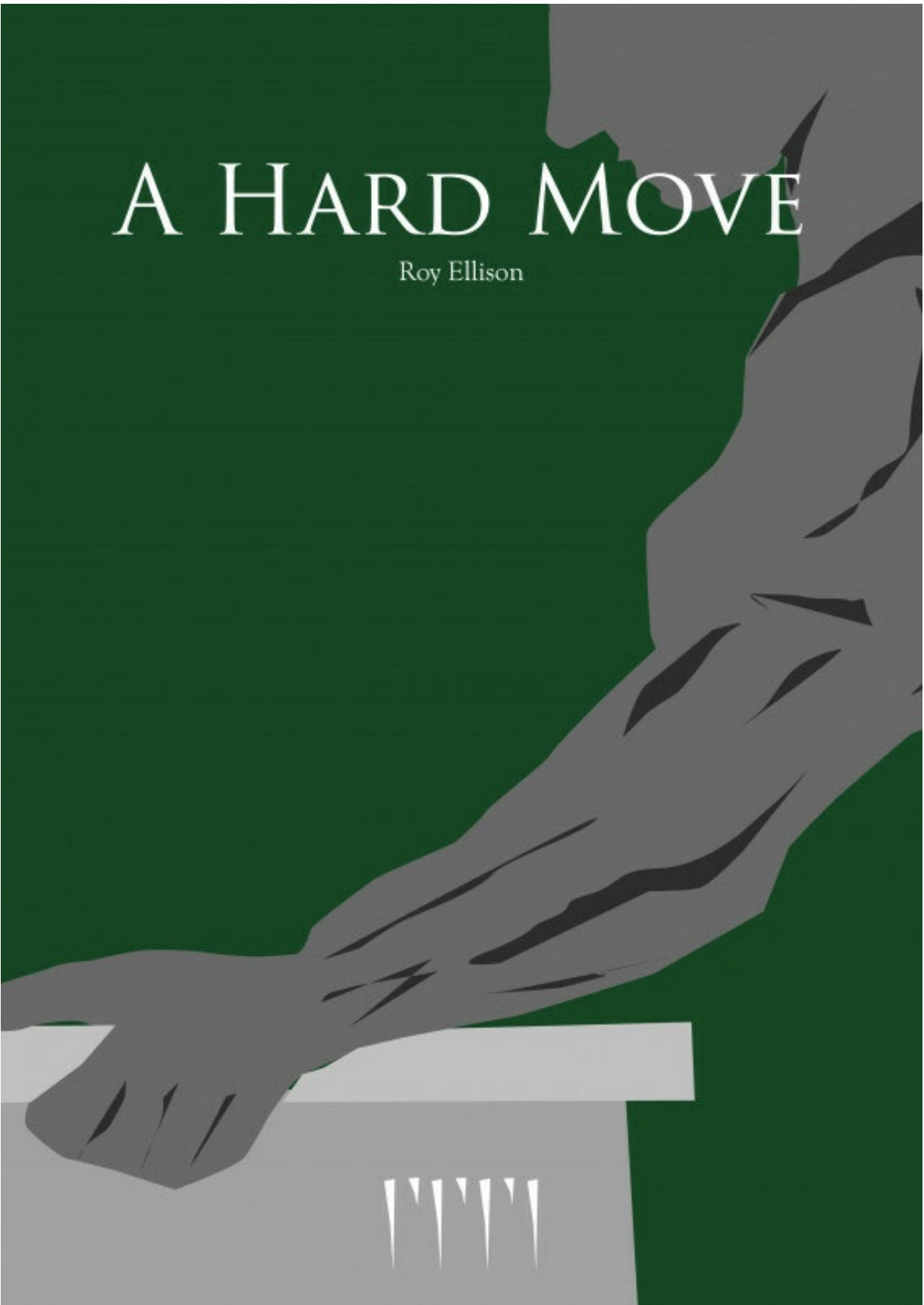


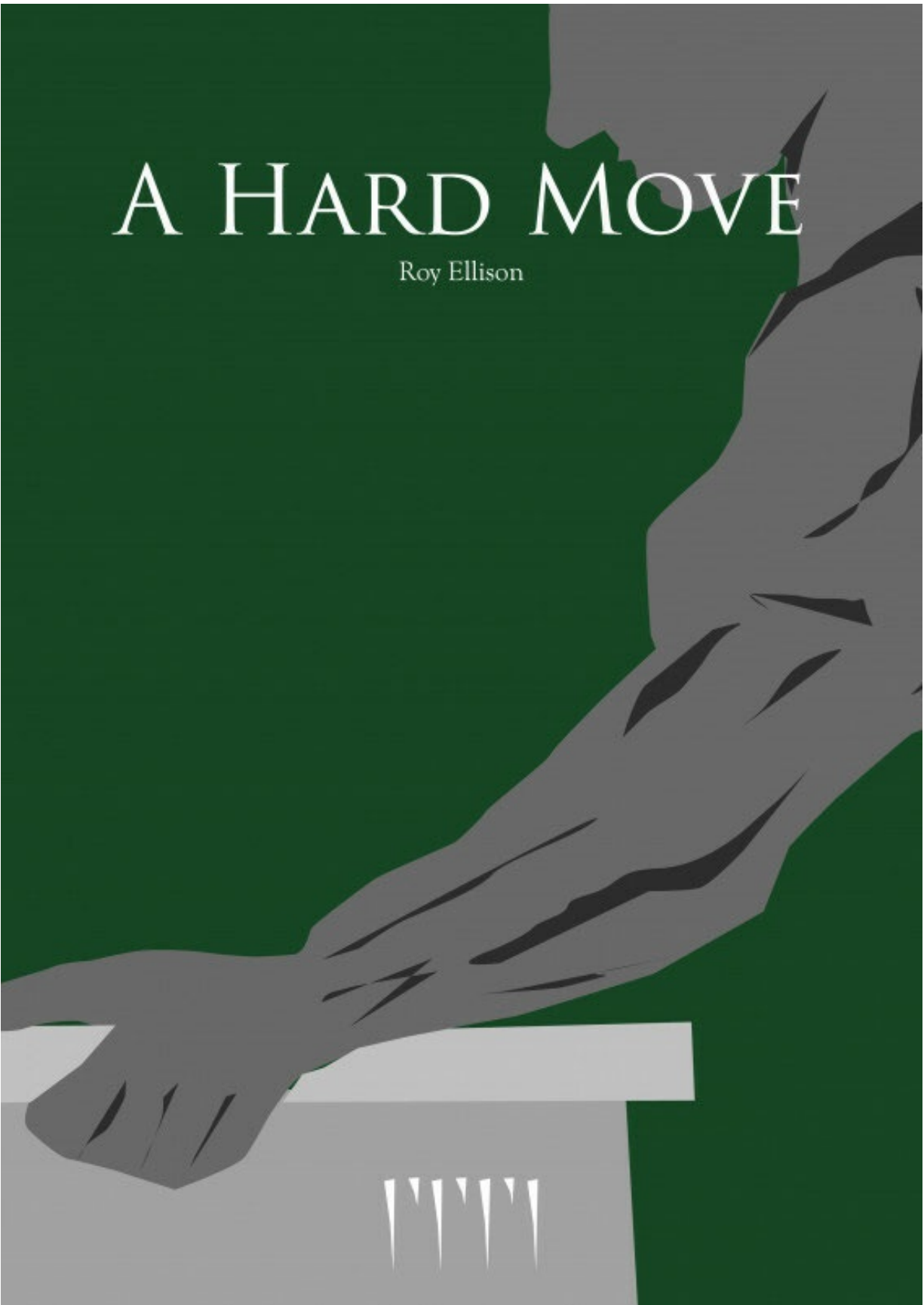
A HARD MOVE

Roy Ellison



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Smashwords Edition

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The radio was playing the usual rock classics and Cindy found herself singing along with some of them. It was a corny thing to do, but then again, she was a bit of a nerd, so being awkward came with the job description, didn't it?

The thing was, most people wouldn't have thought of her as a biochem expert

when looking at her. Cindy really didn't fit the mold. She was slim, with a nice bust and a cute bum, long, naturally wavy blond hair and just enough freckles to look cute. Also, despite being in her mid-twenties, she was routinely carded when she went out to party. Admittedly, she preferred to spend her evenings at the lab, but hey, sometimes, it was inescapable.

It was a strange complaint, but Cindy's looks, and her name, really made things difficult for her. As long as people only communicated in writing, everything went fine. They would praise her insights and ideas and they would absolutely take her seriously. This all immediately changed when she showed up in person. Most people would just ignore her, or ogle her, and her high, chirpy voice made things even more difficult.

She would take the better part of a first meeting just explaining who she was and that this wasn't some prank. Then she would have to start all over once the primary fact that she was really herself had entered their stupid brains.

