

James sat on the ground. He could've mustered the strength to at least seek a chair or something, his body was still as able as if he'd freshly woken up... but his mind was hardly able to think anymore.

He felt a weight on his chest. Madeleine collapsed on top of him, naked, spent, just as mentally exhausted as he was. Around them, the great event had calmed down. A few still had the energy to keep going... They were late comers, still an hour of desire in them.

He put his arms around his wife. "How many did you get?"

The collie girl yawned. "I lost count after ten. I did things I didn't think were even possible. James, you know how we said we would make honesty the focal point of our marriage? I'm not sorry. This is truly the best day of my life and you've made it all possible, you're the one who started it. When we get back home, I want to thank you with my entire body. I love you more than ever... I want every *foot* of you inside of me."

He glanced at his shaft. It had remained half-stiff, throbbing a few inches off the ground ahead of him. At a glance, he could tell the huge crown was a staggering twenty feet away from his crotch. His balls had become gigantic, floor-reaching, actually helping to keep his cock in the air.

He pulled her atop him, giving a sigh of pleasure as she buried him in her vast bosom. He had to perk his ears and give his wife a stare of interrogation when she spoke.

"You, how many did you get?" She repeated.

"I didn't count. Maybe three dozen? Everything went by so quickly."

Reality was coming around him as he pieced his mind back together. The ground was completely soaked and sticky. The surrounding trees were more white than green. Some of them had even been uprooted. He had a feeling he was responsible for one of those. Looking aside, he saw a gendarme surveying the damage with a complete absence of concern in her eyes. The police girl had become so

curvy and chesty that her uniform rode on her like shorts and a tanktop, her body looking on the verge of exploding out of its confines.

"Madeleine," he said, "did you also do it with Mr. Belleville?"

"Probably. I couldn't recognize anybody in the heat of the moment. For all I know, I might've banged with the mayor and never noticed. *You* might have banged with the mayor and never noticed."

James let out a chuckle. "Isn't it weird how we've gone to discussing sex out in public like that? I feel like my mind isn't my own anymore. I'm not sure I'll ever be myself again. I remember my old self but the more I think about it, the less I care."

"Me too. I think it's the mutagen. It's making us more receptive to sexuality. I don't mind, personally. What's done is done. We'll just have to deal with it, for better or worse."

"And I know it's the mutagen making you think that way."

He took deep breaths, almost wanting to sleep, yet his body wanted him to have another go, just one more time for the road. He had this odd, arousing idea that he could just shove Madeleine on his cock and carry her home, giving her a ride with nothing more than the simple strength of his hard-on. He kept the idea close by, finding it more interesting by the second.

He could remember the morning, the experiment, the quickie he'd had with his wife... He could remember the research he was doing and all the sacrifices he'd done to get to this point. He grasped at those fleeting memories one last time before he found them locked away. He knew of his past, he acknowledged it, but it lost all of its importance in his mind.

*He wanted to screw, right now!*

But see, to understand how the day came to end in this manner, it is necessary to take a few steps back in time and catch James only mere hours before...

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July 15, 1863, Paris

Today was going to be fantastic, he was certain of it!

James Randoplh burst into the laboratory with a beaming smile on his face. Throwing the curtains and the windows open, he took a great breath of the Place St-Jacques beneath him. It was eleven o'clock, the streets were already squirming with life, and he had an excuse for his legendary tardiness this time around: he'd worked until five in the morning, eventually collapsing in the vestibule to catch a quick nap before resuming his work.

He took clipboard and pencil, and began jotting down the status of his invention. The mixture had remained stable through the night, neither growing nor shrinking, and a quick sample test confirmed that everything was going swimmingly well: the biological structure was still in top condition and well under control.

This was a massive breakthrough! At last he could put the final touches on his research and begin selling his produce to the market. It would be a revolution in the world. He could already see himself waking up with a million Francs underneath his bed!

The door swung open. "Good morning, chéri! I brought croissants, coffee, jam, everything I'm sure you'll need."

Madeleine, James' wife, was a goddess from head to toe. The collie girl sported an impossibly curvaceous look that defied the standards of her breed: where most breasts were measured between A and D-cup, hers were monsters in comparison, gigantic S-cup globes that nonetheless rode with a disconcerting ease upon her chest. She did not look like she could handle the weight yet she did, despite her otherwise lean upper half. It was down there that the curves really settled in: her body flared out into hips a head-turning three feet wide, forcing her to often walk sideways through door frames.

