

CHEMICAL IMBALANCE

By Articus

"I think this batch is going to be more promising than the last one." Said the petite vixen.

"You think so? We've gone through what, 40, 50 different formulations? The best we've done is make a stronger electrolyte, which is still useful don't get me wrong, but it isn't going to drastically improve performance." Replied the dusty-colored hare.

"Joan, this will be the one, I feel it in my gut. There's just something about this one that gives a different vibe, ya know?"

"I do Nora, but I just want to temper expectations."

The duo had been working on the sports drink additive for months. There had been lofty promises made to the executives that they could improve athletic performance and promote substantial muscle growth with just a couple of drinks of their new formula. So far though, there was only the improved performance.

Nora, the vixen, was standing on a stool next to some equipment she was using to mix the final ingredients. She was not particularly tall, only standing at four feet. To use most of the equipment properly she always needed some kind of height assistance, but that was just her life.

Joan was looking over the recent notes, idly playing with one of her long ears. The kneading helped her concentrate and worked out some of her stress. Taking her eyes away from the notes, she set the clipboard down on the table. Stretching her almost six-foot-long frame she let out a sigh.

"I think I'm going to grab us some dinner, anything you want in particular?" inquired Joan.

"Now that you mention it, I think a grilled chicken sandwich sounds pretty amazing, " Nora replied as a gurgle came from her stomach.

"Alright, the closest place will be like a 30-40 minute trip. I'll get back quickly so you don't pass out like last night" teased the hare.

"Forget to eat ONCE and everyone holds it against you" griped the vixen.

"It wasn't just once, it's almost every day! I swear if you were left alone you would just turn into a husk." Joan scoffed before turning around and heading out the lab door. "If you start to feel light-headed, just sit down and take a drink. I don't want to see you collapsed on the floor when I get back!"

“Ugg, fine MOM.” Nora turned to face Joan’s back and stuck her tongue out. Under her breath exasperating, “always treating me like a kid. We’re the same age for crying out loud.”

Joan was right though, she was starting to get a little woozy from low blood sugar. Stretching herself, she took the time to sit down on her stool. She’d been up for 14, 16 hours? Wasn’t the first time she was lost in her work and wouldn’t be the last.

She was thankful for Joan, even if she did tease her a lot. They’d been friends for years and she’d always kept Nora out of trouble. In some cases, alive. She had always thought of Joan as more than just a friend but never wanted to ruin their relationship by pursuing those feelings. If she lost Joan, it would crush her and she wasn’t sure if she could come back from that.

The lack of food was getting to her. Even with sitting she was starting to feel woozy. Thinking back to what Joan said, Nora slid off of the stool and plodded her way out the lab door. Since food and drink were not allowed in the lab, a water dispenser was set up in the hallway with a paper cup dispenser attached to it. Grabbing one of the cups, she started to fill it with cool refreshing water. The splash of the liquid in her throat did a little bit to clear her haze, but it wasn’t enough. If only she had something else to give her a boost.

“That’s it!”

Setting the cup down on the catch tray, Nora ran back into the lab. Scrambling back up her perch she looked around for a small clean disposable pipette. Grabbing the smallest one she could find, she proceeded to fill just a little bit of the new formula into the dispenser. Carefully climbing back down with the precious liquid instilled in its container, Nora left the lab and headed back to the water dispenser. With a squeeze, she put just a few drops of the formula in the water and used the pipette to mix it together.

“What’s the harm in drinking a new, untested, sports drink?” She mewled to herself. “Most likely won’t do too much. The extra energy will help keep me upright while I wait so I don’t embarrass myself again.” Bringing the cup to her mouth she tipped back the mixture. “Not bad! At least I got the grape flavor down.” She said with a grin, throwing the cup and pipette in the garbage. “Now back to relaxing! Hopefully, that clears my head enough to not live through yesterday’s nightmare again.”

Making her way back to her seat in the lab, the haze that tried to envelop her head began to clear. “Just what the doctor ordered”, she chuckled to herself. Taking a seat on the stool she closed her eyes, concentrating on the sounds and smells of the lab.

After some time she began to feel a little better, but still not close to her normal attentiveness. At least she wasn’t passing out or having any adverse reactions. That was until she felt as though she’d been hit with a defibrillator. The sudden jolt knocked the breath from her lungs and caused her body to vibrate unconsciously. Her first thoughts were of the previous day and what the lack of food had done. Hypoglycemic shock in a room by herself would be another nightmare scenario.

