

## The Lab

Audrey was so beautiful and had an unbelievably pretty face with a tall, lean athletic body. I knew the results of the perfected DNA and consistent workouts would transform her greatly. Even so, Sarah and she had apparently had long conversations about it and had decided that she should do it. With reservation, I reluctantly appeased Audrey and my sister's wishes and agreed that she too, would have her DNA enhanced.

I called in to the lab and volunteered to come in that next week as I was now an on call or as needed employee. Ever since my facial recognition profile was updated to my newer, female face I could finally breeze in and out of the different parts of the facility without any problem. That was important, because I was going to have to figure out how and when to sneak Audrey in. Time wise, I was hoping to get her in on Monday for the donation, and then again on that Friday for the transfusion back into her.

I worked through the day at the lab and asked her to simply bring in some food and act as if she was a Door Dash delivery driver bringing us our order. She could get past security to at least the break room at that point, and after that, I'd have to sneak her in the back for the blood. So, towards the end of the day, I knew I could muster being the last one at work and hope to time it right. Sure enough, Audrey showed up as planned. I had phoned security and asked him to escort her to the break room and let me know when our food arrived. He did as asked and I met Audrey there for the first part of our plan. Unfortunately, my gray haired, 55 year old, slightly plump, 5'8" supervisor Cynthia, had not left the building yet and I needed to wait till she was gone before bringing Audrey back, so I had her wait in the break room for nearly half an hour.

Finally, Cynthia left the facility and I was able to bring Audrey back. I put her in the chair and started the procedure. As I tied the long piece of tubing around her right arm, she grabbed my lab coat and thrust me upon her. "Oh God you're so sexy right now?" she exclaimed as she locked her lips upon mine. My muscular body was laying firmly atop hers as we made out and after kissing her moist, wet lips for several seconds, I leaned back and said, "In my stupid lab coat...whatever." "No." she finished, "I've always loved a woman in scrubs or a lab coat, long hair in a ponytail and glasses...I don't know why but yes...you're pulling it off like a hot, smart, sexy Halloween costume you're about to expose!" "Damn." I thought, "Hot and sexy without even exposing my ridiculously muscular, fit body." Life was really good now, that's for sure.

Before things got too out of control, I calmed her down, straightened myself up and began the extraction. I found a beautiful, plump vein in her arm and slowly slid the needle in, trying to be as careful as possible. Audrey hated the sight of her own blood I learned and she looked away as she periodically squeezed the rubber ball I gave her. The process went smoothly and Audrey was really

excited about what we were doing for her as I organized her pint and prepared it for the enhancement procedure.

To my shock, as I walked back into the main room Cynthia was standing in the doorway and said, “What the fuck is going on here?” Audrey shot her head around in surprise as well and my jaw hit the floor as I knew we’d been caught. “Um, Um, Um...I stuttered as I searched for an answer.” I realized immediately I was busted. “In my office...now!” Cynthia barked. As physically superior to her as I was, I knew our whole plan was in jeopardy and possibly my job or more. I turned and said, “Wait here Audrey, I’ll be back in a few.” I then tucked my tail between my legs and followed my boss into her office.

We walked in and Cynthia closed the door behind me. I looked at her and said, “I have something to tell you about what’s going on here, it’s absolutely insane and beyond any of our wildest expectations.” Cynthia rolled her eyes and then looked at me with a questioning stare and said, “OK. Let’s hear what this is, and then I’ll ask for the true story.” “We’ll you obviously remember me as David from last year. And everyone here thinks I just wanted to identify as Denise as some sort of gender change issues I had.” I said. “Go On.” She replied. “Um, well, what really happened was, I took a sample of the DNA enhanced blood we’ve been processing for our elderly trial patients. Only, it was from a much younger donor...and the donor was a female.” Now Cynthia was attentive, knowing I was spilling some beans here and admitting to some major protocol prohibited behavior...certainly worthy of a firing and maybe other legal action.

“Cynthia.” I continued, “I am not just identifying as a female...the female enhanced DNA I transfused into my blood stream has turned me into one.” At that point, my boss laughed and said, “My god Denise...you really are deranged, I’m getting you escorted out of here and will discuss possible prosecution actions as well.” As she turned to the door to open it, I forcefully grabbed her by the arm, turned her towards me and said, “You have to look at this to believe it...now look.” Startled by my physical act, she turned towards me and held still as I unbuttoned my coat and dropped it to the ground. I was only wearing some workout shorts and bra and my muscle bound, exposed, perfected physique was staring back at her. I grabbed my shorts and slid them down my full quads and past my diamond shaped calves to the ground. I then grabbed the underside of my workout bra, slid it up over my head, and tossed it to the ground as well, exposing my gorgeous, perky breasts to her gaze. Her jaw dropped to the floor, speechless at the pure, physical perfection she was ogling before her. “You might want to look at my original company photo as well Cynthia, my eyes used to be Hazel-green, and yet now, they’re a bright blue...and not contact lenses.

