Life for Hypers was a complicated matter. Between the activation of those genes usually occurring in the midst of puberty, resulting in another stage of rapid growth, and the repercussions of them, Hypers struggled with the most mundane of daily lives. Office work required precise navigation, at least for outdated companies that required people to be in the offices, labour became a dual trial in carrying their own weight and that of whatever was hoisted upon them, and sports were nigh impossible on a competitive, non-hyper exclusive level. On the other hand, sex work came naturally to many.

Hyperism wasn’t just external changes, but internal. Many x-rays showed Hypers with glands upwards of ten-times the average size. In rare cases, sizes were the same but the number multiplied. One such Hyper had twelve separate prostates, naturally they took the world record for cum production. It wasn’t all suffering for Hypers of course.

Some were on the mild end and lived relatively normal lives. Basic things were still a struggle, however their curves didn’t wobble like mountains of jelly, nor did they frequently knock shelves or people over with the bulge of their phallus. Unfortunately, Alisa Bennett was not a lucky Hyper, except in that her Hyperism focused solely on her genitalia. Some of her teachers speculated it also affected her intellect, as she graduated early and soon got approved for her, admittedly selfish, project; non-surgical reduction for Hypers.

The idea was simple, its execution as well, but crafting such a thing was difficult. Her plan was a plain tablet, one that any certified Hyper could purchase at a pharmacy, that when taken were reduce a Hyper’s specific mass. For her, she worked to reduce her cock down to a penetration level. That was where all her dual puberties focused.

Even her non-Hyper stage saw its rapid development. Just a few years after the calamitous puberty struck, she lugged around a flaccid length of eight feet. When erect, no amount of training permitted her movement when dealing with thirteen feet of cock thicker than her body. The rest of her was no better than most curvy women, though she had dense layers of muscle beneath it all.

At 26, she was used to it, though not resigned to her fate of eternal virginity. She could find a futa and sleep with them, but she’d never penetrate them, a fact that didn’t sit well with her. She wanted an even exchange in a relationship; if her pussy got fucked, then her partner’s did too. The saddest part was, despite the growing number of Hypers across the globe, none she’d encountered had a pussy capable of handling her.

“And that’s why you’ve been invited to the first human trials, Miss Bonnie!” Alisa’s recorded invite played once more in Bonnie’s ears. This was too good to be true; a tablet that would finally let her have genuine sex with her girlfriend? Unlikely. But she had to give it a try. Given the scientist’s story, she understood the importance of such a thing.

“Bonnie? We’re ready for you now,” a cute assistant said, leading her from the crowded waiting room. There weren’t many, but given that they all had various endowments larger than most of their bodies, very little room was left.

The lab was typically sterile. Chrome and white, tables arranged neatly off to the side, except one at the centre, at which Alisa sat with her legs forced wide by her own Hyperism, which rested on the floor despite the stool she sat on. She looked up from her tablet to beam at Bonnie and stood, waving her over. It was slow, Bonnie’s bulge forcing her to waddle, but she made it and received a surprisingly warm hug.

“Welcome, Bonnie. You’re our first volunteer.”

“You mean victim?” Bonnie asked with a nervous chuckle.

“They prefer ‘volunteer’. Now, you’re aware of what you’re doing here and the risks involved yes?”

“Yes.”

“Any side effects should be minor, perhaps a little bloating, diarrhoea, the usual suspects. Of course, you must understand that human trials introduce a lot of variables and could result in unforeseen circumstances.”

“I know. I… I want to try it anyway.”

“I understand. Any questions before we proceed?” Alisa asked, typing rapidly on her touch screen.

“Um, why’re the other tables pushed aside like that?”

“Unforeseen circumstances,” Alisa repeated, “We don’t know if the tablet will cause spontaneous growth or something of that ilk. Better safe than sorry. Of course, we assure you it won’t cause any permanent conditions, such as death.”

“That’s comforting.”

“I thought so. Anything else?”

“Uh, how small is it supposed to make me?”

“Alas, we’re still working it out. The plan is for each tablet to reduce a specific amount. For now, we’re targeting a twelve inch reduction. Not much, I know, but it’s a start. If your first trial works out well, we’ll provide more of the same tablet free of charge so you can reach your desired size.”

“Okay, I think I’m ready.”

That was the end of Alisa’s interaction with her. One week later, ample time for the treatment to have an effect, she opened her inbox to a slew of responses, all labelled some variation of ‘I can’t believe it!’ or ‘Thank You’. She honed in on Bonnie’s email, that being her most interesting subject. The others were all typical Hypers, hoping for an easier life, but none shared her issue of making love with a giant phallus bigger than most people. The message was short, just ‘please find the attached video’.

Bonnie must’ve used an editor, as a title card of Day 1 came up first.

“Hi, uh, this is Bonnie.” She wore a red shirt, but her bottom half was obscured by a table. Nothing appeared different from when Alisa met her, though she was wearing glasses that day with her hair tied in a neat bun.

“And Mel,” a buxom blonde bimbo said, hopping into frame with a twirl that showed off her delectable frame. Far from a Hyper, she still deserved the title of stacked both top and bottom. She dressed to show it too, with a halter top tented by her nipples and booty shorts that didn’t cover all her ass cheek, “Super excited to be here with my big, cuddly wuddly Bonnie.”

“Mel,” Bonnie whined, blushing a brighter red than her shirt, “Um, okay, so… this is Day 1 of my treatment. I figured a vlog would be easier. So, nothing yet, really. I feel kind of weird, down there, but it’s still… big.”

“Huge,” Mel said and stretched her arms out in a poor representation of the Hyper’s length. Alisa had seen the medical files, she knew its full size was far more impressive even than the bimbo’s six-foot wingspan. The action did jiggle her chest a lot, which captured Bonnie’s attention and caused the table the camera stood on to shake dramatically. It tilted over as Mel sank off screen, licking her plump lips as tears sounded down below. It cut to black before anything could happen. Day 2 faded in, and a much more dishevelled Bonnie appeared.

