

Inch by Inch

By AmazonFan

My girlfriend gets bigger and stronger all the time

Osteoporosis runs in my girlfriend's family. Her mother and aunts all got it. It kind of scares her so she's been doing a lot of reading on what she can do now, at age 30, to prevent it from happening to her as she gets older.

Trisha read about a clinical study that's designed as a long-term preventive program with a new experimental pharmaceutical. She applied and was accepted into the testing program. The thing that I was most concerned about, but she assured me it was okay, is that there are no serious side effects from taking the medication.

She has had a bit of heartburn, tenderness in her breasts and some soreness in her joints the first month on the meds, but that faded away as her body adjusted to the drug.

My birthday came around on the 23rd. That night Trish gave me a great blowjob. I don't know about your relationship, but while our sex is great, I've noticed over time that Trisha has been less active in the giving head department. But she was in super form that night. She was hitting all the right buttons and I came with a huge load. She's usually not fond of swallowing, but I think the speed that I came with might of surprised her. Anyway, she was a good trouper and took it all.

After she finished she tapped me on the cheek, "I'll have to remember tonight's dinner menu," she purred, "You tasted really good tonight."

I drifted off to sleep almost immediately. About half an hour later I was awakened by Trish's body pouncing on top of me. "Round two," she growled sexily. The room was pitch black, but I felt her grabbing my wrists and yanking my arms out to the side. I was momentarily stunned when I found I couldn't move my arms. Hell, I must've outweighed her by 50 pounds and I keep myself in pretty good shape.

But my consternation was swept aside by the passion of the moment. Damn was Trish hot to fuck! She slid me inside her and started fucking me like a woman possessed. She was pounding me hard and fast. Then she started rubbing her boobs against my face. I

obliged her by taking a nipple in my mouth and flicking it with my tongue while I sucked on the tit flesh. Jeez, that set her off like crazy! She started orgasming and just kept having one after another as she fucked me crazy. When I finally shot my load she screamed in ecstasy and almost passed out from the intense pleasure.

The next morning we chatted about how great the sex had been the night before.

"What got into you for round two?" I asked.

"I don't know!" Trish answered. "It was like all of a sudden I just felt so strong and so horny! I swear my muscles felt bigger. I just had this urge to use them and to fuck you silly."

"That you did," I grinned.

"And my nipples! Wow, are they sensitive. Shit, that felt good." She rolled on top of me playfully. "Want round three?" she laughed.

The next weekend Trish came over and we had had dinner. We were both sitting watching TV in my media room. We both had robes on, but nothing underneath. I remember it was around twenty before 9:00 when Trisha slid her hand under my robe and started massaging my cock.

She usually doesn't fool around when we're watching TV, but I wasn't about to question it or complain when she unfastened my sash, opened the robe, bent over and started sucking me off. She was really getting into it, taking my balls in her mouth, rolling her tongue all over the head, sucking and pumping away. Damn it was too good! She got me off in no time, taking another big load and swallowing every drop.

"Wow. Thanks! What did I do to deserve that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was in the mood and you've been a good boy. And damn if that didn't taste nice too. Dinner was different than your birthday. I guess you're just improving with age."

I know it was only twenty minutes later because the shows changed on TV when Trish stood up and opened her robe wide. "See anything you like, lover boy? Or do you want to watch reruns?"

I'd barely started to stand up when Trisha leaned over, grabbed the lapels of my robe and yanked me right up off the sofa. I thought I'd made it easier for her wanting to get up myself, but it seemed funny she pulled me up so fast.

Once again my analytical mind was overshadowed by my cock and my horny girlfriend. She pulled us down on the rug, unfastened my robe again, and then rolled us over so I was on top of her. I was hard as steel and she guided my rigid tool into her wet waiting pussy. She was hot and very wet already.

The second my cock was buried in her to the hilt I felt her legs swinging over mine. I went to start thrusting when I realized her legs were holding me tight. I couldn't move in and out of her.

A lust crazed voice inside my head was saying "How the fuck is she doing that?" but that thought was interrupted by Trisha whispering in my ear.

"Stay where you are and I'll take care of milking that hard cock of yours. You concentrate on my boobies."

The second my tongue touched her erect nipple; it was like flicking the switch on a super fuck ride. Boy, did Trisha take off! She was moaning and grinding against me and giving me quite a ride thrusting and rolling her hips. Habit took over and I tried thrusting to get in sync with her, but I still couldn't move.

I really didn't have to, though, because Trisha was doing a number milking my cock with her pussy muscles. She's always known how to use her privates to "squeeze to please" as she puts it, but she was definitely kicking it up several notches. Her vaginal contractions were stronger and faster than I remembered them and she just didn't stop. If I hadn't already shot my wad just twenty minutes before she'd have had me coming in record time, but this being our second go round, I managed to last inside her until she had had another large number of powerful climaxes.

The next morning I decided I'd like another session and Trisha was definitely in the mood too, but when she tried holding me down with her legs she found she couldn't. We got too involved with fucking to bother figuring out how she'd been able to do it the night before.

A bit later that morning Trish was getting dressed, pulling on a clean top.

"Damn!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?"

"I just bought this from the catalog recently and it fit fine when I got it. But now that it's been washed once ð according to directions I might add ð the damn thing must have shrunk. It's gotten tighter in the sleeves. It used to be loose and comfy."

The next morning was a Monday. I was scheduled to leave for a weeklong business trip. I was awakened by Trisha sucking enthusiastically on my morning hard on. The sight and feel of her taking all of me down her throat made me cum in a hurry, which was just as well because I'd overslept and had to race to shower and pack and head for the airport.

That night I talked to her at her apartment from my hotel room thanking her for my morning "treat."

"That's to keep you out of trouble, give you good reason to come back and keep you from fooling around with all those women who throw themselves at you while you're on the road," she teased.

"I might have to cut my trip short," I quipped. "So what'd you do today?"

"I was feeling really pumped after I left so I decided to hit the gym during lunch. God knows it's been at least two, three weeks since I went there. My trainer, Theresa, was pissed."

"Cause you hadn't been going to the gym?"

"No, she thought I'd hired a new trainer."

"Why?"

