

An alarm was buzzing somewhere. It sounded like it was two or three rooms away, but it was moving closer. The ringing phone ended up nearby, dropping to the pillow, then Basa's deep, smoky voice was whispering.

"Jeff... Jaya... whichever you still are, wake up. Your alarm is going off."

The demi-angel was gone before the notification was even quieted, but the doubts lingered. Barely awake and sore from the metahuman sex from last night, Jaya was unsure if she was Jeff once more, though she resolved to find out.

Lying to the side on her left arm, her right was draped over the blanket and what must have been a beanbag she was using as a huge body pillow. Her hips were tilted forward against it, her lower body half twisted as she pressed her still notably thick thighs against the incredibly soft cushion. Shifting her legs, she felt something between them. Reaching between her legs and under her boxers, she first encountered a soft tuft of hair then a plush mound which was not the base of a dick. It seemed that, despite the potion supposedly having long since worn off, she was still very much Jaya.

Somewhere, deep down, she was... sad about losing her cock. That was not quite the right word, but it was the one closest to how she felt. Even so, it was not like having a pussy was something she hated either. The potion was supposed to make you into the ideal of beauty you held in your heart. If she felt strongly enough about looking this way that she had remained transformed, even though a night's sleep, then who was she to argue with herself? Besides, if she could still transform some amount, then she could grow it back if she really wanted to.

As her mind worked on those thoughts, she slowly became more aware and the sensations of her dramatically altered body began to pour in. They crashed over her like a wave, submerging her in just how indescribably horny she was the moment she was cognizant. The desire flowing through her was like the most intense morning wood she had ever

experienced as Jeff, only increased at least ten times. Maybe fifty, even. Regardless of relative intensity, her entire body was vibrating with a torrential need that was threatened to drag her under.

Her plumped lips were even bigger than she remembered and were once again so hypersensitive that just her breath rushing across them was overwhelming. It became a flash flood of pleasure, her quickening gasps only serving to push her closer and closer to the edge until she bit her fat bottom lip and came right there.

Focusing on the less powerful sensations, like the weight of her new tits against each other or just how engorged her pussy was beneath her fingers, was enough of a distraction to dial her lips down. She probably could have gotten up then and been satisfied. She had never been satisfied like that before. Her pussy was still quaking from the orally motivated orgasm. Still, being like this encouraged her to have some fun before getting up.

It was likely that her hypersexual body was a result of the potion's transformational effect interacting with her subconscious. This body was a her unfettered by shame or ego. Much like morning wood, she was sure that this elevated physical state would go away once she got up and started moving around. Teased by the stretched feeling of her boobs, hips, and more, she gave herself permission to slowly explore the body only her dreams could make happen.

She drew her left arm down and began to suck on her first finger's knuckle, toying with her reigned in, but still obscenely plump lips. Her tongue, now thick, long, and dexterous, snaked out and around her digits and pulled two fingers into her mouth. Knowledge exploded into her awareness, taking what she already knew about fellatio and expanding on it ten fold with technique she had never imagined possible. Questioning how that could even happen was lost in the feeling of her fingertips stroking her tongue as she slowly dragged her hand back and forth between her lips. Already on edge from her first orgasm, every movement brought on a

louder, longer moan until drool was running down her cheek as she came close to fingerfucking her face. She could only imagine how Basa's cock would feel.

At the same time, her other exploring fingers began to gently stroke her fat mons and labia. While her fingertips were just barely brushing the slick, warm flesh, it did not feel like she was barely touching her sex, but sensually stroking her very soul. The pleasure was beyond compare. Even the time when her ex-girlfriend cast multiple hypersensitivity spells on Jeff's dick before doing anal paled in comparison. No, not just paled, they were such profoundly different classes of experience that her gentle caress now bleached the other completely out.

Really starting to warm up, she moved up to her clit. Like her lips, it seemed like her button was crammed with nerve endings that were wired directly into the pleasure center of her brain. Just the little bit of pressure was enough to blanket her awareness in a swirling haze of satisfaction and burning need. She realized she could probably lay in bed all day, just barely touching herself and that would have been just perfect.

In the back of her mind however, she knew she needed to get up. She needed to be at work in a couple hours. Pushing on her clit harder, trying to reach a point where she could stop, she felt it twitch into her hand. It might not have been a cock anymore, but it was still getting hard. Her agile fingertips playing over the taut skin of her swollen bulb was yet another taste of heaven in what was becoming a divine buffet.

Desperate to explore herself further, she tried to roll to her back to spread her legs more, but found herself unable to do so. Something heavy was holding her back. Wait... was the beanbag...?

Prying her eyes open, she was greeted with cleavage that seemed to go on forever. Her right hand, sopping wet from her juices, pawed at her new boobs as she reached towards the apex of their curve. Though she could not grasp her nipples, her outstretched fingers brushed

her cushiony areolae. The desperate contact set her tits to quivering and each wave reaching her distant nipples made her shudder.

It appeared that trying to roll over onto her back would be impossible thanks to the weight of her prodigious rack. Opting instead for getting to her hands and knees, she pulled her other fingers from between her lips with a wet slurp and a moan. She began to shift to get her tits under her, but it was easier said than done. Tugging on her skin only stoked her arousal, setting her body to vibrating and making it hard to get her knees.. Perhaps... perhaps, it was more about getting herself on top of them than them under her.

