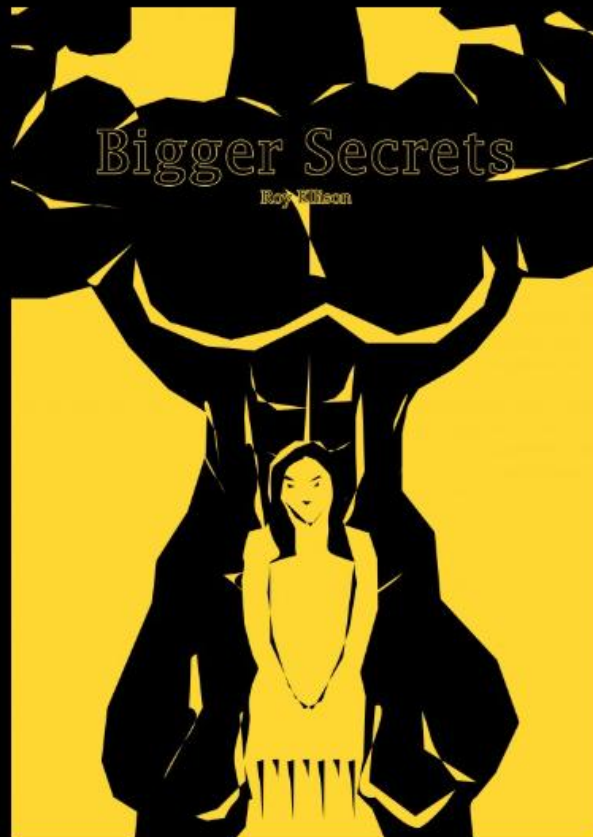




Bigger Secrets

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Wes was about to give it up. He just didn't care anymore. After going through years and years of stupidity and tedium at school, he had this final humiliation in front of him: He had to find someone for the prom. He was well aware that he wasn't exactly popular, but he hadn't expected such a level of contempt. None of the girls even thought of talking to him. When he tried to ask some of them out, they just laughed or stared at him incredulously. Was he being serious? There was no point. They just smirked, grinned or laughed.

The young man walked on over the campus. He was frustrated, tired and angry about all this. He just hated the fact that he had been so stupid as to screw up his studies and lose year after year. He was now twenty years old and still had no plan on how to deal with the rest of his life. At

least, school would finally be behind him. He looked around, unsure of who to ask. He had asked Kim, Latasha, Isabel and Fiona. Nothing. Who else could he ask?

He gave up.

As he was about to just go home, he suddenly saw Monica. She was a nerd's nerd. Unkempt, slumped, myopic and boring. Whatever.

He approached her:

"Erm. Monica."

She looked up. She had these really small eyes of people with strong glasses.

"Yes."

For Monica, it was clear that this guy was going to just abuse her some more. She hated the whole situation.

"I have a question."

"What is it? Are you going to annoy me some more?"

"No. I'm sorry. I just wanted to ask you whether you'd go to the prom with me."

"To the prom? Are you seriously asking me out?"

"I am. If you don't mind."

"Nah. I just didn't expect it."

"So, what do you say?"

"If you insist."

Great, Wes thought. That's going to be an incredible party. Fuck.

On the day before prom night, Monica called Wes:

"I'm sorry, but I can't come."

Wes groaned. Why couldn't this just work? Why not once?

"What's the problem? Are you scared?"

There was a pause. Then she answered with a rather harsh voice:

"Not at all. It's just that I don't have anything to wear."

"For real? You call me on the day before? That's so shitty of you."

"Shitty? You know what, Wes, go fuck yourself. Fuck you and your prom."

Whoa. Wes was surprised by her rudeness. He decided to backpedal.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to insult you. Sorry. Sorry. Can I help you?"

"Not unless you know someone who can get me a dress."

"Ah." Wes was relieved. He knew just the person. "I'm going to send my sister over."

"Whatever."

Wes' sister Bernadette was five years older and the prodigy in the family. He felt horribly intimidated by her, but they still somehow liked each other. He gave her a call.

"Bernie? It's Wes."

"What's up, brother mine?"

"I need your help."

"What a surprise. What can I do for you?"

"Well, my prom date needs help with her dress."

"You got a prom date? I can't believe it."

"Aw, just leave me alone. Will you help me?"

"Sure. Got to watch after my kid brother."

"Thank you. I'm in your debt."

"You always are. Just relax, I'll take care of this."

Prom night came.

Wes was ready. He had his smart suit on, he had his hair freshly cut and his car washed. For someone who didn't want to go to the prom, he looked pretty enthusiastic. He stopped the car in front of Monica's parents' house and got out. He even remembered the flowers and the candy and walked to the door. Even before he could ring, the door opened and he saw the most gigantic man he had ever seen. The guy looked like a pro wrestler with a massive beard. Like Santa Claus on steroids. He asked:

"You're Wesley?"

He nodded, feeling very intimidated.

"Great. I'm Monica's dad. She'll be there in a second. One word."

Wes said:

"I know the drill. Be courteous, no sex and be back before midnight."

"Nah. It's okay. Be honest, do whatever you two want and come back when you're ready. Honestly, I'm glad you're asking her out."

Wes grinned in confusion.

Behind the hulk, there was a voice and Wes looked past the titan. Monica descended the stairs. Or at least someone who reminded him of Monica. Bernadette had performed a miracle. A slightly insulting miracle, but a miracle none the less. She wore a red dress, pumps and a little jewelry. Most important, her stance had changed and she now appeared to be extremely tall. With her shoes, she was at least 6'5" tall. She looked down on him and said:

"Nice to see you."

He was completely stunned and awkwardly handed her the flowers and candy.

He managed a "For you.". She took them, looked at them and smiled.

"They're wonderful."

His grinned turned into a blush.

"I'm glad you like them."

She went into the house and watered them, then returned:

"Shall we?"

Years later.

Wes was on top of his wife. Monica had spread her legs and tried her best to feel some kind of excitement at his grunting and pushing. He worked hard and finally managed to come. He groaned and grunted,

then lay on top of her, semi-unconscious. He took a deep breath, then cuddled against his wife's tall, slim body.

"So, did you come."

The reply was less than enthusiastic:

"Yes, dear."

"Are you sure? It didn't sound like it."

"Trust me. With women, it can be more discreet."

"Really? You can totally tell me if you don't feel satisfied."

She gave him a curious look, then shook her head.

