

## Half Truth

"Forty, love!"

It sounded so far and muted, Lavender could swear those words were never uttered at all. Her head was dizzy with exhaustion, and her whole body felt on fire.

"This isn't fair!", the thought echoed in her head. "This wouldn't be so hard if my body never changed." It was only half true, when people contract the Aphrodite Virus their body undergoes some very obvious, and some not-so-very obvious, changes.

Lavender's racket hung by her side, tennis ball in the other hand. She arched her back to get a better view of her opponent - and to breathe in some air that wasn't her own heavy odorous musk. Two breasts, each two and a half feet in diameter, jutted out firmly like fake props. Having slowly filled with milk as the day progressed, Lavender's breasts stretched out a green polo top that was now unable to properly cover her areolae. Two melon sized nipples protruded from the spherical mounds, as if her lewdness wasn't complete. Sweat poured from her body, glistening under the midday sun and soaking her shirt through - or was that milk?

"I already ran down my timer... I can't believe my body is doing this now..." Hypers, due to their condition, are allowed a pool of time to use under any circumstance. They usually spend this time milking themselves or emptying their testicles. Lavender had already used all 15 minutes of her time cumming and milking herself, but her body seemed unerringly productive today. She groaned as her cock flexed and hardened, growing half a foot longer at the mere thought of another chance to cum.

Lavender's cock stuck out far into the space in front of her. A short skirt did nothing to hide any of its four foot (~120cm) length. A bulbous red cockhead decorated the end of a thick veiny girth, itself larger than its host's own head. Finally two testicles the size of pumpkins hung below the girl's knees, cradled by a bra designed for them. Earlier removed was a sports bra and cock-sleeve that attempted to hold down the jiggling mass, but their textures became a such a sensual distraction that she rathered bear her indecency than risk having an orgasm mid match.

"Well, I don't have much of a choice now..."

The purple haired girl in perfect form tossed the ball in the air and served. Strengthened by the virus, Lavender's muscles were like steel cables and her bones like obsidian. While her endowments changed and effectively doubled her mass, the rest of her body changed as well to support them - and there was the full truth.

Her body shuddered and trembled with anxiety, awaiting the end of the match - or was that lust?