"She said I was lifting about 25 percent more than last visit and that it looked like I'd added muscle. I told her "no" and then she whispered to me about steroids and I had to laugh and ask her if it looked like I was on steroids."

"Like there's any chance of that with you looking as gorgeous as you do," I said.

"Sweet talk me over the phone when I can't fuck you? You trying to frustrate your horny little girlfriend? You want me hunting down some man candy to ravage while you're gone?"

"Of course not."

"You'll take care of me when you get home then. I must admit, though, I did feel different - stronger - today. Felt real good. I guess I should be going to the gym more often again."

The week of business meetings seemed to fly by and early Friday evening I got back home. I walked through the front door and was greeted by Trisha standing there in a very sexy diaphanous negligee.

After hugs, kisses and greetings I asked her if her outfit was new. I didn't remember it.

"Yeah, you like?"

"Duh, what do you think?"

"I got it this week. Turns out I had to buy all new lingerie."

"How come? Washing machine eat them?"

"No. My bras were bothering me so I went to Nordstrom's and their fitter said I needed new bras."

"That's what they pay her to say to women, isn't it?"

"Well sure, but I really did need them. Seems like your little girl got bigger. A "B" cup is too small for me now. Depending on who's making the bra, I'm wearing a "C" or "D"."

"I'm sure you'll learn how to live with them," I grinned slyly. Trish knows that I have a thing for breasts, even though I was always happy with hers because they're quite firm.

"Yeah. And I don't imagine I'll hear any complaints from you."

"No. I guess I'll learn to live with them too."

"See if this helps you adjust," she laughed, grabbing my arm and pulling me into my home office just off the foyer. She playfully pushed me onto a leather wing chair. She spread my legs apart and knelt between them wasting no time unzipping me and pulling my pants and boxers down around my ankles. She untied her negligee, allowing it to fall open in front.

Without saying a word she leaned forward and began fucking my already raging boner with her tits. I was in shock. Trish had never tried to tit fuck me before and to be honest I'd never had any girl treat me to that trick. This fantasy coming true before my eyes was erotic dynamite and I had a short fuse. She'd been working on me for less than a minute when I started to cum. Trish could see my reaction and she bent over at the last second and had me ejaculate in her mouth. Once again I shot a huge load and once again she swallowed it all.

"Didn't want any stains on your nice leather chair," she grinned.

"Fucking wow!" was the best I could muster. We sat there for another couple of minutes while I regained my senses.

"You gotta get changed. Dinner's almost ready to come out of the oven," she said, standing up between my legs. Without hesitation or apparent effort, Trish leaned forward, grabbed me under the armpits, lifted me straight out of the chair, and threw me up on her shoulder.

"What the fuck?" I exclaimed, amazed that my Trish could lift me out of a chair and carry me.

"You might be too weak to climb the stairs after shooting that load," she giggled. She walked out of the office, started across the foyer towards the stairs, then reversed herself and walked back to pick up my suitcase, carrying it in one hand and holding me with the other arm. She started walking up the stairs. It was evident that it was no strain for her.

I was a bit too shocked to protest that she should put me down rather than straining herself (even though she didn't seem to be.) I looked at her upper arms. Now I couldn't see them clearly because the negligee wasn't gauzy enough to be see-through, but they looked really big! I told myself I had to be imagining things, that she couldn't have sprouted huge muscles between Monday and Friday.

She dumped me on the bed and from the look in her eyes I could tell she was very horny. She started taking the nightgown off when the oven buzzer rang off. "Saved by the bell," she laughed and went back downstairs.

She had a robe on when I got downstairs, so I couldn't check out her arms. I was still thinking it was my imagination. Before bed and turning out the lights (and before a great night of hot sex!) I gave her arms and breasts the once over. Maybe they were getting bigger, but I was kind of relieved that she didn't have the whoppers I'd imagined she had when she was carrying me up the stairs.

Trisha was sitting on top of me the next morning when I woke up. It's a little game she likes to play. She likes to try to pin my wrists down even though she's too small to. I was thinking she seemed to feel a little heavier than I remembered, but my focus was quickly drawn to fighting her off. Damn if she wasn't putting on a much better fight than usual. My male ego was a little concerned that she was going to notice I wasn't keeping her at bay as easily as I usually do. Eventually she gave up trying, but it definitely was a tougher contest.

"Did I wear you out last night?" she grinned, hopping off me and heading for the shower. I was still lying there when I heard her yell from the bathroom.

"What the hell is this? Goddamn it, I don't believe it. Shit! Shit! Shit! I've got to go on a diet immediately!"

I tiptoed to the bathroom, knowing that Trisha would not be in a good mood because she's religious about keeping her weight at 125.

"What's the matter?"

"Christ, I'm 140! How the fuck did that happen? Do I look fat to you?"

"Of course not!" (Even if it looked like she had put on a few pounds I sure as shit wouldn't say anything. But her body looked as firm everywhere as it always does.)

"You put on any weight?"

"I don't think so." I stepped on the scale and was 175 as usual.

"Why the hell should I be gaining weight and not you? Damn, do you think it's the drugs?"

"I don't know. Maybe you should mention it to your doctor. But believe me, I think you look great. There's not an ounce of flab on you anywhere. Just as always."

I thought that taking her out to dinner that evening might improve her mood. I picked her up at her apartment. We stood at her lobby mirror, ready to head to the restaurant.

"Did you buy new shoes along with the new undies?" I asked. I'm sure she didn't miss the slightly irritated tone of my voice.

"No. What's the matter? I'm wearing the same shoes I always wear with this dress."

I've always been three inches taller than Trisha - 5 foot 10 inches to her 5 foot 7. She knows that I don't like her wearing big heels. She never wears heels bigger than three inches. I prefer looking taller, but I don't mind occasionally if she looks the same height, but I don't like her looking taller.

Looking at each other in the mirror, it was obvious that Trisha was a good two inches taller than I was!

"But these are my two inch heels," she said incredulously.

"Kick off your shoes," I suggested. She took off her shoes. I slipped off my loafers. We faced each other in stocking feet. We were the same height. I hadn't noticed if before that - the change must have been gradual.

We both said, "Could it be the drugs?" to each other at the same time.