"Nah, it was okay."

"Okay isn't enough."

He rolled to the side. Next to her, he felt short. Actually, he was. She had grown another inch since he first met her. She now stood 6'3" in the flats she preferred to wear. He was unsure what to think of it. He guessed he had to feel insecure about it, but he wasn't. He actually enjoyed her height. Still, it was sad that he couldn't make her come. It made him awkward, which in turn reinforced the whole problem. He just longed for an idea.

Monica longed for an orgasm. She was perfectly able to come by masturbating, but with Wes, she rarely ever came. Only if she was really starved for sex. She hated the whole situation. Wes was a nice guy, she liked him, he was trustworthy and fun. Their sex-life was shit, though. She had no idea what to do. Hurting his feelings wasn't a possibility. On the other hand, lying didn't help her either.

"Wes, we need to talk."

A few weeks later, they were relaxing on the couch. Instantly, Wes contracted. Was she going to dump him? He shivered. She put a calming hand on his wrist.

"Relax. I just want to find a solution."

"A solution. What for?"

"Guess."

"The sex."

"Of course. It's unsatisfying."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I want to try something, though."

He felt better. That sounded more promising than leaving him.

"What do you have in mind?"

"I read about the problem in a magazine. It says we should explore what we like. Maybe we'll find a thing that we like."

"Okay, let's try that. Where should we start?"

"Get the tablet. Let's watch some porn."

"Stop it. I don't think that feels right."

Wes looked at his wife. She was spread-eagled on their bed and he had just finished tying her arms and legs to the bedposts. He had enjoyed the thrill, but Monica looked a little disappointed.

"Okay ..."

So far, they weren't making any headway. Trying sex in the car proved to be complicated because of her height, having sex in public had forced

them to flee when the rentacops came. Monica had refused a threesome with a woman, Wes had refused one with a man. Bondage wasn't working either. Wes was rather annoyed as he untied her. She said:

"I'm sorry, but it just doesn't feel right."

"Fine."

Wes' excitement had immediately abated. With a certain irony, he said:

"So, what's next? Sex while parachuting?"

Monica took the ropes and said:

"Not yet. First, we switch places."

He had never felt so liberated. Wes had shut his eyes as Monica pulled the binds tight. He was hard in a second, tenting his boxers. He could feel her hands touching him and he gasped. She said:

"Well, who would have known."

He gasped as she laid her fingers on his cock. Wes said:

"This is incredible."

"I think so. It is. I like to have you at my mercy."

She pinched his nipple. He shouted:

"Hey!"

"I'm sorry, I only wanted to try that.", she said mockingly.

"No, it's okay. It's ... surprising."

Instead of pinching him again, she climbed on top of him and said:

"It does feel good."

She slid herself over his cock. Immediately, she started gasping and began riding him. He soon joined her grunts.

The next weeks were a blur. Basically, the pair did nothing but eat, work, sleep and fuck. Finding their kink had freed them. Whenever Monica had a moment of free time at the office, she'd think about how she'd bind and dominate Wes. In the same way, Wes had to conceal his hard-on at the construction site whenever he touched the ropes or zip-ties.

Faced with the reality of her dominant nature, Monica had embraced it, investing in a pair of very high heels that gave her a five-inch-boost, bringing her up to 6'8". Although she was a couple of years younger than her husband, she towered over him. She was over a head taller than him in her shoes and greatly enjoyed this. She bent down and kissed him on his front or sank her fingers into his hair.

Wes, on the other hand, was enjoying looking up to her. He occasionally asked her to get him things from high shelves just to see her easily take them and hand them down to him.

Monica had supplemented their bondage equipment with a few extras: Some handcuffs, more ropes and some rings she had Wes attach to their bed frame. Then, she attached Wes to their bed frame.

Still, it was mostly play. Monica was well aware that she could only do these things to her husband as long as he played along. More than once, she had realised that she had no way to restrain him should he want to move. She wasn't too certain she liked that.

"Tell me, Wes, don't you think it's ridiculous?"

Her husband was currently hogtied on their bed and was trying to find a position that allowed him to enjoy his erection. He answered:

"What? The position I'm in, the fact that this is our way to enjoy ourselves or that I can't roll on my side?"

"That's not what I meant."

"What did you mean?"

He managed to drop to the side and was now faced with the problem that he couldn't move any further. Monica grabbed his cock and began playing with it.

"I meant that I'm so weak. I mean, it's all just make-believe. You're much stronger than I am, yet you submit to me."

"Who cares?"

"I care. It's just not real."

"So, what do you want to do about it?"

She thought for a while.

"I'll join a gym and get in shape."

"Fine with me."

He came.

Oddly enough, Monica's training sort of blocked their further sexual exploration. After a few days of going to the gym, Monica said:

"This is really nice and I'm enjoying it."

Wes didn't mind.

"That's cool. So, how about a little fun?"

"Not yet, dear. I want to work on it for a while and surprise you once I feel ready."

"But is this really necessary? I love you so much and you definitely turn me on."

"Yes, of course, my dear. But I insist. I want to blow you away."

"Okay."

Wes was annoyed. He had found something they enjoyed and now it was being taken away from him. Just as he was about to get angry, Monica added:

"But just because you're not supposed to see my body doesn't mean we can't have fun."

With these words, she slipped a blindfold over his eyes and led him to the sofa. He heard the handcuffs click and her hand on his dick.

The days went by. They became weeks. Monica spent a lot of time at the gym. On the street and at home, she wore wide outfits that hid her body as completely as possible short of a burka. In the evening, she'd blindfold him again and lead his life completely. She'd feed him at first until he'd figured it out, she'd entertain him and she'd get him to bed. There, she'd switch the blindfold for a hood. At first, it shocked him, but she insisted.

Lying in the dark, he waited until she was asleep. Should he roll over and try to touch her? He wasn't sure if he should. She was bound to tie him to the bed if she caught him. He hesitated. Was he man enough to dare it? He struggled. He turned over and reached out in the darkness. Wes bit his tongue. Should he do it? Suddenly, he pulled back. He didn't have the courage. Just as he retracted his hand, he heard her voice in the stygian night:

"Good boy."

Wes was growing impatient. Monica was teasing him, occasionally sending him blurry pictures of things that could be body parts. She did look fit as far as he could tell, but he had no way to be sure. Meanwhile, Monica was working harder and harder at her body. She had started with mostly cardio, had then added training on machines and eventually supplemented her workouts with free weights. She had hired a trained who had set up a strict diet and made sure she kept to it.