At first, she had gotten angry, but that hadn't helped either. When she was furious, she became even cuter, and people would laugh at her, hug her, or just wonder aloud when the real scientist would show up. Oh, and so many guys just routinely copped a feel ...

She hated this. All she ever wanted was to do some research, and it was absolutely impossible the moment she had to interact in person.

Well, this would change now.

She had found a new job at Mayfield University, combined with a position at

Bradley Labs. She would be in charge of setting up the university's biochem division, and with her new ideas, she would get all the fancy toys she couldn't have at her previous position. Bradley was a big sponsor, and this would be amazing!

Of course, this would be nigh-impossible for Cindy Boone. Then again, she was good at planning things and she had devised a radical, yet efficient solution. Two years ago, she had started adding Sonya Carrington as an author to her publications. She had also published several articles under that name. Using voice modulation, she had given several online talks which suffered from horrible, horrible network problems and made video impossible.

Sonya Carrington had also acquired several patents and had won a few prizes which Cindy Boone could spare.

A few weeks ago, Cindy had finally gotten her paperwork sorted out, and now she had a full set of documents declaring her Sonya Elizabeth Carrington. All that was left to do was to get in shape for the role.

A bit later, she pulled up at the Starry Fields Inn. It was a simple motel she had found on the net and which was noted as being clean, friendly and discreet. She liked the sound of that. She stopped her car and took her bag out of the car. The thing was amazingly heavy, and she almost fell on it. At 110 pounds, she was really struggling with this. As she stumbled along towards the entrance, the manager came out with a smile and asked:

“Hello! Do you need help?”

She nodded helplessly, not wanting to drag the bag to the door. She felt stupid. Maybe she should have packed all of this stuff into two bags?

The guy took the bag, struggling with it himself, though less than her, and she noticed he immediately checked her out. Of course, he did. His eyes wandered over her B-cup breasts and trailed after her bum, but at least he managed to hoist the bag on his shoulder and shleppe it inside.

There, he welcomed her and asked for her ID. She nodded and handed him the card. Absentminded, the man copied the data, hesitating at the picture for a moment. It was speculation on her part, but as far as she could tell, it would fit eventually.

The man looked at her, then back at the picture.

“Uh ...”

She smiled and put a few bills on the counter.

“Ah.”

Then she signed, trying out her new signature. She had practiced it for a few weeks, and it worked great. Sometimes, she missed the little heart on the “i” in “Cindy”, but the harsh and direct “Sonya E. Carrington” looked much better.

Now that everything was cleared up, the man carried up the bag for her and she thanked him before disappearing into her room.

The place was clean, as announced. Perfect. Cindy, no, Sonya, walked around, lowering the blinds and locking the door. Then she opened her bag, took out a bathroom scale, and set it up. She also took out a camera and prepared it.

“Alright ...” She took a deep breath. “Now ... Let’s record the before data.”

She took off her clothes and stepped on the scales.

“108 pounds.” She recorded this in her phone. Her perky little breasts tightened in the cool air. She cupped them with a grin. “Okay.” She stepped back off, then thought about it for a moment. “I’ll just put the clothes back on. It’s not as if I’m going to wear them again anyway, and I think it will be fun ...”

She got dressed again, then she switched the camera on.

“Okay ... Let’s get in the mood, shall we?” She smiled at it and said: “This is Cindy Boone, documenting the application of compounds SK-117, V-28, ME-43 and MG-271. My stated goal is to adapt my looks to my coming position.” She set up the various drugs and switched on the TV, streaming a video compilation from her phone.

Instantly, a close-up, high-definition recording of a massive muscled woman appeared on the screen. She was posing in a tiny bikini, her dark, deeply tanned

skin shiny and taut. The woman was looking at the camera, her face looking hard and gaunt. Her cheeks were deeply carved, and her voice was quite deep. She flexed her arms, making her biceps swell, then followed this up with a most muscular pose, bringing out her traps. Then the scene switched to a pair of musclewomen with large fake breasts, spherical implants stretching their tanned, rough skin. They faced each other with their old faces, smiled harshly and then flexed their pecs, making their absurd tits bounce.

Cindy licked her soft lips. This was a vision to behold.

She turned to the camera and said:

“SK-117 will change my skin. It will give it a hard, robust, leathery texture and improve the vascularity. There is a certain ageing effect to be expected, I would say it will probably make me look like someone in their forties or fifties. The effect is permanent, but it will stabilize my looks at this point. I think that this level of tanning is only possible by intense sunbathing. The risk of skin cancer would be absurdly high.”

