

Growth of the Blow Kind

By Bekker7

"Ooooooh yes, yes, yes" Lizzie screamed as she hit her climax, seconds after John had blown his load inside her.

He pulled his erect member out of her and lay there, content. John and Lizzie had been going out for a while and this was their first time having sex.

Their lips met and they kissed each other with meaning, John unable to contain himself, mounted her again and began to enter her now extremely sensitive vagina. He slowly pushed and pulled his penis in and out of her while his mouth gently caressed her soft neck.

"I love you" he said to her softly.

"Wait a moment" she said and asked him to remove himself. She repositioned herself on her fours and beckoned him to come at her from behind, a task he needed no encouragement to do. After few minutes of the doggy-style position, they both reached their climaxes and slumped to the bed, kissing once more.

"What's on TV?" Lizzie asked as John flicked it on with the remote. Top Gear was on and Cameron Diaz and Tom Cruise were on the sofa. John's eyes nearly popped out of his head as Cameron brought her arm up and popped a fantastic bicep pose.

"WOW", Lizzie exclaimed "Did you just see that?". Sitting up she moved over to John's computer.

"See what" he said, pretending to not have noticed. What Lizzie had not realised was that John loved women with muscle. His computer was full of videos of fitness and figure models and some bodybuilders flexing and having sex. Luckily, he had just done a system clean and his internet history would be empty.

Lizzie was frantically typing away on the internet and found youtube videos of female celebrities flexing their biceps. As she played Cameron Diaz and Kelly Ripa, John became seriously turned on and his erection started to form a bulge in the duvet.

"I want a body like that!" Lizzie began to shout. "No flab and toned muscles. What do you think?" She began to ask and then her eyes were drawn to the bulging duvet. She set up a playlist of female celebrities flexing and pulled the duvet off John, lowering herself onto his erection. Leaning back so that he had a view of the computer screen, she started

to move along his shaft. He reacted instantly, supporting her body as she continued to have sex with him. All of a sudden, something came over her and she removed her pussy from his penis.

"Why have you..." she cut him off mid sentence with a kiss on his lips. Flicking her hair over her right shoulder, she climbed off the bed and knelt on the floor.

"I've never done this before" she said, licking his penis with the top and sides of her tongue. John groaned as she put the top of his penis in her mouth. He didn't have the biggest penis in the world and she easily engulfed it all in her mouth as she began to blow him. Her tongue lashed at his shaft, driving him wild with ecstasy.

She stopped for a moment and looked at the screen, which now had Pamela Anderson striking a double bicep. She stood up and put his hands on her B-cups. He reached over and sucked her nipples, now causing her to groan. She pulled away and once again took his penis inside her mouth, this time working it vigorously, moving her lips up and down the shaft like there was no tomorrow. They both showed their inexperience as he orgasmed, sending his load into her mouth. She swallowed instinctively and kept on drinking his cum, licking his tip clean.

John now collapsed on the bed. He looked as though he had just run the London Marathon; exhausted. His eyes closed as he went to sleep.

Lizzie on the other hand felt incredible. She was full of energy and went to the bathroom. Her vagina felt like it was about to blow and her entire body contracted. She leant against the wall and began to sit on the floor as she spontaneously orgasmed. She put a finger inside her pussy and rubbed, heightening the sense of pleasure she now felt. That was not all though. She now felt really hungry and raided the fridge for food. She found some steak and other nibbles which she devoured. An hour or so went by and John was still out on the bed. She wondered why she didn't feel so tired and put it down to her workouts at the gym. She had been going for a few months and had recently hired a personal trainer to help her tone up as she loved the feeling she got from lifting weights. Her next session was due tomorrow and so she decided to accompany John in bed and get some rest.

The next morning arrived and she woke. John had already got up and was in the shower, so that was where she was going also.

"Hi" John greeted her as she opened the door and entered the shower with him. They started to kiss but John pulled away.

"Whats the matter?" Lizzie asked him

"I don't remember you having such toned abs and such a firm butt" he replied.

Lizzie started to laugh and looked down to see her flabby stomach was in fact toned to the level of Kim Kardashian's fitness shoot, and she felt her bum, which would also have made Ms Kardashian jealous.

"It must have been all that sex we had last night" she joked.

He didn't think much of it and carried on kissing her. "I must have been so caught up in the sex, I never really noticed" he replied and they continued to kiss passionately.