Knowing that help wouldn't arrive quick enough if she were to hurt herself from a fall, she leaned on the desk for support. The sheer pain of every single one of her muscles tensing increased her panic further. It was as if someone had hooked electrodes up to her entire body and set the power as high as it would go. Tighter and tighter her muscles became, going to the point that she felt like they were going to rupture.

Then as quickly as the muscle spasms and tensing started, she felt the relief of them relaxing.

"That... wasn't... normal" Nora gasped. "That wasn't... low blood sugar." Looking down she noticed a wet streak across her lab coat, tinted with the same color as the sports drink mixture. She must have had some spittle leave her clenched jaw when the spasms took over. If that was the case, she counted herself lucky she hadn't bitten her tongue off. As for the coat, she had a spare in the lab she could switch to before Joan arrived.

Stepping away from the stool her balance was unsteady, almost as if she was floating above her body. Reaching over to the desk, she found the comforting purchase to steady herself. It felt as though she was having an out-of-body experience, but that wasn't quite it. Were objects appearing further away? Smaller? Maybe having everything tense so much did something to her eyesight?

Once she felt confident enough to walk unassisted, she gingerly made her way to the coat rack. Taking off her lab coat, she noticed a tightness in her chest when raising her arms. Well, it wasn't in her chest, but around it. Gazing down at her blouse, she could see the bottom hem had come undone from her skirt and was riding high enough for the world to see her midriff. Frantically she tried to tuck her blouse back down but to no avail.

Throwing the stained lab coat onto the rack, Nora wobbled out of the lab and into the nearby restroom. Coming to a halt in front of one of the bathroom sinks to look in the mirror, she stared at the image of a vixen with tightly wound cords of muscle across her body. Was tight the right word? Maybe taut or tensed. The vixen in the mirror had muscles that strained against a slightly undersized blouse.

"Wha?" she stammered. "That's... me?"

Curling her arms up she gave her biceps a squeeze, the creaking of the seams in her blouse echoed in the tile-covered bathroom. Staring in disbelief, the realization set in.

"It worked", the words fell out of her mouth with incredulity.

She fixated on the firmness in her arms, legs, her entire being. Not only had it worked, it worked well. Gripping her biceps, there was hardly any fat under her pelt.

With a double fist pump she did a little hop, which in turn nearly sent her sprawling. Not being used to the extra power in her legs, she was having a hard time keeping her strength in check. She had to

record her findings from this impromptu experiment before she forgot any specifics. With a splash of water on her face, she dried off and went back to the lab.

As she reached for the lab's handle, it struck her that it wasn't as high up as it used to be. Was it just the extra muscle? No, that wasn't right. Before she had to reach up for the door. Now though, her arm was more parallel with the floor. She'll need to make a note of that in her findings.

Stepping inside the lab, she grabbed her clean lab coat and carefully threw it on to not burst her already strained blouse. Moving over to the desk, she pulled out a tape measure and started measuring her limbs.

The circumference of her biceps had increased by at least two inches. Thigh, four inches. Calves, two inches. Stunned, she jotted down the results in her notes. Next, taking some calipers she attempted to pinch her belly. Just barely able to get a hold of enough skin to manage, she measured what she could. Doing some math, it looked like she was down to 8% body fat.

Sitting back on the stool she contemplated the results. She lost 12% body fat and gained more muscle mass. Could this formula be what they were after? What would more do to someone that's already consumed it? It was supposed to be a marketable product after all. Looking over to the rest of the sample, the idea of what could be flashed through her mind.

Hesitantly, she grabbed the vial. This could go extraordinarily well or she could end up in cardiac arrest. If just that little drop caused her to seize up that much, what would a larger dosage do? "Nothing ventured, nothing gained", she thought to herself after mustering her resolve.

With the last amount of hesitation gone, she took the vial and knocked the drink back. The concentrated liquid hit her senses with all of the pungent spike of the undiluted grape flavoring. Leaning on the desk she hacked and tried to clear the strong flavor from her mouth. Just as she started to feel the taste subsiding, the effects of the formula were already working their magic.

She could feel the pump throughout her body as her blood surged through her muscles. It was as if all her muscles were being worked out at the same time. With each pulse of her heartbeat, she could feel her body tightening and thickening with new muscle mass. The feeling could only be described as intoxicating.

