place. And we need a mission." Susan stepped over Barb, her foot nudging the woman's hip affectionately. "We need more. More men to diminish. More women to be risen... like us."

Vicky and Lucy slowly sat up, their attention fixed on their Alpha. Barb pushed herself to her knees, awaiting orders.

Susan walked to the window, looking out at the quiet, dark street of Hopeville. "Where shall we start?" she mused, not really asking them. The question hung in the sex-heavy air.

She turned back, her gaze landing on Mark. "Worm. Drink."

Without hesitation, Mark raised the bowl to his lips. He tipped it back, gulping down the viscous, salty-sweet concoction. Some of it dribbled down his chin, mixing with the mess already there. He drank until the bowl was empty, then held it away, his expression blank.

Susan observed the effect her cum had on Mark. He had drank it several times already. It was different for men than women, an effect similar to when he inhaled her musk. Liquid submission, only magnified. Not only that, it seemed to seal her power over him. After he drank her semen, he was hers... forever.

"Good," Susan murmured. A new idea, warm and insistent, was whispering in the back of her mind. A new direction.

She smiled.

“Get cleaned up,” she said to her disciples. “All of you. And you, Worm—clean the floor. Clean yourself. Be ready.”

“Ready for what, my Queen?” Vicky asked, standing, her body still humming with spent energy.

“The Future. And my worm here is going to help make it happen,” she said, looking back at Mark, who, with speedy obedience, was already starting to clean the mess they all had made. “This one comes from money. His parents are very, very wealthy.”

* * *

The stone corridors in the church were cool and silent, a world away from the screaming horror that had transpired days before in the nave. Sister Laura walked with her familiar, measured pace, but a new tremor had taken root in her hands. It was not from age or frailty, but from a war being waged within her own mind.

She carried a simple wooden tray. On it sat a bowl of steaming chicken broth, a few saltine crackers on a saucer, and a spoon. It was a meal for an invalid, for Father O’Connell.

Her thoughts, unbidden, drifted over the past week. The aftermath. The police, called by a parishioner who’d found the church doors ajar and the elderly priest unconscious near the altar, a gash on his temple. The story they’d cobbled together was one of a tragic, random assault—a deranged addict, perhaps, looking for collection plate money. Father O’Connell remembered nothing. A blessing, the doctors said. The concussion had spared him the trauma.

Sister Laura knew the truth. It sat in her gut like a cold, leaden stone. And it was a stone she could not give voice to.

As she walked, she looked down at her right hand, the one steadying the tray. It was a small hand, but it had always borne the marks of her years—thin blue veins, faint age spots, skin like delicate parchment. Except now, on the back of that hand, the skin was different. It was smoother, tauter, the faint lattice of wrinkles noticeably diminished. It looked... younger. A patch of rejuvenated flesh roughly the size of a silver dollar.

Her held her breath. She remembered the moment with perfect, agonizing clarity. Barb—or the magnificent, monstrous thing Barb had become—suspended in her ecstatic cruciform pose. And in that final, convulsive moment of Barb’s “baptism,” a single, thick droplet of that milky, opalescent seed had flown through the air, arcing from the shuddering penis to land with a warm splat on Sister Laura’s outstretched hand.

She had recoiled, wiped it frantically on her habit. But the evidence remained. The skin it had touched had changed.

Could it? The question was a whisper of pure dread in her soul. Could just a drop, mere contact, *do* something?

Her thoughts were violently yanked back to *her* voice, her command, the one that sealed her silence. Before they left her lying broken on the floor, the leader—*Susan*, she now knew her name, it had been hissed by the other women in worship—had stalked over to her. A hand, strong enough to crush stone, had closed around her throat, not to choke, but to dominate. She had been lifted effortlessly, pulled into the heat of the woman’s powerful body. The scent that enveloped her was not body odor, but a deep, sweet, intoxicating musk, like night-blooming flowers and fertile earth. It flooded her senses, making her dizzy.

Then the whisper, hot against her ear, the voice a low vibration that seemed to bypass her ears and etch itself directly onto her brainstem: **“You will never speak what happened here. You will be incapable of it. You will never do anything to reveal what was done here, to reveal what you have seen.”**

Then she was dropped. The command was absolute. She had tried. Oh, how she had tried. Standing before Father O’Connell as he lay groggy in his hospital bed, her mouth opening and closing like a landed fish, no sound emerging. At the police station, she had stood at the front desk, her face a mask of desperate urgency, but her vocal cords were frozen, her mind a perfect, terrified blank when she formed

the intent to speak. It was a wall in her mind she could not scale.