“So, Day 2 and… stuff’s happening,” Bonnie said, pushing back a cascade of hair, “My thing is smaller, a *lot* smaller, but my balls haven’t. If anything, they feel heavier than normal. I weighed them to be safe and, yeah, they’re like thirty pounds each. Is this normal? I’ll, uh, find out in a few days, right?”

“Honey?” Mel called and sauntered on screen, closed the gap, then reached down to fondle her Hyper endowed lover’s crotch, “You snuck out before I woke up.”

“Sorry, had to do this,” Bonnie said. By the sounds of it, she was a bit more confident in herself around Mel. Why?

“Come back to bed,” Mel said, pouting even as she leaned down to nibble on the futa’s earlobe, “I’m still dripping from last night.”

Another cut to black and fade into Day 6. Alisa sighed; she’d need to get a full report on the truant days to make sure nothing was missed. Bonnie leaned back in her chair, breathing heavily. Nothing below her chest was visible since she was tucked far in. Then, without warning, she jerked and banged the table in her efforts to grab something. Alisa grinned, her own cock filling with arousal.

“H-hi. Day 6… sorry about the other days, it’s been… crazy here,” Bonnie sighed once her climax ended. Ever the bimbo, a topless Mel climbed out from underneath, rivers of cum ran down her chin and between her heavy breasts. Her creamy skin was an ever starker white, painted by Bonnie’s ejaculate. Judging from the splashing of her footsteps, there was a lot on the floor, despite Mel nursing a rounded gut.

“It worked. I’m just twelve inches now!”

“Perfect for me to deepthroat,” Mel added, slurping on her fingers.

“But, uh, my balls are… kinda gone.”

“No they’re not,” Mel giggled and yanked the chair back, revealing more of Bonnie to the camera, including her dress. Alisa gasped and leaned forward, nose almost touching her laptop screen as she ingested the visual, her cock leapt up as well. Good thing she sat sideways when ‘reviewing material’. Thirteen feet of cock throbbed in response to the sight of Bonnie, now sporting a very gravid shape in her middle. By all accounts, she was a mother-in-waiting.

“One day, they just went \*slurp\* up inside her,” Mel explained, providing the lurid sound effect herself, “Guess she won’t be getting knocked up by anyone. Not that she needs to anymore. Isn’t she so fucking hot like this?”

Again, Bonnie blushed, “It’s embarrassing, but… I think my body does think it’s pregnant… with my balls. I’ve been having cravings, putting on weight…”

“In all the right places!”

“And I love it!” Bonnie said, cradling her strange pregnant belly, “The best part of being Hyper was all the cum.” Her lover nodded profusely, “And Mel told me about her fetish for pregnant bellies so this works out even better. On top of all that…” she held up a pregnancy test, “She’s positive! We’re gonna be parents!”

Alisa beamed at the news. This was exactly her reasoning for creating the drug in the first place. She wanted a family of her own, and these two had fulfilled her hopes expertly. Her smile broadened as her lust grew when Mel started fingering herself.

“But those things don’t totally work, so…” she got on the table, blocking some of the view, but left just enough for Alisa to see Bonnie’s cock rise to the occasion, “Let’s keep making babies until I’m super duper preggers!”

“Um, the video…”

“This is good research stuff, though,” Mel argued and spread her legs wider, a slick peeling sound crackled in the audio, “And just look how wet blowing you made me. That’s your responsibility… daddy.”

“Oh fuck…”

And fuck they did. Alisa couldn’t help stroking herself to the visual, especially as Bonnie’s fecund body slammed into the sleek bimbo, a prophecy of what she’d become. The Day 7 cut was a simple update, in which Bonnie expressed her joy at the treatment and wished Alisa the best of luck. Taking back control from her lust, the Hyper responded, asking for detailed reports of days 3 through 5. From there, she went onto others.

Eighty percent reported minor side effects of increased libido and some minor irritation, but overall a success. Ten percent had no effects whatsoever. The remainder had similar issues as Bonnie, their bodies going through somewhat extreme changes. One girl, endowed with a Hyper ass, saw half its mass move into her breasts, and a quarter distribute properly through her lower-body, including her vagina. She was happy with the results, however, despite still having a certified Hyper butt. At least she wasn’t knocking everyone over when she turned around.

It was two months before the next trials. In that time, Alisa addressed the fringe side effects and hopefully eliminated the ordinary ones, while also increasing the successful shrink rate to approximately ninety-five percent. She’d only excepted a seventy-percent success rate beforehand anyway.

That was when Sharon came into the picture. She was a Hyper Olympian with gold medals in nearly all the swimming events, thanks in part to the incredible development of her legs to support her Hyper hips and cock. Since becoming a mother of three, however, she found her performance slipping due to her even more exaggerated hips. If she didn’t do something soon, she’d be replaced.

Trials or not, she took the risk. Anything to keep her pride intact, rather than allow a young Hyper upstart to take her place. She required a whole row of chairs in the waiting room, foot tapping the linoleum floor and echoing throughout. Several of the others had received autographs from her, and got pictures with her lower-body. The perks of a Hyper such as Sharon was her figure allowed modelling opportunities as well, given that she was in the upper five percent of Hypers in terms of butt and hips. Her cock was more average in that regard, but no less of an obstacle.

The sound of wood creaking, then snapping yanked Alisa’s head from her notes to see the broadest hips approach. With such a size, Sharon was forced into a swinging gait, more a saunter as she moved deeper into the lab. Her specialised jeans showed their age, or perhaps their inferiority, as numerous tears showed her rich ebony skin. Most Hypers could be assigned a number on a scale of one to ten, on which Alisa registered close to an eight in cock. Sharon, however, was the first Hyper she’d seen that may well surpass it.

