

## Cupid's Arrow

"So as you can see from these results, we're extremely close to perfecting Cupid's Arrow."

Harry's hand shook slightly as it pointed out a few graphs. Chemical ratios, hormone levels, yields, all of the information seeming to blur into a haze of indecipherability. He was hopeful, if sweating under his collar, as he seemed to have gotten through the pitch. Then one of the men at the meeting table leaned forward with steeped fingers and uttered those dreaded words.

"That's not what we heard."

Harry sighed inwardly. Here it came.

"We heard something about an intern?"

With a practiced motion Harry clicked to the desktop on his laptop and opened up one of the folders. After being caught having to drag through some fairly personal stuff for these pictures he made sure at every other pitch he had them ready.

"Minor matter really just a, y'know, lab mix up, these things happen right?"

The things that happened loaded up on the projector, causing a gasp to rise up from the men at the table.

"She was, erm, a new intern at the lab... Didn't follow proper procedure and accidents happen right?"

On screen were two pictures. On the left a slim, tanned, smiling young woman with small square glasses and lab coat with her brown hair in a loose ponytail. On the right was a picture of a girl just recognisable as the pleasant girl on the left. She appeared to be sitting against the back of a hospital bed. Most of her body was obscured by a gargantuan pair of breasts, easily the size of beach balls, resting on top of her soft thighs. A thick curtain of hair cascading from her head obscured everything else.

Harry sighed and clicked ahead. A video started on this slide. He watched the men on the table shift uncomfortably as an orgasmic squeal echoed through the small meeting room. The giant-breasted woman from the previous slide was spreadeagled on the bed, her colossal boobs sliding off either side of her chest and stomach and jiggling as she pushed a large dildo hard into her pussy. It was more obvious now it was not only her breasts that had grown – her plush buttocks shook slightly and her hips appeared to be twice as wide as they were before. She drove the dildo into herself to the hilt and screamed as her back arched, her breasts shaking violently as she came and came. When she finally stopped, panting, pushing a lock of sweat-sodden hair from her face, she fell silent for a few heavily laboured seconds before giving a tired moan and starting to move the dildo again. Her hand came up and pushed up against her breast, clearly showing the heavy resistance of its weight, and guiding her nipple into her mouth. Her wobbling tit-flesh muffled her screams as the hand moved down her body and started to push her clit hard against the dildo as it thrust which, the board members could see as they leaned in even close, appeared to be heavily swollen.

The next slide was just some information documenting the rapid growth of her breasts, hips, buttocks and the heightening of her libido over the course of a few minutes.

"I must remind you gentlemen that this was an unintended test! The aphrodisiac was not ready for human testing at this point, but with just a little more money and some time we could have it ready, we're almost there..."

"What happened to that poor girl?"

"Cupid's Arrow is currently a fairly concentrated mixture of powerful hormones intended to heighten libido and sensitivity, like I explained. She was exposed to an undiluted dose not intended for even animal testing, let alone human. It was an accident, an isolated incident..."

"Where is she now?"

Harry sighed again. Try as he might to redirect the flow of the meeting he could tell by the uncomfortable shifting in the room that all thoughts were currently on the huge-titted slutty intern.

"Mental hospital."

The man who originally asked the question answered the question for Harry, pulling out some paper. *Oh God, they've got the information already...*

"According to this, the hormone flood irreparably damaged her mind and sexual control. She's basically brainless at this point, and her doctors say it's unlikely she'll ever recover. She essentially spends her entire day either masturbating or sleeping. More than a few of her workers have been charged with assault, given what they're always working around and that she, well, literally cannot say no to sex."

He folded the paper again.

"Mr. Rosenberg, you honestly expect us to invest in this freakshow? You've destroyed a young woman's life with an "accident" and you think you deserve more funding for your "ultimate aphrodisiac"?"

"Yes sir, but we..."

"No buts, Rosenberg. We're not paying you a cent. Find someone else to finance your sick fantasies."

A very dejected Harold Rosenberg slumped out of the office lobby. That fucking intern bitch had ruined another pitch! From the moment that story went public his patrons had cut off his research grant for the project. Cupid's Arrow, he called it, a mixture of certain compounds and hormones designed to trigger instant arousal in almost anyone, along with increased sexual sensitivity. It was his project, the ultimate aphrodisiac, one which would replace every other drug on the market. And, once people found that having regular sex was incomparable with having sex on Cupid, well, they'd just keep buying.

He sighed. *That was the idea, anyway.* Harry had taken liberties with his story about the girl's transformation, but clearly not enough. *Stupid bitch shouldn't have threatened me,* he thought. *What was I supposed to do? Let some slutty little tramp run around telling everyone I was a pervert? She started it the first time and then doesn't want to do it again?*

Harry had slipped her the drug when she refused to sleep with him a second time, and threatened to press charges. He thought he'd gotten it working properly, if maybe a little too strong. That was what he wanted, her horny and desperate and eager to comply. She was the best fuck he'd had in years and he was dreading having to go back to his frigid wife. The hormones were still reacting wrong, however, and instead of just becoming horny and sensitive she turned into a sex beast.