To keep herself upright she braced her forearms on the desk in front of her. As the process of growth continued she could feel herself hunching more and more over the desk. Her clothes were getting tighter by the second, her broadening back and shoulders were already filling out what little space the lab coat had left.

With one more surge of growth, the failing blouse, skirt, and lab coat ripped free leaving her in nothing but her now-taut underwear. The feeling of being free of her constrictive clothing felt like it only accelerated the already rapid growth Nora had been experiencing up to that point. Her panties were drenched from the orgasmic feeling of growing and she needed to do something about it.

By this point, she was no longer braced against the desk with her forearms. Instead, she now had to fully extend her arms to continue using the desk as a makeshift support thanks to her continued growth. Using her left hand to stay upright on the now diminished table, she used her other hand to rip her panties off. With a snap, she felt the constraining fabric give way. Reaching up, she proceeded to give her pitiful bra the same treatment.

With her body racing taller and taller, the desk would soon no longer provide any support. With a thud, Nora sat down on the hard floor. Her face was flush with the pleasure of growing larger and larger as she prepared herself to find relief for her surging libido. Through the haze, she moved her hand down to the sopping mess that was her engorged vagina. Hot and needy, she began diving her fingers into the moist cavern.

Eyes half open, she rode the burning lust toward the peak. Her tongue rained drool as it lolled out of her now immense muzzle. Her surroundings soon melted away as she drove her excited fingers forward, the climb to the top of ecstasy became the only desire for Nora. Clamping her eyes shut, hands on her breast and vagina, nothing else mattered at that singular moment. She needed to crest that hill.

With a climatic shudder, she felt herself let go. A deep moan echoed in the room as she dropped off the edge. With the last orgasmic surge of growth, she lost herself in the bliss of sexual release.

Time had continued without Nora as the last few shocks and spasms of sexual bliss had passed, and she finally regained control of herself. Opening her eyes she saw the mess that her lust-addled self had made below her. Not only that, she now had a perfect view of her new body. She now sported breasts the size of watermelons, muscles of someone who had trained their entire life, and abs to break concrete adorned her new body. Resting her arm on the desk next to her, she noticed how much larger she had grown in height as well as mass. She had to be at least eight feet tall now. Eight feet, over double her original height.

The realization hit like a brick and she loved it. It was all finally hers, the size and power.

A small voice in her head snapped her back to reality.

What was she going to tell Joan? Hell, how would she even try to break this to her much less anyone else? Would she freak out and run? Delight turned to worry as all the scenarios played out in her head. Dread built as her mind raced.

As she thought of the myriad ways Joan would hate her for what she had become and her reckless disregard for lab safety, a familiar pressure was building in her again. This time, though, it was building at a specific point much lower down her body.

It didn't take long for Nora to notice the building tension in her loins and she huffed out a sigh of frustration, "Seriously? Is this just going to be a thing now? Guess I'll take care of this, again, and then clean everything up before Joan gets... hurk!"

The sudden outward push from her clitoris took her by surprise. Looking down she was surprised to see how large and inflamed it had become. Her clit had pushed out at least three inches and was pulsating with pressure. “That’s not ghuu!” were the last words she was able to spit out before her clit spiked with pleasure as it stretched larger.

Surging past six inches, Nora grappled it with a free hand as she began to fondle her engorged clit. The nerve bundles in her new bulge were firing on all cylinders, instantly driving her up the climactic cliff once more. More and more she felt it stretch in her grasp, eight inches, a foot, foot and a half. She didn’t know how much more she could take.

Finally, with a pop, a knot formed at the base with a diameter of six inches. Nora had thought her new appendage was sensitive before, but the knot brought a whole new experience. Falling onto her back she desperately stroked her new genitalia, precum slathering the entire shaft.

Teasing and pumping her clenched fist as hard as she could to find relief, the pleasure only built. Her eyes rolled back and her maw hung wide open as her tongue fell out to the side. Deep guttural growls and moans escaped her gaping maw, rattling from her chest.

Finally, the pleasure was too much, a terminating squeeze of her knot sent her over. A jet of cum showered the ceiling, splattering on the concrete and coating the lights above in her juices.