Alisa squeezed her thighs closed on instinct. They squished into her bloating shaft and strained her skirt to its limits. When cocks reached her size, any form of pants were unusable for anything longer than an hour, then they met the same fate as Sharon’s. With her recent motherhood, the Olympian had gone up several cup sizes, almost breaching the Hyper scale. A true idol to fertility.

“This is the trial, right?” Sharon asked.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Alisa said, unable to hide her excitement. Not only was this woman almost exactly her type, but she was famous on a whole other scale to the scientists Alisa frequently colluded with, “It’s a pleasure to have you here, especially if you endorse the product in the future.”

“If it works, then sure,” Sharon said and took a suddenly outstretched hand, “So, how’s this work?”

“Simple…” Alisa went into explaining the treatment, its pros and cons, the possibilities it presented and the fact they were now aiming for a twenty percent reduction. Inches only worked so well, better to have a percentage. One thing Alisa shared with all artists was the love of the process, refining something until it was near flawless. Of course, she also shared their eternal self-critique.

“Twenty percent? Doesn’t sound like much.”

“If I may, you have, at your last measurement, one hundred and fifty inch hips.”

“It’s closer to two hundred now.”

“Even better. You’ll lose close to forty inches. That’ll put you back where you started. Of course, if it works, you’re welcome to request more.”

“Well, put it like that…” Sharon heaved one monumental ass cheek in her hand. Half her forearm disappeared into the buoyant sea before she could lift it. Despite their pert shape, Sharon was clearly a mountain of softness, overlaying the delectable muscles she’d honed across her career, “I think twenty percent’s enough. Any smaller and I’ll lose my brand.”

“Couldn’t agree more,” Alisa said, doing her best not to ogle, though she failed. For which, her cock taunted her with another throb. It lifted her dress and stretched further. Perhaps she would review the previous trial yet again.

The other volunteers came and went. None were at Sharon’s calibre, though she was forced to meditate when a set of boobs walked in several seconds before she recognised any sign of a human beyond them. With that over, Alisa did the only thing that could relieve her; masturbate. She had a private room for herself, given the necessity of collecting Hyper DNA and her own needs, it made sense to give her a personal wanking room. There, she came down a massive chute and her seed was collected in a truck. All eight thousand litres of it. Possibly more, given the day’s excitement.

Over the next few days, she went over the various reports. Like the participants themselves, not many stood out, but Sharon’s were always a messy highlight in Alisa’s estate. The swimmer and mother of three didn’t hide her body like Bonnie, instead allowing the camera to capture her full glory, including how she compared to her average partner. Based on the side by side stance, Sharon’s hips were easily five or six times their own width.

“This Day 3 since the treatment and no changes,” Sharon said, frowning at her massive frame, “Is it really gonna work?”

The next report showed no changes either. Then Day 5 started up with Sharon seated at her dining table as she nursed two of her babies. She looked fresh from bed after a night of brutal sex, though her lips were parted as she gasped and moaned. Was someone blowing her under the table? If so, then the treatment was a success. Alisa’s suspicion vanished at the moans from behind her.

“Day 5, still the same size,” Sharon breathed, wriggling on her chair. Something jolted the table. She reached under and grabbed something, preventing further banging, “Hush you…” Did they get a pet? Her focus drifted from the camera to something off screen, biting her lip. The feed cut off.

“Day 6, something’s definitely weird,” Sharon said. She was back in profile, still as gorgeously huge, though she wore a knee-length skirt. Everyone knew her to only wear jeans or shorts, using them to show off just how ill-fitting even specialist clothes were. The reason lifted it soon after, her limp cock rising into frame, “I, uh, don’t really know how else to put it, but… my cock’s now a tentacle, I guess?”

To prove it, she listed off directions as her cock moved. It didn’t seem autonomous, did she develop muscles in it? Yesterday she had treated like a misbehaving pet, but she might’ve been gaining control. As if to disprove Alisa’s thought, Sharon’s partner entered the frame and, like a threatened cobra, it struck. She also wore a skirt, clearly no underwear, as the audio peaked with a brutal squelch.

“It’s slimmed down,” Sharon moaned, “So,ooh, we can have sex without a lot of prep. Hasn’t, hmm, hasn’t gotten hard since this started. B-but I think this is good.” As she spoke, Sharon bit her lip, hands groping at her ass while muscles and tendons pushed out against her crotch and down into her cock. Slowly, her tentacle moved in a circle and elicited a string of profanity and moans from her partner.

Day 7 was much the same, with Sharon further displaying her control and her lack thereof when her partner entered the scene. Strangely, it didn’t react to other feminine presences, futa or female, as shown when their friends visited in the middle of recording. Curious. Sharon also sent another email from her most recent race.

Even Alisa doubted she would outperform her rival futa. Unlike Sharon, she was on the lower end of Hyperism, not only that, but it affected her musculature as well, giving her a lean body of near-zero body fat. Nonetheless, it was a feast for the eyes. So many Hypers gathered in one place, all the pinnacle of their category but none as curvaceous as Sharon. The whistle blew and they leapt into the water, splashing everywhere like a whale breaching. The rival took an early lead, racing ahead, while Sharon remained at the rear.

“Come on,” Alisa groaned, biting back her orgasm. She’d been in the middle of relieving herself when the email came, now the sight was pushing her closer without any direct stimulation. Seconds passed, Sharon’s rival neared the final third, and then she was off like a pear-shaped torpedo. Jet streams roared behind her as she took the lead in mere seconds and lapped her rival soon after. The treatment shouldn’t have augmented her performance at all without shrinking her. Was it the slimmer cock?

“That was amazing!” Sharon’s coach screamed when the race ended in her overwhelming victory, “What steroids did you take?”