"I think a visit to the doctor is in order," I said as Trisha went to hunt through her closet for a pair of flats.

Trisha called the drug company on Monday and asked to see the doctor who was working with her on the test program. They told her they wanted her to have a full blood work-up before seeing the doctor, so she went in to have blood taken on Tuesday. The appointment was scheduled for the following Tuesday when the labs would be back. The doctor wanted her to stay on her meds until the appointment unless there was a significant change.

It was the Friday night of the weekend between the appointments. Trish and I were just hanging out at her place. I just had a pair of boxers on. Trisha was in an old t-shirt and thong panties. "I guess they can't be that concerned if they're keeping you on the drug," I commented.

"They're not the ones getting bigger boobs and growing taller and feeling funny at times," Trish replied.

"What do you mean feeling funny?"

"I don't know what it is, but I really get this craving at times to taste your semen," she said, almost shyly.

"Well then, I agree with the doctor completely. Keep up with the drug regimen!" I laughed.

"You Neanderthal!" she chuckled, punching me playfully in the arm.

"Ouch!"

"Sorry, honey. Did that hurt?"

My arm was sore and Trish could see I wasn't bullshitting. "I think I know how to take your mind off the pain," she purred. She took the hand of the arm she'd punched and slipped it under her top, bringing my fingers to her left breast. I was expecting a bra, considering how her breasts were thrusting out under the top, but she didn't have one on.

Damn if her boobs weren't fuller and yet as firm, if not firmer, as ever. She'd always been a "handful" before. Now I couldn't hold the whole breast in one hand.

She melted in my arms as I gently caressed her tit. "That's nice," she sighed. Her nipple stiffened as I rolled it with my thumb and index finger. With a slight squeeze, her whole body stiffened. I rolled the nipple around and around and then pinched a bit harder. Her body jerked and she started to moan. I flicked her with my fingers as fast as I could and then pinched harder several times, matching the twitching of her body.

"OH FUCKING GOD! YES! YES! YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Trish's whole body convulsed with a seismic orgasm.

It was several minutes before her breathing came back to normal.

"Wow. I've never had an orgasm that easily," she purred. "You weren't even working me downstairs."

"I've always said I was good," I grinned.

"Oh yeah? I'll show you good," she replied. She pulled my boxers off. "I want to watch it get hard while I work my magic," she said.

Trish started dancing, undulating her wholebody. She looked so hot. She spun around and started shaking her magnificent booty right in front of my face. I love her ass. Her cheeks are so round and rock hard. With all that gyrating I was rock hard pretty fast too. She saw me stroking my shaft and wagged a finger at me.

"Keep your hands off your merchandise, big boy. I'll take care of everything." She peeled the thong off and let me get a good smokin' look at her gorgeous wet pussy. She ran her fingers over her labia and spread her pussy lips to give me a good shot of pink heaven.

She turned back around and my cock was already throbbing. She knew she was getting me super turned on. She sucked in a big breath and thrust her chest forward.

"I feel like I'm gonna burst right out of this old top. It's just too small," she snarled. She grabbed the t-shirt and ripped it off her like it was tissue paper. God it was sexy to watch her rip loose and her glorious globes bounce free.

She didn't realize I was leaning forward as she was whipping her torso from left to right. SMACK! She clocked me pretty good with her tits.

"Oops. Sorry," I said. "Didn't that hurt? You collided pretty hard."

"No. I mean my breasts felt it, but it didn't hurt."

"I thought since they seemed so sensitive"

Without warning Trisha hit my face again with her breasts, three or four times.

"See? Nope. Doesn't hurt. In fact it tingles a bit afterwards, in a nice way."

Now I'm no psychiatrist and I'm not about to go see one so I can't explain to you what deep-seated thing in my head got triggered. All I know is that that act of Trisha hitting me with her boobs pushed me from having been pretty hot to on-the-verge-of-exploding excited.

One thing about Trish is that she's really good at reading how excited I am and how close I am. By the look in her eyes I knew she knew I could barely control myself. She slid a bit closer to me and snaked her hand around my erection.

"Take it like a man," she grinned. Trisha started hitting me with her breasts again, at first just grazing my face with her nipples. Then she really let loose, hitting me harder and faster with the full brunt of her boobs.

It took only seconds and I groaned and started to shoot my load. Trish squeezed tight, preventing me from cumming as she whacked me a few more times. I was groaning, begging for release. She dropped her head down to my cock as she released her grip, letting me rocket another copious load into her waiting mouth. She kept sucking and pumping my shaft until she'd gotten every drop.

She sat up with a smug, satisfied look on her face. "Told you I was good - and fast, too."

"You hit hard with those!"

"Hell, they must be, what, ten, fifteen pounds? They should pack a bit of a wallop. But your cock didn't seem to mind."

The next day Trisha and I decided to play some tennis. Trish has been playing since she was a kid and even played for her college team, so her game's really good. That's the reason I don't mind playing her, even if she is a girl. I always beat her because I'm a guy and can hit harder. The score's usually 6-4, 6-2 for a couple of sets.

I always let her serve first and her first serve was an ace. Blistering shot that caught me off-guard and flat-footed. That was just a hint of things to come. That morning Trish trounced me 6-0, 6-0. I lost count of the number of serves she aced me on.

"Wow, you were on today," I complimented her as we walked off the court.

"What's the matter with you? Why were you holding back?"

"I wasn't. I've never seen you hit so hard. That's why you were taking the points. Hell, Trish, you were hitting like a guy."

"A guy who's a better tennis player than you," she teased.

That evening we were sitting out on my deck, having a couple of cocktails before dinner. Trisha was still luxuriating in her tennis victory.

"6-0, 6-0. Did you get more than 30 points in any game?" she ribbed me.

"You really brought your game today. What can I say?"

"I haven't changed any of the mechanics of my swing." Trisha put her hands behind her head and stretched.

"Holy shit! There's your answer!" I pointed to her arms. Her biceps had exploded in size when she flexed them as she stretched. "I thought you said you hadn't been to the gym much. You're packing some serious arms there!"

Trisha flexed again, studying her own arm. "Hell, I guess they have gotten bigger. But they're not as big as yours."