She shuddered now, the tray rattling slightly, as she arrived at the small, spare room where Father O'Connell was convalescing. She pushed the door open softly.

He was asleep, his face pale against the white pillow, a bandage stark on his temple. He looked old, fragile, diminished. A pang of her old, genuine compassion shot through her. This was her friend, her spiritual father, a good man who had been brutalized.

She set the tray down quietly on the nightstand, placing the spoon beside the bowl. She looked down at his sleeping form.

And then the other feeling rose, oily and unwelcome. A faint curl of disgust. A disdainful thought: *He let himself be taken so easily. Yanked from his holy station and flung like a rag doll. He didn't even see her glory. He just... broke.*

She clenched her fist, the rejuvenated skin stretching tight over her knuckles. *No. That is not you. That is the devil's work in your mind. He is a victim. An innocent.*

But the image that rose to refute her piety was not of the devil. It was of *her*. Susan. The memory was no longer just one of terror; it had begun to transmute. She recalled not just the violence, but the awesome, terrifying *power*. The play of corded muscle under sweat-slicked skin. Her beautiful face. The massive breasts. Eyes that held the certainty of a new god. And those lips, so full, so cruel, so... kissable.

And *that thing*. The thick, veined, throbbing center of the blasphemy. In her nightmares, it was a weapon. But in the quiet, secret corners of her waking mind—in moments like this, watching the father sleep—it became something else. An object of a dark, hypnotic fascination. A primal symbol of the overwhelming power that had so effortlessly shattered her world.

She felt a flush of heat. Her right hand, the tainted one, drifted of its own volition down to her hip, her fingers pressing into the coarse wool of her habit. For a brief moment she imagined her own body, laced

with muscle. A small, desperate sound escaped her—a moan, choked and thick with shame.

It was enough to startle her. Her eyes snapped open, wide with horror at herself.

“Get a hold of yourself,” she whispered into the quiet room.

Father O’Connell stirred slightly in his sleep, but did not wake.

Sister Laura turned and fled the room, leaving the soup to grow cold.

* * *

Mark parked in front of his family home, killed the engine, and sat for a moment with both hands still on the steering wheel, staring through the windshield at the house where he had been raised.

The place looked almost exactly the same.

The long, pale stone frontage. The black shutters. The tall windows reflecting the late afternoon light in sheets of gold. The oak tree near the driveway, wider now than he remembered, its branches stretching over the lawn like old arms guarding the property. Even the front path—trimmed with immaculate hedges and white flowers his mother paid someone else to maintain—looked untouched by time, as if the house had simply refused to age.

For a moment, memory came at him all at once.

Summer afternoons shooting hoops in the driveway until dark. Christmas lights strung too high because his father insisted on doing them himself. The smell of chlorine from the pool drifting through open windows. High school mornings, running late, grabbing toast, his mother already dressed and perfect, his father on a call before sunrise. The feeling, back then, that life was still opening in front of him—that

he was on his way to becoming someone.

Then the dread hit.

It came fast and total, like cold water thrown over his head. All of that warmth, all of that nostalgia, was swallowed in an instant, replaced by a sick, hollow certainty that sat heavy in his stomach and spread through his chest.

He was nothing.

Pathetic.

A worm.

The words rose in his mind with Susan's voice wrapped around them—smooth, amused, merciless. That was what she called him now. And he hated how right it felt.

Susan was beyond him in every way now—stronger, sharper, untouchable. She moved through the world like she owned it, and he moved through it like something dragged behind her. Even thinking of her made his spine stiffen and his throat tighten, not from defiance, but from reflex.

Mark swallowed hard, then looked down at the passenger seat.

A small black bag sat there, neat and unremarkable. He reached for it slowly, fingertips unsteady, and unzipped it just enough to look inside.

One item. A thermos. Heavy. Stainless steel. Plain. And inside it, Susan's nectar.

Even capped, he imagined he could smell it—sweet and dense, almost floral, with something richer beneath it, something alive. He zipped the bag shut quickly and gripped the handle harder than he meant to.

His pulse had picked up.

He opened the car door and stepped out.

The air was cooler than he expected. A faint breeze moved through the hedges, carrying the smell of cut grass and damp earth. Somewhere nearby, a sprinkler clicked rhythmically. The quiet in this neighborhood was always expensive quiet—no shouting, no barking, no traffic noise, just distance and landscaping and the soft hum of wealth.