“None,” Sharon said and beckoned a camera over, “I’ve developed a new technique is all.” And, to demonstrate, her cock whipped around without any hands on it. She stopped with a gasp as pre-cum flew, “Gets a little intense sometimes.”

The tablet had seen a five percent decrease in unique occurrences like Sharon’s. But should she try reducing it like that? All the reports she received were irrefutably positive, even the one girl that developed dick-nipples also on the Hyper scale with barely a ten-percent breast reduction. There had to be a market for such things.

A project for later, Alisa told herself and reloaded past videos. Perfect the shrinking tablet, then try unlocking such changes, she thought as her hands and feet masturbated her tumescent cock to another biblical release.

It was two months after Sharon’s trial that Delilah received an invitation. She’d been in contact with people about this since she first caught a whiff of the treatment, but constant set backs kept her from receiving it. Until now. So many Hypers craved a chance to shrink down to a manageable size, something that would make getting around simpler and not as costly. She didn’t want to detract from their struggles, but she *needed* this.

Her Hyper puberty started two years ago at 16. Not a big deal, she’d thought. Hypers were hot, and sure they had difficulties, but she could deal with that. Things didn’t pan out like that. In just a year, her doctor put her at a five on the scale, where most Hypers were just cresting two or three. And now, at eighteen, she was a ten in cock, sevens in ass and hips, and an eight in her breasts. Those were what she told people when they asked anyway.

She didn’t tell them her pussy was a six. Even Hypers that exclusively grew there barely reached five. Nor did she tell anyone but her physician that her prostate was so big it made it impossible to get abs, leaving her perpetually pudgy, or that her tongue was on the scale. Her anus, clit, nipples, anything that she could hide, she did. It was hard.

Always hard. Delilah pulled the cap over her face as she walked into the lab, preceding her near-perpetual erection, balls and breasts, so huge they even rested on her balls if she didn’t stand up straight. Gasps rang out, louder as her ass followed suit, stood atop a set of thighs greater than any monument. It was by some tiny mercy that she wasn’t the size of Sharon. But she would be.

Most Hypers finished growing a year or so after puberty started. Some were slow bloomers and took half a decade, and one girl woke up atop Hyper boobs, formerly A-cups. Delilah was a slow bloomer in that she would keep growing for the next few years, except her rate of development exceeded the global average by a wide margin. ‘In other words, you’ll be immobile in as little as a year’ her doctor had said.

They tried everything to keep her growth down. Hormones, meditation, starvation, anything that would prevent her body from creating more mass, yet nothing succeeded. She wasn’t the biggest yet, however time would see her overcome the Hyper scale by leaps and bounds. Unless Alisa Bennett’s treatment worked.

“You’re incredible,” Alisa said after hearing Delilah’s story.

“Huh?”

“I’d heard mentions, but to actually meet you in person,” Alisa stroked her base as she walked to the much larger Hyper and took her hands, “Please let me take you out tonight.”

“Uh, why?” Delilah asked, staring up at the doctor. Her height hadn’t changed much since she turned fourteen, exaggerating her Hyperism.

“I’ll be direct,” Alisa leaned down, closing the six inch gap, “You’re totally my fetish.”

Delilah thought steam was coming from her ears her face was so hot, “I-I-I… what?”

“You’re short, but huge and still growing! Much as I long to help Hypers by shrinking them, there’s nothing like watching someone get bigger and bigger. I’ll do anything just to spend more time with you.”

“No one’s ever said that before.”

“Fools, all of them,” Alisa scoffed.

“They’re usually intimidated by me,” Delilah said. They hadn’t separated at all, surely the doctor felt their cocks hardening against one another.

“As am I, how couldn’t I be? According to your records, your cock is half again as big as mine! Eighteen feet, imagine waking up next to that,” Alisa licked her lips, exaggerated enough for Delilah to hear it, “So how about it? I should be wrapped up around seven, then we can go out, get to know each other, and see whether I can convince you back to my place.”

“I’d like that,” Delilah said before her mind fully caught up to the implications.

With thirty-feet of cock between them, and Delilah more than making up for Alisa’s average curvature, they attracted most eyes that evening. Alisa took her to a nearby restaurant , nothing fancy, more of a gastropub, but one that she frequented between work and self-pleasure. They already had several accommodations for Hypers in place, including massive tables where breasts could rest on and dicks could relax under. Sitting down diminished most of Alisa’s height advantage.

Her grin wouldn’t fade at all as she watched Delilah sit. With her frame, it was an arduous affair to avoid knocking into people nearby. Even so, she still bumped the person behind her, not that they made any commotion. Once seated, she rose a couple inches above Alisa just from her glorious rear. Gravity only did so much to squish it.

Delilah heaved her chest and slammed it back on the table. Ripples went throughout their masses for half a minute. She caught Alisa’s gleaming eyes and blushed.

“I outgrew my bra an hour ago.”

Alisa nearly yelped at the sudden leap of her own cock, “Sorry to hear that. You haven’t experienced anything else unusual since this morning, have you?”

“Oh, it wasn’t because of the tablet. It was tight last night, I should’ve known it’d snap today.”

“Does that happen often?”

Delilah nodded, “I’ve gone through thirty bras this year.”

“But it’s only May.”

“I know,” Delilah groaned, “You’d think they’d make one out of, like, steel or something by now.”

“It has to be elastic, otherwise you’d just be uncomfortable. One of my colleagues did say they’re working on something, should be up for testing soon. I’ll mention you if you’d like.”

“Yes please. If it lasts me a month you’ll be a life saver.”

“I might already be one. It takes seven days at most for any effects to show up, so you might be thanking me even more soon.” Alisa winked.

“How’re you so forward? People are staring you know?”

“It doesn’t bother me anymore. Used to. A lot,” Alisa took a drink of complimentary water, “Need something stiffer than this, otherwise I’ll never get you in bed. But yeah, when I started, I was already a bit of a weirdo. Skipped a few grades. Then I got shipped off to a Hyper school and skipped even further ahead. I was the smallest there.”