She soon leaned out and began wrapping herself in muscle. The first part she noticed were her biceps. Where once had been twigs, there were now slight bulges. The next part were her calves. When she walked in her heels, they bunched together even more. She smiled when she felt their hardness. Soon, her thighs and her shoulders followed suit. Within a few months, she was fit. She had a six-pack, not a very defined one, but still. She had a tight bun and looked wiry and strong. The training had changed her stance and made her stand even straighter, making her gain an inch. When she walked home, her heels clicking on the pavement, people turned their heads, men walked into lamp-posts and women hissed. She had these injections in her sole to make walking in heels more bearable and had promptly begun wearing six-inch-heels pretty much everywhere. At 6'10" she towered over everybody and had to duck when walking through doors. This enormous height turned her on incredibly. More than once, she found herself wet when she finished talking with her boss, a friendly, yet somewhat ridiculous man even shorter than Wes.

After what felt like forever, she decided to reveal her body. Wes found himself blindfolded and chained to the heater. He was quivering with anticipation. Monica said:

"Did you feel the strength?"

Indeed, Wes had been surprised by his wife's power. She had manhandled him and forced him to the ground. He had submitted, but he had found her strong enough to give herself believability. He was certain he could still bring her down, but it was getting close. The thought alone made him hot.

"I did, Mistress."

The word was like honey to her. Mistress. This is what she was. This is what she wanted to be. The runt would learn that. She set her leg in front of him and told him:

"Touch my leg. Caress my calf."

Wes reached out with his free hand and laid his fingers on her bulging muscle. It felt hard and tight. He nodded in admiration.

"Wow."

"That's all you have to say?"

"I'm sorry, Mistress. I wanted to say: I adore it. It's so hard."

"Much better."

She lifted her leg and rested her heel against his chest, leaving a mark.

"Do you feel my strength?"

As Wes worked his hands upwards, Monica's arousal increased. She was getting ridiculously horny. Her husband's admiration was incredible. She shut her eyes as he gasped upon reaching her thighs. She heard him say:

"Oh my God. Your legs. They're really strong. You've really become fit."

"Just you wait. I'm going to be so much more."

"I'm sorry, Mistress, but can I ask for a favour?"

"Of course, dear. What do you want?"

"Can I ... lick your legs?"

She was surprised. On the other hand, why not?

"Maybe. I'll need some more begging, though."

"Please!"

"More!"

"Mistress, I beg you. Please let me."

"You may."

She grinned. This was so stupid. On the other hand, it did turn her on. With a quick movement, she dropped her panties and said:

"Dear, when you're finished, why don't you go a little higher?"

Once his face was thoroughly covered with her juices, Monica said:

"Okay. Now calm down, dear. All this licking is nice, but I need you to know your limits."

She stepped closer.

"So what we're going to do now, is I'm going to take off all this outfit and be naked. And when I am, I might take off your blindfold. Got it?"

He nodded enthusiastically. He heard her clothes rustle. There was the sound of a zipper. The soft fall of a scarf. The slip of a dress.

She could see his erection harden. He heard a bra pop open, the slight sizzle of a bra glide off her arms. The blindfold had made his senses much more acute and he could almost hear as she slipped off her gloves.

Finally, there was silence.

He heard her voice:

"It's time."

Her hands grabbed his blindfold and quickly undid the knot. He blinked and stared up this tremendous woman. She was incredible.

The gigantic woman in front of him gave him a sarcastic look.

"Impressed?"

He fumbled for words. What could he say?

"Incredible. I love you."

She laughed.

"I love you too."

She shifted her hips, showing off her abs.

"Still, you gotta do what you gotta do."

With these words, she crouched down, her quads bunching. She said:

"First, let's get you freed."

With a few quick movements, she unlocked the handcuffs. He massaged his wrists. Monica grinned and pushed him back down. She sat on his chest and added:

"Imagine this. I have these super-long legs."

She lifted her arm and flexed. There was a bit of biceps.

"I have these muscles."

She leaned on him and licked his lips.

"I'm so sexy, any woman in the world should be green with jealousy."

He gasped. She was right.

"But I'm going to be so much more. I know you're playacting now. You're still stronger than me. But that is going to change. I'm going to be a titanic muscle-goddess and you're going to be my worshiper. You're going to adore me."

"I will. I love you so much."

"I love you so much ...?"

"I love you so much, Mistress."

"Much better."

Monica pushed her obsession further. She went to the gym every day. Her workouts became more intense and her body responded accordingly. Her trainer was impressed. He had rarely seen anyone make so much progress in so little time. However, her new lifestyle began to take its toll. Her salary as a clerk was hardly sufficient and the money Wes earned as a contractor was good enough for their regular life, but not for one so expensive.

After a very intense workout, she relaxed and asked her trainer:

"Tell me, Jason, why is all this so expensive? There must be a way to pay for all this."

Jason, an older gentleman of a bodybuilder, smiled to himself. He had half expected the question and made his move:

"A friend of mine is a photographer with a website. He would pay for some photos."

"Naughty ones?"

The older man was surprised. He hadn't expected to be so direct.

"Well ... not at first."

"Why not? Shouldn't there be more money in this?"

"I guess so."

"Jason, I need to grow this body and I need the money to pay for this. So, if there's money to be made, I'm in."

"But ..."

She put her hand on his cheek:

"Jason, my mom used to be a swimsuit model. I don't care."

"Okay. I'll talk to him."

Lou was impressed. Jason had told him about this enthusiastic young amazon, he had laughed. Jason usually boasted about the girls he met at the gym, but they tended to be more about fame and popularity than about muscle.

Instead, this Monica person had thrown herself into her shooting. She had walked in on her sky-high heels and had instantly shown off her muscles by stripping down to her bikini. She wasn't quite a fitness model yet, but she looked as if she was committed.

Lou said:

"Wow. You're really tall."

She looked down at him:

"I get that a lot."

"Is that your first shoot?"

"Yes. I hope it'll be okay."

"I'll show you the ropes."

He had her sit down at the makeup table and got to work. Monica was surprised, but let him work. When he was finished, she was surprised. This guy really knew what he was doing. She looked sexy without being slutty. Next, he told her to get up and strip.

She looked at him in confusion.

"Why?"

"Full-body makeup. Jason, get out."

The old man nodded. She asked:

"Why?"