Her clothes were not decent in the least. Nothing in the world could hope to properly conceal those nipples of hers. Any and every shirt she wore tented the fabric in ways no one could ever miss. It was the least of her worries of course... Few could ignore her firm rump, her expansive thighs, or the way her little feet shouldn't have carried her around at all.

"You know I don't take my coffee black?" said James, putting an arm around her.

"I know." Without missing a beat, Madeleine pulled on the fabric covering her right breast, and without any effort let out a stream of milk into her husband's drink.

Satisfied, he kissed her on the cheek and took a long gulp of his well-deserved pick-me-up.

"I think I've finally landed the formula." he said, looking upon the rows of beakers with pride. "I took my samples just minutes ago. The mutagen is stable. Stable! It's going to be a piece of cake from here on out. I'll just need a few more weeks to triple-test the manufacturing process and then I'll get to share my discovery with the world. We'll be *rich*, Madeleine. We'll never have to work another day in our lives!"

Carried away by his joy, he took her on a dance, bouncing to the imaginary sound of a jig. She followed suit, giggling and jiggling alike, her oversized curves fighting against gravity and winning.

The two ended the little dance by closing their eyes and locking into a passionate kiss. They kissed like newlyweds, just like they always did. They hugged, they whispered sweet words of love to one another and finished by groping each other while blushing aglow. Neither of them would get entirely used to how over-sexualized each had become. James needed loose pants to go out in public. His wife was the talk of the entire city, envied by many and suffering an increasingly unfavorable reputation. Many had attributed her newly grown body to a supernatural curse for some supposed base instincts... but her newfound credibility would prove her detractors wrong: Madeleine Geraldine Playe - that's Mrs. James Randolph for you - was faithful to her husband, all the way to the bone and the boner alike. There was a good reason for it: only he could make her feel like a woman. With her increased capacity and her secret nightlife as an incorrigible size queen, the member of any stud was nothing against the magnificent pole James gave her. There was no point in taking in the most endowed of horses when a dashing red fox could outsize them all by a wide margin the world had never seen before.

She hadn't seen him so hurried in her life. He swallowed a croissant after barely chewing it, realizing much too late that there was jam to accompany it. No matter. He simply ate the contents by the heaping spoonful, and returned to his work while swallowing. She pouted at the display.

"James. James! That's unbecoming of you. Please, slow down and take your time. James, I beg of you..."

He turned, seeing her pleading face, her joined hands, her arms squeezing her breasts to make up even more cleavage than she already had. Her blue dress had been custom-made for her just a month ago, and it had been a mistake. Both he and she had forgotten that they were going to take another dose of the experimental mutagen the very next day, and so what was supposed to be an airy and ample dress had become akin to a swimsuit, clinging to her curves so much that it even outlined the dimple of her navel.

He could not resist the will of a goddess.

"You're right." he said, taking her into his arms once more. "Work can wait. I guess I've done plenty this week already. I'm just so eager to finish the project!" Looking back at the array of instruments on the tables, he grinned, shaking his fists. "I don't know what to say!"

She let go of him. "Have breakfast at least. Don't look behind you, now. I know you'll get tempted. Look at me instead."

She tugged the neckline of her robe down, further exposing her breasts. His eyes affixed on her magnificent body, he very nearly missed his own mouth as he helped himself to more of the croissants.

"Don't look away, James..."

She was openly teasing him, smiling that adorable smile, twisting her body in ways that made her seem like a featherweight. She leaned against a table and broke out into a little dance that exposed every angle of her body, dress lifting in places to showcase more bare fur, more light tan underneath the expensive royal blue. She saw him fruitlessly reach for his breakfast and realize that he'd already eaten it all.

Moreover, his pants were tenting upwards with a furious two-foot hard-on.

To think that years ago, still in college, the two could have gotten lost in their crowd. He, a budding scientist; she, daughter of a prominent teacher and well-versed in the rules of higher society. She'd never have to work a day in her life. Many would have scoffed at the idea of coupling her with a lanky student in biological science. It was common sense that women marry entrepreneurs and practitioners of medicine. He was handsome, she was pretty, but they were surrounded by a class held up to an even higher standard than that. His saving grace had been in his studies: he always got the top scores in his class, his methods were impeccable, his lab work rigorous and his papers written with skill and grace. His talent was well beyond his years. A few invitations here, a few soirees there, and the promising young lad met with the one who would become his wife. Many, in hindsight, deemed the event as inevitable: the two had been made for each other.