“Must’ve been rough.”

“Nothing like what you go through I’d wager,” Alisa said and waved down a waitress, ordering a rum and coke for them both, “It was just some jealous teasing. Some of it came from insecurities too, since a few had only just started and here was this thirteen-year-old futa already on the scale. Far as I know, they’re doing alright, but nothing like me.”

“What? They’re not single-handedly helping the entire Hyper community? Shocking,” Delilah chuckled.

“Not single-handedly, I’m not that egotistical, thank you. Honestly, it’s because of people like you that I came this far.”

“You mean volunteers.”

“No,” Alisa snorted, “Well, yeah, partly. I mean someone like you, the kind that gets me going, that makes me want to love and cherish and fuck them.”

Delilah didn’t answer, just took a long swig of her drink in hopes it’d cool the sudden blaze in her cheeks - and between her thighs. While Alisa wasn’t the same level of excess that she personified, she was a stunning woman, especially in her black, button-up and skirt, with the lab coat still draped over her mostly average frame. The glasses and hair really sold it, though. The dark, bloody red locks were clipped back in a loose, but controlled fringe, framing her sleek glasses. Change the coat with a cardigan and she became a librarian.

“Hypers can’t have sex in most circumstances. Some get lucky and find someone, but it’s still a tricky affair. We can’t even normally fuck other Hypers,” Alisa muttered, “That’s why I started this. I wanted to meet someone and finally fit inside them. I’m tired of people grinding against my cock or fucking me. I want to feel that too. That level of intimacy, being so deep in someone that you feel their heart beating all around. But, even if it takes years, I’ll gladly grind on you.”

“Uh, yeah… yeah, me too.”

Much as the invitation was obvious, and both were willing, their waitress appeared with menus. Delilah wiped drool her lips just from glimpsing the menu, so they stayed and she tentatively ordered several items at Alisa’s insistence. A ravenous appetite wasn’t surprising for a Hyper, though few ate so much in public, yet her date guzzled soup, devoured wings, and slurped noodles like she hadn’t eaten in days. When all was said and done, a dozen dishes were stacked before her and a platter of desserts were being wrapped up for takeaway.

“Sorry about that,” Delilah said after paying the outrageous cheque.

“It’s fine, I make more than enough, besides,” Alisa snatched her waist and pulled her close, or as much as Delilah’s exuberant hips allowed, “I like a futa that can handle a lot.” Her words undersold the experience. Even after a king’s banquet all to herself, Delilah was no pudgier than when they came in. She even unwrapped one of the cakes they took away on the way to Alisa’s car.

“Do you still want me?” Delilah asked, licking up chocolate icing from her fingers, “I must look like a total pig.”

“It’d take you turning cannibal to turn me off,” Alisa said, “Now climb in. We’re gonna burn all that food off the best way a Hyper can.”

“You mean a stroll around the park?” Delilah chuckled. Both had shared their experiences of sweating profusely just walking down a street, especially on those days their cock supports broke and dragged on the ground. Imagine dragging a limp body with a shared nervous system that constantly aroused the more it was pulled. Several local floods every year were caused by Hypers in similar predicaments.

Of course, that wasn’t Alisa’s intention. Her car creaked under their combined weight, then groaned in relief once they departed into the scientist’s domain. A three-story estate on a few acres of land, given to her on account of her body and position.

“Stick to the first floor,” Alisa said, “The others are a bit full right now.”

“With what?”

The scientist blushed, actually turned bright crimson, “The trials are… stimulating.”

Delilah grinned. This futa wasn’t completely above her after all, she’d flooded a few buildings in her short time as a Hyper. Nor would this be an exception, she thought as her eyes followed Alisa’s ass, leading her into a cavernous bedroom with holes carved into the furthest wall. Red lights blinked beside each of them. Alisa turned around and unbuttoned her shirt.

“What’re you waiting for?

She’d had a few encounters. Delilah was sixteen when her Hyperism developed and of course she’d kissed a few girls, even gone a couple steps further, but never all the way. The same was true there, as neither Hyper had any hope of fitting in the other, however that didn’t change what they’d be doing. Her balls rumbled against her legs, vibrations echoing throughout her figure, as her perpetual erection hardened.

Alisa licked her lips and stripped completely. Only their breaths disturbed the quiet, until a primal drumming kicked in the longer they stared at one another, cocks rising to meet. Though massive, Alisa’s cock seemed almost average next to her date’s eighteen-foot behemoth. It was Delilah’s turn to strip, made easy when her shirt tore clean off.

“Come on, you’ll love this,” Alisa said and led her once more to the holes, which spiralled open to allow giant condoms to flop out, each more than enough to accommodate either Hyper, “We can only do so much ourselves.”

They helped each other into the latex sheaths, which suctioned to their masses. Once in place, Alisa flung a leg over Delilah’s shaft, forced into an awkward mount by her own balls, and both moaned. Humid velvet splashed against the larger Hyper’s cock, which pushed it harder and thicker, veins the size of her thighs stretched across its length and pulsed against Alisa’s soppy snatch.

“Alexa, begin ‘Harvest’.”

“Okay, beginning Harvest functions.”

“What does that… ooooooooooohhhh fuuuuuuuucckcckckckckckckckckckckckck!” Delilah wailed as she felt what could only be human fingers slide into her cock, with more joining them by the minute.

“Never, mm, got your cock fisted?” Alisa asked, enjoying the same sensations, though her date was far less prepared as arms joined the fray, “Ooh, here comes the fun part.”

Hyper anatomy was incredible. While not elastic enough to support sex between those higher than a five on the scale, their bodies could handle far more stress than most mammals. Even childbirth became a quick, nigh-orgasmic affair.

