

The Futa Growth Virus (Multiple to Giantess Futas TFTG)

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A Commission for Luckyabsol

A strange new virus is tearing through the city, and it is changing select individuals into eight foot tall giantesses with incredibly large manhoods on top of their regular genitalia. And the boys aren't exactly safe either! This tale covers just some of those infected and affected.

The Futa Growth Virus

It all started in a hidden genetics lab where Doctor Allison Briggs was tinkering with human genes in order to test the boundaries of human growth response as well as gender hormones. She was proud of her work, and so wanted to be along for the ride when the company van took them through the city to the headquarters facility, where the science could be properly shown off to the shareholders and controlling interest board.

But everything went wrong when the truck beside them on the inner-city highway seemingly lost control, two of its wheels blowing out and causing the vehicle to careen into theirs. The van smashed to its side, the Doctor and the driver - a portly fellow in ginger hair named Jim - screaming as their vehicle rolled again and again. They came to a thankful stop, and the small, willowy, dark-haired doctor managed to clamber out of her seat, as did Jim, with only minor injuries.

"The sample!" she shouted, realising there might be a containment breach that would ruin all her months of work in testing. She ran around to the back of the lopsided van, ignoring the honking horns of angry drivers and the other, nice individuals who were running to help her. Jim helped her pry open the rear of the vehicle, but instead of seeing a large canister secured at the back which contained the numerous genetically altered hormone treatments, instead there was a green cloud that *burst* out through the vehicle and continued to disperse.

"Noooo!" Allison shouted. "Damn it! All that work lost and - and - ohhhh, I s-suddenly f-feel quite funny."

"M-me too," Jim grunted beside her. "Is it b-bad to breathe that stuff in, Doctor?"

The answer came not in the form of words, but in ripped clothing. Allison gasped as her muscles suddenly began to swell, her breasts filling out further, her spine lengthening along with her limbs. It was happening so fast, but the intoxicating infection of the hormonal cocktail was literally *mutating* her rapidly, feeding into her sister.

"Ohhhh, God!" she cried. "We need to get away b-before!"

"UUGHH!! TOO LATE!"

The two *exploded* out of their clothing, their bodies expanding beyond anything natural. Allison grunted, the discomfort of the change giving away to a sudden and unexpectedly *powerful* pleasure. Her midsection developed a powerful eight pack. Her biceps swelled to unbelievable proportions. Her shoulders widened, and even her neck developed new muscles. Her thighs thickened, and as she gasped in response to the odd pleasure of her breasts ballooning larger, larger, *larger*, she was shocked to see that Jim was undergoing similar changes to her, big boobs and all.

“N-no!” he gasped. “I’m not some d-damn woman!”

His changing voice gave lie to that, his throat becoming smooth, his face gorgeous, his hair long. Even as this occurred though, his dick did not dissipate, despite being openly on display now that he was a towering seven feet tall . . . and rising. Instead, his manhood *swelled*, expanding in girth, length, and weight, his balls blowing up to the size of what were nearly *tennis balls*.

“Euuugh! I’m - ahhhh - so p-pent up!” he cried. “Damn!”

He couldn’t help himself; he stroked his increasingly huge cock, succumbing to the pleasure. At the same time, a feminine passage opened up beneath it, a new moist tunnel that also caught his attention. The reverse was happening for the doctor, who realised that she was mutating to become half-woman and half-male in reproductive capability: she too grunted and groaned a huge cock and set of balls pushed out from her body. She grabbed it with her now-massive hands and stroked it.

“I’m sorry!” she cried to the horrified onlookers, her body swelling to an immense eight feet tall, her muscles bigger than any bodybuilder’s. “I can’t help m-myself! UGHH!!”

And with that, the new eight foot tall futas came, and came hard. Torrents of their issue splashed out onto the side of the vein, and they wailed in pleasure, their voices female but their spillage most certainly male.

“Wh-what do we do?” Jim asked.

Allison had no answer to that. As far as she could tell, they might be stuck like that for life. And worse, as she took in her surroundings, she could see that the green cloud had dispersed, and hear that others were changing too.

Cassie was a goth girl who liked to wear black on black on black. She was against the mainstream, her body short and a little frumpy, which made it strange that Josh, also known as ‘Josh the Jock’, was always trying to court her. Perhaps he just liked Goths or something.

“Dude, leave me alone,” she said, walking down the street. “I’m not into you. I’m not even into guys.”

“C’mon, Cassie. How do you know if you won’t try one?”

“Because the day I want a ridiculous, over muscled jock like you, is the day I grow a giant cock myself, you moron!”

Unfortunately, that was exactly the moment that the green cloud hit them, and the two began to cough. Just like with Doctor Allison Briggs and Jim the driver, the two inhaled the strange cocktail mix of hormones and growth serums. They waved it away, assuming it was just smog, but when Josh tried to flirt with the short, pudgy goth again he instead grunted and clutched his stomach.

“Dude, what’s wrong with y-ouuuuuhhhh!!!”

Cassie also clasped her stomach, and the two began a change quite similar to that of the originators of the virus. Cassie wailed as the black leather clothing she prized so greatly for its style began to pull apart on her form, and the same was true of Josh’s sports jacket and pants. The two rocketed upwards, the growth serum just as exaggerated in its effects. Their limbs extended, their spines extended, and their overall form swelled so that they were truly *giant*, not just tall. Cassie gripped her chest and whined as her two already-large breasts surged forth, snapping her undershirt to pieces. It ripped asunder, freeing her massive boobs. She tried to hold them but they soon overflowed her palms.

