I wheeled my trolley down Aisle Three, pausing occasionally to drop in an item. I was at the end of my trip really, but was reluctant to head home to the mountain of work awaiting me. A healthy bit of procrastination was in order.  
  
When, however, I dropped some Macaroni and Cheese in a tin, I decided enough was enough and I began meandering in the general direction of the counter. Like I would ever eat this stuff… I shuddered at the thought, recalling too many late nights at university where this was the only stuff that money and study-time permitted me to eat. At least that had paid off finally…  
  
My reverie was interrupted by the scent of lilacs and caramel. I stopped, and looked about me. This section was unfamiliar to me, filled with a wide assortment knickknacks. I surveyed the panorama of buzz words: ‘self-improvement’, ‘relaxation’, ‘fulfilment’, all aimed to appeal to the self-pitying careless dreamer within us all. It worked. My fingers waggling, I grabbed one that caught my eye. It was a reddish green bottle, small and with a twisted sort of shape to it. It was a bottle of chilli oil, and its key phrases revolved around ‘enhancement’, ‘dreams’, and ‘desires’. It was the only one on the shelf. With it came a faux-leather bound dream diary, and some coconut scented candles, marbled-yellow, white, and black. I didn’t pick up anything else. The price tags on items like the ‘Hypnotic Lava Lamp’, the ‘Personal Growth Tea’, and ‘Perking Sheets’ made me snort with derision. At least the things I picked were *reasonably* cheap.  
  
After fumbling my way through the aisle (which they had forgotten to number, I noted) and a seriously heavy section of curtaining, I found myself quite far from the counter. A little confused, I exited and embraced the cool blast of the air conditioner and made my way to the counter, purse in hand.  
  
There was a short queue. Now, I must admit, I can be quite nosy, so as I waited I began examining the other shopper’s goods, musing on puzzles, such as anyone would need six industrial bottles of ketchup, or how the customer wheeling his way out intended to drive while carrying three live lobsters without a single bag. I shook my head, and decided to furtively snoop on whoever was in front of me, and craned my neck.  
  
Woah. I came down off my tip toes, and took a step back to view the slice of hunk before me. I stared at the wide back and shoulders as the line moved gently forward, enjoying the view as my eyes ran over him. He was wearing a suit, which fitted him almost too well, and was still looking crisp and smart, though his edges were fraying, as do everyone’s after a long day. It only made him look cuter. He would occasionally slouch a little, leaning on one of the strong legs propping up the six feet of hot, making his butt pop out just a little. I itched all over, and tried to distract myself by examining the shopping he was now placing at the back of the counter. He turned sideways as he started doing this, and after seeing one or two items my stares fell back on to him. He was gorgeous, his jawline all chiselled, with sculpted stubble, just a little shorter than the dark hair framing his temples. ‘Want.’ I thought to myself.  
  
I was so distracted that I didn’t even notice it was my turn. He was just tucking his change back into an old-fashioned brown, leather wallet when he looked up and noticed me for the first time. The checkout girl, miles away coughed. Reality whispered ‘Hey, stupid’ and then tripped me. I instantly sputtered into action, and mechanically (*that is, if the machine had been due for a maintenance check for several years*) began handing my things over. Did he know I had been looking at him? I felt thin; inadequate. His dark blue eyes were still on me, and he grinned, slowly bending down. Uncomprehending, I looked on, continuing to dump things approximately near the counter. Then he straightened, and handed me my shawl. “Oh.” I said, and took the green rag, conscious of his hand near mine, feeling like a shrimp. That was all I said. In the journey home afterwards I would say a fair bit more, intermittently cursing and reading out the cool lines I came up with that I should have said.   
  
He smiled again, gave a short wave and a goodbye, and left the shop. Frazzled, I sorted my own things and left. As I pushed my trolley to the car, I saw him again, getting into a black SUV. As he got into the cabin, something fell from his pocket on to the ground. I tried to call out, and began running, the frenetic click of my heels echoing off the walls of the underground carpark. But the thrum of the engine was too loud, and he was gone. I picked up the mobile, and after staring at it for a moment, examined his contact list. There weren’t a whole lot of numbers there; most seemed like companies or businesses. I came across ‘Analise’. ‘Shit’, I considered, drifting back towards my own car. Remembering to retrieve my trolley, I dialled the number, and began to pack everything into the boot.  
  