Her cute perky B-cups swelled out into those monsters that transcended cup size in a matter of an hour, her flirty little ponytail burst into a flood of thick brown hair that cascaded past

her ankles and her panties split as her ass swelled. He'd thought himself lucky at the time. She wasn't just horny, she was consumed with lust, and he'd sated his desires with that fuck-doll all night. He allowed himself a momentary grin at the thought of breasts so huge she could wrap them around his cock, though engulfed might be a better term, while he could still reach the rock-hard nipples as fat as soda cans. After his third come, though, he'd pulled away protesting needing a rest. He wasn't normally that vigorous but the sight of her super-sexual body could make any man hard.

He'd pulled back and sat against a wall, panting, and suddenly gone white as she nearly smothered him with her boobs, howling as she dragged herself forward, fingers working desperately at her golf-ball sized clit as her pouty lips sucked hard on his cock to prepare to mount him. She was having none of it. One of the lab technicians had found him next morning, passed out beneath her breasts as she milked his unresponsive cock for all it was worth. She wasn't saying anything anymore so it was simple to pass it off as her clumsiness, but that little stunt had cost him his funding. *Shame the hospital took her. I probably could have made more than her funding selling her to rich fuckers desperate for a piece like that.*

Harry stumped through his front door, quite late. He'd been drowning his sorrows a little and he was now late to bed. His wife was already asleep as he looked her over for a moment, undressing. He'd known why he married her. She was demanding, suspicious, bitchy and hard to please, but she was hotter than lava. Perfect body, big C cup breasts, cute short-cropped red hair. Harry had never felt himself a complex man and was perfectly willing to put up with her being a shrew for a chance to tap that every night. He laughed silently. Every night? More like every year. Maybe. If he was lucky. His wife was the queen of the cold fish. She had absolutely no interest in sex whatsoever. Truth be told that was mostly what drove his desperate quest to perfect his aphrodisiac, along with visions of cute young women in bars suddenly finding themselves so light-headed and horny and flushed and here was a man right there with a drink in hand... He found himself growing hard. He looked down at his wife, sighed lightly, and moved into the bathroom before bed.

The news didn't go over well with the workers at the lab. Though the official line was the girl's condition was her own mistake, some of the more senior scientists had their own theories about a girl ending up a walking fetish after spending a night with Harry. Words were said, bridges were burned, a lot of good talent walked straight out the door. Harry sighed, toying with a few leftover vials of the vibrant green chemical he wanted to work so badly. So that was it. All over. Nothing left but a lab with a dwindling lease, some machinery and 3 samples of aphrodisiac. He looked at one, seeing in it his gorgeous wife panting and sweating, bending over for him in bed and begging him to take her. He rubbed himself through his pants idly as he turned the vial over, watching the liquid move. Being able to turn her on just with an idle nipple rub. He reached over for the green ledger on the table near the racks of bright red samples, flipping it open. They'd tried hard to resolve the problems of the hormone concentration, but diluting the drug made it essentially useless. One of the scientists had come up with the concept of a staggered release, a fancy term for giving the drug out more slowly, but their funding was pulled before they could test it. Harry looked back from the ledger to the vial again, and a slow grin started to form on his face.

Morning coffee was the closest thing Harry and Lucinda had to a caring, family ritual. They spent all day apart, all evening at opposite ends of a couch and all night facing away

from each other in the bed, but when Harry made coffee in the morning they managed to spend a little time pretending they liked one another. For her money, Lucinda found Harry even more unlikeable than when she had first married him. He was rude, misogynistic and mean. However, he earned decent money and was fairly easy to boss around, even if he went out to bars at night and tried to pick up girls 10 years his junior. He rounded the corner carrying two mugs of coffee, and she accepted one wordlessly. He always made it because he wouldn't drink it how she made it. It had a funny taste today, but she honestly didn't care. She gulped the rest down and got up, picking up her bag.

"Well, I'm off. Some of us have work to go to still."

Harry gave her a wan smile as she walked out the door, and kicked back. He was fairly interested how her day at work would go.

Traffic was generally bad in the mornings on Lucinda's way to work. She normally passed the time listening to talk radio but this morning she was having trouble focusing. It wasn't a hot day but she felt stuffy and warm. Her face was flushed and there were small beads of sweat prickling on her forehead. Wiping the sweat away, she looked down and realised she was nipping out through her shirt. Before she could think about it the traffic started to move and she was on her way again. She could see a few odd stares as she walked into work. She wasn't a small girl, and the still-hard nipples were plainly visible through her thin shirt. For someone normally so reserved and cold it felt... odd. She tried to focus on her filing but her mind was drifting as readily as when she was in the car. Thankfully her nipples calmed down within a few hours, but the itching heat and the sweat were still there. She bumped into a co-worker carrying a stack of papers, and the pressure against her tits made her give out a stifled gasp. By the end of the day she was nearly completely useless at work, driven to distraction by her body's odd behaviour. Worse, her shoulders started to ache slightly and she became aware of a tightness across her chest. She decided to leave work early, claiming a fever. As she hurried out, however, she bumped into another co-worker who happened to be carrying a cup of water from the cooler. It splashed down all over the front of her thin white shirt. Lucinda was hit simultaneously with a rush of sensation that made her yelp, and the horrible realisation that her breasts, now on display to the entire room, were bulging over the top of her bra. She quickly covered herself with her hands and rushed out to her car.