It was that reason that Alisa had volunteers living in her home, all waiting and eager to climb as deep into her cock as they could. She happily admitted that her first time doing so left her the same as Delilah, who couldn’t close her mouth or control her tongue, let alone string two words together anymore. Bulges ran down the length of her cock now as her volunteer crawled deeper, taking advantage of her size, while Alisa enjoyed the slow going of her own.

Heads and shoulders pushed in, followed by breasts almost on the scale. Waists were often simple matters, except in cases of the increasingly frequent pregnant girls, which both Hypers were treated to. Alisa ground harder into her date, who blindly groped her ass, pulling her firmer against the tumescence below.

“Can’t… gonna… cum…” Delilah grunted as her urethra closed around a triplet-swollen belly and stretched around appropriately wide hips.

“Little longer,” Alisa moaned. She moved her hands to her nipples, pinching them as her own pleasure approached its crescendo, “Cum with me.” Short of fucking one another, simultaneous orgasm was a Hyper’s deepest intimacy. They shared the greatest pleasure together, melding into one climaxing beast until the last drop was spent.

“Can’t… I can’t!” Delilah whimpered, then gasped as her voice was muffled by lips. A warm body leaned into her, cushioned by her torso-dwarfing tits, while that wetness of her cock surged and a tongue slipped into her mouth. Her eyes drifted shut and she reciprocated, holding the warmth close even as something wriggled deeper into her cock. Everywhere it touched was like a taser zapping her nerves, even the slightest breath from inside shocked her.

“Now cum,” Alisa moaned against her mouth, joining together as they bucked and their cocks pushed the industrial-strength condoms to their extremes. The volunteers inside them, Alisa’s only made it to the thighs, where Delilah’s was completely swallowed, were ejaculated on literal lakes of semen. Bodies of cum great enough to fill bathtubs in seconds roared and filled the waiting tankards. Of course, they were designed just for Alisa’s output.

Neither were aware of, or concerned, with the resulting leaks that turned into floods. Alisa and Delilah just came and came, heedless of anything but their pleasures and the presence of each other. It was morning before either gave any thought as to what happened.

Delilah woke first, turning over with an avalanche of tit flesh that struck Alisa’s face. Both snorted and sat up to avoid any possible suffocation by boobs. For a moment, the younger Hyper just stared, processing the first time she’d stayed over someone’s place since her second puberty. Her production was usually too much for anywhere else to handle, even the Hyper Camp she went to for a summer didn’t have a chance. Not to mention, none of her orgasms were that incredible.

She opened her mouth to thank Alisa, but a voracious growl silenced her.

“I think breakfast first,” Alisa said and kissed her cheek. Her breath smelled oddly familiar.

“What did we do last night?” Delilah asked while they walked to the kitchen.

“You don’t remember? Can’t blame you. We must’ve cum about four of five times between us.”

“That’s not too bad. I normally do six or eight every night.”

“Yeah, but nothing like these. Those condoms are lubed with aphrodisiac and sensory enhancements. Combine that with cock voring someone every hour, and you’ve got a recipe for mind wipe. At least the first couple times.”

“That’s… wow…”

“So, what’re you fixing for? I make killer pancakes. Pretty good waffles. Got some leftover chicken. Everything you need for a proper ‘merican breakfast.”

“I’ll it all,” Delilah said, wiping at her lips.

Alisa quirked a brow, then grinned, “You’re the boss.”

Delilah didn’t leave that day, or the following. By then, Alisa broached the idea that it was easier to make the reports by staying with her, and so Delilah resolved to sleep in the estate for the full week of observation, though she feared she’d make Alisa bankrupt. Without fail, she ate enough for a whole diner by herself, and still ask for seconds. None of the weight appeared on her body, though checking the scales, which she expected to read around four-hundred pounds, showed she’d almost doubled. Stranger still, she hadn’t defecated either.

It wasn’t until the fifth day without any results from the treatment, that they saw change. Or the beginnings of it at least. Alisa had expected it sooner, given the ninety-eight percent success rate reported for that trial - enough to get the product approved and shipped by year’s end - but was no less excited to see its effects.

“Extraordinary,” Alisa said after a bevy of tests to ascertain any and every change to Delilah’s body. Contrary to the treatment’s intentions, she’d gained mass, though not in any of her deliciously soft curves, but in height. Upon their meeting, Alisa stood six inches above her guest, now her neck tilted back to look into her eyes, “Six feet flat. Incredible, simply incredible.”

“You mean the growth, or me?” Delilah asked, fidgeting as the scientist studied her so intensely, as if she were the only thing in her world.

“Both.” She meant it of course. The Hyper was a mass of curves and cock before, each at least equal to her former stature, but now she wore them better, though she was no less curvy. It was slight, but her other aspects had grown as well, so as not to be left behind. Was it just Delilah’s body? Or did the treatment cause it?

Further observation was needed.

Delilah’s progression jump started after the fifth day. She still ate multiple times her weight daily, but it all seemed to fuel her growth, as she woke up each morning entire inches taller, suiting her body more, even as the rest crept along. By the tenth day, she was still growing and encroaching on eight feet tall. Day twelve saw new development as her cock went soft for the first time in over a year - at least while she was conscious.

While they were intimate several times a day, Alisa’s curiosity outweighed her lusts. Each session with Delilah, she noted it down, any variations indispensable for future research. From her lover’s improved stamina and sizes, to the mist-like musk she now exuded after prolonged orgasms. It all stimulated Alisa’s scientific mind and body in ways she hadn’t conceived.

“It’s still so massive,” Alisa mused in bed one morning, cuddling up to her lover’s cock, which behaved like a sleeping snake as she pulled and curled it at her whims. Just through observation, she found Delilah didn’t get erections so to speak, as her cock was always its maximum length, which had grown to nineteen feet. The Amazon hummed around her fifth bowl of high-fibre cereal. Though asleep, her cock still enjoyed the attention.