My boss slowly walked up, and put her hands on my beautiful, D-cup breasts. She started inspecting them up, down and center. “No lines.” I said to her as she seemed to caress them. “They’re as real as it gets. No implants here.” Still speechless, she then grabbed her readers from her pocket and brought her face just an inch from mine, looking deeply into my eye to see if there was indeed a blue contact lens present. “Look at this body Cynthia...it’s fucking perfect, and it’s all because of this enhanced DNA

processing we're doing right here in this lab." With that, almost in a trance, she started feeling my face, then my traps and rock-hard shoulders, then again over my perky breasts, and my ripped torso. She then squatted to get a closer look at my rounded, defined quads and then grabbed hold of my diamond shaped calves. "You can have this body too Cynthia. Let me help you." I begged as she stood back up slowly to face me, ogling every square inch of my amazing physique on the way up. "Seriously Cynthia." I asked again, "Let me help you take 20 years off your age and give you the perfected physique you see before you. You'd want that, wouldn't you?" Realizing I was telling the truth, she nodded her head and said, "Yes. I mean, my god Denise...who wouldn't?" "That's the problem." I answered, "I think that once they find out what they have here. Security will be through the roof and the possibility of peons like us getting this technology in us will be gone. The elderly patients we've been working with are already showing amazing signs of improvement and we're not going to be able to keep a lid on this much longer." Knowing how the corporate world works, Cynthia looked at me and said, "Oh shit, you're right Denise. I can keep the data hidden for a while, but I want to do this now!" With that, realizing what she might be becoming, she again caressed my ripped abs and then grabbed a hold of my rock-hard ass, wanting the same for herself.

I put my clothes and coat back on and we walked back into the lab. Cynthia walked over and introduced herself to Audrey and took a seat in the chair next to hers. "Well." She said to Audrey, "Looks like we'll both be growing into some amazing physiques very soon won't we?" Audrey was originally skeptical after watching Cynthia's original rage from a few minutes before, but kind of faked a smile and answered, "Yes Cynthia, that's my deepest hope." I had already taken Audrey's sample, so I proceeded to take Cynthia's sample, put them both in the cooler for processing and told Cynthia I would be back first thing in the morning to discuss all of the affects and our plan moving forward. Of course, on the way home, I had to tell Audrey what transpired in Cynthia's office while we drove back to my sister's house.

Over the week, Cynthia had me in her office constantly. She wanted to hear every detail about my female transformation, how long it took, what were the effects and when my muscles began growing to bodybuilder type levels. I did remind her that I worked out to get them to their current level, but that they had become firm and strong even without the regimented workouts. Cynthia was beyond elated and excited and had me take every conceivable picture and measurement of her so she could document her daily progress. Eventually Friday was upon us, the samples had been processed and I brought Audrey in for her transfusion. She and Cynthia patiently waited while I performed the procedures and both were giddy and chatty like two eighth grade girls. As the blood started flowing back into their bodies, they both knew they were about to take a new journey of youth and physical perfection that only the Greek Gods could have dreamed of.

Now that my boss had been infused with her own, perfected DNA, the progress she would be making had her obsessed. I was going into work every day now, but mostly spending my time in her office going over the possibilities of our future selves. After taking all of her measurements on the Tuesday following her transfusion, Cynthia lost a little self-control. She had me take off my lab coat and

underwear and flex my biceps for her. “Oh my Denise.” She said, “These are the most perfect arms I’ve ever seen. I want these muscles. I want these perfectly sculpted biceps and forearms. I want to be strong and muscular. Muscle-bound...Like you.” She then placed her warm lips on my nipple. She sucked and caressed it’s supple, but firm perky surface. Her hands groped my arms and then slid to my wing like lats. She grabbed a hold hard and I could feel the obsession and sexual energy flowing through her. Cynthia had a way with her tongue and as she flicked my nipple with it, tingling sensations started to flow through me. I liked the feeling of my once intimidating boss now trying to satisfy me sexually and I let her continue. She eventually started to squat down and licked my six pack abs firmly like they were covered with an intoxicating elixir. It prodded every crevasse my protruding abs provided and she slid her warm tongue over the rock-hard bumps.