The discovery of the mutagen had been a complete accident at first. He had exposed his lab rats to substances handed over by another project as a temporary help due to a spread of the flu within the faculty. Unexpectedly, the control substance did have an effect on one of the rats, and James was astonished to find the animal had somehow ended up with comically oversized genitals. He'd thought it a blockage or a tumor at first, but dissection had revealed this wasn't the case. The rat had most definitely gotten a massive size upgrade.

Isolating the substance, James had explored the avenue. The mutagen had proved itself difficult to handle at first, its effects always on a gamble and oftentimes failing to take hold in the rats. His attempts at control had produced exactly the opposite effect: the next few doses had been so incredibly potent that one of the rats had broken out of his confines and into another, somehow kicking his mate's body into a sexual overdrive even though she hadn't been tested on yet. Putting the offending rat into a sturdier cage had been just the right thing for James' body to feel the effects: his respectable five inches of manhood had grown into eleven inches of sensitive cock. Madeleine had burst in before he even realized what had happened, and her passionate hug against him had spread the mutation to her: her very proper B-cup breasts had swollen into matronly E-cups.

Although it seemed like a story that had only gone on for a few days at most, the truth was that it had been a year and a half between the initial discovery and the second much more important one. While the mutagen was not quite safe for use outside the lab, he felt that he was close, and so it was only a matter of time and effort before he could produce a toned-down, much safer and controllable dose of the substance in order to commercialize it. Needless to say, the couple had been testing some of this progress along the way, each time marveling at how the mutagen acted upon them. For all the chances they had taken, everything had worked beyond expectations. The possibilities were dizzying...

Of course, there was no hiding their new overgrown bodies. They had friends, family and colleagues. While sex was not the first choice of subject among the high gent, no one dared cast the first stone: James' constant progress gave no worry as to the announced completion of his work, and Madeleine had proven herself a faithful and protective wife: openly declaring her support for her husband, she had dared anyone to attempt harm on either of them, and in a rare moment of vitriol, heavily implied that some in their circles of acquaintances would have great need of this formula once it was completed. The remark had not gone unnoticed; half of the soiree's guests had consisted of gentlemen sixty years or older, well past their prime, and they had been the first to dismiss James' work as little more than obscene pornography.

No one could deny that aspect of it. The discovery had not made the lovers drift apart. On the contrary, they were more in love than ever. He could hardly go a day without thinking of her curves, and she could barely keep herself together between breakfast and lunch. Oftentimes she retired away from the public eye to tide over her urges, and it was not uncommon for her to wander to the lab under the excuse of bringing James a meal only for her to pin him down and take him.

Just like now.

"Are those used?" she asked, gesturing at some stained beakers on the table where she'd put his breakfast.

"It's junk, I was meaning to--"

In a grand motion, she swept her arm, dramatically sending the wares crashing on the floor. Jumping on the table with a strength he hadn't known in her, she pulled up her dress, bunched it up into a ball, and threw it away.

She wore nothing underneath.

In a flash, he was upon her. He couldn't tell when he had taken his clothes off. His memory said that one moment he had them, and the other he had not. He wanted her from head to toe, left to right, fore to aft, inside and outside, body mind and soul. He wanted to suckle on her milky breasts, he wanted to stretch her around him, pound her into submission and make her sing her adoration for his body.

She barely had the time to sit on the table. He did not even wait to prepare her; she was ready, wet and gushing. He invited himself with great force and it made her moan in pleasure.

Her body was shaping the outline of his cock. The sexualization of her being hadn't stopped to merely her curves. It had redone her inner structure, given escape routes to organs just to move out of the way when lovemaking happened, bones meant to be stretched apart: what used to be a solid rib, to take just one, had become a flexible and resilient set of discs linked with stretchy cartilage. He practically split her hips from the rest of her body with each thrust and yet, it had become the norm for her. Her entire self had been made to accept him, her frame pulling apart and coming back together each time he went in and out. The mutagen had been good to her.