"You're a girl, Trish. They're not supposed to be."

"You like 'em, or do they gross you out?"

"They make you look athletic and athletic is sexy. And since you've got boobs and all the rest of you that makes you look like a girl, I guess I have to say I like them."

"Good! Because I like the looks of them too and if these are the reasons I'm beating you at tennis then they ain't going away."

"One match doesn't mean that you're the permanent champion."

"Oh no?" she laughed jokingly. "Maybe I'm the new boss lady around here."

"This is my house, I'm master of my kingdom and don't you forget it," I replied smugly.

"I could just wrastle you to the ground and make you give up your crown."

Now we both knew at that point that Trish was just joking around. I could have just let it go. But, of course being the guy, especially one who'd been summarily whopped playing tennis, I had to assert my macho posturing.

"Any time you want to get it on, you know where to find me, little lady. I shouldn't even have to offer to defend my crown, but seeing as I'm such a nice guy and seeing how your one little tennis win has gone to your head, I'm willing to offer you a little lesson in physical humility." I smiled sweetly, but there'd been a bit of a put down tone in my voice.

Trish twirled the ice cubes in her gin and tonic for a moment, not saying anything, just thinking. She smiled, amused at whatever she was thinking to herself. She took a long pull on the g and t and said, "We still got some time before dinner's ready. Let's do it."

"You're not serious!"

"Of course I am! It's just a friendly little wrestling match, that's all. It's not like we're going to try to kill each other. Just fun and a little athletic competition and whoever wins gets some bragging rights."

"How would we go about doing it?"

"Let's just step out on the grass. I don't know how you do these things. I guess one of us will give up, say uncle, whatever."

"Okay. Any rules?"

"No punching or kicking I guess."

"Or scratching or biting."

Trish took another swig of her drink, kicked off her flip-flops and bounded out onto the lawn. I followed. We were both in shorts and t-shirts.

We started out very playfully. Trish jumping in and out and growling like a tigress. It was a while before we actually locked up. My weight and strength gave me some leverage,

but I was quite surprised at how feisty and strong Trish was. As we got into it, she was really exerting herself. I had to try a lot harder than I thought I'd have to. Damn, she was one tough cookie! Remarkably agile and strong. The pounds she'd put on recently made it tougher to push her around.

Eventually, after about ten minutes, much longer than I expected it to take, I finally got Trisha's shoulders pinned down. I counted to three and she said okay.

I rolled off her and lay flat on my back, sweaty and winded. "Nice try, kid, but looks like the old man's still champ."

Trisha got on her hands and knees and leaned over me. "That was pretty close. What do you say to best two out of three?"

I just kept lying there, thinking that Trisha would give up.

"Come on, big boy," she cajoled, "You're not afraid that I might beat you in a rematch, are you?"

"Of course not. You saw how the first one turned out. No reason to expect any different outcome. That's why I don't see the point in it."

"The point is if you don't I'll just hound you and the sooner we get this over the sooner you get dinner."

"All right. But you asked for it." I went inside for a moment to freshen our cocktails. When I came out Trisha was pulling her top off over her head. "Whoa there, girlie," I called out. "What the heck are you doing?"

"I don't want any more grass stains on my clothes. Besides it's not like anyone can see."

I handed her her drink, took a couple of pulls on mine and then started walking out onto the lawn.

"Excuse me, Mr. Champ, but you forgot something." Trisha pointed to my clothes. "You want grass stains on your stuff too?" Trish finished stripping completely and waited for

me. I felt a bit funny being naked outside, but I figured I'd look like a sissy if she stripped and I didn't.

We started in again, definitely at a slower pace than the first round. Again I relied on my weight and strength. Once again Trish sure wasn't making it easy.

A couple of minutes into the match Trish somehow cleverly maneuvered herself so she was lying on top of me, facing my feet. It wasn't the kind of position where she might pin me or anything.

Well her glorious ass and succulent pussy were right in my face and I figured I had a way of taking her mind off the match and maybe getting it over. So I start licking her pussy. Man was she wet, so I knew she was hot.

"Mmmmmmm. I'm not so sure that's allowed when you're wrestling," she purred, clearly enjoying it.

"Nothing against our rules," I said between slurps.

"Two can play that game then!" Trish proceeded to start tit-fucking me since she was perfectly positioned for it.

Damn it felt good but I knew she'd turned my advantage around because Trish was more than likely to get me to cum first, especially working me with her tits. Before I could do anything to stop it she got me exploding and she took me in her mouth just as I came.

My head's between her thighs and she gave me a good hard squeeze before she rolled off me and bounced to her feet.

"I got you now, stud," she boasted.

She charged me as I got to my feet, lifted me off the ground spreading me across her shoulders and did a few airplane spins. My head was spinning both from being twirled around and from the disbelief in her sudden burst of power. She dumped me on the grass, pounced on top of me and was straddling my chest pinning my wrists to the

ground in hardly more time than it took me to type this. I was pushing up with all my might to keep from being pinned, but I was doing nothing against her.

She counted to ten and demanded that I give. There was nothing I could do, so I did.

She jumped back up to her feet again. "Now that's better!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms up in victory. "I just feel super charged now!" She dropped her arms into a double biceps pose and I just about shit.

"Holy fuck, Trish. Look at the size of your arms. They're huge!" From where I was it sure as hell looked like her arms were bigger than mine. It didn't make sense.

"Just a little pump from the workout," she said. "Your mind is playing tricks on you because I just overpowered you. It's not like Popeye and a can of spinach. I can't just boom, suddenly get big muscles."

"How else would you explain suddenly winning like that?"

"Duh, remember shooting off in my mouth? Must have drained more than a load of cum."

Her logic seemed right. "Unfair!" I protested, half serious, half in fun.

"Unfair? Hardly! You started it licking my pussy. It's your own fault. But we still have to have the rubber match. Unless you're too afraid of me now to go at it again."

"Oh you'd just love it if I quit. No way, Trish. I'm recovered. You're going down."