She poured the substance into a glass of water. Then she took the next one.

“V-28 is a compound that affects the voice. I have been trying to lower my voice via speaking techniques for a while now, but this yielded little to no progress. The chemical should drop my voice two or three octaves and also make it rougher. This is an effect that should only be possible due to massive testosterone abuse.”

She added V-28 to the glass.

“ME-43 is my mammalian enhancer. It was quite difficult to figure out. My goal here is to achieve a fake, robust look. I want my breasts to be large, heavy and artificial-looking. This was rather complex, but I believe it should work. The drug adapts the skin structure to create a spherical shape, while also improving the tissue inside the breast. It should be lighter than using implants and should also be possible without half-a-dozen surgeries. Besides, I doubt I would easily find a surgeon willing to go to the size I would like.”

The chemical was poured in.

“Finally, this is MG-271. Figuring this out was the most complex. It will increase my muscle mass intensely, probably doubling my bodyweight in the process. Happily, I have this handy source of protein in my bag.” She pointed at a large container. “Training my body to that level ... Actually, I doubt that I even have the genetics for this. But yes, it would probably take the better part of a decade, and enough drugs to turn my liver into powder.” She sighed and looked at the video again. The camera slid up a musclemaster’s mighty leg, displaying the exquisitely carved calves and the bulging hamstrings. “Wow ...”

Cindy emptied the MG-271 into the glass, then stirred it all. She lifted it up.

“When this is done, I will be Sonya Elizabeth Carrington, a massive female bodybuilder in her late forties, with delightfully large fake tits and a voice to make men tremble ... And I love it already!”

With a smile, she downed the glass.

The taste was quite horrible. Cindy felt a shiver run down her spine, then she retched.

“Yuck! This is gross!”

There was a felty sensation in her mouth, followed by a feeling of swallowing something rough and sharp. It was disgusting and quite painful.

After a moment, though, it passed. Cindy had been nervous for a moment, but now, she was getting eager to see what would happen next. She turned to face the mirror on the dresser next to her. It was still her, even if she looked a bit red in the face. It wasn't that she was blushing, it was more like she seemed totally crimson, as if she had just come out of a very intense workout session. She took a swig of the concentrated protein cannister and blinked. She really didn't want to miss the start of it.

A drop of sweat formed on her forehead. She did feel hot all of a sudden. She breathed in deeply. Was it the drug already? She drank more of the protein. Her face was still quite red. Actually, it was getting even redder. She was looking a bit like a tomato now. The idea made her giggle. The giggle turned into a cough, though. There was something in her throat ...

She cleared it. The warmth was getting more intense, and she noticed strange shivers pass through her body. It wasn't just her being so hot and the surroundings feeling cold. Her muscles were moving on their own. She breathed deeply, drinking down more of the protein.

“Ow ...”

There was a tightness in her chest now. It felt as if something was moving in her breasts. She looked down and saw that the deep-red skin in her cleavage was shifting a bit. She could see some “valleys” appear above them. Her pecs ... They were starting to change ...

Cindy noticed that her nipples were hardening too. They were poking against her B-cup bra, becoming tighter and tighter.

The sensation was spreading further, somehow reaching her back and her sides. She could feel the bra’s straps dig into her skin. The contrast between the white of her shirt’s fabric and the red of her skin was quite intense. She groaned. Clearly, her back was growing thicker. She could see large spots of sweat spread from her armpits and under the shirt’s cleavage.

Suddenly, Cindy had to shift her legs. They had become uncomfortable. She could see that the sweat was making her jeans feel moist. She grunted. Her throat felt all raw. She took another swig of protein, the taste feeling rather bland.

She looked back at her reflection, noticing a string of the protein shake hanging from her lips. She licked it away. It was strange. Her jaw looked sharper, and she couldn’t help noticing that her cheeks had fallen in a bit. She looked as if she didn’t sleep enough. The softness of her face had faded a little. She drank more of the protein. As she swallowed, she saw that her neck had become tighter. The tendons were quite visible now, and she found that they shifted as she swallowed. Her skin was as red as before, but it seemed thicker now.

Her attention was immediately drawn to a creaking noise. She checked her shirt and noticed that the seams on the side were straining as she moved. She grinned.

The tightness of her bra was increasing. She looked down at her cleavage and saw that her breasts were welling up, becoming more rounded and fuller as she watched. She breathed deeply, spreading her chest.

