

Mary's Pills

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Inspired in part by EdMiller's "A Cure for Hypertension"

I knew it was going to be a special day the moment I saw the outfit Mistress had laid out for me. It turned out that it wasn't just the day, but the entire weekend that I would never forget. As I pulled the latex halter piece over my head, I reflected back on the past six months, and just how I wound up at this moment.

Before I knew her as Mistress, she was Mary; a redheaded firecracker with bright green eyes and skin as pale as the moon. I had offered her help in a grocery store parking lot when I saw her struggling to load large cases of water into her car. Her small, thin frame just wasn't cutting it. I took a chance and asked if she'd like to get together sometime, and soon we had started dating. She was a real wild one in the bedroom, and liked to take charge. I had never had a woman tell me exactly what to do, but I took to the role rather quickly and enjoyed it.

Early in the relationship Mary expressed concerns to me about her physical appearance, feeling too small and weak to live her life as she truly wanted. She had already begun to talk to some sort of medical specialist who began her on an experimental new drug. I didn't get very far when I voiced my worry over something unproven. She had made up her mind and was certainly running the relationship. She didn't mind looking 5 years younger than she was, but she wished to be taller and shapelier.

I must admit I was shocked when I realized just how well the drug was working on Mary. Within three months she had grown a few inches to 5'7". Her legs were looking long and slender, yet toned, and her chest had filled out from a small B-cup to a very nice and full C. Along with the new looks came greater confidence and control over me. I thought she looked just fine before, but admittedly she had become a vast improvement on herself in just 3 months. This was where it started to get really interesting.

Mary was making good money when I was laid off from my job due to a poor economy. She insisted that I take at least a month or two off before digging in to find a new position. In the meantime, she just wanted me to be her stay-at-home loverboy who she could spoil and fuck whenever she pleased. When I agreed, she told me there was one condition: I had to start a drug regimen of my own, from the same company she had been getting pills from. After seeing the effects of her transformation, I was inclined to follow along. I assumed the outcome would be a more muscled me, possibly with a larger dick. Oh, how I was wrong.

I never actually went and talked to any doctors before starting on the pills. Mary said she'd just pick them up when she got her own, and we could save some time and hassle. I was just supposed to

take one a day, and drink plenty of water. I was alarmed when my body hair started falling out, but Mary assured me that was a minimal side effect and nothing to be afraid of. "After all," she said, "I happen to like you all smooth like that."

The changes seemed very subtle to me at first, but probably because I was constantly looking for them. When I first had a clue that my changes were going in the opposite direction I had expected, I should have been more concerned. Denial can be a powerful thing. Really, though, after I had thought it through, there was a strong part of me that wanted to see where this was going. Mary constantly praised my looks, and was more than generous in the bedroom, so I felt quite good, despite the unease I sometimes felt while she was away. I wasn't hanging around with any of my old friends, and now I had no co-workers to spend time with, so Mary was truly my only company. I became completely dependent on her in every way.

I like to think that if I had wanted to put a stop to all of this, I could have at any point. The truth is that I wanted it, because I wanted her to be happy. The sultry sound of her voice was music to my ears. She knew how to touch me in ways that made my heart flutter. Whatever Mary wanted, I would try to please. Mary wanted this, so I wanted it.

My nipples first became tender and a bit swollen just a few weeks in, but hadn't changed much until the final month. Within just a few days time, my chest grew from nothing to a B-cup with nice, perky nipples. Mary was prepared, and I woke up one morning to a bra and panty set laid out for me. I probably spent longer than I should have adjusting and readjusting the cups over my newfound breasts. When I slid the panties up my hairless legs, I didn't know what to do with my dick, so I pointed it straight up at my belly button. That was when I truly realized I was going down a road that there was no coming back from. My dick had shrunk at least an inch, because it was fully erect and barely made it to the top of the panties.

My libido had been increasing lately, and I was constantly horny. I would jack myself off until I felt dehydrated and exhausted. My orgasms weren't as strong lately, but I could get off at least five or six times a day, or until I was shooting blanks. One day, I came at least six times, but never saw a drop of semen. Upon closer inspection (now having to use a mirror to see around my C-cup tits), my scrotum had disappeared altogether, and my dick was only a couple inches when hard. I was getting more pleasure lately out of playing with my tits and tweaking my nipples than I was from touching my dick.

Mary told me that I was to begin calling her Mistress, and she explained how I was to be her sub. She would provide for me, and I should be ready at all times to answer her call. Each morning I would find an outfit laid out for me, and sometimes a new toy. Mistress had begun introducing me to toys of all types, and I had taken a strong liking to anal play. With my dick disappearing, my attention became split between my gorgeous tits and my asshole.