"The lights are bright. If you don't want to look like pale corpse, you should tan. Since you don't, I'm going to do this artificially."

He expected her to hesitate, but she just undid her top and stood up straight. He smiled:

"I'm going to need a stepladder."

Wes was at home, scrolling through pages and pages of porn. He had taken the day off after feeling sick. He was fully aware that this was a stupid move in this economy, but the last weeks had been hard on him. Just relaxing for a while was what he needed. After all, he still had to come to terms with his submissive side. It was difficult for him: at work, he was quite the manly man and now this. It made him feel ridiculous, but on the other hand, he just loved the moment when he realised he could completely trust Monica and give in to her decisions. For these

precious moments, he was completely free of any pressure. He could just do what she wanted and submit.

He was unsure of how to deal with this.

His mind drifted back to what he was doing.

Before him, the porn had changed. He had inadvertently drifted into the weirder parts of the website. There was bondage, but there was also wrestling, puny men held by muscular women. Gigantic, powerful women who looked feminine, yet also incredibly dominant.

His hand went to his crotch.

What was going on with him?

That evening, Monica lay awake for a long time. Wes was snoring next to her. She hadn't told him yet of her budding second career. In all honesty, she still wasn't sure about it. After all, being a model was a weirdo job and getting recognised from her pictures could hurt her job. On the other hand, she had to say that it wasn't much of a job. She was a glorified secretary. Chances were good that this was a dead-end job anyway.

She rolled to her side. She had thought about becoming a model before. After all, she was very tall and slim. It was her odd relationship with her mother which had prevented her from taking this path. Also, she had to admit that she wasn't too beautiful. Her face had no special feature that made her unique.

She tossed and turned for a while, then finally gave up.

She got back up and put on her tracksuit. She would take a short run and maybe tire herself out enough to fall asleep.

Soon, she was on her way, the sidewalk flowing below her. With every step, her stride widened and she felt the cold night air clear her mind.

Her run was suddenly interrupted by two young men who were clearly drunk and in company of a giggling and equally drunk woman. The guys were clearly making their move and the woman was fine with it at first, but then, the situation suddenly shifted.

With a few quick steps, Monica was on them. She asked:

"Are you alright? Do you need help?"

The first drunken guy answered:

"Nah, I'm fine."

Then he blinked and turned around. He looked at Monica's chest, then looked up, and up. He asked:

"What?"

The other man had also turned to her and looked equally confused. Monica smiled and asked the woman:

"Second try: Are you alright? Do you need help?"

"What was I doing?"

Monica sighed. She looked down at the two fools and said:

"Go home now." They hesitated. She put on her sternest face and repeated: "Now."

Grumbling, they walked away.

She added:

"And be quick about it!"

They sped up and soon disappeared.

Monica offered her hand to the woman and led her home.

Once she was safe, Monica walked home. Only now did she realise that she could have been in deep trouble. If these guys had attacked her, there wouldn't have been much she could have done. She stopped and said to no one in particular:

"I'll have to learn to fight."

"Come on, give me one more rep!"

Jason started counting the moves. Monica was lying on the bench and pumped the barbell as good as she could. At the end of the rep, her muscles started to shiver. She barely managed to rack it. She sat back up and gasped for air:

"Oh God. That was so hard. You're really pushing me now."

"You asked for it. I'm not going to ease up on you now."

She touched her arm. There was some muscle on it now. She started to look more and more like a fitness competitor. Monica had started to supplement her physical training with yoga classes and martial arts. These activities now took up most of her free time and Wes was beginning to complain. On the one hand, he was amazed by her strength and her looks, but he wanted to spend more time with her. Alas, work made that impossible. Monica had thought about reducing her work hours, but hadn't decided yet. After all, this job was her safety should anything go wrong.

She stretched a bit and asked:

"Tell me, Jason, when can I do another shoot with Lou?"

"I don't know, I'll ask him. You just have to be careful not to overdo it. Magazine spaces are few and far between, so you can't expect to sell much."

"I see. Do you know any other way to earn some extra money with this?"

"You could do a cam show. I could hook you up with some websites, you spend time on the message boards, get some fans and let them pay you for looking at you and talking with you."

"Who would want to do that?"

"I know a few people."

Monica adjusted the camera. Wes was out, visiting his mom.

"Okay, guys and girls, are you there?"

The site was not exactly crowded. Monica ignored the usual "Show us your tits!" and "tits or GTFO". One of the patrons asked:

"So, how long have you been training?"

"Four months now. I've made a lot of progress, I think."

Another person asked:

"Could we have your measurements?"

She obliged:

"I'm going to get my tape measure."

"Oh, yes."

"Is this turning you on?"

"Sure!"

Jason had told her that this would come up, so she got up and grabbed it from her dresser. She took the opportunity to show off her long legs, causing people to write admiring messages. She adjusted the camera again and took up position.

"Let's measure. Where should I start?"

"My biceps? Okay ... I expected you to ask about my waist or something, but whatever."

She slung the tape around her arm and flexed to make it bigger. People demanded she pump up some more. Monica hesitated. She hadn't expected people to care more about her muscles than about her overall looks.

She said:

"So you want me to pump up first?"

Ecstatic howls were the answer.

"Fine. Here we go."

She dropped down and started doing push-ups. She managed to do thirty, five more than her usual max.

She then got back up, pumped her arm again and flexed some more.

"Okay, so let's measure." She tightened the tape and said: "Eleven inches and a half. Not bad, huh?"

When Wes came home, he found his wife naked and relaxed on the couch. She was working her snatch with a dildo and enjoying herself. He looked at her, grinned and asked:

"Need any help with that?"

"Nah, I'm fine."

He looked disappointed. She smiled and said:

"Oh, come on. It was a joke. Get over here, you big lug."

She beckoned him and grabbed him by his collar. With a tug, she pulled him down and led him to her cunt.

"Lick me!"

He hesitated, then found his head immobilised and pulled closer by her long legs. He struggled, but she managed to hold him.

Barely. This had to become easier.

With every extension of her legs, the machine clanked again. Every clank meant another step to a more powerful body. Monica was sweating, she was fighting. Every effort was a step forward. She struggled, she prevailed. She imagined herself, tall, beautiful, muscular. A modern day amazon. A titaness. The mere idea of becoming huge and humongous made her wet. She forced her legs into another rep. She could feel the blood pump, the muscle fibres tear and rebuild. She vowed to herself she would be a beast, a monster. Everybody would be in awe, just watching her.