He shut the car door carefully and stood there for another second, staring at the front entrance. Then he started up the walkway.

Over the last week, he had only texted his mother. Never called. He couldn't risk a call. He was too afraid of what she would hear in his voice.

It had changed. The pitch sat higher now, the timbre thinner, less grounded. Sometimes the ends of his sentences lifted without him meaning them to. Worse, there was something beneath the sound he couldn't suppress no matter how he tried to steady himself: hesitation. Submission. A softness that didn't belong to the man he used to think he was.

Meekness.

Weakness.

If Janet heard that—really heard it—she would notice. Maybe not what caused it, but enough to ask questions. Enough to make him stumble.

And if he stumbled, Susan would punish him.

So he texted instead.

He'd kept it light, casual, almost playful. Told her he'd found a new "protein drink" that was incredible. Said it helped with recovery, energy, even tone. Told her she especially would love it, since she was always on some new health kick. He'd chosen his words carefully, flattering her just enough, leaning into the version of herself she loved most.

Janet had been easy to bait. That was the ugly truth of it. These days, his mother spent most of her time doing some combination of working out, getting treatments, and appearing at lunches, fundraisers, and private events where everyone pretended not to be competing with everyone else. She was rich in that effortless, insulated way that made everyday concerns seem decorative. The house ran itself. Staff came and went. Things were cleaned, fixed, delivered, arranged.

And with her husband gone most of the time—always overseas, always in some distant city expanding some deal, chasing some new opportunity—she lived almost entirely on her own terms. That never seemed to bother her. If anything, she seemed to flourish in his absence.

Mark's father had become, to her, little more than a provider with a passport. A voice on speakerphone. A man who sent gifts and signed papers. Whatever tenderness they once had lived in old photo albums and stories no one told anymore.

Janet preferred the mansion quiet. Preferred the space. Preferred the freedom. And she used it.

The pool boy. The gardener. The "trainers" who stayed too long after sessions. Young men with perfect shoulders and cautious smiles, drifting in and out of her orbit while she pretended none of it meant anything and everyone around her pretended to believe her. She wore flirtation like perfume—expensive, intentional, impossible to ignore.

Mark reached the front steps. As he climbed them, he remembered the first time she tried the drink. He had dropped off a tiny serving a week earlier. She texted him less than an hour later.

It was delicious. Then another message. *Whatever this is, it's amazing.* And then, a little later: *Pilates felt easier today. Like weirdly easier.*

Janet was obsessive about Pilates, about posture, lines, control. She tracked her body the way other people tracked investments. Every pound, every angle, every sign of age was something to be managed, minimized, or outworked. For her to admit something felt easier—especially at her age—meant she had noticed a real difference.

And Janet noticed everything about herself.

She was in her late fifties, and she fought that fact with a kind of polished fury. Expensive serums. Trainers. Procedures. Silk blouses hiding nothing. White teeth, iron discipline, curated softness. She did not allow the effect of time to happen to her without resistance.

Mark tightened his grip on the bag.

At the door, he caught his reflection in the dark glass beside it—shoulders slightly rounded, jaw tense, eyes too uncertain—and looked away before he had to study himself too long.

Then he lifted his hand and rang the bell. After a moment, Janet opened the door already talking.

“I was wondering when you’d get here. Where are—”

She stopped. The rest of the sentence died in her throat. For a second she just stared at Mark, and the look on her face changed so quickly it was almost unsettling to watch. Surprise first. Then confusion. Then something sharper, colder.

He looked wrong.

He was thinner than the last time she'd seen him—noticeably thinner, the kind of thin that made his clothes hang strangely from his frame. His face looked drawn, his cheeks a little hollow, and there were dark shadows beneath his eyes like bruises. His skin had a pale, spent look to it. He stood there holding his bag with both hands, shoulders slightly caved inward, as if he was trying to take up less space.

Weak, she thought.

The reaction came so fast and so meanly that it startled her.

A tiny, involuntary pulse of resentment flickered through her chest at the sight of him—an ugly little flare of irritation directed at her own son simply for looking diminished. She didn't know why she felt it. She didn't know what had happened to him. But some part of her recoiled anyway, blaming him for his own frailty.

The thought embarrassed her almost immediately. She snapped out of it, her expression softening into concern.

"Oh my God—Mark." Her hand flew to her chest. "What happened to you? Are you okay?"

Mark glanced down at himself as if seeing his body from far away, then gave a small shrug.