"Harry?"

Harry looked up from the TV screen, quickly flicking off the porno. This was a welcome change, actually. On the rare times he was home before her she announced her presence by nothing but the clatter of her bag on the table, which led, at times, to a few hurried channel changes and cover-ups.

"Yes Lu?"

"I need you to do me a favour."

She walked into the living room and his breath caught in his throat. In the scant few hours of her workday his wife had transformed. Her damp shirt clung to her chest, making it perfectly obvious that her breasts were far too large for her bra. Her once short-cropped hair had grown out about an inch since the morning coffee. Her normally alabaster pale skin was flushed. She held up a small reel of dressmaker's tape.

"I need you to measure me."

His wife never normally so much as let Harry see her change, so the sight of her peeling off her shirt took him aback. It was even more obvious without the shirt how the flesh of her breasts was piling up against the cups of her bra, jiggling and quivering with every movement she made. They were bulging not only over the top but out of the sides and bottoms of the cups as well. She reached back and unhooked it with a gasp of relief, and her tits almost seemed to explode out of the cups, with angry red marks where they were pressed against the edges of the cups. Harry was nearly dumbstruck, holding the tape with his mouth gaping open.

"Oh God Harry fucking stop it and-" she stopped for a moment, closed her eyes and breathed deeply. He saw her nipples starting to crinkle and go rubbery. "Stop it and measure me. Around, just under the nipple."

He moved behind her, wrapping the tape around as per her instructions. He couldn't help brushing his fingers across her breasts as he did, feeling the softness and the faint tracery of blue veins under the pale skin. He reported his measurement to her, and then proceeded to wrap the tape underneath them, suppressing a grin as he had to heft their weight up.

"No. No, that can't be right. Measure them again."

He repeated his motions, taking yet another chance to steal a feel of her breasts. He didn't need a tape measure to tell him they were bigger, and he found it more arousing than anything he'd ever encountered besides his tryst with the intern. His cock pushed against his trousers as he reported the measurements, which were identical.

"That... That means I'm an E cup. My bra fit this morning and it's a C! How could I have gained two cup sizes in a single day?!"

She stopped for a moment, breathing heavily, her chest heaving. She turned back around to him.

"Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"Could you..." she bit her lower lip lightly, looking sexier than Harry had ever seen her. "...measure me again?"

Harry grinned, raising the tape up again. Before it touched her though he let it slide out of his hands and just cupped her breasts, squeezing and feeling the soft, pliant flesh bulge between his fingers as his wife let out what had to be her first moan. "Hhhhaary ooh AH" her hips bucked as he pinched her swollen nipples between his fingers and rolled them, "ffuuck whatever it is dooon't stoopp..."

Harry had no plans to. He was a breast-lover through and through and having the time of his life. Even more than just enjoying playing with her now-huge tits, he was exulting in finally holding his frigid bitch of a wife's libido in the palm of his hand. *It's working!* he thought with glee as he gave a particularly rough squeeze, his cock bobbing in time with her bucking. *We didn't expect the breast growth*, he looked up at her dishevelled hair, *or the hair, but I'm not fucking complaining.*

"Haaarrryyy ooh fuck I need it!"

He looked down and realised her hands were brushing her clit rapidly, her hand stuffed down her pants. She would never normally have even thought about touching herself! He redoubled his efforts on her breasts, squeezing, tugging, pulling and pinching, Lucinda's breath coming sharper and faster until suddenly she seemed to freeze, locking up, then starting to shake, moaning, eyes wide as she came. It struck Harry as an odd moment – he'd never seen his wife have an orgasm before and yet now she seemed to be having one so

hard she could barely move, her huge tits shaking and jiggling with the jerking movements of her body. She gave one last arch and a squeal that was almost a scream before falling forward, panting.

“Ha... Haaarryy... Oh fuck...”

She sat back on the bed, glistening with sweat, panting in her afterglow.

“What the fuck is happening? Ooh... I’ve... I’ve never been that horny in my life.”

She looked even more erotic like this, and Harry’s dick was straining at his pants while he watched her. He watched as she sighed a little, her eyelids drooping. Before too long she was out cold, snoring lightly as her breasts rose and fell with her breathing. Harry looked somewhat disgruntled. *Fuckin’ bitch! Here I am tent-poling my boxers and she’s falling asleep?* He looked down at her breasts. They really were perfect – big and soft with huge nipples, but still shapely and perky despite their size. He guessed that was because of the rapid growth. He reached out and touched one again, feeling the weight in his hand as he hefted it, the soft but firm consistency.

