

Daniela could not keep herself from getting hard with excitement when she saw her package had been delivered. It would be her first alteration in weeks after having taken a break from getting a little bump to her potency every week for six months in a row.

The rounded tip of Daniela's cock throbbed against the inside of her thigh, its tempo insistent but slow. Even with the added stimulus, she was still a ways off from needing a fuck break and hoped she could get her daily report done before that. Still, her steady swelling was starting to strain her stockings. She let her left hand drift down to adjust the stocking she had stuffed herself into that morning and then lingered on the swelling curve that was pulling the sheer material tight.

Again, Dani hadn't intended on getting off just yet. However, as she moved to resume typing, the side of her hand grazed a vein that was standing out. The rubbing vibration shot to the end of her dick, making it twitch and harden a bit more. Daniela half-sighed, half-moaned at the development. What might have been an hour window to get work done had just shrunk considerably. Resigned to taking an early lunch, Daniela focused on getting this next page done.

It was incredible what you could get used to. During those first few weeks in March last year, that spike in stimulation would have had her running for the break room. Now, the need for release wasn't any more demanding than her hunger or thirst.

Dealing with her reflexive arousal wasn't the only thing Daniela had adjusted to. Were you to ask her about the changes to her body, she would tell you that she couldn't imagine life without her massive peen. Heck, the physical change had been so deeply satisfying and profound that her new identity had penetrated deep into her psyche. It was to the point that her memories had started to shift, making it seem like she'd always had a dick.

It wasn't as big as it was now, obviously, but it was still bigger than most. As for the moment of her transformation, she would never forget what it felt like when she first reached a half meter in length. It was a memory she revisited on a regular basis.

Part of what made it such a powerful recollection was that the addition had been an accident, a surprise. A simple mix up with a friend that changed her life forever. It had only been a small dose at first. The little 10cm penis she'd grown would have disappeared after an hour. That had been her plan, until she experienced sex through it. Her first orgasm hadn't even finished before she downed the rest of the vial, more than a dozen doses, in one swig.

The resulting overdose had been pleasurable beyond words. Overwhelming to the point that her mind disengaged from her body. Try as she might, she couldn't release her grip on the couch cushions or stop her hips from bucking. She could only enjoy the ride, her breathing getting more and more ragged, as her length surged past twenty centimeters. Then thirty. Forty. Fifty!

She had climaxed, then, without ever touching her cock and then passed out. Dani had taken it slow after that. She had wanted to keep growing but also wanted to avoid going overboard like some people she knew.

Starting out, her weekly enhancement added one tantalizing centimeter at a time. She made it a month before she bumped it up to two centimeters. Six weeks later, she was adding four of them every week. It didn't take long to reach her goal of one meter in length. There was a real temptation to keep going, to keep growing without end, but that could wait until she was living somewhere that had been designed with such massive endowments in mind.

After that, she had turned her attention to increasing her potency and stamina. The tiny enhancements she imbibed each week had a two-fold effect. They caused the volume of her release to swell by a few hundred milliliters at a time while also subtracting a tiny bit of time from her recovery period. Of course, producing more cum meant producing more hormones, so her sex drive was getting stonger as well.

She had taken those for more than a year without break, reveling in her newfound hypersexuality. Hell, she would probably still be taking them had it not become apparent that her exponentially raised ceiling was a problem as daunting as physically outgrowing her apartment.

Sure, she could now fill more than a half-dozen two-liter condoms with a handful of back-to-back ograms and still be ready for more. However... having the endurance and drive of five to seven breeding studs was--not surprisingly--a drawback when what you needed was a quickie at lunch to take the edge off.

Dani was by no means the only person who had partaken of something transformative or enhancing, so her office was understanding about people's needs, but there were still limits. Even if it was okay to be exposed while walking around or sitting at your desk, there was an expectation that cocks would remain below the table and off camera during meetings.

This meant getting her dick to go soft in a reasonable amount of time was something of a necessary evil. Reasonable being the operative word. Sure, she could go to the break room and plow a few co-workers with a breeding kink until she was completely satisfied, but that could take hours--especially if her breeder-oriented hormones were at their peak.

She had tried sex at her desk once, with the hope of multitasking, but gave up after her first climax because of how much cum she could pump out.

This *new* alteration was something altogether different. It was designed to expand her hips, ass, and thighs a few centimeters at a time. If she took all of it, the serum would blow up her lower half until she had one helluva pear-shaped figure. She couldn't wait...