He had to keep her pinned underneath him to keep her from slipping off the table. The act was quick, brutal and raw. She had been dying for a good session, and he could get into her on a moment's notice. They were perfect mates for one another.



Then, pulling back, James shoved forward to make his final thrust the biggest one... and he promptly landed into his wife's cleavage.

The two saw a powerful stream shooting across the lab.

"The mutagen!"

Too late. His powerful jet of seed had blasted the glass jar containing all his previously discarded versions of the substance, and it had done so with such force that the glass had cracked on impact, the jar falling through a window tumbling out into the plaza beneath.

"What happened?" said Madeleine, staring at James' shocked face.

"I... I don't know! I thought I was still in! I'm sorry, I wasn't careful..."

"James, wait, hush. Listen... There's moaning down below."

He stumbled on over to the window through which the jar had gone. On the streets, he saw pink and black.

There was a commotion, yet there was no screaming. The citizens were obviously agitated, looking a little nervous, or puzzled, or embarrassed, but as the substance spread among them, removing inhibitions, they all became more comfortable with themselves than they should have been.

Initially they were scared of their now oversized endowments. Now, they were turned on.

Madeleine came up, hugging James from behind. Hypnotized by the unfolding events on the streets, he did not react to her. He could recognize some of his friends, some of his colleagues, and even some of his rivals. They were all presented under a new light. Most of them dwarfed him in sheer size: at a glance, he could tell there was no shaft any smaller than three feet long.

"...I don't know what to say." he whispered. "It's too surreal. It doesn't make sense. Everyone's getting changed, it's madness."

She had the same blank expression as he, her eyes darting from one hot body to another. The realization dawned on her.

"Everyone's been rendered attractive." she whispered back.

The two set eyes on the same man at the same time. The once frail and aging Mr. Belleville, president of the Chamber of Commerce and one of the most vocal opponents to James' research, had gone through a complete makeover. His few strands of white hair had become a lush jet black mane. His drooping face had become a whole fifty years younger. What remained of his limbs had become musclebound, and his body had straightened and bulked up to an obscene degree. It was like he was in the prime of his life once more, the old lion standing once more as king.

For a moment, James feared this would be the final nail in the coffin. For months he had relied on the old man's failing wits to hold his own in debates, but if his mind had been restored as well as his body, then he would surely put together all the arguments he needed to end the battle once and for all. This would never be the case, however: with an arrogant smile on his face, he was pounding a lapine waitress from behind. Despite being out of earshot, James could tell he was shouting insults at the lady, riling her up and making her shove against him right back as if his words were a challenge.

He couldn't believe it. It was like every ounce of conservatism in the old man had vanished. Mr. Belleville, the man who reveled in winning debates and openly advancing his personal agenda through influence and wealth, had revealed himself to be just as nasty at sex.

His very own colleague Francis, there he was too. The lanky wolf had become unrecognizable in his own way. It had been a common rumor that he entertained a relationship supposedly because he was well-

endowed. A young man with little spine to himself, with no particular hobbies, entertained by nothing, yet in possession of such a member that girls flocked to him thanks to the wonders of word of mouth. Whether that rumor was true or not had been rendered moot. He had kept the body he'd always had, but his girlfriend was now stretched to an obscene degree by his cock, almost shaped more like the shaft inside of her than like her own self. James was seeing an even greater version of his lovemaking with Madeleine, in third person.

Madeleine kissed his cheek. "I was hoping you'd be as big as that eventually." she admitted.

"We were working on it, I guess. What are we supposed to do now? Are you going to take him instead?"

He entertained one fear, and it was that she become as easy and as loose as those who had been hit. There was no way everyone was making love with their soulmate at this moment. They'd just picked up whoever looked compatible and had gone at it with no strings attached. To be fair, there are some he would've gladly taken for himself in a heartbeat, but he would never do that to Madeleine! Not to his wife!

"Perhaps." she told him. "You could take some of the women too, if you want."

It was sacrilege. It broke the sanctity of marriage. Yet, his very own wife had proposed that the couple become swingers. James couldn't think straight enough. The more he looked upon the scene unfolding before him, watching the mutagen running rampant and changing the world, the more he felt that the world as he knew it was gone. It had been replaced by one which, he was certain, would be dominated by love and sexual prowess.

So, on second thought, the proposal did look attractive...

"Deal."