When she finished her set, she gasped. She tried to get up, her legs numb. Jason looked at her with a look uncertainty. This woman was pushing herself harder than anybody he had ever trained. Most people had a lot of initial enthusiasm, but as they realised the length of the road ahead, they wavered. Monica, on the other hand, had prevailed. She had kept up her workouts, she fought to do the exercises in perfect form. She was a true bodybuilder. Somehow, he felt humbled watching

her. She seemed to be more into this than he was and he had spent the better part of his life working hard to create his own body.

As she massaged life back into her muscles, she said:

"That was good."

"That was incredible."

"Nah. There's still room for more. I really let myself slip on the last rep."

He stared at her concentrated expression. Most people would just be happy to finish the set. With her, there was always room for improvement. She winced as she worked her muscles with her hands.

He said:

"Maybe you should get a professional masseur. It would help."

"Do you know someone?"

Wes was at work. He was on his knees, finishing the installation of the wiring. The place was a huge new office building. He enjoyed the view. The city spread below him. Under his uniform, he wore a collar. Monica had given it to him and insisted he wore it. It felt odd, but there was a certain thrill to it. As he set the cover, he thought about her. Monica had turned herself into an incredible woman. He had never seen anyone like her. Her workouts were starting to pay off and she was now quickly becoming harder and tighter. Her arms had become very toned, her six-pack was clearly visible and he found it harder and harder to withstand her. Of course, he was still stronger, but the gap was closing.

The mere thought of her incredible body made him rock-hard. He looked around. Nobody here. He had to get to a toilet now. Shit. The next porta john was two levels below. He had no idea if he'd manage to get there in time.

Whatever. He walked to the barrier, looked over the city and smiled blissfully as he thought of the marvelous legs of his wife.

Once again, Monica was at her computer. Her chat partners were clearly very happy to see her and she was showing off her recent progress. That's when one of them finally managed to summon all his courage and ask:

"Do you do sessions?"

Monica hesitated. She had no idea what that meant. She thought about it for a while, then said:

"I'm going to think about it. I'll tell you next time."

This way, she could ask Jason what that was. On the other hand, she could check on the internet right away. Monica shook her head to herself and decided to continue the show for now. She was now flexing her pecs, having learned this skill a few days ago.

Her pert breasts jumped up and down. She grinned and said:

"Do you like this? Look at my sexy boobs being lifted by my strong pecs. Can you imagine having them in your face?"

She underlined the last sentence by letting both breasts jump up simultaneously, enhancing the cleavage of her top further.

Another question:

"You look awesome! Say, are you going to get even more muscular?"

She grinned, hit a double biceps and said:

"Of course. I'm going to get huge. Super huge."

"What's a session?"

Monica had just finished another harrowing set of ab exercises and was drinking to rehydrate. Jason blushed. It looked odd with his tanned, rather drawn looks. He answered:

"Well, unless you are referring to a jam session for musicians ...". She shook her head. "Thought as much. It's a muscle worship session."

"Worship? As in religion?"

"No. Well, not quite. The idea is that someone pays you to admire your body."

"People do that?"

"Why, yes. I used to do them myself when I was still young and handsome."

"You?"

"Of course. I have a pic in my locker. Wait, I'm going to get it."

Moments later, Monica looked at a young, very muscular and nude guy with a rather huge cock, laying there in a rather seductive pose.

"That's you?"

"Yes ..."

"You look super handsome. Not cute. Very manly."

She nodded appreciatively. Then, she asked:

"So there's no sex involved?"

"It depends. At least in my time, most people just paid to watch and touch. I guess you'll have to set your limits."

"Hmm ..."

The next day, Monica was online again. She noticed she had received a few donations and some subscriptions. It wasn't actually earning her real money, but she could pay some of the food with this.

She stopped chatting with one of the members and addressed the whole audience:

"You asked about sessions. Here's what I decided: I don't feel ready for full muscle worship stuff yet."

There was some disappointment.

"I know. But I'm still starting out and I don't want to rush it. No use in burning out."

Some grunts of approval.

"So here's what I offer: You can get custom pictures and videos taken of me. You tell me what you want to see and I'll do my best to do it. Also, I'm offering training sessions. We all need to get in shape, so why not do it together. You can book a date with me, I train with you and you can feel the pump. Also, you can watch me power through sets that will make you question your masculinity!"

She added a cheeky smiley and leaned back.

Let's hope for the best, she thought.

Weekend came. Monica and Wes woke up and started their days. Out of routine, Monica started her cleaning routine. Wes switched on the TV and started watching the morning cartoons. She had always wondered what this was about. Maybe some remains of his childhood. Anyway, as she dusted off the cupboards, she stopped. Then, she went to the

bedroom, took out the special outfit she had bought for her next cam-show and put it on. It took a while and wasn't easy, after all, it was still quite stiff, but once she was ready, she was amazed by her look. After all, the leather catsuit had cost a lot of money and was very tight. She put on the matching boots she had bought and stepped back in the living room, balancing on top of her eight-inch heels. She had practiced as much as she could, but she was still uneasy on her feet. Also, the room was getting a bit low for her tastes.

Wes hadn't looked at her yet, still engrossed by the action on the screen.

She waited for a second, then said:

"Wes."

"Not now honey."

"Wes."

"I said not ..."

His voice trailed off as he stared at his giant wife.

"Wes. We need to talk. It's time you do your part of household chores."

"But ..."

"No but, Wes. No but."

Now that Wes had taken over most of the household chores she could trust him with, Monica had more time to exercise. Once again, she increased the intensity of her workouts. She was now pushing herself to her limit and it was beginning to show. Her muscles had grown some more and she had managed to build a body most women would envy. She was tight, strong and tall, while also acquiring a flexibility that made her spectators gasp and grin. And jerk off, of course.

Jason was equally impressed. He now focused almost exclusively on training her, careful to find new ways for her to make money and improve her status. Lou had accepted to do some more shoots, these being even more risqué than the previous ones. The money was now coming in nicely and Monica was thinking about giving up her day job to switch to being a full-time model and session performer.

She decided to take her chance and let fate decide.

The next day, she arrived at her job in her full-on domination style. She wore eight-inch heels, a pencil skirt and a short-sleeved blouse that showed off her powerful biceps. Her hair was tight and set in a bun and she wore her black-rimmed glasses. Her boss stared at her incredulously as the seven-foot-tall secretary walked in on her vertiginous heels.