"I've got my gym session this afternoon" she said, "I'll be back late"

They finished their shower, had breakfast and both left for work.

That evening, in the changing room, Lizzie looked at herself in the full-body mirror. Her sudden muscle development startled her and had been playing on her mind all day. She shrugged it off temporarily and focussed herself for a gruelling workout at the hands of her trainer, Richard.

He was indeed ready for her and started her on her warm-up. He had her do an intense cardio workout.

She became distracted, her thoughts raced and she craved penis...she wanted to give somebody a blow-job....no, she wanted to give her trainer a blow-job. As usual on a Wednesday evening, the gym was empty. Her trance was broken by his voice beckoning her to the chest press machine.

"Right he said, last time we did 30 reps on 15 kg. Lets start with the same again today" Lizzie sat down and when he wasn't looking, loosened her shoulder straps so that they would drop and show her breasts in the middle of the workout.

She started to push. It was easy, a lot easier than last time. She knocked 30 reps in no time at all without even breaking a sweat. Th effort wasn't enough to shake her straps down either. Richard looked surprised.

"I'm obviously doing something right!", he said, increasing the weight to 20kg. Again, she managed the reps fairly easily. He increased it again to 30kg, looking really puzzled at her strength. Now she had the challenge she needed. As she strained with efort, her straps fell down, causing her top to drop and reveal her breasts. Though she knew she was topless, she continued. Richard was transfixed on her chest, he could see her pectorals working and her breasts moved with each press. He was starting to get aroused. Lizzie

finished her set and looked at him and acted surprised at her top-half nudity. She started to rub her chest, pretending it was really sore from the workout. That was all it for his erection to break out and stand to attention inches from her face.

Lizzie pounced, pulling his trousers down, she engulfed 3/4 of his penis. It was larger than John's so he used her hands to help her. Blowing him as if she had been doing it for years, she licked and kissed the tip of his penis like it was an ice cream. Richard didn't know what to do; he had a girlfriend but Lizzie's blow-job was too much to resist. She continued to suck, causing him to groan louder and louder. Finally he exploded in her mouth and she drank the whole lot. Richard then slumped to his knees on the floor, apparently exhausted. She was buzzing, the feeling was more intense than the night before with John. She grabbed the machine as again, the feeling intensified in her body and her vagina felt tight. she knew what was coming and pushed her finger in just as she hit an orgasm. A shriek escaped her lips as her body tightened and waves of pleasure took over her vagina. Again, she had the feeling of intense hunger and raided the vending machine for protein shakes, using all her loose change on 6 bottles, which she downed one after the other. She left the gym and went to John's place. She still felt hungry and he had made her a good dinner, which she devoured.

"I'm a bit tired" she said and kissed John goodnight before retiring to bed.

When she awoke, she stood up. something felt different and as she reached over to scratch her hair, she noticed what. There was a bulge in her upper arm. Not just an insignificant little one, but a tennis ball sized bulge. She felt it - it was rock hard. Her forearm was bigger, her legs....oh my gosh, she looked at them in shock. They had grown....she had grown. She was really muscular.

Lizzie reached into the drawer and pulled out a measuring tape. She flexed her bicep and measured it at just over 12 inches of peaked muscle. She measured her calf at 13.5 inches and her quads flexed at 18 inches. Her abs were now chiselled, they looked amazing. She quickly put on her dressing gown to hide her body from John.

"I'll see you in a couple of weeks" She called to John, trying to escape without him touching her.

"Wait!" he shouted. "How about a parting goodbye". He started to take his clothes off.

"No, she said, the wait will make it all the more worthwhile" She kissed him and left

She knew what was causing her muscle growth and she wanted more. Her business trip would give her some more time to get it. She worked her steel ass off at the office in

Pittsburgh; the venue of her business trip. Whenever she could, she would hit the gym to find a victim to satisfy her new craving.

On her fourth day, she paid at the door and went in as usual. There weren't many people in, but those that were were serious bodybuilders. Her eye was caught by one ripped man curling some dumbbells and she started to make her way over when what she saw stopped her in her tracks. A woman, pumping 35kg like it was nothing. Her shoulders and biceps were exploding with each rep she made.