The creaking became louder and she grinned. She felt the shirt become loose over her waist, but it also slipped upwards.

Then she felt a tingle go through her body. Somehow, her underpants were too close to her sex now. She bit her lip. Taking a step backwards, she realized that her pants were struggling. Her thighs had grown shapelier, pulling the pants' waist down, while her butt was becoming more rounded. At the same time, her calves needed more fabric and pulled the legs up.

In no time, her regular straight jeans had turned into skinny capri pants.

She loved this and decided to push them over the edge. With a grin, she stood on tiptoes, forcing her calves to bunch up. The effect was instantaneous. The seams of the jeans broke, ripping up and giving her a look of her very red lower legs. As she watched, the veins under her skin appeared to rise as her skin became darker and thicker.

“It’s working ... Oh God ... It’s working ...”

As she spoke, she noticed just how harsh her voice had become. She sounded like someone who smoked five packs a day ... Someone with a deep alto ...

She liked the reverberation of her voice through her chest. As she set a hand on her sweaty cleavage to give her voice's timbre a feel, she unexpectedly blew the seam of her shirt's sleeve.

"Oops!" She chuckled. It sounded quite rumbly. Then she flexed her arm. It was quite thick already. As she tensed her biceps, it hardened into a nice, fist-sized block of muscle. A rather impressive vein snaked over it. As her skin darkened, the effect got even more impressive. Cindy couldn't stop herself. She had to touch it. Running her finger along the hard, still growing muscle, she was surprised by the shifting, leathery texture.

It felt as if she were touching it through a glove. She loved the strange smoothness and the hard line of the vein. She could almost feel the blood pumping through it. She released the flex for a moment, then hit it even harder.

That was too much for the shirt.

It was just an oversight, but the sudden tension not only broke the sleeve, but spread all the way down and to the back of the shirt.

She stared at her reflection and saw the shreds of the shirt hang limply from her increasingly massive body.

Then she moaned loudly, her voice sounding deep and strong. It was still female, but hardly feminine anymore.

Cindy raised both arms to summon all her strength, and then hit a crab pose.

The sudden burst of power ripped up the entire back of the shirt, sending a spray of sweat and bits of fabric flying. With perfect calm, she tore the remaining bits of her shirt off and tossed them to the ground, then cupped her still bra-clad breasts. The piece of clothing valiantly tried to fight the immense pressure of her expanding tits and her broader back. The cups had already slipped down, only clinging to her nipples anymore, and looking ridiculous.

She groaned even louder and then breathed in before flexing her pecs and her back.

The bra broke with a loud snap and flew off, slapping against the mirror. Cindy looked at her swole torso and admired her mighty tits. They were huge, and still growing rounder and bigger. With a rumbling chuckle, she flexed her pecs, letting those massive boobs bounce and wobble. Her nipples were equally impressive, looking almost pointy.

Her skin had taken on the texture of old leather, and it was deeply tanned. The lines of her muscles and the veins created a strange pattern all over her body.

She ran a strong hand over her waist and her tummy, noticing the blocks of muscle that now covered them. She had a massive eight-pack, swollen with slight roid-gut, which led to a perfectly carved adonis belt.

With a quick rip, she removed the sad remains of her pants. What a sight!

Her legs had turned into massive pillars of muscle, and she could see every striation carved into them. She gave them a tentative flex, then another hard one. She turned to the side and admired her bulging hamstrings and her rounded, rock-hard butt.

“Fuck ...”

She took another big chug of protein, and let her muscles fill out. She looked herself in the eye as she downed the liquid, and she could see her face change further. Her forehead was getting quite big and prominent, her hair receding a bit, while her jaw became large and square. Her chin was pretty massive, with a nice cut in the middle, while her cheekbones seemed to expand at the same time, giving her face a look of hard, leathery gauntness. She tossed the drink away and faced the mirror.

She gritted her teeth, making her jaw look even more brutal, then she ran her strong, gnarled fingers through her hair, splattering sweat everywhere.

Cindy was surprised to see that her natural blonde had turned black. Her hair cascaded down her broad back now, and even this looked hard and wiry.

She took a deep breath as the transformation slowly ended. Her chest rose and fell, her massive F-cup tits swelling as she did. She sank her strong fingers into them and admired their taut resistance. They had nothing natural to them. The drug had even caused a few creases to form, suggesting overfilled implants.

She loved this.