Now, just 6 months after meeting a small redhead in a parking lot, I was completely unrecognizable as the same person. I now stood at 5'4", with hair just below my shoulders, sporting a healthy set of C-cup breasts and a tight little ass. Mistress showed me how I was to do my make-up, and I spent the first couple hours of each day getting dressed and made up to her standards. I was quite

good at walking in tall heels, and my hips were developing a nice sway. My lips were pouty, facial structure softened, voice raised, and all because of a little pill each day.

I finished lacing up the front of the halter piece I had put on, and slid on the knee-high latex boots that matched. They reached almost exactly to the bottom of the latex pant legs, giving me a black seamless look from chest to toe, interrupted with white ribbons at the chest and on the sides of the boots. The pants were crotchless, which made me very excited. However, there was a note that told me I was not allowed to masturbate at all today. I pouted when I read it. The open air on my crotch and ass was quite titillating. My dick had become nothing more than a nub peeking out on an otherwise smooth patch of skin. In all honesty it looked like part of a mannequin to me at times in the mirror. I was a bit disappointed I hadn't seen any further development of an actual pussy at this point. In the meantime, my ass had gotten plenty of attention from the ever-growing arsenal of toys that we now had.

My sex drive was going crazy by the time Mistress arrived home. I had tried everything I could think of to distract myself all day, but I was so used to getting off multiple times a day that this felt like torture. When Mistress walked through the door, my eyes lit up and my heart raced.

"Honey, I have a very special surprise for you. Have you been a good girl?" She said, with a questioning glance.

"Yes, Mistress!", I shot back, unable to hide any eagerness.

"Come and stand here" she commanded, and reached into her bag. She produced a couple straps, one of which was somewhat Y-shaped. I wasn't entirely sure what they were going to be for. Next she produced a black nine-inch dildo and some sort of rubber wedge shaped like a small block of cheese.

The first strap was placed like a belt around my waist and twisted so that there were connections front and back. The Y-shaped piece was attached at the front and hung loose while Mistress placed the other two objects. She first applied some lube to the dildo and slid it with relative ease into my asshole. I nearly came from the sensation. Of the dildos I had used in my ass, they always stopped at about six inches in, and this was no exception. Mistress left the final few inches out and commanded that I don't let it fall out.

Meanwhile, she placed the rubber wedge just below my dick's head and pulled the strap tight against it to hold it there. I heard a snap as she secured the two pieces, followed by another when she attached the base of the dildo to the strap. I had a sudden jolt of pain when she yanked the strap tight and attached it to the back of the belt. The rubber wedge was grinding hard into my crotch and had nowhere to go.

Next, Mistress reached in her bag and pulled out a bottle of pills that looked just like my daily ones, but with a different color cap. She poured 3 pills into the palm of her hand. Pausing in thought for

a second, she then dumped 2 more pills into the pile. Handing me the pills and a bottle of water, she said, "Bottoms up!"

Waiting for the effects of the pills to take hold, effects that I was unsure of, Mistress paraded me around the room to watch me struggle against the hard rubber wedge. Her hands wandered over the smooth latex of my outfit and traced lines across my body. Suddenly I had to stop walking as I was overcome by a wash of energy, starting in my stomach. A devilish grin flashed across Mistress' face.

My hips began to expand ever so slightly and my ass felt like it was ballooning out. I could feel the edges of the strap slide further into the crack of my ass. The hard, uncomfortable pressure at my groin morphed into a strange feeling that I'm still unsure of how to describe. Grabbing at my crotch, I could actually feel the wedge squeezing into me as the skin around it gave way. I realized that I was finally going to have a pussy of my own!

My excitement at the thought had me running toward an orgasm, but my mind was short circuited when Mistress grabbed the strap at my rear and gave it a solid tug, wrenching it tighter. A jolt of pain mixed with my pleasure as the dildo in my ass sunk another inch further, and the wedge was again uncomfortable against my front. The pain subsided, and the wedge continued its ascent.

I was breathing quite heavily by the time the wedge had lodged itself in my crotch, still secured by the strap. I had no idea if the dildo in my ass had even moved any more. My head was spinning with feelings of pain and pleasure from all angles. I grabbed the nearest table to steady myself as my vision blurred momentarily.

"Oh God, baby, that's so hot. I should have filmed this. I wish you could see yourself right now." Mistress was obviously enjoying this, but I couldn't focus long enough to make any eye contact.

Without warning, she unhitched the strap at my back and whipped the two objects clear of me in one swift motion. If I hadn't had my daily enema, it would have been a disastrous moment. I was suddenly very empty feeling, and still uneasy on my feet. I steadied myself on the table with both hands while Mistress worked quickly to free the objects hanging beneath me.

"Spread those legs, dear, and bend at the hips" She said, grabbing something new from her bag.

This time she connected what looked to me like a buttplug to the front snap, and I couldn't quite see what was connected to the rear. It was definitely heavier than the previous dildo. It must have been at least as long, too, because she pushed it in first, lubing it like the last. It had the head shaped like a penis, but was otherwise smooth. I guessed it was a bit wider than the 9-incher.