"Oh. Yeah. I'm okay," he said, voice light, too light. "I just had a bad flu. It kind of wrecked me for a bit, but I got over it."

The lie came easily.

Too easily.

Lying for Susan was like breathing now. If Susan wanted him to speak, he spoke. If she wanted him to hide something, he hid it. It didn't even feel like a decision anymore.

Janet studied him for another beat, still unsettled, then stepped aside and forced brightness back into her tone.

"Oh. Okay. Well—come in, come in."

Mark stepped across the threshold, and she led him inside.

He turned and pulled the two massive front doors shut behind him. The heavy wood met with a deep, expensive thud that echoed through the entrance hall.

They walked through the foyer together, their footsteps clicking across polished stone. The ceilings soared above them, high enough to make the room feel more like a hotel lobby than a home. A chandelier hung overhead, glittering in the late light. Everything smelled faintly of lemon polish, cold air-conditioning, and money.

Janet moved briskly, her pace energetic and practiced. She wore fitted yoga pants, a sleek tank top, and a zip-up workout jacket tied around her waist. Even dressed casually, she looked deliberate—hair done, skin glowing, every detail arranged. Mark followed a step behind, quiet, carrying the bag. She guided him into one of the living rooms.

This one was the "formal" one, though no one in the family had called it that in years. It was enormous. A huge bear rug sprawled across the floor in front of a stone fireplace nearly as tall as Mark. Above it hung a giant painted family portrait from years ago—his father broad-shouldered and stern, Janet radiant and immaculate, Mark younger and straighter in posture, still trying to look like he belonged in the frame.

Janet sat on one of the long cream-colored couches and patted the cushion beside her.

“Come here.”

Mark sat, but not quite close.

“Where’s Dad?” he asked.

Janet gave a short laugh and twisted the lid on her water bottle.

“Oh, another trip,” she said. “Singapore this time. Or Dubai. I honestly don’t remember. Which, I mean...” She rolled her eyes faintly. “Not exactly shocking.”

She adjusted the strap of her tank top, then looked back at him with a bright, almost eager expression.

“Hey,” she said, lifting the bottle a little, “I have to say—that workout drink you gave me? It is *amazing*.”

Mark looked at her.

She leaned forward as she spoke, animated now.

“It gives me so much energy. Not like coffee energy. Better. Cleaner. I feel... I don’t know, stronger.” She smiled, almost laughing at herself. “I swear to God, I feel ten years younger. The other day I was doing Pilates and I was hitting positions I couldn’t even do in my thirties.”

“Oh,” Mark said quietly. “Yeah. I’m glad you like it.”

Over the last few days, he had been continuing to send over small portions to her in disposable sports cups—ordinary store-bought electrolyte drink mixed with only a trace amount of Susan’s cum.

Not much. Susan had been very clear about that. *We don't want her panicking too early. Just enough to plant the seed.*

That was how Susan put it, smiling when she said it, as if she were discussing gardening. Mark felt his stomach tighten at the memory, then forced himself back into the room.

"Actually," he said, reaching down for the bag, "that's kind of why I came."

Janet's eyes followed his hands.

He unzipped the bag and took out the thermos.

It was larger than the little containers he'd been bringing—brushed steel, heavy-looking, plain except for the black cap. He held it with both hands for a second before extending it toward her.

"I brought you a better version," he said. "It's... a little more pure."

Janet's eyebrows lifted.

"Oh?" she said, intrigued immediately. "Well. Wonderful."

She reached for the thermos and their hands brushed as she took it.

As she did, she caught another close look at his forearm—how narrow it had gotten, how the skin sat over the bone, how little strength there seemed to be in him. Something in her twisted again. A shudder of disgust moved through her before she could stop it, quick and involuntary.

She hated herself for it.

Again? What is wrong with me? she thought, tightening her grip on the thermos.

She gave a small shake of her head, as if physically tossing the feeling away.

“Actually,” she said, rising from the couch with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, “I was just about to do a little session now.”

Mark looked up. “Oh. Okay.”

“Perfect timing.” She smiled, a warm, grateful, smile.

Mark’s chest tightened.

“Well, I can stick around for a bit,” he said.

Janet turned, already heading toward the open archway that led to the mirrored exercise room down the hall, and glanced back over her shoulder.

“Oh? You want to watch?”

“Sure,” he said.

He didn’t. Not really. But Susan had insisted.

