



THREE LITTLE PILLS

A woman with dark, wavy hair is shown in profile, looking down at her open palm where she is holding three small, round, yellow pills. She is wearing a bright blue, short-sleeved crop top. In the background, a man with dark hair is out of focus, looking at a smartphone. The scene is set indoors with warm, golden-hour lighting.

YOU KNOW, I ALWAYS THOUGHT FEMMAX
WAS A LITTLE OVER-THE-TOP. BUT HERE I
AM, WITH 3 OF THE LITTLE YELLOW PILLS IN
MY HAND, READY TO SEE FOR MYSELF.



I COULDN'T RESIST. THEY PROMISED
I'D GET STRONGER, TALLER... MORE
POWERFUL. HOW COULD I SAY NO?



THE MOMENT I SWALLOWED THEM, A WARMTH
SPREAD THROUGH MY BODY, POOLING IN MY
CORE BEFORE RUSHING OUTWARD. MY BREATH
CAUGHT AS I FELT IT - MY SKIN STRETCHING,
MY MUSCLES SWELLING EVER SO SLIGHTLY.



I GLANCED AT JOHN BESIDE ME, STILL GLUED TO HIS PHONE. HE DIDN'T NOTICE THE HEM OF MY SHIRT RISING - OR THE WAY MY THIGHS BEGAN TO STRAIN AGAINST THE FABRIC OF MY SHORTS. HE WILL SOON.

A close-up shot of a woman from the chest up. She is wearing a short-sleeved top with a vibrant blue, watercolor-like texture. Her right arm is raised, and her hand is tightly clenched into a fist. The background is a softly blurred interior space with warm, golden light. A white text box with a yellow border is positioned in the upper right area of the frame.

THE WARMTH TURNED
TO A HEAT, SURGING
THROUGH MY LIMBS. MY
HANDS CLENCHED,
FINGERS LONGER,
STRONGER.



A LOW GASP ESCAPED ME AS I FELT MY CHEST SWELL, MY BRA TIGHTENING TO AN UNCOMFORTABLE LEVEL. I SHIFTED ON THE COUCH, MY THIGHS PUSHING AGAINST HIS, AND THAT FINALLY GOT HIS ATTENTION.



"LILY! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?" HE
ASKED, HIS
VOICE TINGED
WITH CONFUSION.
POOR JOHN, HE
HAD NO IDEA.

"I THINK I'M GROWING," I MURMURED, SAVOURING THE WAY THE WORDS SOUNDED - SO NATURAL, LIKE THIS WAS MEANT TO HAPPEN. I GLANCED DOWN AT HIM AND MY HEART RACED. HE BARELY CAME UP TO MY SHOULDER NOW.





I STOOD UP AND STRETCHED DELIBERATELY, MY FINGERS EASILY BRUSHING AGAINST THE CEILING AS I MOVED GRACEFULLY. JOHN'S EYES WIDENED AS HE STARED UP AT ME.



HIS EXPRESSION SHIFTING FROM
CONFUSION TO AWE. I LOVED IT.
I CRAVED IT. I COULD FEEL
MYSELF FILLING WITH POWER,
EACH BREATH MAKING ME
BIGGER, EACH HEARTBEAT
MAKING ME STRONGER.

A man with dark hair, a neck tattoo, and arm tattoos is looking up at a giant woman. The woman is wearing a grey bikini top and a blue bikini bottom. She is holding a blue balloon. The man is standing in a modern living room with a white sofa, a coffee table, and a large window. The ceiling is made of wooden slats. The scene is lit with warm, golden light.

HE TOOK A STEP BACK.
"Y-YOU'RE HUGE," HE
WHISPERED - I COULDN'T
HELP BUT SMIRK.



"AND I'M NOT DONE YET," I TEASED, LEANING DOWN TO BRUSH MY LIPS AGAINST HIS EAR. HE SHIVERED, AND THE THRILL OF SEEING HIM SO SMALL, SO FRAGILE, COURSED THROUGH ME.



"HOW DOES IT FEEL, JOHN?
KNOWING I'M ONLY GOING
TO GET STRONGER?" HE
SWALLOWED HARD, LOOKING
UP AT ME WITH WIDE EYES.
"YOU'RE... YOU'RE
INCREDIBLE."



"MMMMM, KEEP GOING," I PURRED, LOVING THE WAY HIS GAZE LINGERED ON EVERY INCH OF ME. I STRAIGHTENED UP, AND HIS MOUTH FELL OPEN AS MY HEAD BRUSHED THE CEILING. I LOOMED OVER HIM, FEELING HIS BREATH CATCH AS I FLEXED.



"I THINK," I MURMURED, SAVOURING THE SOUND OF MY DEEPENED VOICE, "I COULD GET USED TO THIS. BEING MORE." I TOWERED OVER HIM NOW, A MONUMENT TO STRENGTH AND POWER, I MUST HAVE BEEN OVER 9 FEET TALL, WITH MORE POWER IN ONE ARM THAN JOHN HAD IN HIS WHOLE BODY.

A woman with long dark hair and blue eyes is looking at a hand holding a bottle of Femmax Yellow Edition pills. The bottle is yellow and contains white and yellow capsules. The hand is holding the bottle by the silver cap. The background is a bright, sunlit window with blinds.

"SHOULD I TAKE A
FEW MORE?" I SAID,
SEDUCTIVELY.

THE END?