Finally, Cynthia reached my crotch and inserted her oral appendage deep inside me. The feeling of its hard, long, vibrating surface against my clit was exhilarating. She grabbed my muscular ass tightly and pushed her head forward and back rapidly. Constantly bumping into my lower abs while her tongue worked its magic. She had quickly become captivated and obsessed with my muscular physique and had obviously lost emotional control of herself. I felt a power switch happening as she pleased me and I flexed my glutes firmly, allowing her hands to feel that power. She shook violently as I did so, feeling the strength I was trying to convey upon her. This encouraged a more rapid vibration from her inside me and she was now desperately wanting to satisfy my sexual needs as well. My clit was being titillated frantically and even I was now leaning my head back in delight as the sharp sensations flowed through me. Moving faster and faster, and grabbing my flexed and relaxed ass more vigorously, Cynthia finally brought me to ultimate fulfillment and I burst my female liquids upon her. She lapped up my juices and sensing she’d brought me to that level, Cynthia slipped a hand down her own panties and quickly finished herself off, squirting all over the floor beneath us while drinking within me.

Both completely gratified, I took a seat in her large, comfortable office chair. Still naked, and exposing my entire, muscle bound physique in front of her, Cynthia got on her knees before me and laid her head upon my heaving, bulging, muscular thighs. She then closed her eyes and began breathing softly as I stroked her long hair from above. Taking advantage of this vulnerable moment, I leaned down to her and whispered, “Cynthia, I’m going to let you pleasure my perfected physique all you want, but I’ll be making the rules here concerning the DNA enhancement equipment and trials from now on. OK?” “Of course, Denise.” Cynthia answered contently, “Of course you can.” And I leaned back in confidence, knowing I had taken control of our situation and the future of the project.

With a smile on my face, I got home and greeted my herculean wife. As Cynthia must have felt with me, I felt that much and even more euphoric in the presence of Teresa. I loved grabbing hold of her massive, 24” bicep with both hands...not even coming close to being able to wrap them around its rounded, rock-hard, softball sized bulges. “I have to tell you what happened at work today honey.” I said to her as she grabbed me around the waist and easily lifted my muscular, but light to her, body. Face to face, she pulled me close and we locked lips for a nice, wet, passion-filled kiss. I placed each leg around her thick, muscular torso and then wrapped my buff arms around her neck. They rested on her full, towering

traps and her thick and athletic jawline was inches in front of me. How could someone contain this amount of rock-hard, power-laden muscle was beyond me...but I loved it. I longed to be feeling, ogling, massaging my wife's muscles all the time, and since I had been working a lot lately, it made me appreciate her presence even more than normal.

A few minutes of giddy kissing done, Teresa looked into my eyes and asked, "What? What happened at work today that was so amazing?" "Cynthia came on to me honey. She's in lust with my muscular physique and she couldn't keep her hands off of me. She massaged and sucked on my breasts and then continued to caress my muscular biceps and fondled me and herself to completion!" "Holy shit honey." Teresa yelled, "Are you ok? You were violated by your boss. We need to do something!" "No, No, No. Honey." I exclaimed, "I already did. I took over the DNA project and trials. With her under my control, I run the lab. Whatever I say goes." My wife wasn't sure how to take it. On one hand, she was happy I had somehow wrestled control of this life changing project, but on the other, I was being fondled by another. "I know it's hard to understand babe, but I'll do what I can to keep her at arm's length, while we get to run the whole thing moving forward." Teresa was a little shocked, but thought about it for a minute and then said, "Amazing dear. You were somehow able to turn a straight 55-year-old woman into a lesbian and now you're HER BOSS!" "Well, I have a boss too babe...and right now, I want to make her the happiest person in the world!" I answered sensuously.

My wife smiled widely and slowly put me down. On my feet, I looked up slightly at this statuesque, mammoth mountain of muscle and power. Staring inches away from 340 pounds of herculean beef was exhilarating in itself and I felt as if her tree trunk of a neck, supporting her gorgeous face was as wide as my waist. I loved how thick it was becoming and the huge veins that ran up its surface, carrying massive amounts of blood to her head protruded greatly. Teresa slowly pulled her blouse over her head and exposed her insanely large pecs which would now make Arnold look small. She began bouncing them quickly and the fullness and pop they created as she flexed them made me immediately moist. They were now so large, they made my D-Cup breasts look small in comparison. And they were well defined with virtually two layers of muscle stacked right on top of each other. I placed my palms on them as she bounced them and the hardness and size were overwhelming. They stuck out so far, the lower curve on the underside of them protruded at least 5 or 6 inches from her muscle-bound, ripped torso. For fun I made fists with my hands and kind of beat on them. They didn't budge and I knew they were probably bullet proof too.

We both got a chuckle out of my feeble effort to pound her chest enough for her to even feel it and I slowly started to squat, licking her protruding ab muscles with my tongue as I made my way down. Excitedly, I pulled her tight, small, workout shorts down to her ankles. It was always difficult pulling them over her massive 34" quads, but luckily the material was stretchy and I was able to get it done. Now staring me in the face was her semi-erect, thick cock. I loved feeling it grow in the grasp of my mouth and hands and I quickly took it between my lips and closed them tightly around its head. I then forced several inches of it deep within my throat and massaged her rod with my hands. It worked like a charm, and I felt her thick shaft begin to grow wider by the second and the head pushed deeper down my throat as I wrapped it tightly, licking the bottom of it with my tongue. Within a few more seconds, it

was at full size and I began to pound it with my head thrusts. Teresa twisted her strong hips slightly to better position herself and backed against the wall to be in full relax mode as I pleased her love rod.