She took up position in front of him and said:

"I need a raise."

"What?"

"A raise. I need more money."

"But how ... And why?"

He seemed to be honestly confused. She stepped to his desk, grabbed his tie and pulled him on the desk. He was on all fours now, his stuff falling to the ground. She pulled him even closer and said:

"You will do as I say."

"I ... I'm sorry."

"You will be sorry and you'll act as you're told."

He seemed hopelessly confused and tried to conceal his growing erection. She smirked:

"I didn't tell you to get hard yet."

"Okay, let's get started. Give me twenty push-ups."

Monica looked down at the man in his forties who was looking at her in horniness. He maybe had expected something different, because he continued staring at her. She was wearing some very short shorts that showed off her long toned legs and a crop top that allowed him to look at her abs. Seeing that he didn't do what she told him, she repeated her order:

"Twenty push-ups. Now!"

The man knelt on the floor and arranged himself in the correct position. He lowered himself and pushed himself back up. Monica started counting the moves.

"You're going too fast. I want you to do this slower."

He strained:

"But that's hard."

"Of course it's hard, you weakling. What do you think you're here for. You book me for a training session, you get a training session. I'm going to make you workout so hard, you're going to forget your name. Now do it slowly!"

Eventually, the man was done. He was completely busted and laid on the couch now. Monica had handed him a big glass of water and said:

"Because you've done what you've been asked to do, here's a little reward."

She stood up straight and began stretching.

"Like what you see?"

He nodded.

"Well, then I've got more in store for you."

With these words, she laid down on the bench and prepared to do some pressing. She said:

"Spot for me. This is a new level I'm shooting for. It might get a bit heavy, so I need you to be careful. I want to pump my muscles really hard. If you're careful and do what I tell you, you can see how big they get afterwards. I might even let you squeeze them. If you can ..."

With these words, she began pumping out reps. The customer tried to concentrate on the bar, but instead found his pants get tighter and tighter. This amazonian goddess was laying right in front of him, grunting and sweating. The bar went up and down, he could see her arms stretch and contract, her muscles bulge and struggle.

Monica called Jason and asked to meet him at a café close to the gym. He came in and saw her sipping at her latte. She gave him a short wave and had him sit down. There was no "please" or "hello". Clearly, her personality, which had always been a little domineering, had grown more and more controlling.

She said:

"Okay, here's what's up: I've made a list of the money I'm making now and I want this to work."

"The money ... So you did a session?"

"Sure. I got my boss to give me a raise, I have the photos, I have the cam shows and I have the training sessions. All of this gets me money. Money I want to invest in getting the best body there is. I want to blow Wes

away and I want to be the best at what I do." She paused. "I want to be a legend."

"A legend?"

"I want to be a perfect amazon. A huge, incredibly muscular, super-sexy uberwoman."

Jason grinned.

"I see. That's quite the goal."

"I know. So what I want from you, is a plan on how to get there."

"I understand. Do you have any specifics?"

"I want to get as muscular as I can. I want to look shocking and beautiful. I want to be desired and admired by everybody. Those who don't love me should hate me or fear me."

"I understand. It's a little ... how should I put it ... megalomaniac."

"Will you help me or not?"

"I will. Just a question: If you say as muscular as you can get, do you mean naturally?"

When Wes came home, he once again noticed Monica wasn't there. It had been like this before when she had to do some overtime, but recently, it had become the standard of their relationship. He quickly stripped off and took a shower, careful to not let his clothes lay on the floor. The last weeks had definitely made him more conscious about housekeeping. Fuck it, he had become the housekeeper. Until recently, he just hadn't cared about it, even though Monica had occasionally talked about splitting chores. He had ignored it as typical nagging. When she had told him to take care of the cleaning, he had obeyed.

After all, his woman was enormous and VERY persuasive. As he cleaned himself, he soon found his hand moving to his dick. He had to admit, she was incredible. He had never imagined being with a woman like her and there he was. She was incredibly tall, slim and getting increasingly strong. They had arm-wrestled recently. He had managed to beat her, but barely. She had been really annoyed by this. He could tell she wanted to be stronger, more powerful.

It turned him on, but it also worried him. What would he do if she turned herself into a man? One of these bodybuilder women he had seen on TV? They weren't exactly feminine, to be true. Not at all. On the other hand, if he was honest with himself, he had to admit they turned him on. Having these huge muscles, all ripped and bulging ... Maybe it was gross and unnatural, but it did look awesome.

He was probably going nuts.

Wes finished jerking off, washed and went to clean the living room.

"Okay, so this stuff is not illegal?"

Monica looked at the growing number of little bottles that Jason extracted from his sports' bag. He shook his head:

"It's illegal to use this in official competitions and they're controlled substances, so you can't buy or sell them normally. You need a license and a medical reason to buy them."

He took out a folder of the bag:

"And here it is. A friend of mine is a specialist. You've been diagnosed with a very complex disease that needs to be treated with this."

"How can this guy still be member of any medical association?"

"You're really looking for problems, aren't you?"

"Well, I don't want to get in trouble."

"Then you should back out. Where I'm taking you, there's nothing but trouble. But also big muscles."

"Okay." She took a deep breath. "How does this work?"

"Okay, guys. I've been hitting the weights really hard and I've been making some great gains."

Monica stood in front of the camera. She wore a very tight blouse. The short sleeves were being strained by her biceps, which had clearly become bigger. She wore a very tight, rather short pencil skirt and her new huge pumps that gave her an eight-inch-boost. She also had some black-rimmed glasses on and wore her hair in a bob. The fans were clearly happy to see her.

"So, who wants to see what I managed to do?"

Cheers erupted.

"Okay, so let's get pumped up."

She walked to a kettlebell she had recently bought and lifted it. She held it out on her extended arm and flexed her biceps. She went through a series of aesthetic poses, then returned to the screen.

"So, guys, I am now officially pumped."

The muscles in her arm were now hard, thick and there were some visible veins.

"So here's the moment you've all been waiting for."

She stood there, flexed her arms, relaxed them, flexed them again, harder. Her skin strained against the textile. She relaxed again, pumped

again. Another time. With a sudden "ping", the two little buttons that held the sleeves up flew away.

She laughed.

"Wait, there's more!"

She returned to her kettlebell, pumped up some more, returned to the camera and went into a most muscular pose. She relaxed again. The blouse recovered as good as it could, but Monica did another most muscular. She added:

"Look at this. I'm getting huge."