Cupid’s Arrow was working better than he could ever have hoped. As he stroked the skin again his prick lurched in its prison, and he unzipped his fly, lazily stroking it with one hand as he kept exploring the contours of her tits. He let go for a moment and pulled his other hand up, squishing her breasts together into a deep line of inviting pale cleavage. He straddled her torso, moving up her body, and squeezed them around his cock as she gave a faint moan in her sleep, the nipples growing hard as her breast skin tugged and pulled at the skin of his cock as he started to jerk himself off with her swollen breasts. He was so backed up it wasn’t long before he started to shake, setting up quivers all through her new breasts as his cock started to jet cum straight up onto her peaceful pretty face. She didn’t wake, still out cold from the force of the orgasm that had hit her. Harry laid down beside her after cleaning her off a little and soon drifted off into a better sleep than he’d had in a long time.

Harry awoke to the sounds of activity in the room. He looked over at the clock, which was showing considerably earlier than either of them normally got up. He yawned.

“Morning. Why are you up so early?”

She threw a shirt behind her with an exasperated sigh.

“Because I’m trying to find a shirt that’ll fit over these *things* that’s still nice enough for work!”

He noticed with glee that her nipples were poking out through the fabric of the shirt she’d squeezed into to try on, and her face was flushed.

“Coffee?”

The drive to work for Lucinda was, if anything, even worse than the day before. Her mind seemed foggy and sluggish. Her breasts looked huge in the dress shirt she’d managed to find, and her new size necessitated going braless, which meant that her nipples were completely outlined against the thin fabric. Where before she was merely warm today she was actively hot, sweat beading on her forehead. She checked her hair in the mirror. Having had no time to cut it she made do with an impromptu short hairstyle. During a particularly long buildup of traffic her mind started to drift, focusing instead on the happy signals coming from her breasts, jiggling lightly with the vibration of her car. Her right hand left the steering wheel and started to rub light circles around the areola of her breast through her shirt as her left hand slid its way down the band of her tight pants to rub up against her clit

through her panties. The blaring of a car horn jolted her back to reality and she started to drive again, her pussy squealing for her to continue and get off.

Work was just as bad, trying to do her job amidst the stares, whispered comments and the fogging up of her brain and the brushing of errant strands of hair from out of her face, which she'd never had to do before. Her office chair felt strange, and she shifted in it in an effort to get comfortable, but sitting in it felt vaguely different and wrong. Her back was starting to ache from the weight of her breasts, as well. Her shirt felt tight. She managed to finish off her work and send it off in time for lunch, so she went to visit the bathroom first to wash her face, given that she was still hot and sweating. As she got up though she stopped, an odd expression coming over her face as she felt a strange sensation between her legs. She moved again and her clit bolted pleasure straight up into her spine. Fighting against the pleasure she moved quickly to the bathroom, trying to avoid running into anyone.

The sight that greeted her in the bathroom made her gasp in shock. The first thing she noticed was that her hair had grown even more, reaching down past her ears in thick bright-red strands. Looking down, her shirt was straining to contain the tremendous volume of her breasts, the fabric bowing open between the buttons stretched taut across her breasts to reveal the middle of her cleavage. Her nipples were gigantic, and without even being hard her areolas alone made large bumps in the shirt.

She stumbled into a stall and unzipped her pants, realising with a mixture of relief and fear that her chair had felt odd not because of the chair, but because her hips and ass had been straining against her pants. Her hips had to be at least an inch and a half wider, stretching the band of her panties and wedging them up against an ass which stuck out like a shelf. Even worse, she noted with horror a small bump in the smooth front of her panties. Slipping them down, she gasped as she noticed her clit had grown too, poking out from the folds of her pussy. It had been rubbing against her panties as she moved, soaking them as her pussy juiced. *What the fuck is happening to me?*

She felt like she was losing control of her body, trapped in an oversexed nightmare that didn't belong to her. Her distended clit throbbed as she stared at it, her nipples starting to harden against her shirt. Before too long they were as thick around as a dime and easily an inch long, pressing against the constricting fabric as her hand dipped down to her clit and started to lightly rub it. Stifling a moan, she brought a hand up to cup one of her huge swollen breasts and knead it as she rubbed herself off. It wasn't long before she was pressed against the wall, jerking and shaking as she came hard with a rattling moan. Tidying herself up, and wincing as her panties rubbed her tender clit as they came up, Lucinda left immediately with a muttered excuse to the receptionist, gaping in awe at her breasts.

Lucinda slammed the door of her car as she got out at home, grumbling angrily. Wait it out, he said! Wait it out! Here she was slowly losing control of her own body and he told her to wait it out! The doctor had told her that her hormones were totally out of balance, but any therapy he gave her could exacerbate the problem, rather than help it. He said her best bet was to wait out whatever was happening to her, after which he could recommend a hormone treatment course or corrective surgery. As to what had caused her sudden imbalance he had no idea. She went inside, but before she could set her bag down she heard a strange noise from in the living room. She crept up to the doorway and stood shocked for a moment as she saw Harry sitting on the couch, his legs spread and his pants down as he pumped away at his cock, moaning.