God I loved giving my wife a blow job. Nothing gave me greater satisfaction than sucking her gorgeous, huge cock till she became so utterly fulfilled that she spurted gallons of her white, milky love juice in and lately, all over me. For some reason, she started to also get off on pulling her giant cock out of my mouth and drenching me in her nectar. My face covered in white, sticky goo, she and I would then lovingly lick up every last drop and make out till we couldn't taste its wonderful savoriness anymore. My goal was to experience this exact feeling and erotic completion with her again as I sucked her harder and faster and harder and faster. My lips kept popping on and off her rosy, firm tip and Teresa began to get that satisfied tingling sensation jolting through her muscle-bound physique.

Just as I felt I was getting her to that point, and about to drink and wear gallons of her cum, she placed her strong hands under my arm pits and easily hoisted me up and out, my feet dangling three feet in the air, my long hair dangling down and whispering across the top of my muscular ass. I looked down at the colossal forearms and biceps below me, then looked into her gleaming eyes and wide grin. Her erection was at full attention and she slowly lowered me upon it. She entered me swiftly and the feel of a long, wide love-rod filled me up. She hit my G-spot immediately and a shock of pleasure ripped through me. Now, instead of lowering me and holding me stationary while her hips did the work, she kept still. Her arms were so strong and powerful, my wife began raising and lowering me continuously on her rock-hard appendage. We locked our eyes with each other and she had an even bigger grin now as she was easily treating me like a sex toy and driving her penis deep inside me without even moving it. My entire, muscular bodyweight was being rapidly thrust up and down, up and down upon her tip by her overwhelming power.

The warm, thick shaft and firm, perfectly curved tip were plunging into me with gentle but forceful grace. My moist pussy was providing just enough lubrication and the friction she was brushing against my clit was perfectly applied. I continued to peer deeply into the eyes of my muscle-bound wife as she toyed with me and gulped hard and bit my lip sexually as the pleasures she was providing shot through me. Feeling the erotic sensations below, I reached out and started grabbing and massaging the bulging 18" forearms that kept me in a constant up and down motion. My wife was essentially jerking herself off with me and she seemed like a goddess to me at that point. But I was feeling insane, pleasurable satisfaction too, so it was certainly a win-win situation. The long, slow pumps of my body upon her raging cock were needing to speed up, so after several minutes of the former, Teresa began to pump my body faster and faster, up and down over and over and over. I felt like I was on a ride at the fair and my hair kept bouncing up and down with each speedy thrust.

I was usually not one to scream, but the moment of ultimate satisfaction was overwhelming me and I began shouting, "Uhhh, Uhhh, Uhhh...my God, my God, my God!" As my vibrating body was being so easily moved. The grip upon my wife's herculean forearms had now moved down to her bulging, vein

covered, full, softball sized biceps as they were pumped to maximum size by the blood that filled them in her efforts to hold and move my entire bodyweight upon her throbbing member. As she pounded me so erotically and so pleasurable for me, I could tell she was also in complete enjoyment of the feelings of my tight pussy around her thick cock and she finally started to roll her eyes back into her beautiful head. She then tilted her head back too and euphoria overtook her as she blasted me upon her love rod so fast I started to lose focus. Bam, Bam, Bam, Bam, Bam she dropped me over and over again on it. Before long, I too was being hit with that ultimate fulfilled sensation and with each thrust, lightning bolts of tingling again ripped through my entire body. Just as I was getting too sexual completion myself, my wife couldn't hold back any more and I felt a tremendous explosion of cum rush deep inside me. The warm, thick juices filled my entire vaginal cavity and as the gallons of her salty goo left her tip, she quickly hoisted me off her member and shot the next batch directly into my face. I opened my mouth as much as possible and took most of it down my throat, but of course, within seconds, my face was once again covered. She continued to pulse three more eruptions from her massive cock and I drank as much as possible while also realizing my face, eyes and hair were now covered. Her love sauce was warm and after swallowing all I could, my wife easily hoisted me up towards her face and began her wonderful ritual of licking her own nectar off every square inch of my beautiful face. Warmed inside down below, in my now full belly and on my face, my sexual urges briefly quenched, I completely relaxed my body, while Teresa held me like a rag doll and finished licking me up. She then gave me that heart felt, long, moist kiss and walked me down the hall for a nice, steamy, warm shower before bed. I hugged her tightly when she brought me in close and said, "I love you more than anything babe, and I can't wait to figure out what we're going to do, now that we're in control." She whispered back, "Me too babe...me too." And then walked us into the warm, heavy water...