I really did feel pretty good, but that didn't last for long. The third and final fall was pretty much of a rout for Trisha. She seemed to be twice as strong as when she started out. I tried to be on the offensive, but I couldn't find any leverage. I couldn't move her. Instead she was shoving me all over the place. When I tried getting her in a hold, she'd just pry herself loose and giggle at how easy it was to free herself. I was getting frustrated at my inability to do anything to her.

"You're having about as much luck trying to wrestle me as you had trying to return my serve this morning," she mocked.

In hindsight I'm pretty sure that at that point Trisha could have ended the match in less than a minute. But Trish, being the competitor she is, almost certainly wanted to make sure there'd be no claims afterwards that it had been a close contest.

She started to bring the match to me and soon the tables were reversed and I was completely on the defensive. She was unrelenting and god-awful strong. I resisted as hard as I could to keep from being so humiliated, but it wasn't doing much good.

Headlocks. Tackles. Head scissors. Arm bars. Body scissors. Cradles. Hip thrusts. She put me through the ringer. Rather than go for the win she just kept pouring it on to wear me down more and more.

After at least ten more minutes of torture she yanked me up off the grass. I could see the delight in her eyes as she saw my defenselessness. "I don't think you're up for any more, sweetie," she said proudly.

We stood eye to eye for a second, Trish staring me down as she held me up. I tried to push myself away from her. She suddenly wrapped her arms around me and lifted me off my feet in a bear hug. My arms were trapped at my sides.

Trish arched back so my feet were dangling even further off the grass, grunted, and started to squeeze as hard as she could. I couldn't breathe and could feel nothing but blinding pressure engulfing my torso.

"Okay! Okay, Trish! That's it. You win. I GIVE!!" I gasped.

She shook me in her arms a few times for good measure, not saying a thing, not acknowledging my submission. She carried me across the deck and pushed me back against the sliding plate glass door. As she let go with her arms she pushed down on my shoulders, effortlessly forcing me to start sliding down against the glass. As my face slid level with her breasts she pushed forward towards me, trapping my head with her tits. She let go with her hands, resting them on her hips. As close as she was to me, the only part of her touching me was her boobs. And incredibly that was all she needed to

support me standing. Lord knows I'd have slumped to the deck myself if she hadn't been holding me. I was washed out.

"Game, set, match," she said haughtily. "I think the king has been deposed and is now being shown his place." Then she burst into laughter, slapping me several times with her boobs. She stepped away and I slid down to the deck. "Dinner should be ready," she said, walking away.

The next morning when I came down to breakfast I spied a cloth tape measure sitting on the kitchen table. "What's that for?"

"Thought I'd dispel your dream that I somehow got these huge muscles and that's how I won last night."

She held out the tape. I held out my arm. She measured it at 15 and a quarter. Then I measured hers. Fifteen even.

"See? You're bigger," she said as if to dismiss the subject from further consideration or discussion. I was glad she did because I half expected her to tease me that my arms were only a quarter inch bigger. I also expected her to rib me about her victories the day before, especially her wrestling, but she was quiet. Her not talking about it didn't stop me from thinking about it, wondering how she'd become embarrassingly overpowering. My discomfort kind of turned me off much interest in having sex with her that weekend. If she noticed she didn't say anything. She left me to go back to her place Sunday night.

She called me at my office on Monday afternoon to tell me that the doctor's office said the blood work hadn't turned out right and she had to get retested. The doctor was going to be on vacation right after that so the appointment couldn't be rescheduled for another three weeks.

I guess the combination of her beating me and the comparison in our arms made me a little uncomfortable and I found myself not calling or emailing her during the week the way I usually do.

She called me on it that Friday. "Are you mad at me? Is there something wrong?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"You've been a little distant."

"Sorry. Just been preoccupied."

"Not mad at me cause I won that little match?"

"Of course not. That was all fair and square. I've just been busy."

"You busy right now?" she asked, laughing as she walked through my front door holding her cell phone. She dropped to her knees, unbuckled my pants and proceeded to give me a blowjob. "Maybe you just need a little extra T.L.C. to relax you and put you in a better mood."

Several times over that weekend, Trish would surprise me with either a blowjob, a hand job, or a tit fuck. Every time she eagerly lapped up my cum. There was something about her extra attention to my cock that wasn't sitting right with me, but hell, I was getting my rocks off and not about to complain.

Monday morning I was due to leave for another weeklong business trip. In place of the alarm I was awakened by Trish pumping my morning hard on. She shot me off into her waiting hand, licking my load off her palm and then rubbing her breasts.

"Maybe when you come back on Friday you'll be in a better mood," she said wistfully.

I don't know what got into me, but that remark really pissed me off. We got into a big fight and I didn't call her at all while I was away. In fact, I didn't call her for a month. We've had our little separations before. I guess that's why we're not married or living together. Any way we each get to have our space. I heard some rumors through the grapevine that Trisha was seen out clubbing and seeing some guys, but she can live her own life. I don't own her.

Absence does make the heart grow fonder. Or it just gets us real horny. I realized I wasn't being very appreciative of how good she was being to me. Hell, most guys don't get their

jism swallowed as much in a year as I'd gotten that last weekend. I resolved to try to be in a better frame of mind and I called her and asked her to come over that Friday night.

Trish arrived wearing what looked like another new outfit, a pair of tight jeans and a white ribbed knit top with a deeply plunging neckline. I knew I ought to compliment her to try to set a better mood for us. "Wow, that's new? It's really sexy. You look hot!"

"You like? Yeah, it is new. I saw it and had to have it."

"Yeah, I like the way it pushes your breasts together. Creates beautiful cleavage."

"Well it's not really the top that does that."

"Okay. Your bra then. Whatever. It just looks hot."

"I'm not wearing a bra. I stopped wearing any because the one's I just bought don't fit right anymore. I figured I'd just wait until my body stops adjusting. But I don't really need one right now anyway. See?" Trisha pulled the top off and dropped it to the floor.

As it dropped so did my jaw. My first thought was she must have had a boob job, quickly replaced by my thinking why would she, she has great tits already. But there was a new fullness to her breasts, or so it seemed to me. It looked like she had some invisible bra on designed to maximize her cleavage.

"You can quit staring and come give me a kiss," she laughed. I walked over and we embraced, but as we started to kiss I found myself having to twist my head UP to meet her lips.