On the TV was an image of a large-breasted blonde woman straddling a man, hidden by the camera. Her huge boobs were bouncing up and down as she rode the anonymous man, her long hair flicking everywhere. Lucinda was prepared to yell at Harry for watching porn, but found the words dying in her throat as she stared at the screen, slack-jawed. Her nipples crinkled and throbbed against her shirt as she felt her pussy going wet, watching her husband desperately pumping his cock as the sexy big-boobed porn star impaled herself, moaning. Her clit throbbed and she let out a low moan, making Harry jump.

"Lucy! I was-"

"No... It's okay... Harry?"

The scene on the screen had changed. Another woman, equally blond and busty, was on her knees in front of the man. His cock was squashed between her large breasts, and she was sucking on the head as she jerked him off with her breasts. Lucinda's nipples twitched again. "Can I do that for you?"

Harry was in heaven. The breasts that his wife now had wrapped around his cock were, if anything, bigger than those of the porn star who'd been on the television. Not only that, but they were softer, more pliant and perkier, probably due to being only two days old. The soft-textured skin tugged at the skin of his cock and squished delightfully, their veins more visible from their rapid growth. His five inches throbbed between them as her tongue explored behind the head of his cock in light licks.

Lucinda had never, literally never, put her lips near a cock before, let alone his, but now she had a newfound pair of G cup breasts wrapped around his cock while she sucked it amateurishly but enthusiastically. She was moaning and shuddering, her hands slipping as her boobs buzzed with pleasure in a way she'd never felt before. They were so sensitive it was making her clit twitch just to rub them against his cock, the sensation of skin against skin.

Before too long Harry put his hand on her head and moaned, his cock starting to lurch in her mouth before he began to shoot, shaking as he pumped up into her face. She started to choke but he held her on tight until he finished coming, when she fell back, spluttering. She was an erotic sight, looking up at him with wide eyes, jizz running down her lips and chin where she hadn't swallowed, dripping down to her gigantic breasts with proud, hard swollen nipples. He started to fondle his balls watching her. "Like that? I've got something even better to try."

Lucy was somehow even sexier on all fours than on her knees. Her huge breasts swung down pendulously, coming awfully close to brushing her nipples across the sheets as they hung. Her ass appeared even larger like this, the cheeks huge, round and pale as they stuck out above her creamy thighs. Harry groped them roughly, grinning as she whined. He gave them a quick slap, making them jiggle, and looked down further to where her pouty pussy lay. It was swollen and engorged, and drooling juices around her bloated, distended clitoris. He straightened up, taking position behind her and unceremoniously pushed his cock straight inside her. She howled as he pushed in right to the base, bumping up against her plump, cushiony butt, her pussy shuddering around him.

Cupid's Arrow apparently worked its magic on her muscles, too, because she was so tight as to be almost constricting. She was boiling hot and deliciously wet, and he nearly laughed out loud as he fucked her doggie-style, every thrust eliciting another moan, groan or wail. Her boobs bobbed back and forth as she thrust against him, and he reached around and



squeezed them hard. Before too long she shuddered with a choking cry, a come slamming its way through her body. Her pussy began to spasm around his pole. He held on for as long as he could, pulling out and groaning as he shot his load up and across her back, while she collapsed forward, twitching. He pushed up next to her, his leg across her soft cheeks, one hand pawing at a sensitive breast.

“How about you have a shower, and then I’ll fuck you again?”

Harry slumped in his chair the next morning, utterly exhausted. He and Lucy had gone another 2 rounds last night, and he was still worn out from it. It was still the best sex of his marriage, and some of the best of his entire life. She was like an animal now, so desperate to sate her unfamiliar feelings she’d follow his lead on anything sexual. It didn’t hurt that almost anything could get her off now. He finished off the last of his coffee, grinning and realising that she’d be finishing hers off too, with her latest dose of aphrodisiac. She’d elected to sleep in that morning, given how exhausted she was and that she’d taken some sick leave from work, so Harry took her coffee up to her. It wouldn’t be long now before- “Harry!”

He grinned, putting his paper down and walking upstairs. Lucy was propped up against the head of the bed. Her pretty face was red and sweaty. One hand was down the front of her pyjama pants rubbing furiously at her swollen clit while the other gathered up a breast in one hand, rubbing, pinching the fat nipple. “Harry I-ooof, huh, I need you to do somethinggaahh!”

He noted with glee her coffee cup was completely empty before crawling on top of her. With little ceremony he pulled down his pants and pushed his cock hard inside her. If anything she was tighter and hotter than the night before, thrashing and wailing as he started to pump. Her head shook from side to side as she bit her lip to try and keep her moans down, her huge tits jiggling with every thrust. It wasn’t long before she started to come convulsively, her pussy massaging his prick until he started to come as well, slamming as far into her as he could as his cock bobbed and lurched and shot off his load until he collapsed next to her, spent. He started to drift off when he felt pressure on his dwindling cock. He looked down and Lucy’s hand was circling his junk, her thumb rubbing the eye of his cock and her fingers tracing slowly across his balls.