“What the f-fuck did you d-dol?” she cried, feeling her rear and thighs thicken, experiencing her muscles ballooning in size and strength.

“I didn’t do anything!? This is your Wicca nonsense stuff!”

“I’m a pagan bitch, I don’t do Wicca! We must have g-gotten infected by somethiiiiiiiiing! AIIIEEE!!!”

Her voice rose as her entire form split her goth aesthetic apart. The same was true of Josh, who couldn’t believe that his already-impressive muscles were now even bigger.

“Hell yeah!” he exclaimed. “Never mind! This is f-fucking awesome! I’m getting ripped as all hell! I’m gonna dominate the football field like this. And you’re growing the kind of big tits I’d love to touch.”

“And you’re g-growing huge tits too, you moron! Just look! NGHH!!”

Josh thought he’d just been growing bigger pec muscles, but now they were softening, his nipples becoming larger and pinker, complete with wide areolas that were almost like miniature dish plates upon his new boobs. They expanded outwards ever further, and he was forced to clutch them, fingers sinking into the feminine skin.

“Ahhhh!” he exclaimed, feeling a wave of pleasure. His voice rose in pitch, and to his horror he realised changes were happening to his face as well: it was becoming softer, his jaw cracking as it reformed to a heart-shaped configuration, his lips becoming fuller, his hair spilling down to his shoulders in lightly-curved sheets.

“How d-do we stop it!?” the jock cried, even as a new feminine passage opened up behind his manhood. “I don’t w-want to be some half-woman f-freak!”

“I don’t know!” Cassie replied, biting her lip as she too beautified and became more muscular. “But I’ve got this t-terrible pressure between my legs and - AAAGHH!!”

A new cock *thrust* forth into existence, massive and weighing what felt like a ton, yet inconceivably erect. It was huge on her, and yet already demanded attention as she rose to a little over eight feet in height. Josh was already stroking his own furiously, pumping hard muscles that dominated his form.

Someone screamed near them as they touched their own forms. Their lust was rising, and as they looked at each other, they realised that they were, with their dual set of genitals . . . somewhat compatible. Josh breathed heavily, huge melon-sized tits rising and falling, and she was the same.

“M-maybe I need that sex with you now after all,” Cassie said.

The two mutated futa folk slammed together, already making desperate love thanks to their huge hormone releases. Other citizens around them were already screaming as their own bodies expanded too. The rest simply ran, shocked at what was occurring.

These individuals were only the beginning. Numerous others changed. Among them were Lily Parker. She was a chubby girl who was often resentful of her own figure. She was simply walking in the nearby park when she overheard the calamity that was occurring further up the street. She could only catch the faintest whiff of something strange in the air, not realising that she too was inhaling the virus, the hormones no less strong for it either; they bred inside her system, spreading and replicating themselves, readying her body for further change.

“Ughhh, s-so hot,” she complained, beginning to shed her coat. She tended to always hide her figure, terrified of others making fun of it. Being obese had many downsides, but the worst was sticking out in the crowd and being the subject of their mockery, but with no power to stop them.

That was about to change for Lily, as she began to grunt and groan, her muscles expanded, her fat being devoured by her own body to make room for more powerful tissue. Oh, she would still stick out, but she wouldn’t easily be mocked again, at least not by anyone with any sense of self-preservation.

“Aahh - oohhhh - what is this f-feeling. It’s like I’m g-growing! I’m - oh shit, I *am* growing! AGH! NNGH!!!!:

Her attempt at a scream died in her throat as her voice deepened and her figure enlarged. Like everyone else hit by this futa growth virus, she was rewarded with a freakish height and massive expansion of muscles, making her look like a goliath, albeit an attractive one. And yet, whereas everyone else screamed at their transformation, horrified and overcome, Lily's expression began to change as her breasts grew and her gut sucked in. With each new bulge of her mighty muscles and increase to her personal beauty (even her hair became vibrant, and she could feel her face becoming more classically beautiful), she began to purr with satisfaction.

"Yesssss, ohhh, keep it coming, baby! Finally, a new body! One that no one will ever be able to push back against! Ahhhh, I can f-feel the energy of it! THE POWER!"

Even when her enormous new cock slid out from between her thighs, its nakedness revealed before the fleeing and terrified and bewildered crowd, she did not panic. She was riding a high of testosterone and excitement, and she ran her hands over her form, no longer fat and unwieldy but brimming with strength, the perfect combination of all the best attributes of male and female, at least as Lily saw it.

"Yesssss!" she groaned, stroking her most sensitive places, new and old. She cupped her enormous breasts, hefting their great weight, and sighed. "This, I can get used to."

She stomped forward, heading off in search of a large park sailcloth to clothe herself with. It would make a magnificent toga for her colossal nine-foot tall form, after all. And it would make her appear like a god or goddess. In a way, she was both.

In the distance, other screams and shouts and tearing of clothing could be heard. The virus was continuing to spread, its effects only dissipating slowly as it reached the edges of the city centre. But those affected would be forever changed, becoming a new race of futa amazon women.

And quite a few of them, perhaps, would learn to love it.

The End