

“You called?” Ana asked, knocking on the wall as she entered the lab. “This better be good—I was beating Winston in chess.”

She had her gray hair done up in a bun, wearing her same tattered combat outfit that she usually favored. She had a certain aged, regal beauty to her; like a fine wine.

Mercy smiled, looking up from the bubbling beaker. “Ah, hello Ana. Yes, I have something very important to show you.”

The German doctor wore a lab coat—tighter than it need be, she wanted to show off her body after all—which clung to her supple breasts and curvy legs.

Ana approached with long, confident strides. After decades of experience in combat, she had little patience left for propriety.

Mercy lifted the beaker up off the little burner and swished the golden liquid around. She clucked her tongue. “Perfect.”

“What is?”

“I have achieved a medical breakthrough,” Mercy explained, smiling. “The secret of reversing old age is right here in my hand.”

“You’re joking,” Ana said, chuckling. She frowned at the golden liquid. “Right?”

“Of course.” Mercy smiled wider. She could hardly contain herself. “It’s just lemonade. Here, have a taste.”

Ana took the beaker, waited a minute for it to cool, then shrugged and downed the liquid.

“Not bad,” she said, smacking her lips. “Doesn’t taste like lemonade though. Kind of a rubbery aftertaste. I think you need to go back to the drawing board on this one.”

“Three,” Mercy said.

“What?”

“Two.”

“Why are you counting down?”

“One. Now.”

The serum started working right on time, just as Mercy had predicted. The changes were subtle at first, so much so that the confused Ana didn’t even notice.

It began with her hair. Her roots turned from gray, to brown, then black. It spread until it was all the same rich, matte color. It grew longer as well, pushing out of its bun and falling down her shoulders.

“What are you grinning at?” Ana asked, sounding quite perturbed. “I don’t understand this joke.”

Her wrinkled face slowly regained its luster and glow, imperfections and spots fading until she looked thirty years younger. Her aged complexion was replaced with light brown, flawless skin.

Next was her body. Though she was by no means a slouch in her old age—quite the opposite—even Ana had begun to suffer the atrophy that came with old age. Now, her wizened arms and legs filled out to become strong and full once again.

Her waist narrowed, becoming almost waspishly thin, and her hips filled out nicely along with her thighs, creating a dramatic curve to her body.

Ana looked down. She had finally noticed. “What is this? Mercy, explain yourself this instant.”

“You know, I’ve had my eye on you for a while,” Mercy said, biting her lip sensually. “I just wanted to see the way you were in your prime. Maybe with a few... enhancements, shall we say.”

Ana’s bust ballooned out, straining against her costume. They became the size of apples, then oranges, but didn’t stop until they were like ripe, engorged watermelons; barely constrained by the groaning fabric.

Mercy had designed the serum to stimulate breast growth as well as the anti aging, but that wasn’t all. It also contained an extremely potent aphrodisiac that would linger in the body for very long after being ingested. Perhaps permanently—Mercy herself didn’t quite know.

Mercy couldn’t contain herself any longer. She ripped open the front of Ana’s costume to let her newly grown tits flop out.

Despite their tremendous size, they were almost completely round, resting heavily on top of the Egyptian woman’s chest. Her big, dark brown nipples stood out proudly in the cold air, her areolae the size of tea cups.

Ana moaned at the rough treatment, arching her back. “What... what is this? Why does it feel so *good*?”

Mercy grinned evilly. “Oh, just wait. It’s getting better.”

She slapped Ana’s right breast hard so that it wobbled and shook. Ana nearly screamed from pleasure, her knees going weak.

Mercy laughed. “Better, no? If it doesn’t feel good, you can tell me and I will stop.”

“No! Keep going, please!”

The serum had worked better than Mercy expected. Not that she was complaining.

She bent down and wrapped her full lips around one of Ana’s nipples. She sucked on it gently, relishing in Ana’s pleased moans.

She was surprised as something warm and sweet filled her mouth. It was milk, she quickly realized. The unattended nipple was squirting streams of the thick, white liquid all over Mercy’s coat.

“Mmm, keep going,” Ana whimpered. “I need my tits sucked. They’re so full, so—ah!”

Mercy bit down on the stiff nipple, causing Ana to buck her hips and moan like a cat in heat.

Mercy took her lips off of Ana’s nipple with a satisfying *pop*, a strand of milk and saliva still connecting them.

“You know, I think I have something that can make this a little more interesting,” she said. She left Ana to go and get her favorite implement, while the sex-crazed soldier devolved into fingering her pussy desperately on the floor while moaning like a whore—her massive tits still squirting milk all over her.

Mercy came back with a small, cylindrical device, shaped like a dildo except with small, round nubs on the end of it.

Ana still had the mental faculties to perk up at the sight of this strange device. “What’s that thing?” she asked.

“Let me show you.”

She ripped Ana’s pants fully open, revealing her tight, wet sex. She immediately set the device to its highest setting and plunged it into the woman’s welcoming hole.

Ana's body went fully rigid, her mouth making an O. She let out a long, wailing moan as her limbs convulsed and spasmed uselessly.

"It emits an electrical impulse which stimulates the clitoris and G-spot simultaneously," Mercy said proudly. "I developed it myself. It has kept me company on many a lonely night. Makes me cum in seconds. Can you feel it?"

"Mmf, yeah," Ana whimpered. "I'm about to cum. I can't take this anymore. Please keep going."

Mercy thrust the dildo in all the way to the base. Ana spasmed one last time, then went limp, her eyes rolling into the back of her head and drool leaking out of her mouth.

"Cummmmmmmmmmm..." Ana mumbled.

Mercy stood, wiping her hands on her coat. "Broken," she said. "A shame. I had high hopes for you."