I heard a click. “Hey there you!” said a warm, intimate tone.  
  
“Oh, um, hi there.” I replied. I could feel the surprise from the other end.  
  
“Oh.” Came the reply. A palpable pause elapsed.  
  
“Well, this is- I’ve found your boyfriend’s phone, he, uh- he dropped it in the carpark at the supermarket.” I explained in a rush.  
  
“My boyfriend? Are you sure? The number you’re calling from is my brother’s.” she said, sounding more relaxed.  
  
“Oh, sorry! I just assumed…” I began apologetically.  
  
“No, no, it’s fine. That’d certainly be a surprise for my girlfriend to find out I’ve got a man on the side. Heck, I’ve got to say I was pretty surprised too,” Analise laughed, and I chuckled too. “Look, but if you want to get hold of him (*Oh, believe me, I did*) I can give you his house number.”  
  
“Yeah, of course.” I responded shortly.  
  
She promised to send the number by text, and after a chatting with me a little bit, exchanged a goodbye, adding a good luck too. I started my engine, and a minute later felt his phone buzz in my pocket. I decided not to call immediately, he probably hadn’t even got home yet.  
  
I drove to my house, and parked in the driveway, my mind filled with the horrific volume of paperwork I had to get through that afternoon, evening, and most probably night. “Sleep is for the weak,” I said, stifling a yawn, and then muttered “And I need to sleep for a week.”  
  
I trudged up to my desk, and the onslaught began. Three and a half hours in, I got up, rubbing my temples, my traps, and my neck. My eyes were glazed puddles of soreness. I needed a break, and a coffee. I walked to my kitchen, and began looking through my shopping bags, which I had forgot to unpack in my haste to get started. I rifled through packets, tins, and bags, before just emptying the whole lot on to the kitchen table.  
  
I scanned the pile, and found the coffee. Next to it I saw the chilli oil, and compulsively grabbed that too. I put it on to the marble countertop, along with the jar of coffee, and filled the coffee pot with water. I filled the coffee funnel to the brim with the life-giving ochre powder, and put it above the flame on the hob. That would be a few minutes, so I examined the oil a little further. My head pounded, and I mused upon the bottle, turning it over in my hands. ‘Fuck it, why not?’ I reasoned, and unscrewed the cap.  
  
It smelled delicious, and I felt a tingle run through me. I felt so tense… my muscles were straining, even leaning against the cupboard as I was. I quickly lit the candles, and the fragrance of coconut wafted through the room, mingling with the rising scent of coffee. The oil was stronger than both, spicy and soothing. I dabbed some behind my ears, and instantly shivered at the relief. I applied some more to my neck, and felt the stiffness ooze out under my plying. I removed my shirt, without a single twinge of soreness as I lifted my arms over my head.   
  
I spread the chilli oil over my shoulders, collar bone, and lower back, and was instantly rewarded. The skin was smooth and soft where my fingers moved, revivified by the substance. I began to put on more and more of the stuff, rapidly removing pesky garments without the slightest thought, and rubbed the perfume all over me.   
  
I took in a sharp breath as the oil reached my more sensitive areas. The slow simmer that was building all over felt far more potent as I went over my chest, thighs, ass, and groin. I lingered a little on each one, my nostrils aquiver as the aroma filled the house, and released a few ragged exhalations.  
  
My breathing was getting heavier as the tingling increased, beginning to feel a lot like something more than relaxing. I kneaded in the oil, making sure my body was covered from head to toe, and even my hair, by the wonderful elixir. I finished the entire bottle, shaking out the last drops on to myself, then stood quavering, experiencing the mounting pressure deep within as it sent buzzing signals erupting to the surface. A few minutes passed, with nothing more than me sighing and continuing to rub myself, ever so gently, flicking a hard nipple, panting.  
  