Eight, going on nine, feet of Hyper goodness laid beside her. Alisa marvelled at the sight each morning and that was no exception, yet her eyes discerned something else to be entranced by.

“That’s a sheath,” Alisa said, feeling at the dark, thicker layer of flesh around Delilah’s base. It stretched three feet, then thinned out into the rest. As she pushed on the length, it scrunched up and resisted for a moment, then accepted the shaft entering it, “This is incredible.”

“You say that everyday,” Delilah said.

“Yes, and I mean it every time.” Alisa kept pushing, over five feet of cock had vanished inside, and looked to Delilah’s abdomen. No visible changes, “Your body is changing in ways I never imagined. Can you retract it yourself? Try it.”

Delilah grunted and squeezed every muscle in her hulking frame, but nothing came of it, “Sorry.”

“That’s fine. I live for discoveries like this, it just makes it better that you’re included.”

“You make me sound like a toy.”

“Oh, but you are,” Alisa said and crawled up to kiss a massive nipple, “You’re mine to do with as I please until you find the will to leave. Do you want to leave?”

“No.”

Alisa smirked, “Thought so.”

The next day, Delilah woke larger, but that was overshadowed by a drastic surprise. Alisa shot up at her scream, powerful enough to shake the bed, and instantly recognised the cause; her lover’s cock was gone. Rather, the bulk had retracted into her sheath, leaving her with just three feet to manage, though her titanic balls remained humongous as ever. A far more intriguing fact came to light as Alisa studied; movement from within.

Looking up, she found Delilah fondling her chest. The cock wasn’t gone, just retracted. Alisa straddled her lover once more, balls clashing against the larger Hyper’s breasts, and slammed her pussy against the sheath. More movement responded. She was already wet, but had she ever dried out? While her cock slept, her snatch drooled night and day, all for the cock it could never have. For now perhaps.

“Let me,” Alisa said and took the Amazon’s place, groping the giant mounds, less absurdly proportioned against her frame, but still enormous. The nipples alone were too much for Alisa to grasp, “You focus on feeling good.”

“Hmm, okay,” Delilah sighed, then reach out to feel up the far smaller futa, hands smothering her chest with room to spare. The scientist moaned her own pleasure and pressed harder, biting her lip at the shifting beneath her pussy. She watched her lover, seeing signs of mystified pleasure, like she was experiencing something for the first time. It must be coming out, Alisa thought and looked back. And was nearly shoved over by a snake lashing at her face.

“What the fuck?”

It wasn’t a snake! Alisa recovered her composure and focused on her attacker, though it wasn’t fair to call it such, since it was only a cock. Singular, as several others writhed into view. Each seemed the same length as Delilah’s original, but far, far slimmer, only about the girth of Alisa’s calf. Small enough to fit inside her.

One broke away from the group and rushed beneath her ass cheeks. It pushed between Delilah and her pussy, foot after foot slid across her sensitive folds, before it backtracked to dive inside. Her gasp became a gag as the earlier assailant took advantage and shoved past her lips. Even more than her body’s bliss at being filled for the first time in so long, Alisa rejoiced in the most incredible side effect of the treatment to date. She moaned louder as other tendrils swirled around her limbs and waist to hold her in place.

Bonnie and Sharon were both just precursors to Delilah. The latter’s balls retracted just as these cocks seemed to when slumbering, while the former had muscle control. Of course, Delilah took it to new levels and forced Alisa to as well. Foot after foot of dick crammed into her pussy, jerking every direction as if to test its pliancy, and paid no mind to her cervix. It powered through and coiled up in her womb, bulging clear through her abdomen. The shape pushed against Delilah’s tits.

“I don’t know what’s happening,” Delilah moaned, hands back to squeezing her own chest, while her tentacles milked Alisa’s. Two slapped down between her ass cheeks, curling around and grinding into her anus. Would they fit? Alisa hadn’t thought about anal in a long time, preoccupied with work and the more demanding pleasure of her cock. That answer came once the tendrils realised she had another hole.

Like Sharon’s, they seemed autonomous for the meantime. The Hyper was too caught up in her own world of pleasures, carpet bombed by the sensations of multiple phalli as she pinched her own nipples, pulling on and releasing them. Earthquakes passed through each mound, jiggling against Alisa’s own hardening behemoth. A pair of cocks raced down and pulled them apart, the shorter member fell between them, before it was surrounded in tit-flesh.

“I can’t hold it,” Delilah mewled, “Oh fuck, it feels… too much…” Alisa bucked her hips in response, belly contorting in weird patterns as several feet of cock piled inside, and squeezed her kegels, begging in wordless cries for her to let go. Much as she wanted to fuck someone herself, she was patient. Her treatment would be a success, so let Delilah go first and owe her night after night of primal pussy pounding.

“I’m cumming! Fuuck!”

Each cock wrapped around Alisa’s body became pythons. One was draped over her shoulders, then snapped around her throat, choking the air even as another of its kin did so from within. Her ass burned in delicious fire, taking its share of cock as it quested through her innards, and her pussy and womb stretched to unknown lengths as a second tendril joined. Two cocks, each thicker than both her fists together, coiled within her uterus. Her belly didn’t even look human anymore, a mass of writhing lengths that stretched it to equal an octomom.

All before the first shot reached her. Torrents of semen rained on and around her, each tentacle bulging with a sequence of loads to unleash, which stretched out her throat on the way to her stomach. Once at the peak, it never seemed to end. Micro seconds separated the downpours, only enough to register her womb and belly’s rapid expansions. It already pushed her tits up and moved into Delilah’s territory, yet just kept going.

“Alisa?”

“Mm?”

“I think we need a shower.”

“Mm hmm,” Alisa hummed, not willing to get up. Her belly was huge, warm and heavy enough to trap her lover beneath it, while she leaned on it and swirled her fingers through the white gunk all over them. It didn’t seem like Delilah’s production had changed, beyond the basic growth she underwent, though judgement was impossible without a container. They’d test it later.