“Harry, I’m still... I’m still horny. I need you to have sex with me again.”

He gave her a weak grin. “Well that’s not happening for a little while, is i-aah!”

She had flipped over, sliding down to his cock, her fingers still pressing and rubbing into it as she took long, slow licks up his balls. Despite his protestations he felt life stirring in his cock, even this soon after a huge come. Soon she was staring at him with big, desperate eyes around his throbbing cock again. She was twitching and breathing heavily, struggling with her arousal, and dragged herself up his body until she could mount him, straddling his pelvis and pushing herself down onto his prick so hard she screamed. As she thrust on top of him her breasts bounced and through the nearly painful sensations of his sensitive dick he looked up as she began to change again, right before his eyes. With every bounce her breasts swelled a little larger as she screamed in pleasure, pushing them right against her body.

As she kept howling they began to overflow her hands, even as the ass slamming down against Harry’s pelvis over and over plumped out even more, her hips widening out a full 2 inches around. Her hair crept down her head until it reached her shoulders, bright red and slicked with sweat. She started to shudder and come as her clit swelled up until it pressed

back against his cock, grinding up and down against it with each thrust. The sight was too much for Harry and he started to pump up into her again, her pussy gripping his cock and milking it for every drop as she screamed.

Harry was even more exhausted the next morning as he stirred coffee. The sexual escapades hadn't stopped there. When he'd recovered, her gigantic breasts were squished roughly around his cock. In a far cry from his last tit-fuck from her, though, each stroke of her breasts seemed to feel better for *her* than it did Harry. She didn't even get to finish bringing him off before she came yet again. That dose had pushed Lucinda from super-horny desperate sexpot to super-horny *demanding* sex monster. Her new libido wasn't only considerably higher than any other woman, she had no concept of controlling it or not giving in to her feelings. On the times she wasn't slurping on his cock or begging him to fuck her or play with her tits she was masturbating. She became more devious, finding every way she could to get Harry hard. She dressed herself in the smallest clothes she had, almost seeming to take a perverse pleasure in how he couldn't take his eyes off shirts stretched taut over her breasts which were bigger than her head, crowned with nipples an inch and a half thick that poked over 2 inches out of the shirt, perpetually hard, or the effect her ass in too-tight jeans had on his dick, her plump cheeks poured into the restricting denim which threatened to burst at the seams with womanly flesh.

Her butt stuck out further behind her than any Harry had ever seen, and her wide hips had to be shoehorned into her pants, even the larger pairs. She was some sort of walking wet dream, her proportions far beyond reality. Her growing arousal, Harry realised, wasn't just from the effects of the chemical, but from her swollen pussy lips and tight pants grinding against her clitoris when she moved about. Her walking was slow and twitchy, and when she was on her feet for too long she began to sweat profusely and pant hard. He couldn't keep up with her any more, and the thought (and the pain in his cock) troubled him as he made the coffee. He picked up one of the stolen vials.

"One more. That's it. Last one. She's going to kill me otherwise."

He started to tip the measured dose out of the vial. Behind him he heard footsteps, and-  
"Harry!"

He nearly jumped. She never watched him make it! With horror he realised that he'd twitched and poured the whole vial in. Before he could do anything but hide the vial she walked into the kitchen, slightly bow-legged, her massive breasts swinging back and forth and jiggling as her shirt strained to contain them. Her soft midriff was completely exposed, as the shirt could just barely reach down over her nipples, giving her soft, creamy undercleavage. She mistook his scared expression for wide-eyed surprise and grinned, giving them a quick shake.

"You're taking too long, Harry, I had to- ooh, you're done!"

Before he could say a word she pushed past him, and grabbed her coffee one-handed. Her other was brushing across the front of her tight shorts, making her moan. Harry could barely watch as she worked her way through the cup, staring at him the entire time, rubbing herself.

"When we go back up" \*slurp\* "You need to massage my boobs, really hard, they're all tight and sore." \*slurp\*

She giggled, giving them another shake, and finished the cup. One hand shot down to his groin as she dumped the cup in the sink, pulling him out of the kitchen. "Come on. Boobs, no... ooowh..."

She stopped in the hallway, bending over slightly. Her stomach growled hard, and she looked as though she were going to be sick.

"Don' feel so good..."

Fear gripped Harry again. He knew what was happening, and this time there was no excuse. His mind was already buzzing with plans, plans to hide her, keep her locked in the house, make excuses to her work. She made a retching noise, doubling over. Sweat was already pouring from her face. He quickly shuffled her into the bedroom where she laid down against the head of the bed.

"Harry... I..."