She strained at the shirt.

The third time was the charm. With a tear, the shirt broke, pieces of fabric falling off her muscular physique. She stood there in her bra and grinned.

Behind her, Wes walked in.

"What the hell is going on?"

Wes was understandably angry. He stared at his half-naked wife, the camera set up and the chat program spitting out comments like a machine gun. He continued:

"Monica, what the hell are you doing?"

She still tried to recover.

"Wes, you're home early ..."

"I am. And I still don't get what the fuck you are doing. What is all this?"

"Well ..."

The tall woman was unsure of what to say. Her short husband stood in front of her, barely reaching her breasts. She shrugged, then knelt down so she could be at the height of his eyes.

"Wes ..."

He was confused by this sudden show of dominance. He hesitated, then asked:

"Are you live?"

She nodded slowly.

"I am. I'm a cam model. I earn money. Money I need to build my body and be sexier. Do you understand? I am doing this for you."

"But I thought I earned enough money."

"You wouldn't believe how expensive this is. And it's going to get even worse. Any money is good money." She put her hand on his head:

"Because that is what you want, don't you? You want a sexy huge woman that dominates you and shows you your place, don't you?"

He nodded slowly, acquiescing the facts.

"I know. How much are you earning?"

She told him the sum. He sucked in the air.

"I understand."

"That's good. Don't worry. I'm going to make you happy in a moment. Very happy."

She flashed her biceps.

"Just let me switch off the camera."

Wes found himself hogtied by the strong and pitiless arms of his wife. He was aware that he was still strong enough to resist, but his will to fight had left him. Feeling the rope against his skin made him hard. He knew that he was bound and that he could not escape. Monica had practiced her ropework on him over the last months and he knew when he was beat.

She stood in front of him, towering over him and smiling.

With a tear, she removed the last remains of the bust shirt. Under it, he discovered a black lace bra. It pushed up her breasts, but he could see they had lost a lot of their volume. Instead, they were now being squeezed outwards by her slowly growing pectorals.

"Yes, my dear, I know what you're thinking. Your wife is transforming. She is turning herself into a peak specimen of the human race. Maybe even a goddess. That's what you call freaks of nature once they master their environment."

He struggled against the bonds.

"What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Well, my dear, I mostly trained a lot. But since I want some serious gains, I had Jason shoot me up with all kinds of drugs that make me grow. I'm going to get much more muscular than I am now. Just you wait."

"But why?"

"Why? You ask why? Look at yourself. You're pathetic. You're cute, but you're pathetic. The only thing that counts in this world is power. And I'm going to get that. First physical and mental power and then we'll see. You, on the other hand, are going to be weak. Too weak to resist me."

With these words, she flipped him on his back, dropped her panties and knelt on top of him, her sex coming down on his face.

"Now make yourself useful and lick me!"

Instantly, she felt his tongue on her snatch. It was soft, yet rough, just as she liked it. Wes circled her clit at first, making her squirm. She bit her tongue as he worked his way down to her labia, occasionally thrusting it inside her. Her arousal was growing. He gasped as he realised that her clit was getting bigger and harder. He wondered when that had happened. The thing had always been pinhead-sized, now it was as big as the nail of his little finger. He decided to give it another lick and was instantly greeted by wetness from her cunt. He continued licking her, slipping his tongue-tip through the ridge of her hood.

Monica began working his face, grinding her crotch against his head. It felt incredible. He increased the intensity, her juices started overflowing. Soon, his face was swimming. He struggled to continue licking. She began to force her powerful legs together, encasing his face. She leaned back, reaching for his raging cock. She grabbed it with a strong hand and began pulling and rubbing it. At first, he thought she would tear it off, but instead, he felt the sensation grow ever more pleasurable. Between gasps, he heard her say:

"Yes! Please, more, faster! Come on!"

Her hand went faster now, cupping his cock's head. She rode him harder, drowning him in her cum. He fought for air, the asphyxiation turning him on even more. His face felt as if it would explode between her incredible thighs. He thought about their tremendous strength. Just when he envisioned how huge they would become, she came. She almost shot out a massive squirt, soaking him, getting it in his nose and mouth. He came this very moment, gasping for air and struggling to remain conscious. His cum shot all over the place like a fountain.

When it finally stopped, she looked down at him and said:

"Oh Wes, that was wonderful."

"Everything for you, darling."

She got up, freed him and tried to get her mess cleaned up. That's when she realised the camera was still switched on.

The next day, Jason shot her up and had her practice her lifts. Once they were done, she said:

"I fucked up yesterday."

"In what way?"

"Well, I left the camera running. Everybody saw me and Wes fuck."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't notice. I just switched it off afterwards."

"So he doesn't know. Honestly, I don't think that's a good idea. He's going to find out and then he's going to be angry."

"I know. I just don't know what to do. If I tell him now, he's going to be angry and, well, he'd be right."

"Maybe there's a way to sweeten the bitterness."

"What do you mean?"

"How were the reactions?"

"Actually, quite a few people liked it. A lot. I have a massive amount of new subscribers."

Jason looked at her expectantly.

"Maybe you should cam together?"

"He'd never agree."

"Are you sure? If I had told you your husband liked to be dominated and controlled by a muscular giantess, would you have believed me?"

Still, the situation brought a change into their relationship. A few days later, Monica confessed to Wes about the camera. He took it calmly, but was clearly unhappy with it. He said something about having to think about it and arranged for a construction gig abroad, taking several months. At first, Monica was disappointed. She had somehow expected him to deal with it. When he didn't, she decided to put the time to good use and focus on her modeling and camming career. She also went hardcore on her bodybuilding.

Jason was surprised by her sudden increase in intensity. She really hit her focus and stopped doing anything other than eating, training, sleeping and earning money. She followed a tight schedule involving yoga, martial arts, cardio and plenty of lifting.

Soon, all of this was paying off. Within a few months, her body evolved from fitness or figure to light bodybuilding.

She stood in front of the new full-length mirror she had bought and admired the complete package she had created. She was now both very muscular and also quite ripped, her diet having reduced her body fat accordingly. She looked at her prom photo and grinned, amazed by her change. She still couldn't believe she had let herself go in such a way.