She wanted him there when Janet drank the pure nectar. She wanted someone in the room to keep things calm if Janet reacted badly—if she panicked, if she refused, if she started asking the wrong questions. And if that happened, Mark’s job was simple:

*keep her talking,
keep her drinking,
make sure she finished all of it.*

Janet smiled, pleased by the attention, and motioned him along.

“Come on, then.”

Mark stood and followed her, the family portrait watching from above the fireplace as they left the room.

* * *

Janet rolled out her mat with the casual precision of someone who’d done it a thousand times. The workout room was its own little cathedral—mirrored walls, spotless floor, racks of neatly arranged weights that looked more like decor than equipment. The air carried that clean, sharp smell of sanitizer and rubber, with a faint citrus note drifting from whatever diffuser she’d decided was “refreshing” this week.

Mark stood off to the side like a shadow that didn’t know where to settle. He kept trying to look relaxed, trying to look like a son casually watching his mother exercise, but he couldn’t stop watching the thermos. It sat near Janet’s feet, upright and innocent. Every time her gaze drifted toward it, his pulse jumped.

Janet flowed through her Pilates sequence with grace—controlled, practiced, smug. She held a pose that should’ve made her tremble, and instead she looked... comfortable. Not even comfortable. *Capable*. It had been like this for a week.

Mid-hold, she glanced sideways at Mark and nearly rolled her eyes. He was standing too still, too attentive, like a dog waiting for a treat to hit the floor. Her mouth tightened. *My son is kind of a weirdo*, she thought, a flicker of impatience rising in her chest for no clear reason.

She immediately tried to push the thought away. He looked awful. He'd said he'd been sick. That should have made her sympathetic, and on some level it did. But there was something about him—his posture, the way he hovered, the hollow look in his face—that made her skin prickle.

"Y'know," she said, breath steady as she transitioned into the next position, "maybe you should, uh... start working out a little more."

Mark blinked, as if the suggestion had to travel a long way to reach him.

Janet kept her eyes forward, watching herself in the mirror. "You look... you look like a little..."

The word flashed in her mind—*bitch*—so sharp and ugly that it startled her badly enough she nearly lost form. She swallowed hard, recovered the pose, and stared at herself in the mirror with a flicker of real confusion. *What the hell is wrong with me? Why would I even think that?* It wasn't like her.

She didn't say it aloud. Instead she gave a short, dismissive huff and shifted into the next movement as if nothing had happened, but the moment clung to her. It clung because she had been noticing things lately: little changes, small mean impulses she couldn't quite explain. A sharper tone with her husband on the phone. Snapping at him once or twice when she was usually more aloof than openly irritated. Nothing dramatic, nothing she couldn't excuse, but there had been a bite to her this past week that felt new.

And if she was being honest, those moments seemed to happen after Mark's little "workout drinks."

That should have bothered her more than it did. Instead, a part of her liked it. The feeling reminded her of discovering a new muscle during a workout—one that had always been there, just unused. There was

something oddly satisfying about the edge, the quickness, the sense that she didn't have to smooth herself out for anyone if she didn't feel like it.

She moved through another hold, then another. Minutes passed. Mark stayed where he was, watching and waiting, and Janet found his presence increasingly irritating despite herself. He wasn't doing anything. He was just there.

She dropped into a squat and held it. Another minute passed. Then two. Then three. By then her thighs should have been burning, quivering, demanding release. Instead, her legs felt iron-solid, almost detached from ordinary effort, like they belonged to someone younger and stronger. At five minutes she finally released the position with a long gasp, sweat sliding down her temple.

"Break time," she said, voice breathier now but pleased.

She reached for the thermos. The second her fingers touched it, Mark shifted. Not dramatically—just immediately, as if some invisible string had been pulled tight. Janet noticed and felt that pulse of annoyance again.

"God, I need this," she muttered, unscrewing the cap.

The scent hit her first. It was sweet and thick, almost floral, but with something deeper underneath—something richer, warmer, harder to place. The smell made her mouth water instantly. She brought it up and took a sip.

The liquid touched her tongue and she froze. It was nothing like the watered-down drink Mark had sent before. This was thicker, richer, almost velvety. It didn't taste like sports drink at all. It tasted sweet, yes, but strange—sweet in a way that felt wrong, almost alien, as if she were tasting something that had no business being consumed.

Janet lowered the thermos slightly and frowned at it. "What—" She looked at Mark, irritation and suspicion returning all at once. "Mark, this is... what the hell is this? It's white... and way too thick."

Mark said nothing. He stepped in close enough to touch the thermos, put his hand at the base, and nudged it gently but insistently back toward her mouth, tilting it just enough that she had to either drink or let it spill. The movement wasn't violent, but it was deliberate. Startling.