"What the?" I stammered, pulling away from her. As I looked down at her feet she was kicking off her sandals. She took a step towards me and it was devastatingly clear that she was taller than me, even with me still wearing shoes.

"I'm six feet two and still growing," she said.

"What the fuck? You were five ten the last time I saw you and shorter than me just a few weeks before that."

Trish picked up her top and pulled it back on, "Why don't we sit down and I'll try to explain things to you."

Trisha explained that when she finally went to the doctors she was greeted by a committee of physicians and scientists. They told her that she was in superlative physical condition. Her blood work was all incredibly positive.

Then they admitted there was a problem with the medication she was testing. Seems that one batch of drugs was incorrectly prepared and was causing some peculiar reactions in a small minority of the women in the test program. Others, like Trish, were experiencing increases in height and weight, bust size, muscles and strength. They asked if she'd performed fellatio since being on the meds.

Trish said she jokingly told them she seemed to have a craving for oral sex. They said they knew why. The interaction of the male chromosomes, proteins and enzymes with the drug was triggering a dynamic change in body chemistry, fostering rapid cellular and skeletal growth.

"But how would it happen so quickly," I interjected. "You couldn't have even digested it."

"Some of the testing they've done on other patients showed some changes in digestive enzymes. Remember that heartburn I got when I first started on the meds? Apparently, my stomach just processes sperm immediately and sends the stuff that interacts with the drugs right into my blood stream. Apparently it has had this spiking effect where my body goes off the charts and then it settles back down, but each time, when I settle, I'm bigger, heavier, stronger than before. And that growth is accelerating each time. In other words, I lose less of my peak growth each time."

"But you're getting so big! And when's it going to stop?"

"I feel great. I'm healthy as a horse. I think I've never looked better. As far as how big I can get, well that remains to be seen. When they put me on the regular meds they said they thought the growth spurts would subside."

"You shouldn't be taking it at all."

"Right now I feel like okay and I'll follow the doctors' recommendations. Say, you want to play tennis this weekend?" she asked, clearly trying to change the subject.

"I don't think so."

"Afraid you'll lose again?"

"Of course not."

"Afraid to be seen with me?"

"No, but now that I know that you were on drugs what were effecting your performance, well that explains a lot of things."

"Like?"

"Like, forget about the tennis for a moment and think about our little battle, your turning the match around and winning. You swallowed my cum during the second round of our little wrestling match and that's when the tide turned."

"So you're saying you would have won?"

"I took the first round."

"You barely beat me the first round and I definitely had momentum," she countered.

"You can claim whatever you want. I just don't think you can look me straight in the eye and tell me you won fair."

Trisha stood up. "The only reason I can't look you straight in the eye is because I'm taller than you are." She paused. "Oh come on, don't take it so serious. That was just a joke."

I must have looked like I was sulking, because, well I was.

"Oh come on sweetie," she smiled. "I don't want you to be in a bad mood. I missed you. Tell you what. If you want a rematch to prove that I had an unfair advantage, I'll give you one."

"Maybe some other time. I'm not in the mood."

"Not in the mood? Are you sure?" Trisha took off her top again, baring her breasts. I noticed that her flat stomach was more defined. She was unquestionably sporting six pack abs. She unzipped her jeans and stepped out of them, then peeled off her thong and stood before me naked.

"You telling me you don't want a piece of me?" she grinned.

I remained passive, non-committal.

Trish shook her head in disbelief and amusement. "I'll remain champion if you won't challenge me to a rematch." She drew her arms up, flexing her biceps. She didn't miss my eyes zeroing in on the exploding mountains of muscle under her skin.

"Oh yeah. Catch these. Remember how we measured and I was fifteen and you were like a quarter of an inch bigger? Seems like these babies have grown over the past month too. Kind of left you in the dust, wouldn't you say?"

"How big are they?"

"I was hoping you'd ask," she beamed. "Seventeen..." She paused. "And three quarters. Well that was on Sunday, last time I measured. Should be bigger now. I had dates Monday and Wednesday nights and we, well you know, yada yada. I'd think I'd stretch that tape to eighteen and a quarter right now. Jeez, let's see, that would be a whole three inches bigger than yours, wouldn't it?"

I could feel my pulse speeding up. I didn't understand what was happening to me, but I was feeling the same hypnotic adrenalin charged state of mind and body that I did when Trish started smacking me with her boobs.

"I can see you're bigger but it's hard to adjust to such sudden changes."

"When you pack 195 and it's got to fill out somewhere."

"195? You were 140!"

"That was over a month ago, as you should know."

"No one can grow that fast."

"Apparently I can."

Trisha walked towards me. I stepped back. She kept coming until she had me backed up against the wall.

"Remember when I had you up against the glass door?" she smiled, placing her hands on her hips, mimicking the posture she'd been in.

"Yes," I whispered, apprehensively.

"Based on what I lift now at the gym I can objectively say that I am twice, that's one hundred percent, stronger than I was then."

"What are you trying to do telling me this?"

"Because you're a guy. You want to look at facts. Hear numbers. See things first hand. It should be more than apparent that I've changed quite a bit physically. I don't know if you're going to be able to handle it. But if we're going to continue to have a relationship then we'd both better understand what's going on inside your head."

"Right now I'm confused and not all that comfortable."

She slid her thigh up between my legs and pressed it against my crotch. "Are you uncomfortable because of the pressure of your hard on against your pants?"

"You know what I meant."

"I do, but it's obvious you're pretty aroused too."

"When you shove your tits in my face, what would you expect?"

"Well I know that, but I think it's more than that, hon. I think the muscles are turning you on too. When I flexed I don't think you thought 'Eewww, gross' to yourself. No, you asked me how big they are. And be honest now, how'd you feel when I said eighteen and a quarter? When I said three inches BIGGER than you?"

I didn't answer her because I couldn't answer her. I was such a jumble of feelings I didn't know what to say. She sure looked sexy as hell, but damn, she was big. There was something about her muscles that was attractive, but at the same time I was afraid that she'd look down on me because now I was smaller than her.

"How'd you feel?" she repeated. She slid her leg down and placed one of her hands against my bulging pants. "I can feel how you feel."