She suddenly screamed, going from doubled over to straight as a board, her massive boobs bouncing. Her hair was already starting to creep down her shoulders, growing rapidly. Her stomach growled again and she groaned. Harry saw the flesh of her breasts bulge, pressing against the restriction of her shirt. Already tight, the thin fabric seemed to shrink-wrap itself against her bulging breasts as they continued to swell. She gave a yelp of pain, the shirt stretching to its limits, making popping noises as the seams began to snap. Her hands flew up to them, pressing in hard, helplessly trying to halt their growth as the pale flesh started to bulge out of the tears in the fabric. With a rip, the strained fabric gave way and her breasts flopped out coming down onto her body with a slap, and continuing to grow. They slowly but inexorably began to spread across the front of her body, the nipples fattening up fast.

Her ass started to plump against the bed even more, hips spreading out beside her as she screamed in pain. The flesh of her hips bulged over the top of the band of her pants, creaking. She spread her legs, moaning as her clit visibly popped and swelled, spreading the walls of her pussy. After a few torturous minutes she stopped howling, slumped against the end of the bed and panting heavily. Her new body twitched and jiggled, quivers passing through her basketball-sized breasts and equally large ass cheeks. Her trim waist looked nearly comical compared to the absurd size of her chest and hips. Her hair piled a little bit behind her, bright red tresses reaching to the bottom of her ass. With a moan, she brought one gargantuan breast to her mouth and sucked hard. Her other hand reached out for Harry's cock, grasping it through his shorts. She whined and moaned as she tried to reach it, feeling it twitch under her hand, too clouded by lust to even operate his pants properly. Her breast dropped out of her mouth and slapped against the top of her stomach as she grabbed with both hands, trying to rip his fly apart. He took a shocked step back and she launched herself at him, tackling him hard to the floor. One swollen nipple pushed into his mouth as she ground herself against him, settling for just scrubbing her painfully hard clit across the rough fabric of his pants and the throbbing treasure inside until her orgasm snapped through her body, leaving her writhing on top of his body.

There was no way for Harry to escape. The momentary relief gave her the presence of mind to pull his pants down, where her lust took over again and she impaled herself on him, forcing his cock down to the hilt inside her burning hot, impossibly tight pussy. He could do little but lie there helplessly as her hips slammed down against him over and over in her desperate need to fill herself. The drug had been making her gradually more sensitive with its measured doses, but now every nerve in her body seemed like it was wired straight to the pleasure centre of her brain, every sensation multiplied threefold before it buzzed straight down her spine to her pussy.

Within minutes she was screaming in the grip of another unbearably powerful orgasm. Her artificially tightened muscles spasmed hard. Whether by accident or design meant were clearly not going to last long underneath a coming Cupid girl as their body's reactions to their orgasm milked a cock for all it was worth. Harry still managed to hold out until Lucy had brought herself to another screaming come before he couldn't hold on any longer, his tired pole twitching and shooting up inside her. The last thing he saw before passing out was twenty pounds of breast flesh collapsing on top of him.

Lucy stirred, sliding off her comatose husband and panting, trying to clear her head. Her mind was starting to swim back into a grudging focus but all she could feel was tightness, ache, and endless, unbearable arousal. She turned over and winced as her breasts flopped over and slapped into one another, the sensitive skin buzzing. Her huge nipples turned rubbery, swelling to an aching hardness. When she swung a leg over to get up she nearly seized as her pussy pressed on her golf-ball sized clit. She suppressed a sob. Spreading her legs carefully, she heaved the weight of her breasts up in her arms, twitching from the sensitivity of her pale skin. Already her mind was starting to fade out again as the lust took over. Her hand was already drifting down to her juicing pussy as she started to giggle, her thoughts replaced by the image of Harry's throbbing cock, making her drool a little. She turned around in her awkward clit-sparing shuffle, fully intending to drag Harry back into bed and fuck him senseless. Her foot kicked his pants, and the odd clink she heard dispelled her orgasmic fog for a moment.

Harry awoke to a tremendous weight on his groin. Looking down, he saw Lucy was tit-fucking him, her gigantic pale tits engulfing his pole, spreading out under their own weight. Strangely enough, he felt energised, not tired out like the last few days, and his cock was back in as good form as ever as she throatily moaned, not even bothering to jerk him, just squeezing her breasts and rubbing them back and forth. His come hit him like a freight train, hard and fast as his hips suddenly bucked up against the weight, his cock jetting cum, spraying up from between her breasts in a fountain which she greedily licked off the surface of her own tits before the shaking and stimulation had her coming as well. He was prepared to lie back and bask in his afterglow, but he gave a concerned groan as his cock throbbed again. Before his eyes, rather than go soft and limp it seemed to stand even straight and harder, the stout pole even maybe looking a little bigger to his eyes. Lucy locked her gaze on him, smiling as she lazily began to jerk it.

"I found those vials, you fucker. I was going to call the cops," she took a deep breath, trying to keep herself composed as she stroked his bucking, straining cock slowly "but I wouldn't have even lasted the walk to the phone, thanks to you. So I decided that as long as I was going to be unbearably horny for the rest of my life" she paused to lick a long, slow lick straight up the length of his cock which strained so hard Harry yelped, "that my darling husband should at least be able to keep up with me?"