Still on her back, she regained her breath for what could have been minutes or hours. Eventually the world slowly came back into focus from the intense pleasure of her most recent rut. Opening her eyes, she assessed the damage wrought on the ceiling above. “At least it won’t be too hard to reach,” she said with a grimace. With a final huff, she hauled herself up just in time to see Joan open the lab door in front of her.

“Hey, they had a deal on the chicken sandwiches. A two... for... one...” Joan slowed as her eyes rested on the large and naked form of a fox. Fox didn’t seem right, vixen? No, that wasn’t right either. “WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!”

“Calm down, calm down!” Nora’s now husky voice rattled. “Take a breather and I can explain!”

“Explain what?! Explain what happened to Nora or how the fuck you got into a secure lab?!” Joan demanded as she eased back towards the now-closed lab door.

“First off, rude. Second, it’s me, Nora! I drank some...” she said, grimacing again “well maybe all of the new formula.”

“Wait, is that actually you Nora?” the hare squinted suspiciously with a quizzical stare at the oversized vixen claiming to be Nora.

Rolling her eyes, “yes, that’s what I just said. Look I drank a concentrated version of the formula

and it did this” she waved generally about her body. “It worked Joan, the formula worked! Maybe a bit too well, but it worked!”

“Worked would have just given you energy and some extra muscle growth!” Joan yelled up to her friend. “Not more than double your size and given you” blushing and pointing at the vixen’s new endowments, “that!”

The vixen blushed, “heh, you’re right. Still, we can fine-tune it down from here! I’ve got everything recorded, we can hit our target for the project completion date.”

“And how do you suppose you’re going to work on anything? We don’t have ANY large lab equipment here!” Joan threw her hands on her hips and stomped. “We aren’t set up for large-sized mammals here!”

“Well, you can read over the notes and finish it from there!”

Rubbing her eyes, Joan relented. “Seriously? Fine. You have a point, as long as you took your typical notes we should be fine. What are we going to do about you?”

Scratching her chin, Nora debated her next moves. Looking down at Joan she felt an uncontrolled flutter in her chest.

She hadn’t properly looked at Joan after she had come back during her panicked explanation. Now that she was, though, she started to question whether Joan had always been as attractive as she looked to her now.

Was it her new height? The thrill of being the largest in the room? Was it her new penis and obviously elevated hormones pounding through her system? Or did the formula change something more subtle such as lowering her inhibitions? Whatever the reason, the longer she stared at Joan the quicker her new cock stiffened with renewed energy and began to throb with need.

“Everything... okay up there?” the hare asked after noting the rising of Nora’s cock.

“Oh, um, yeah? Just not used to this thing and you being prettier than usual.”

Blushing, Joan began kneading one of her ears and staring at the floor. “Thank you? Not really what I expected to hear.”

“Sorry, but I couldn’t keep that to myself.” Nora cooed. She was surprised at herself for how forward she was being but didn’t dislike her new demeanor. The embarrassment clearly shown on the hare’s face only encouraged her to persist. She had never seen Joan this flustered and didn’t hesitate to jump at the opportunity it presented. “I’ve always thought that, I just never had the courage to say anything.”

“Well, you were always the cute one.” Joan meekly chirped. “I never wanted to ask because I thought it would ruin our friendship.”

Nora’s eyebrows shot up, that wasn’t at all what she expected. “Do you really mean that?”

“I do, you’ve been there through all the breakups and kept my spirits high. I think I would be lost if you hadn’t been there. I’m not sure what I would do if you were no longer here with me.”

A soft smile spread across Nora’s lips. Embracing the unexpected confidence and encouragement she asked the one question she always wanted to. “Since we’re both being honest with ourselves, do you want to go out?” There was a hopeful tone to Nora’s question.

Looking up and still kneading her ear, face bright “Yes! There’s nothing more I want than that!”

Nora’s heart nearly burst out of her chest. “Golly, this day just gets better by the minute! We’ll need to go out and celebrate!”

“Agreed!” Joan smiled with a small tear forming. Wiping away the mist from her eyes, she looks over her new girlfriend. “First things first, though. How about we take care of that?” She said while gazing down at Nora’s foot-and-a-half endowment. Despite herself, Joan couldn’t completely hide the eager leer tugging at her expression.

With a wolfish grin, Nora stood to her full height. After taking a moment to let the drastic height difference between them sink in for them both, she scooped up Joan in a princess carry and marched her way out of the lab. “Let’s take this to my office.”