I started to murmur, "Trish, no!" but my words were cut off as she pressed into me with her breasts. She was putting her weight behind it and I was actually trapped against the wall. I had to grab at her breasts to try to give me enough space to breathe.

"Look ma, no hands!" she chuckled as she stood there hands on hips, using just her weight and strength to keep me pinned against the wall with nothing other than her incredible breasts.

"Now I can see why you didn't want to try a return match," she teased. "This one's over before it began."

She took a step back and took hold of me under my armpits, lifting me off the floor and sliding me up against the wall. She stepped back in wedging the bulge in my pants in her cleavage.

"Would you get embarrassed if you came in your pants?" she taunted. I tried briefly to extricate myself but recognized the futility. "A big strong girl needs nice strong chest muscles to support tits like these. Feel me flex them."

Trisha started to quickly, rhythmically flex her pecs, tightening the squeeze of her breasts as they moved up and down on my bulge. "I can hold you off the floor a long time, though I don't think that will be necessary," she said.

Accurate in her prediction, I shot my load in my pants before it seemed she'd even gotten warmed up. The sight of her bulging arms and feel of her large firm breasts overwhelmed me. She continued to hold me off the ground, regarding the large growing wet spot on my pants with mischievous amusement.

"Better get those off before the stain becomes permanent," she chuckled, letting me slide down till my feet touched the marble floor.

"Damn it, Trish! Are you fucking crazy? Why don't you get the hell out of here!"

"Oh come on, don't pretend to be angry. Like you didn't like that. Christ, I bet you haven't come in your pants since you were a teenager. You can try to protest all you want, but the only thing that's really bothering you is that you got so damned excited you lost control. Or more accurately, what's bothering you is that I got you so excited and I was in control and you couldn't stop me when I decided to play with you and make you cum." Trisha emphasized the word "I" each time she said it.

I walked down the hallway to my bedroom to change out of the pants. There was no way I was walking around with that big dark stain prominently displayed in just the wrong place. I could hear Trish's footsteps following me. "Didn't I suggest you leave," I said, spinning to face her.

"Oh, I just got here and besides it's been so long since I saw you and you saw me." She shoved me back on the bed yanking my loafers and socks off. My attempt to fend her off was met with a short stiff straight arm that smashed me back onto the mattress.

She pounced on top of me straddling my chest, the 70 pounds that she'd gained making a powerful impact. Spinning around and planting her ass on my chest she made quick work of stripping my pants and underwear off.

"My god, what a mess! When was the last time you had sex? Looks like you've been storing it up," she snickered. She flipped back around facing me and pinned my hands over my head against the headboard, using just one hand.

"Remember when I used to try to wrestle you like this and I couldn't get you down no matter how hard I tried?" she beamed. "And now I can hold you down with just one hand, and even that's a snap. Mmmmm, just look at the size of that thing!" Trisha flexed her free arm and admired its massive size.

"Better get the rest of your clothes off," she said. "You want me rip your shirt off or you going to take care of it yourself?"

"Trisha, I think those meds are affecting more than your body," I protested.

She hopped off me and the bed and grabbing a corner of the mattress with one hand lifted it up off the frame onto its side, dumping me off and onto the floor. She stood over me, legs spread apart, hands on hips. "Strip now, boy, or you'll see me really start tossing things around here."

I hurriedly took off my remaining clothes as she repositioned the mattress on the bed. She motioned for me to stand in front of her. She flexed her right arm. "Put your hands around it. Feel how big and hard the muscle is." I did as ordered, astonished that my hands couldn't fit all the way around, astonished at the rock hardness of the muscle under the soft silky skin.

"Okay, now I want you to hold on tight and lift your feet up off the rug." Again, I did as ordered, bending at the knees until my shins were parallel with the floor. Trisha was holding my whole body off the ground using just one arm! "Imagine how strong I'd be right now if I'd swallowed your load instead of letting you waste it in your pants!"

"I don't think you need to be any stronger," I said.

"Thanks for the suggestion, but I'll decide what I want, she replied. "And right now I want you to work your magic on my nipples. Put your feet back down." I stood on the floor again and let go of her arm. Trisha's nipples were already erect. "Look at that. Just about at mouth level. You know what to do."

I shook my head no. "I'm not into becoming your little boy toy."

Trisha smiled, seemingly amused by my impudence. SMACK! She whipped her breasts across my face, knocking me to the floor. The force of the blow made me woozy.

"I'd have thought that you'd look at how big and strong I've become and realize that it's in your best interests to cater to my whims," she declared. "Maybe you're not as smart as I thought." She grabbed me with one hand under my jaw and lifted me straight off the floor, all the way up until she was holding me aloft with just one arm.

"I took six of the magic pills this morning," she said. "There's no telling what six times the normal dosage might do when it interacts with your juice." She walked us over to the wall, holding me up under the armpits. My cock was right in front of her face. "I've always been real good at sucking your cock," she grinned. "Even if you did just come in your pants."

"Trish, don't!"

"Oh come on, lover boy. Just look at these arms holding you up so high. Look at how the muscles swell. Aren't they big? Don't I feel really strong? Come on, boy, admit it. It's a turn on for you, just like it's a turn on for me. You like Trish with big boobs and big biceps and oh so tall and oh so strong and sexy."

Damned if I didn't start getting hard, even though I knew an erection could prove perilous to my health and well-being!

"Well, look at that. Right before my eyes. Literally I might add. I do think we have all the proof we need that the new Trish is one powerful turn on for you. And just think of all the fun we can have. You'll never tire me out. I can pretty much guarantee that. And when you get all hot and want to fuck me hard, well boy, ram that boner as hard as you want. You ain't gonna do any damage to this hard hot bod. Oh, and just imagine doing me doggy style, ramming me as hard as you can while you reach around and play with these perfect tits. Why look at you! You're ready to cum already!"

Trisha slid her lips over the head of my cock, slithering her tongue in a tight rapid circle. She started to suck and I exploded in less than ten seconds. She sucked hungrily, extracting every drop of semen from me.

She swallowed and threw her head back. She seemed dizzy for a moment. She lost her grip on me and I fell to the floor. I looked up at her and she seemed to be having some kind of seizure. She closed her eyes tight and clenched her fists. Her whole body shook for several seconds. Her skin turned bright red as if she had a sunburn. She groaned and doubled over.