Lizzie now had a change of plan. She watched this muscle woman complete her sets, cool down and leave the gym for the changing room. Lizzie followed her into the showers. What a body! Her muscles were incredible and she wondered how her body could contain them, especially her lats and rear delts. Lizzie had seen this woman lift 100kg on the lat pull for reps and she still looked like a sexy woman.

Now was her chance. She dropped her shampoo in the mystery woman's direction.

"Sorry!" Lizzie proclaimed, taking her opportunity to wander over to the woman. "Wow" she said as the woman raised the bottle, causing her bicep to bulge in its peaked wonder, "That's some muscle you've got there". "I'm Lizzie, I'm over here from England on business - they sure don't have women as amazing as you over there"

The other woman smiled "My name is Natalie; I don't think this is that amazing" she said, raising her arm and flexing her bicep to its full wonder. Lizzie flexed hers - it seemed so small in comparison. Natalie completely eclipsed Lizzie and anybody looking from behind Natalie would not even realise anybody else was standing in front of her.

"May I" Lizzie dared to ask, her hand wondering over to Natalie's bicep

"Sure" came the reply as Natalie repeatedly flexed her sore bicep making it as big and hard as possible.

Lizzie squeezed it. It felt as hard as her own and as she pressed, it didn't buckle at all. She stepped closer, her lips making contact and started to kiss it. When Natalie didn't react, Lizzie continued, now exploring her target's protruding abs.

Natalie grabbed Lizzie's hips and lifted her, pressing her against the wall. She yelped in pleasant surprise as Natalie closed in and they locked lips with Lizzie's feet still dangling a foot in the air.

As Natalie finally put Lizzie down, she dropped to her knees and started to caress Natalie's thighs, moving closer to her vagina. Could engaging a woman's pussy have the same effect as giving a man a blow-job? She had to know! Her lips moved closer and

closer to Natalie's womanhood and she gently parted her skin to reveal her tight pink pussy. After a few moments of gentle kissing and licking, Lizzie dived into Natalie with her tongue. This was her first lesbian encounter but she somehow knew exactly what to do. After a while, Natalie's legs started to tremble and she let out a scream as she squirted into Lizzie's mouth. Lizzie was taken aback, she had never experienced squirting before but drank every drop that came out.

Natalie collapsed in Lizzie's arms, her chest heaving. Lizzie felt amazing and experienced a stronger contraction than ever before. The next thing she knew, she was lifting Natalie's limp body high into the air. Lizzie gently lowered the now unconscious Natalie onto the floor and herself doubled over on all fours, crawling around as her body felt like it was being pulled apart. She experienced orgasm after orgasm after orgasm, 17 in all. Why? Why did she have to try out with a woman? She had never felt so awful, every inch of her body was in pain, sore and aching. She crawled over to the benches and slowly raised herself up. Putting her clothes on, she sat there and a wave of orgasmic energy came over her again and she groaned as her vaginal muscles contracted in synchronous waves for what seemed like hours, but was actually 5 minutes of constant orgasm.

Mustering every ounce of energy she had left, she rose and made her way to the hotel, which for her was luckily just round the corner. She managed to make a call to her boss to let him know she wouldn't be in work the next day and went to sleep. It was only 6pm.

Lizzie awoke and looked at her alarm clock. It was 9pm the following day. She had been asleep for over 24 hours.

"What the...." she said, looking at her hand, which was bigger than before. She threw the duvet off her and looked at herself in amazement. She was taller - she must have now been over 6 feet tall. Her breasts, oh my gosh they were bigger and really perky. Her abs looked better than Natalie's, her thighs were enormous and her biceps, she couldn't stop flexing them. She held her right bicep as she flexed. Solid as a rock.

Lizzie stood up, rising to her new full height. "Oh yes!" she shouted, admiring herself and feeling aroused. She then dropped to the ground and started to do push-ups. She counted 1....2.....20....50....100....150....200.....250....300, she could still go on, but stopped herself. Putting one arm behind her back, she then fired off 50 push-ups with her left and another 50 with her right arm. She had to know how strong she was and ran over to the wardrobe to put her clothes on.

....RRRRIIIIIIIIIPPPPP.....

Her bicep popped out through her sleeve and her breasts parted to tear her top down her chest. Her lats flared and tore the remainder of her top to pieces.