“Do you like tentacles or something?” Delilah asked. Her cocks had settled, though they didn’t withdraw, roaming about their bodies.

“I do now.”

For the next few days, Delilah continued her growth. She reached a perfect ten feet when it stopped, a true Amazon, taller than anyone else in the world, even those similarly affected by the treatment. While none of her assets had shrunk at all - except on a cock to cock comparison, though hers had multiplied so it hardly counted - she’d grown into them. In terms of ratio, she wasn’t much worse off than a typical Hyper.

“Happy with the results?” Alisa asked while out to dinner.

“You keep asking. Yes, I’m happy,” Delilah groaned, eating her third bowl of ramen, “I eat like a pig and don’t gain any weight. I don’t feel like I’m gonna collapse under myself anymore.”

“And you don’t have to drag your cock and balls around all the time.”

“I kind of miss it,” Delilah said, “Good carpets felt so nice.”

“Oh yeah,” Alisa sighed and stretched out, cock rubbing into the floor, “I’m gonna miss that.”

“You’re going through with it tomorrow, right?”

“Yeah. Trials were largely successful and I’m eager to fuck you.”

The final trials were three months ago, and Delilah’s two months before those. Alisa had refined the formula to below one percent error, much to some of the volunteers disappointment. Strangely, the more she lowered the chance of error, the more potent it became. Of the thousand Hypers that volunteered, eight wound up with incredible changes on par with Delilah’s.

With her first passion project complete and already headed for pharmacies, she had all the resources to fund her second. The amount of people, Hypers and non alike, who wanted some of the famous changes for themselves or loved ones was staggering. It all started with her desire to love someone fully - physically at least - so she had no intention of denying people the chance to enhance their relationships or self-love. First things first, she needed to finally test it on herself.

All scientists know a project wasn’t complete until they tried it as well.

“This is… unexpected,” Alisa said in her mirror one week after she took her tablet. The formula was weakened for distribution, allowing people to get an accurate reduction with the right dosage, but she had tweaked her own. She should’ve expected the results before her.

While nothing as extreme as her giant lover and her tentacle cocks, Alisa had certainly changed beyond a simple cock and ball reduction as intended. Her prick was indeed smaller, on the lower spectrum of Hyperism at just three-and-a-half feet, with balls no greater than basketballs, but that mass had to go somewhere. A typical treatment should have it distilled into cum, hence why many reported a massive boost in sex drive for the first few weeks. Instead, Alisa’s distributed the mass to the rest of her.

All across the proverbial board, Alisa was Hyper. Her breasts that had just slipped under a ‘one’ on the scale, now registered at three. Her lips weren’t much larger, though still covered more of her chin than she’d have originally liked. The Hyperism spread even to her womb and, despite her negative pregnancy results a few weeks ago, expanded it to show through her stomach. Now she had a perpetual pot belly with a pair of little bumps to each side.

Her butt saw a significant boost, easily a five on the scale. The pros outweighed the cons as she loved having a comfortable seat wherever she went, even if she knocked over at least one glass a day. Concealed within her thighs, each a match for her hips on their own, her pussy had similarly grown into a melon that squished and gushed if she walked for too long. It was mostly her thighs fault, as they touched unless she did a near flawless split.

Even among her few Hyper colleagues, she was the curviest. Perhaps that was why Delilah pounced her on every chance she got, which was plenty as Alisa worked from her home office most days. The project was still in its early stages, mostly a matter of isolating the cause and effect from the tablets, while reducing any variables to margin of error. It left her open since she rarely wore anything more than sweatpants and a tube top during colder days.

For some reason she liked her belly being out. She found her stroking it longingly every other hour. Had the tablet rewired her maternal instincts too?

The short answer; yes. The slightly longer answer was that she stewed over the desire for children for weeks, before it culminated in a dream that left her drenched, her womb actually throbbing for semen and babies. She woke Delilah and didn’t work that day, consumed in oestrus. Not long after and her pregnancy test came back positive.

Even stranger, the second she saw it, her cock wouldn’t soften either. Her erection hardened whenever she thought of Delilah’s Amazonian figure, such thoughts often zeroed in on her pussy shortly after, and gushed pre-cum in her presence. No amount of orgasms sated it.

The pattern was obvious, however Alisa contained herself. The day she got knocked up was a hazy memory, but one that lived front and centre in the annuls of her mind, which meant restraining herself would lead to something similar. Or so she reasoned. Correctly, as not a week after this hypothesis, she balls deep in Delilah and rutting her like some animal. Even the Amazon was helpless beneath her.

Both were pregnant and due just a couple weeks after the other. Of course, a simple pregnancy didn’t suit either of their augmented bodies. Each of their bellies reached full term in just a few months, though Delilah’s appeared smaller on her staggering frame, while Alisa looked huge, and more so every day. Work was tough, but so much better with constant company around.

“Think they’ll be Hypers too?” Alisa asked, nesting deep between Delilah’s thighs. She leaned against her lover’s balls, one hand on each of their bellies, feeling for movement.

“I hope so,” Delilah said and squeezed out a dollop of lotion, “Now come here. I don’t want your belly getting strained.”

“Okay,” Alisa grunted and sat further up, “There must be so many.”

“Hmm.”

“Their teens are gonna be a real nightmare.”

“Yeah.”

“You’ll be with me though, so it’ll be fine.”

“Of course,” Delilah said and kissed her shoulder, large hands cradling the scientist’s belly, which already outshone her breasts, forcing them to rest upon it or cascade down the sides. The tentacles rose as they snuggled, however they’d calmed down over the months and simply nuzzled against Alisa’s erogenous zones. Like a massage, she drifted off as they worked, secure in the arms of her Amazon.

The treatment worked perfectly.