The oil soaked into my skin, and despite the goosebumps, I began to feel a heat in my pussy. I shuddered, utterly consumed by the goodness prickling through me. The chilli in the mixture zapped into me, and my fingers drifted southwards. My top still hung around my waist and, feeling a teensy bit kinky, I placed my hands beneath it, securing them in place with the straps, and began playing with myself. My slippery breasts would occasionally twinge in loneliness, and I would, with difficulty, slide a hand back up to comfort the aching nipples.  
  
I ruminated over the guy in the supermarket. I closed my eyes, letting the shivers submerge me in the lascivious tingling all over my body. I pictured his wide back and axe handle shoulders as I stood behind him at the counter. I imagined him, shirt, blazer, and tie gone, flexing his muscles, winking his twinkling navy eyes. They bored into me, and as the fires rose through me in the freezing room, I grew wet, and quickly made my way to the bedroom, switching off the flame beneath the now burned coffee pot.  
  
I lay down on top of the duvet. My fingers were making a slow dance along the expanse of my loins. I ran up and down the labia, cooing softly, drawing it out a little before delicately slipping them in, one by one. I was surprised at how soaked I was already, managing to fit three fingers in with relative ease. I moved these, back and forth, back and forth, coating them in thick layers of wetness. I thought about his deep, sexy voice, and moaned in heat as I pulled out, my passion only quelled as I forced the four fingers of my other hand in and began to clench and unclench, rubbing myself inside. I applied my other digits to my hungry clitoris. It eagerly engorged as I began to press down on it, making small circles and varying pressure.  
  
In my head, it was supermarket guy touching me, unable to keep his hands off me, rubbing and fondling my body all over, overcome with a  desire to please me. Our lust was rapacious and unappeasble, and I grew hotter and hotter. The chilli oil, embedded deep within now, unbeknownst to me, began its real work.   
  
It started in my breasts. The tiny, perky domes on my petite frame felt afire, and the ache began to make its slow way from the edges of my chest to the little peaks of pleasure in the centre. I ran my fingers across my sensitive flesh, and they were his nails, raking and pawing at my tits for his pleasuring, seeking to make them perk further. Surely enough, my body complied. The conflagration reached the steeple of my nipple, and an alarm echoed briefly in my mind, unused to the alien sensation. The strange pressure was painful but for when I touched my boobs. At that moment it would be converted to pure pleasure; an utter rapture, eclipsing all else.  
  
An explosion issued silently. My cry was high and harsh, a thin reed that only made a pressurised gasp. It felt like lightning was arcing over me as my boobs began to make their careful way out into the world. I pictured his erection pushing out, and like two small balls of dough, my tits began to rise.  
  
My fingers delved further into the reaches of my womanhood, and I arched my back. Mmm… He wanted me so bad. I yearned for the hard slab of chest I knew had been beneath that shirt. I wanted to touch and kiss them, while he would nuzzle my neck. The muscles became taut with the electric pleasure as my breast engorged further and further into the handful zone. I cried out, picturing his strong, thick fingers being spread by my burgeoning bounty, causing a reciprocal bulge to form in his pants. His trousers tightened at the swell of his package, but he still couldn’t remove them, not yet. I lay on the check out, and checking me out was just what I let him do, lying back and bursting from my outfit towards his face. Buttons pinged across the store and I lay bear and heavy before him.   
  
Reason and rationality were engulfed. I was too engrossed in this primal joy to even consider what was actually happening to me, that I was changing… growing.  
  
That was when the pleasure began to spread, along with the results. Thick, ropey tendrils sparked across my nerves and through the rest of me, exponentially stronger than before. I sighed deeply, gulping in a breath after, as all began to shatter under the overload of sensuality that hit me next.  
  
I thickened, becoming curvier by the second, and I instinctively adjusted my rhythm to match. In short rushes, my entire frame had grown. I filled out, squealing and writhing as I felt the muscles in my back, abdominal, thigh, and ass areas tighten and bulge. I imagined myself spilling out over the counter, and sure enough my boobs, the central point of pleasure, now easily made their way across my arms, both of which were still keenly pressed by my sides, the fingers at the end frantically working to keep up with my expansion. I was becoming the woman I had always wanted to be.  
  