"Trish! Trish! Are you all right?"

She started to roar as she straightened up. Her eyes opened and she looked up at the ceiling raising her arms up triumphantly. "OHHHH YESSSSSSSS!" she shouted. "YES FUCKING YES!!!!!!!" Her skin color and breathing returned to normal. "Stand up," she motioned.

I got to my feet and looked up at her and the realization struck me Trisha had just grown at least four inches! She had to be over six feet six! She looked at both of her arms and then looked me in the eyes.

"Shall I flex them or are you afraid you'll wet yourself?" she chuckled. Not waiting for my answer, she slowly raised her arms out to the sides and began to cock her elbows. She clenched her fists and raised her hands up. Her biceps began to swell and kept growing, a rock hard mass expanding ever faster. I gasped as her muscles went far beyond what I thought any woman, no any person, was capable of.

"And you thought eighteen and a quarter was big," she laughed.

She swatted me aside and headed for the bathroom. She re-emerged a few seconds later, holding my scale. "Damn thing broke when I stepped on it," she complained. "Guess that means I'm over 300. Maybe I should play pro football!" She twisted the metal scale, folding it in half like it was a piece of cardboard. She whipped it aside, impaling it into the wall.

"Christ, Trish! What are you doing? Don't go breaking everything!"

She glared at me. "I can break things. Or I could break you." She punched her fist through the solid oak bedroom door, splintering the wood.

"All right. That's enough. Look, Trish, I can see what those meds are doing to you and I don't like what I see. You're going to have to leave." I was trying to sound as stern as I could.

She stood right in front of me, staring down at me. "You are not the only source of semen on this planet, my friend. I don't need you and you know that. I was hoping we could get back together and it's just pissing me off the way you're reacting. It just so happens that now when I get pissed off I can be a helluva lot more physical about it."

"Then get the fuck out of here and go suck somebody else's cock, you freaky cunt."

I could see the incendiary anger burning in her eyes even though she wasn't saying anything. Maybe I'd stepped over the line with what I'd just said, but I couldn't put the world on rewind.

"A goodbye hug for good luck then," she said.

Trisha took a step forward and spread her arms wide. I was wary, but I just wanted her to leave so I stepped into her waiting embrace.

Trisha instantly wrapped her arms around me and lifted me off the floor. "Remember the last time I had you in a bearhug, sweetie? Remember how bad I had you? Remember how you begged me to stop? If I was too strong for you then, then how bad is it going to be for you now? You fucking prick!"

Trisha began to slowly squeeze harder and harder, letting me feel the pressure mount and mount. I passed from extreme discomfort to excruciating pain in seconds. Not only could I not breathe, it felt like my lungs were collapsing. Her enormous arms bulged ominously. Her firm breasts dug into my weaker frame.

"Trisha, please! No! You're killing me!" I gasped.

"Yes, I believe I am."

She kicked open the bedroom door, carrying me out to the railing on the second floor landing overlooking the marble foyer below. She squeezed hard again and I felt several ribs crack.

"AAAAAIEEEEE!!!!!!" I screamed, in total agony.

"Don't pass out on me, you little shit. I'm not through with you." Trisha kicked out, demolishing the railing and sending splinters of wood flying in all directions.

"It'll be faster if we skip the stairs and just jump," she sneered. She stepped to the landing's edge and then dove forward, my body underneath hers. She released her arms as we fell the twelve feet to the foyer.

I smashed into the marble floor first, my back taking the full brunt of the impact. Trisha's 300 plus pound body pulverized me a nanosecond after impact, flattening me like a pancake.

I knew I was close to dying. I was quite sure I was paralyzed by the fall. I could not move. I could only feel an overwhelming pain sucking the life force out of me. In my near coma state I could vaguely make out that the fall hadn't hurt Trisha in the slightest. She pulled herself up and sat astride my chest, her pussy inches from my face.

"Since you chose to call me a cunt, it seems appropriate that the last thing you'll ever remember seeing is my cunt while I smother you. Which would you prefer? Death by asphyxiation or having your neck snapped by the thighs?" She grabbed my hair and pulled my head up as she encircled my skull with her huge thighs.

I could not answer. I could not protest. I could not do anything but pray.

"Nice know you asshole," she sneered. "Thanks for cumming."

I felt enormous pressure on the sides of my head and the back of my neck as my mouth was completely engulfed by her pussy. My eyelids fluttered as I gagged. There was blinding pain and a flash of electric white light. Then all went black. End of the world black.

BBBZZZZZZZ!!!!!! What was that sound? I had to be dead. BBBZZZZZZZ!!!!!! It sounded like my alarm clock. Was God some practical joker who woke the dead with the sound of their alarm clocks? BBBZZZZZZZ!!!!!!

I opened my eyes, slowly taking in the view of my ceiling. My bedroom ceiling. I was alive? I turned my head. God, my neck wasn't broken! I rolled towards my alarm to turn it off. There on the dial it said "AUG. 24", the morning after my birthday.

"I was wondering if you were going to just sleep through the alarm or what," laughed Trisha, standing next to the bed. Trisha still five foot seven, still 125 pounds. Still just Trisha. Standing there topless with just her jeans on.

"Wow, that was weird!"

"Dreams?"

"More like nightmares."

"Yeah, you were tossing and turning all night. I got up early cause I wasn't getting any sleep anyway with you all over the bed."

"Well you figured quite prominently in my dreams."

"Did I? That's nice. Well, you said nightmares. Maybe I wasn't nice?"

"Everything started out okay, but it got kind of weird at the end."

"Well, you can tell me tonight. As long as I'm up, I'm going to shove off because I've got a ton of stuff to do this morning."

"Okay. Catch you later. It's a doozy of a dream. That's for sure."

Trisha reached for the pullover she'd worn the night before, folded carefully on the dresser beside my bed. She pulled it on over her head. There was a quizzical expression on her face.

"That's really weird," she remarked.

"What is?"

"This top. It's tight in the arms and in the bust. It's like it shrunk overnight. How the hell could that happen?"

THE END

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