Janet's brows drew together. "Mark—"

She took another sip, partly out of reflex. But the intention blurred almost immediately. Her body made a decision before her mind caught up. She swallowed. Then drank again. A longer pull this time. Then another.

Her confusion widened, but it didn't sharpen into resistance the way it should have. Instead, it softened around the edges. Her eyelids felt a little heavier. Heat bloomed beneath her skin like a slow explosion, spreading from her throat to her chest and then downward through the rest of her body. Her mouth parted around the rim of the thermos, and an involuntary smile began to form—small, private, greedy.

Mark stood there, eyes wide, almost reverent, holding the thermos steady until Janet's hands came up and wrapped around it. Once she had a firm grip, he let go. She tried, genuinely tried, to stop and lower it, but the thought barely translated into action. Her hands did not want to put it down.

So she tilted it higher.

The gulps came faster, deeper. The cum slid down her throat in thick waves. A little spilled at the corners of her mouth and ran along her chin, but she didn't wipe it away. She drank harder, as if some starved part of her had finally woken and recognized exactly what it wanted. Mark leaned in closer—not to touch her now, just to be near, to witness. Janet's breathing grew rough between swallows. Her throat worked. Her eyes unfocused, pupils widening.

Finally, when it was empty, she tore it away from her mouth with a heavy pant and dragged in air like she'd been underwater too long. Her face was flushed. Her eyes were glossy and wide. Her pulse beat visibly at her throat.

“Holy—” she whispered, then laughed once, sharp and breathless. “Holy shit.”

She stared at the thermos like it was the best thing that had ever happened to her. Then she looked at Mark, and her expression snapped hard. Not gratitude. Not confusion. Something nastier.

“What are you looking at?” she said, voice suddenly edged.

Mark’s mouth opened, but nothing came out.

Janet’s chest rose and fell fast.

“I feel weird,” she said, and her voice hitched between disgust and delight. “Why am I— God—”

She shoved a hand toward him as if he were an annoyance crowding her space. “Get away from me,” she barked. Then, with a flash of cruelty that seemed to satisfy something deep inside her as she said it, she added, “You can watch, you little bitch—from way over there.”

The insult landed and she almost smiled again. It scratched an itch.

Mark flinched, but he moved back without argument.

Janet didn’t even track him. She was already turning toward the weights. She grabbed a pair—heavy ones. The kind she’d never touched before. Her fingers wrapped around the metal, and she felt it: the quiet certainty in her grip. The stability in her shoulders. The strange, thrilling sense that her body had more to give than she’d ever demanded from it.

“I’m gonna fucking *rock* this workout,” she said, voice low and pleased, like she was promising herself

something.

She dropped into a squat again—then added more weight, as if the number didn't matter. As if limits were for other people.

Mark watched.

For the next two hours, Janet did things she had no business doing. She moved faster. Harder. Each set wasn't just effort—it was *pleasure*. A hungry kind of satisfaction that spread through her limbs and into her mind. Sweat poured. Her breathing stayed strong. Her muscles didn't fail the way they should've.

Subtle changes followed in the wake of that effort—so small you could almost deny them if you weren't looking for them.

Her posture sharpened. Her waist seemed to draw in. The softness in her arms tightened, the lines more defined. Her legs looked firmer when she lunged, like the shape was being carved out in real time. Every time she curled a dumbbell, her forearm flexed with a new fullness, veins faintly rising under the skin.

And her attitude... That changed the most. Janet started to enjoy hearing herself breathe hard. Enjoyed feeling her heart slam in her chest.

By the time she finished a brutal set of pushups—far more than she'd ever done in her life—she stood up straight with her legs wide apart, hands on her hips, chest heaving, sweat shining down her neck and shoulders like armor.

She looked down at her hands. Clenched them into fists. Felt the tightness. The *control*. Then she lifted her head and stared straight at Mark.

"You know what?" she said, voice calm but cruel. She flicked her hand at the door like she was dismissing staff. "Get the fuck out of here."

Mark started move right away.

Janet's mouth curled.

"Oh—but," she added, eyes bright with greed, "you can come back tomorrow and bring more of that stuff."

She tilted her head slightly, as if tasting the idea.

"Mama wants to work out some more."

Mark nodded.

He backed away quietly and left the room, the empty thermos still on the floor like evidence of something that had just begun.

When he was out, approaching his car, he pulled out his phone and texted Susan.

It has begun.