"looser top, looser top" she ranted looking for a top that would fit her new body. she put together a top and skirt that just about hung on under the strain of her muscles and made her way to find a late night shop and gym. Luckily, she found a clothes store that was closing at 10pm and bought some clothes to fit her.

The gym was open till 11 so she ran there without even breaking a sweat and made her way to the weights. There was nobody else there, so she started on the dumbbells. She could lift 15kg before, so she tried 20kg....easy, 25kg...easy, 30kg.....easy, 35kg...easyish, 40kg....more challenging. She felt the burn in her biceps after completing 6 sets of 12 reps.

The bench press...she looked over and thought that if she could lift 30kg before, loaded 70kg and lay under. Composing herself, she went to lift and

"Too easy" she mumbled to herself, as she sat up and doubled the weight. This was a little more challenging and she kept increasing till she hit 180kg. This caused her upper body to burn and she liked it. She fired off 10 reps with some effort and repeated for 5 sets, pushing her body to its limits.

"Legs" she then shouted looking at the pair of bulging, anatomically perfect quads. she loaded the leg press with 400kg figuring her legs would be at least twice as strong as her chest. Easy.....500kg...easy....800kg....easyish....920kg...now she felt the burn and continued to press that weight for 5 sets. She then stood on the scales - 160lbs. "Wow, I've gained 40lbs of muscle" she laughed to herself

Having demonstrated her own strength to herself, she left the gym just before closing and went home. Taking a piece of her top that was now shredded to pieces, she wrapped bits around her muscles and then measured them with a ruler:

- 1) Biceps - unflexed 13.3 inches, flexed 15.1 inches
- 2) forearm 13 inches
- 3) Calves 16.5 inches
- 4) Quads - 23.5 inches flexed
- 5) Chest - 45 inches
- 6) Waist - 27 inches

She hadn't yet realised that her sexual encounter with Natalie had boosted her near superhuman levels of strength. Pound-for-pound, she was probably the strongest person the world had ever known.

She called her boss again to say that she would not be able to make work until the following week and had the weekend to outfit herself with some work clothes. Luckily,

her hard work during the first part of the week had meant she was still ahead of schedule. But how to explain this to John?

She caught the flight back to England and made it home before John finished work. Putting on her new sexiest red lace lingerie and silk dressing gown, she waited for him. Punctual as ever, he arrived and took off his coat.

"Hi John" she said seductively.

"Who? What?" he replied panicky at the shadow. Despite her stooping, Lizzie was still standing taller than her former self and this startled John.

"It's me lover-boy" she replied.

"Lizzie?" he asked and rushed over to embrace her. They kissed and Lizzie put her hands on John's waist and lifted him into the air as Natalie had done to her.

"What the.....". He couldn't believe what had just happened.

Lizzie carried him over to the sofa and put him down. With a deft movement, she undid her gown, letting it drop to the floor and stood there in all her muscular glory.

"How...." Lizzie cut him off

"New genetic steroids" she lied. "Apparently, my genetics were unique and reacted to the steroid like no-body else". She watched his reaction, which was still of shock.

She flexed her bicep and had him kiss it. "Good boy"

Without warning, she tore his shirt off in one motion, then put her hand under his bum and hoisted him off the sofa. Using her other hand on his chest, she repeatedly pressed him over her head and then bicep curled him a few times before carrying him to the bedroom. He started kissing her pecs and breasts in an uncontrollable frenzy. As soon as his trousers were off, his penis released and he started to rub it in the groove between her abdominal muscles. Lizzie let him continue to kiss her chest for a while. She then knelt down and trapped his penis between her bicep and forearm. She spat on it a few times to lubricate and he began to thrust repeatedly groaning wildly as he did so. Before he could orgasm, she opened her arm and stood up. She then put one hand on his crotch and other on his shoulder and lifted him, turning him upside down. Re-arranging her hands to hold him that way, she began to lick his penis and manoeuvred his head to her vagina, letting him lick her. She held him like this until he was about to orgasm and then removed and let his cum shoot over her face and chest.

"Come on" she goaded him, faster. He licked her as fast as he could and finally she orgasmed. Turning him back on his feet again, she pushed his erect member inside her. She held him tight to her body and without moving, she contracted her vaginal muscles in waves, giving him the sensation of thrusting. After a few minutes, she felt him orgasm inside her, and she let him go.

"We are going to have a lot of fun now" she said as she lay on top of him.

THE END