He felt helpless as his body began to painfully tighten. His muscles were tight and tired, like he'd finished lifting weights, and the pain in his groin as his cock bobbed and lurched was immense. He nearly screamed as it tightened up and swelled before his eyes as she stroked it, watching hungrily. It was accompanied by an equal pain in his testicles. She giggled and cupped them in her other hand, rolling them around lightly as they too began to bloat.

"You aren't allowed to hate this, Harry. You were happy to look on while I lost control of my body and turned into this big titted slut!"

His sack stretched out and tightened, struggling to contain his bloating balls. She began to jerk him faster. "Don't try and escape it. You fucking deserve this, whatever you get!" Harry was horribly aware of the way his thoughts were beginning to slow down, become thick, muddy. He panted and moaned and wailed as his muscles expanded, the bed creaking with his built-up weight, growing taller and thicker. Fat melted from his body, replaced with hard muscle. Instead of the softening, feminising effect of the drug on a woman, on a man it kicked their male hormones into overdrive. He would almost have been interested if he could keep his thoughts on anything but how hard and needy his cock was and how big and soft Lucy's breasts were, with a happy, stupid grin. It was the last conscious thought that echoed through his head and it soon exited in a heaving, voluminous blast of cum.

All in all, Lucy thought to herself, it could have worked out a lot worse. She stood out in the kitchen, humming happily to herself. Her breasts were tied up in a sheet wrapped loosely around her body – she found regular clothes got in the way more often than not. She'd gradually adjusted to moving around in her new body, but every so often she'd forget herself and let a heavy breast bump against something, or move her legs the wrong way and scrub her clit, and it left her a wreck. She shuddered a little, feeling herself start to sweat as her boobs started to bounce and bob from the movement, and looked down at the kitchen clock. She hadn't dared even try to go anywhere away from the house for weeks, and even after that, training herself to deal with her body's new demands, to suppress her arousal, she could manage about half a careful hour before she lost control and started to masturbate, and barely over 2 hours without cock. She heard a thump from upstairs, and a near animal moan, and had to grasp the counter to steady herself as her knees shook. She carefully made her way upstairs and into the bedroom to greet herself with the familiar, comforting sight of her husband.

"It's okay Harry dear. I'm back."

He struggled against the handcuffs she'd put on him. She noted with glee that his Cupid-blessed muscles had managed to seriously dent the brass posts of the bed. As he struggled his cock shook, and despite herself she let out a moan watching it. It had finished growing at over a foot long, as thick around as a drink can, sitting atop throbbing testicles the size of bowling balls. It was rock hard, which wasn't unusual – Harry hadn't gone soft since she'd drugged him, and his balls were always full of painfully huge blasts of cum for her. She straddled him, grinding her thick clit against the top of his cock, pushing her nipples into his furry thatch of chest hair. She didn't love the fact that his overdriven hormones made him so hairy, but for that cock she'd put up with anything. Her gelatinous breasts squished against him, pooling around his broad chest as she positioned herself at the top of his cock. She'd worried about taking him in, but her muscles apparently became more than strong – they were flexible too. Her pussy opened up as she pushed against the fat head, and she screamed as she pushed him inside her as far as he would go. He began to grunt and thrust, finally given his relief. She normally rode him like this or played with his gigantic cock nearly all the time, at home, but today had been an experiment in how long they could both last without coming. She nearly immediately ripped into a powerful orgasm and Harry soon followed suit, his desperate balls filling her to the brim with what had to be enough cum to fill a bucket. She slid off and collapsed on top of him, reaching back to play with his still-twitching pole. She liked to jerk and suck him and talk to him – she knew he couldn't even understand her any more, but it made her feel closer to him than they ever had been as a couple.

Her fingers lightly rubbed underneath the head of his dick, while her other hand groped and pulled at one of her nipples. "Lucy's got a job, baby! We were running out of money to feed this monster dick." She gave it a loving tug. "I'm a stripper! I'm going to be shaking the fat titties you gave me for lots and lots of money. I only even had to fuck the owner once, as much as I wanted to just rape him all night."

She giggled at the memory of that "interview." She'd been waiting long enough that her time was rapidly running out, and when she'd gotten into his room she'd had enough time to blurt out "I'll take my clothes off for money!" before she'd leaped into his lap, pushing one outsized breast into his mouth. Harry grunted happily as she began to pick up the pace, letting her breast drop and slap heavily against her stomach, then turning around to squish them around his pole.

"That means I'm going to let you be a big boy while I'm gone and jerk your fat pole as much as you like. Just jerk jerk jerk all night until I come home and fuck you, right? That's what you like to do now."

He yelped and gasped, his cock twitching hard. She moaned and suckled on the head as he started to come hard, slurping him down and letting the rest drip onto her breasts as she came too. Deep in the ravaged recesses of what remained of Harry's mind, a tiny thought surfaced – "This is heaven."