Cindy formed a kiss with her stretched, rough lips.

“I love this ...” Then she extended a hand towards her reflection and said: “Sonya Carrington. Nice to meet you.” The voice was hard and gravelly, her huge chest giving it the reverb it needed to sound dominating. Then she winked at herself and added. “Not quite ... Doctor Carrington. Pleased to meet you. Yes ... That’s it.”

She leaned forward, letting her hands rest on the dresser. She stared at her reflection and said:

“Who do you think you are, you twerp?”

She felt the weight of her breasts pull her down, while also sensing the massive power of her muscles support her.

“You should watch your mouth. I don’t like getting angry, but ...”

She grabbed the sides of the dresser and closed her grip. The wood groaned. Then, with a superior grin, she flexed her muscles and the poor little thing broke. It was a surprise even to her. The wood just came apart with a crack, splinters flying everywhere. She stared at it, then lifted it up and tossed it to the side.

“I guess I’ll have to pay for that ...”

Then she ran a hand downwards between her legs.

“... Tomorrow ...”

“Careful now ...” The voice sounded like breaking cinderblocks.

Sonya was busy in the bathroom, pouring some of her special mouthwash into a glass. She caught her eye in the mirror. Fuck, she looked fine. She wore her new custom bra that toned down her bust a bit, it was a rather large contraption, but it turned out that her full uber-woman looks were a tad much for her new employers. They were very happy with her work, as expected, and they really loved her powerful, focused way of handling things, but she decided she didn't want to overdo it yet.

So, she had this bra made to soften the fake look a bit. She still had an amazing bust.

Right next to her, there was her blouse for the day, another bespoke item that hid the size of her arms, though hardly. She also had her matching double-breasted blazer ready. It was charcoal grey and hid her massive silhouette a bit. She slipped them on and buttoned the buttons carefully. She had lost a bit of dexterity in her transformation, but she managed.

Combined with her pencil skirt, she looked intense without overdoing it. She drank the mouthwash and gargled. After two minutes she spat it out.

“Alright ...”

Her voice had softened a bit, though it was still deep enough to sing in a choir’s bass section.

“Okay, that’s that. Now I just need my makeup ...”

She looked around. She had a bodybuilding competition on the weekend, and ...

“Ah. Yes, of course.”

She walked over to her big duffel bag she had used for all her stuff. She took out her makeup kits and carried them back to the bath. On her way there, she noticed a picture that was still stuck in the bag. She pulled it out, it was one of Cindy’s. The musclemoan chuckled as she looked at the slim blonde on the picture. The bikini she was wearing had felt way too skimpy when she had bought it. She looked super-awkward and slightly embarrassed by it.

Well ...

She took out her phone and opened a picture from yesterday, with her only wearing the bare minimum of fabric on stage. Her dark skin contrasted perfectly with the gold of the suit. She was amazingly ripped, and she stood there, proud, hard and perfect. Of course, she had won the first place. She outweighed even the heavyweights easily, and she had this absolute confidence ... It was

wonderful.

She put away the silly little picture of her former self. Cute, but ultimately a little ridiculous.

Sonya couldn't wait until she had gotten those men at the university used to her look. She would love to show them just how superior she was to them.

Well, for the moment, she still had to hide the true massive power of her incredible body.

She returned to the bath and took out the foundation. She had noticed that people didn't react well to the leathery texture of her skin, so she had to cover it up a bit. She got to work, carefully applying it. It was difficult. The transformation had made her hands bigger and thicker, especially her fingers, and she still misjudged the pressure she exerted.

After finishing one cheek, the stupid thing broke.

She grunted, took a deep breath and picked another one. Shit happens. She continued. It went well for a bit, but then, she got the wrong angle, and the second sponge tore. She tossed it down in frustration and picked up the third one. The clock was starting to tick and ...

“Damn it!”

She dropped the third one and took her last one. She'd have to pick up new ones. More robust ones.

She got to work and just as she was about to finish up, it too broke.

The howl was loud enough to be heard all through the building. She roared at the mirror, flexed, her neck's tendons exploding into a brutal girderwork, and heard the crack of her blazer's back breaking.

With a thundering bellow, she grabbed her blouse and just tore it apart with one mighty rip, then flexed her giant muscles.

Then she stared at herself in the mirror, her giant tits rising and falling with her deep breaths, her giant shoulders filling her field of vision.

“Fuck this. They'll have to accept me the way I am.”

She hit a double-biceps pose and went to put on something more revealing ...

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.