Cinching up the strap, she lubed and aimed the front plug at my new indentation of a pussy. All the while I could feel my insides shifting, apparently making adjustments for my new parts. My hands and feet were beginning to tingle, and I was scared for a moment that I might pass out or fall over. I was shocked back to reality again when Mistress yanked on the strap. I felt something pop at my crotch as the plug drove home, and the dildo in my ass stretched me hard and fast. My eyes nearly bugged out of my skull and I saw stars.

Mistress stayed behind me and placed her palm at the base of the plug. Slowly tracing her hand around my crotch, I again was torn between the pleasure and pain roaring through my body. After a couple minutes, her fingers stopped tracing, and she placed pressure on the plug, further opening my new hole as I gasped. She groaned in response and bucked her hips toward my ass, driving the dildo further still. This created some slack on the strap, where she cinched it tight once more.

She must have sensed that I was on the verge of collapsing, because she draped my arm around her shoulder and began leading me to the bedroom. With each weak-kneed, short step, I was racked with sensations. I fell face first onto the fluffy down comforter, and was content to lie there unmoving. Mistress grabbed my shoulder and turned my body first on its side. I had no energy to help with the movement. I was surprised again when she kept turning me, so that I would be face up on the bed. Once my ass turned over, I was at the mercy of the dildo still protruding a few inches from my ass. Instead of a hard shove this time, I was subjected to a slow and steady pressure while my own body weight slid my lubed ass down around the monster. My insides shifted again to make room.

I found out later that was a twelve inch beast about 3 inches wide. I didn't think I was capable of taking anything so large, but Mistress would go on to explain later how my body was more malleable to change during this drug's period, so she was taking advantage and training my body for taking large cocks and dildos.

Still shifting me around on the bed, Mistress rotated me so that my head hung upside down over the edge of the bed. Already light-headed, I closed my eyes to keep the world from spinning. Something was placed at my mouth as I was still trying to catch my breath. Mistress had attached the 9-inch dildo to a strap-on harness and was going to shove it down my throat.

She grabbed one of my breasts in each hand and used them for leverage as she slid the thick cock into my face. I had to concentrate as hard as I could to breathe through my nose and not lose consciousness. She really knew exactly where my limits were, because she would pull out just in time for me to get a full gasp of air. I hadn't really tried to deepthroat anything before, and I actually felt a sense of pride at being able to take it without gagging. Again, this was attributed to the effects of the drugs, helping mold my body into the perfect sex doll.

My eyes were filled with tears as my throat was assaulted faster, harder, and deeper. Mistress groaned loudly and dug her hands into the latex over my tits. I could feel a warmth beginning to grow within them now.

Finally pulling the dildo away from my face, she unsnapped it and dropped it on the bed next to me. Sliding my head onto the bed again, she unstrapped the crotch piece from the front this time. The monster dildo remained embedded in my ass, but she pulled the plug from my newly formed pussy.

Mistress suddenly seemed a bit emotional. "It's so beautiful, baby. I love you so much for doing this for me."

My pussy felt very cold and exposed against the open air, but it didn't take long for Mistress to dive her tongue into the folds. Moaning and ravenously eating me out, she slid a hand up and grabbed the 9-inch dildo once more. Keeping her lips locked around my clit that was once a penis, she eased the dildo into my pussy. I felt so tight and full between the two cocks that I thought I might split in two.

Ever so slowly, she began working the dildo in and out, adding some pressure over time to push it further and further in. The warmth in my body was taking over the pain sensations at this point, and my hands instinctively went to my chest. A pressure built very quickly within my tits and I could feel them starting to expand in my hands. Fumbling at the ribbon laced up the front of the top, I couldn't get it loosened before my tits ran out of room.

A pained moan escaped my throat as titflesh billowed over the top of the latex and forced itself through the holes of the ribbon. Mistress thrust the dildo deep into my pussy and reached up to help me. Once free from the top, my boobs grew to the size of volleyballs, capped with inch long erect nipples.

Grabbing a nipple in each hand, I had the single greatest orgasm of my entire life. Here I was, impaled on two large dildos, gigantic tits, and I suddenly had a flash of thought that I was a guy just 3 months ago. In that moment time stood still, and I was slammed with another wave of the most intense feelings imaginable, knowing that this is what I truly wanted. The world faded away, and I was alone with my body in a sea of pleasure.

When I awoke, I was under the comforter and Mistress was bringing me food on a tray.

"You've been out for a while, sweetie. That was one hell of an orgasm you had." Setting down the tray, she brushed my hair from my face and gave my forehead a light kiss. "In fact, it was so good, I was thinking about taking some of those pills tomorrow so I can be as amazingly sexy as you are now!" She traced a hand down my new figure with a look of lust and envy in her eyes. "What do you say? Then we can try ourselves out for a while with whatever we can dream up." A flicker of devilishness glowed in her eyes as she began thinking of the possibilities.

I replied, "Why wait till tomorrow? What's wrong with right now?"