In my fantasy, he was there watching it, the grin gone from his face, exchanged for titillating adoration and arousal. My fingers thickened and lengthened inside me, furthering my daydream. I pictured his tenting cock, starting to rip the seams of the smart trousers, one by one, and drooled, imagining how it would soon emerge. His eyes told me he knew he would come for me, and the air rippled with the scent of chilli oil.   
  
In reality, my tiny bed had begun to sag under my weight a little, as my thighs thickened further. My ass was inflating too, small cushions pumping up to angle my cunt into the perfect position for him to fuck. The cotton beneath felt like sharp razors of ecstasy, caressing my buttocks as they grew and firmed. I was becoming so sensitive I couldn’t move without stimulating myself, something I took full advantage of. I spread my legs, the better to play with myself, and caught the scent of my own wetness filling the room (something I fancied doing too with my body). As I did so, my body responded with a helping hand. I felt a soft grinding sensation, hard but unfocused, form in my pelvis, taking fruit as my hips began stretch and widen. My hourglass was filling.  
  
My boobs were getting so big. They spilled further and further across my chest, their diameter increasing from moment to moment. I mashed them together, feeling them jiggle and slap against my chin as they occupied more and more of my torso. My nipples were raw iron screeching in a furnace.   
  
I thought about his rough, strong hands running over me, pinching my nipples and rubbing my titties, before finally moving on  to squeeze my engorging ass and play with my clit, the latter of which was the size of a small cherry now. I thought about him fingering me while we kissed, our tongues snaking together, impassioned.  
  
Minutes of absolute wonder and ecstasy passed. I was transfixed the whole while. My stomach settled first, firm but with a healthy amount of fat, smooth as a board, my big juggs resting atop like a shelf. My elbows pressed into the flesh, reaching around my bouncy breasts, feeling the hard abdominal muscles beneath the glossy surface beneath them. My arms themselves were no longer stick thin, having thickened reasonably to provide me the strength needed to administer to my libido. I crossed and uncrossed my legs, momentarily mashing my palm into the sopping deluge beneath them. I was so horny, and I needed release.   
  
Ass and thighs continued to expand, and my feet now hung a number of inches off the bed, a result of my increasing height. If I were capable of standing right now I might have been about five-ten or five-eleven, a whole seven inches taller than my previous height, and I must have weighed over twice my previous on the scales.   
  
The legs were the next to stop, starting with my thickly muscled calf, primed for thrusting and counterthrusting. My thunderous thighs halted a few minutes after, as I came for about the… I don’t know, I had lost track at fourth time, Mr Grocery having by this time shredded his trousers and pounded my pussy to kingdom come – this being acted out by the Oscar winning entourage of ten.   
  
My upper legs were substantial to say the least. As the heat cooled I gazed down, seeing my hips, which well exceeded my shoulders in breadth. These juicy thighs looked powerful enough to crush a man’s head, and head was certainly something filling my mind. The changes to myself only excited me further, and I redoubled my fingering. By this time my whole hand could fit into my vagina, and I was taking full advantage of its new capacity. I arched by back, and my massive ass, under which I could feel at least two broken bed boards, was suddenly confronted by a tickling sensation. I turned, not slowing my efforts to come once more, and saw that in the foray of expansion, I had failed to notice that my hair now extended to half way down my thighs in a thick curtain.   
  
After a few more spurts of plumping, my glorious behind ceased its enlarging, leaving me with a booty that could redefine sexy. It was ample… delectable. I wanted his cum inside me, all over me. I imagined his balls tightening as the saltiness urged itself out and up.   
  
My breasts were the last to stop their growth, filling out for a whole twenty minutes longer than the others. This of course forced from me twenty more minutes of mind clouding horniness and desperate masturbation, all the while longing for Grocery Man, whispering all the bad things I wanted him to do to me.   
  