Moving her grip to the headboard, she began to pull. The burn of trying to wrestle with what was probably more than fifty pounds off boob was followed up by the minty chill of the potion's transformational effect. Somehow, even after all of this, it was still swirling through her system. It was entirely possible whatever she had consumed was now simply part of her. She was not sure how she felt about that, but she was glad it had allowed her to get her lips under control at the same time.

Deciding that getting up was more important at the moment, she tried even harder to get up. Her back and core writhed as the muscles necessary to deal with her new appearance grew into being. The sensation of muscle fiber tearing and repairing was all consuming. It probably should have hurt, but whatever magic had been imparted by the elixir was turning that into pleasure.

On top of that, the feeling of her body rubbing against her vast endowments as they dragged against the silk sheets was drowning her in dopamine. The cocktail of stimulation was a powder keg and it only took her clit brushing her tit to make her explode. She had barely gotten her knees down when an intense orgasm set her to bucking against her tits. Each impact of her swollen clit against her quaking boob flesh made the world shake more and more,

trapping her awareness in a never ending earthquake of pleasure. Somehow, however, all of that gyration got her solidly to her knees and she managed to scoot back from her bust.

Once she recovered, she was hit with the visual of just how massive she had grown in her sleep. She was now so inhumanly huge that she could not actually reach the bed with her hands around her curves. Her mind tried to grapple with the idea that she was kneeling next to her tits like they were an ottoman.

Attempting to sit back was met with a similar frenzy of growth and strengthening. Her lower back, glutes, and quads all throbbed as the clusters of muscles began to develop the strength power necessary to stand. Inch by inch, her thickening hips lowered towards her heels, all the while another orgasm was insistently building. Unable to resist, her hands moved over her mountainous boobs, fingertips dragging along the soft skin to heighten the stimulation. She almost came right there. When heel finally touched ass, her whole body shuddered as energy arced from center out to her extremities.

Like the orgasm had recharged her batteries, the rest of her awareness beyond purely physical sensation began to blink on. She ran her hands over her thighs expecting quads standing out of her skin like she was a competition bodybuilder and instead found that she merely felt very, very toned. Apparently the potion was somehow impossibly increasing her strength without adding bulk.

Judging from how her ass felt cradled in her feet, it had to be much, much wider than her shoulders. Trying to bring her hands back to the extremes of her hips, she could not actually reach between how far out and back her arms were being bent. Sitting back the rest of the way, she barely moved at all as her superhumanly powerful glutes settled into the bed.

Working one leg out and then the other, she attempted to swing them around under her massive mams. It took some doing and all the while she moaned at both the play of her new

super powerful muscles and the feeling of her huge tits jiggling not just in her lap, but around it. Putting her feet on the floor felt like stepping to the edge of the high dive. More crackles of muscle intensifying transformation rushed down her legs. She squirmed on the bed and just the touch of the silk sheets against her pumped up pussy blasted her body with another orgasm which left her dazed. She needed to drink some fluids and probably eat sooner rather than later.

While she sat there panting, she probably could have shrunken down to a more reasonable size and simply gotten up when she discovered she could still transform. It was then she realized just how far her obsession with size had come. It was no longer just about worshiping Basa's huge, orcish cock, but growing everything she could control. Her fantasies had literally run away with her. Here she was, almost more boob and ass than woman and all she could think was that there was something... exciting about being this impossibly big and her body having been changed to handle it.

She would shrink if she could not fit out the door. Definitely. Probably. Maybe.

When she did finally start to stand up, it felt like there should have been epic music. It took a while to get up and keep her balance, but she finally rose to her feet and the extent of her still altering transformation became apparent.

She could not even reach the peak of her tits as they jostled to and fro against her thighs as their tear drop shapes bottomed out just above her knees. They spread around her body, enveloping her front, sides, and even some of her back. Only her mighty hips kept the bulk at bay. Wanting to pay tribute to her saving grace, she dug her fingers into the crease between glute and quad. Feeling the power capable of supporting her vastness rippled in her hands as she shifted her weight was another perfect dish and to think the main course still remained. She wanted to feel Basa's hands on her body, wanted to feel him dominate her like last night.

However, trying to take a step only resulted in a stumbling movement that almost pulled her to the floor. There was no way. These had to get a little smaller. Not sure what else to do, she wrapped her arms around as much of them as she could and visualized them fitting into her embrace. There was a twitch and the minty burn spread through them. They shrank slowly at first, but soon enough they rose past her thighs and then her hips. Her areolae, so plump they might as well be boobs unto themselves drew closer, but curiously did not shrink. Now that she could see them, they were so raised her nipples had inverted. Part of her could not wait to play with them. Just as her underbust rose past her navel, she felt the transformation shudder and stop. The chill moved from her chest down.

A feeling she could only describe as pumping gripped her ass and began to trail down her legs. Her butt was growing big and fat as the mass from her tits apparently migrated. The flow was so intense so could swear she heard her skin stretching. Finally the tingle faded and she could move. The jiggle of her new booty and thighs was only matched by her full, round boobs. It took a little bit of practice to learn how to walk again, her body now needing to sway in opposition to keep balance, but eventually she made her way to Basa's workshop despite the door frames trying to hold her back.

"Basa, can you maybe... magic me up some clothes? I don't think they make things in my size..." (2437)