My rack was fucking enormous. The new volume of my tits boggled my mind, and I could not even begin to guess their size. Letters between G and J went through my brain, flitting questioning to K, and daring to go no further, instead settled on ‘F-U-C-K-I-N-G R-I-D-I-C-U-L-O-U-S’. I had gone from dainty and lithe to bombshell thickness, though I thought, as I twirled in front of the mirror, there was still a strong dose of agility left in the mix. I hefted their weight, fascinated at the heaviness, and flexed my back. I felt absolutely fine, and looked it too, I mused, a coy smile playing across my plump lips.  
  
The more I looked, the more the lingering wetness made itself known downstairs. As I twisted to better examine the rest of my buxomness, starting with my prodigious rear end, a moment of clarity suddenly hit me. I saw us once again in the shop, though this time without any of my naughty fancies (well, I removed the more distracting ones), and I remembered seeing the only other bottle of chilli oil… in his shopping basket.  
  
I began to rush over to the table, before falling over under my unfamiliar centre of gravity. I picked myself up, and sauntered my way to the table. My fingers, still wet from my own ejaculation, slid to dial the number Analise had given me. His husky voice answered.  
  
“Hello?”  
  
“Hi there.” I replied, my tone seeped in honey and dark desire. The changes in my voice caught me off guard, and for a moment I spluttered before regaining my libidinous composure.  
  
I continued. “So, we were at the supermarket earlier, I was behind you – yeah, the one with the green top – and after you left I realised you’d forgot your phone…”  
  
“Yeah, sorry to call a little late, but I’m a little tied up at the moment, so I’m afraid you’ll have to call on me…” I mock-pouted.  
  
I listened to his steady voice, and replied “Oh yeah, it’s no trouble, the pleasure is all mine, mister…?” I dropped a little more bait, and was rewarded with a first name.  
  
“Well hey, Andrew, it’s Suzy here. So, about the phone then… Oh, you can come over? Oh, well I can’t wait…” I was flirting hard enough to break something, and I figured he had grasped a thread of my drift.  
  
Dusting my words with implication, but making sure to leave that little bit hanging open, so as not to scare my boy away, I instructed him on how to get to my house and to ‘just come right in’ when he got there. Just before I cut, I added, ever so casually, trying to keep the ravenous quakes of excitement from my voice, “Oh, and do remember to bring that chilli oil with you.”  
  
I disconnected, and clapped my hands together, anticipating what was to come, and began to make preparations.  
  
After shoving the heap of groceries from the kitchen table into the nearest cupboard and emptying the horrible coffee into the sink, I hurriedly unlocked the door of my house. I began to sashay my way to my wardrobe, before thinking better and leaving the front door ajar. *Who needs subtlety when you’re this horny?*  
  
I made my way to the wardrobe, an almost barren walk-in, and found, or rather made, the sexiest apparel I could. The fact that none of the clothes fit was only a bonus here, as I squeezed my gargantuan jugs and mammoth booty into a tortured short, crimped skirt and a black, lightly laced bra about a thousand sizes too small. As I struggled into it, I could see my athletic muscles moving beneath my skin, and ran my hand over them, amazed at the combination of firmness and suppleness.  
  
As I applied a metric ton of makeup, I pondered what I was going to do about work. Well, given my plans for tonight, a heck of a lot of overtime… and probably some explaining too. In my defence, I think I was handling this life changing event pretty well, though perhaps not entirely rationally.  
  
At least the skirt had an elastic… When I stubbed my toe, still not used to my fertility-goddess form, a sharp inhalation sent my bra across the room in smithereens. I opted then for a ridiculous red push-up (*as if I needed it, not that I minded the effect though…*). I lit three candles and slipped on to the now lumpy mattress, handcuffing myself to the headboard with only minor difficulty (I figured it was about time to break in the joke present my friends had got me for my birthday). Before doing so I made sure to leave the undersized green shawl very obviously in the doorway.  
  
 I lay down seductively on the bed. The planks creaked and groaned, in protest, but continued to do so as I lay still. The tightness was already constricting me, and between the feelings of horniness and the occasional stitch popping, I wondered if I might still be growing a little. Either way, I now made my peace with the piece of furniture, which before too long would be wrecked beyond any hope of repair, and waited the ten minutes till Andrew, and the last bottle of chilli oil, would arrive.