A couple of days later, she had one of these training sessions again. This time, her client was a young man, certainly not older than thirty. This was a welcome change to the usual midlife-crisis cases and the old men with money. He was quite nice and actually looked good enough to be worth another look. He was also rather short. Not a little person, but he hardly broke five feet. In her experience, people like that usually wore elevated shoes and tried to spike their hair to wring out some sad

inches, but this guy looked perfectly comfortable. As she looked down on him, he said:

"That's incredible. Miss M," (That was her online handle.) "you are a fantastic woman. If I didn't know you were married, I'd propose to you right now."

"I do get that a lot. But trust me, you should get to know me first before you should even think about it."

She led him inside:

"I think we should start with our workout first, shouldn't we?"

"Of course."

He went to the bathroom to change. When he returned, Monica was surprised that the short man was VERY fit. He wasn't a bodybuilder in any way, but he did look like one of those beach guys. Like a rather short surfer dude. His training shorts also suggested big things down below.

Monica smiled. She had to admit, violating her "just training, no sex"-policy seemed rather interesting all of a sudden.

They started with a little warm-up. She led through some stretching and she could see how he enjoyed looking at her muscular ass as she bent forward, squatted and did some poses. Next, she had him run in place and get his blood pumping. Honestly, watching her make her muscles bounce made him even hotter. She stopped him when she noticed his cock was hardening. Men usually complained about it bouncing around too much once hard.

Still, she decided the guy was worth the while. She said:

"Okay. Since you look fit enough, we're going to do some lifting."

She loaded a bar and said:

"I'm going first. Then, it's your turn. Got it?"

"Sure."

"Watch the movement. Wouldn't want you to get hurt."

She lifted the bar and began curling it. By the time she finished the first rep, her biceps were bulging and she was sweating. The guy was rock-hard. She put it back down and said:

"Your turn. Be careful."

"I will."

He followed suit. However, Monica wasn't quite satisfied with his movement. She came closer, laying her hand on his. She directed his movement and said:

"That's better."

"It's so good."

When he was done, Monica was hesitating. Watching the guy work out made her hot. She had him rack the weights and clean up, then suddenly grabbed him and lifted him. He produced a surprised yelp and soared up in the air, finally finding himself suspended from her powerful arms. She was struggling with his weight, but she could cope. She said:

"Not bad. So, how do you like that?"

He slowly recovered his voice and managed:

"Wow. Wow. You're so strong. How did you do that?"

"Just a little trick I learned wrestling."

"You wrestle?"

"Of course. With a body like mine, I practically have to."

"You're incredible. You're my absolute dream woman."

"You keep telling me that."

She let him back down and he said:

"Listen, I know you're married to a lucky guy, but I'm willing to pay extra for your services."

"Services?"

"Wrestle me, spend time with me. Allow me to assist you in achieving your potential."

She hesitated, then said:

"Okay. But I'm warning you. This is going to cost you!"

With these words, she threw herself at him and slung her enormous legs around his waist. He gasped and tried to get her off, but she just laughed and squeezed.

When she told Jason about this, he was rather unhappy.

"You are putting your marriage on the line. I doubt that it's worth it."

"Nah. I'm pretty sure Wes is going to love it. Besides, I've got big plans."

"I just wanted to warn you beforehand. Things like these get out of control."

"Whatever. For now, I have something else coming up."

"What?"

"I've done some research on the internet. I'm going to get some surgery."

"What kind of surgery? Breast implants?"

"You guessed it. But that's not all."

"Not a nose job, please. I hate those."

She smiled playfully.

"No. Why? Don't you like my nose?"

"No, of course, your nose is perfectly fine."

"Now you're just trying to get out of this. You hate my nose!"

"Not at all. It's a wonderful nose."

She laughed:

"Relax, I'm just fucking with you. I'm going to get my legs lengthened."

"Your what?"

"There's a new method that gets rid of most of the complications. It's expensive as hell, but the doctor says she can wring out up to four additional inches."

"Wow. That would make you ... 6'8" tall."

"Maybe even a little taller if I play it right. I'm going to be a giantess."

"But isn't that dangerous?"

"Probably. But imagine what I'll look like. In heels."

A few days later, Monica checked in at the clinic. She did turn a few heads as she walked in, wearing moderate three-inch heels. She bent down to the receptionist, her muscles bunching against her clothes. She was wearing a minidress that showed off everything she had.

"I have an appointment."

The receptionist struggled to reply, finally managing:

"Uh. Yes. Of course."

"So, I'd like to see the doctor."

"Yes. Right away."

She was ushered into the doctor's office. The doctor was a youthful-looking fifty-year old with a trim, fit body. She stared at the huge woman that just walked in. The giantess sat down and said:

"I'm Monica. We spoke on the phone."

"Yes. Of course. But you wanted your legs lengthened."

"I did."

"You didn't mention you were this tall."

"You didn't ask. Actually, you did, but who cares. Anyway, I believe in enhancing what you're good at, so I'm going to take the four inches."

She cupped her disappeared breasts:

"And I also want something more up there. Something imposing and powerful. Give me some big boobs."

"I see."

"And fast too. I don't have all day."

"I'll see what I can do."

As she drifted off into anesthesia, Monica imagined herself towering over everybody. All the small people squabbling among themselves, trying to understand how life felt to her. She was a goddess, they were

ridiculous peons. She smiled to herself. She thought about all this: She'd need a bigger house and servants to fetch all the low stuff. Just like other women asked their husbands to get stuff for them from the top shelf, she'd have them get it from the lower ones. Maybe she should buy even higher shoes. Ten inches. It was hard enough to walk in her current ones, but it would be so incredible to be so tall. Thinking about this made her hot.

She woke up slowly. There was some pain, but there was a lot of confusion. She took a while to remember where she was.

Eventually, she looked around and saw Jason standing next to her.

"Are you okay?"

She felt as if her head was filled with cotton.

"I'm a little woozy."

"I would expect that. Any pain? Should I get the doctor?"

"Sure."

The bodybuilder disappeared and soon returned with the surgeon.

"So, how do you feel?"

"A bit confused, but it's getting better. Did everything go well?"

"It did. You should rest now, though. Everything is fine for now, try to sleep."

"But I wanna see ..."

She drifted off again.

After a while, she woke up again. She was tired and she felt weak. This had become unusual for her, so it did make her angry. Monica looked

around, realized she was still in the hospital room, then looked down. She wore a stupid hospital gown that blocked the view of her chest. She could however see her legs. They were held in some kind of braces. Stainless steel rings connected to rods were wrapped around her legs. Steel rods disappeared under bandages. She sighed.

These were her ticket to make her legs grow. She tried to move her legs, but found them fixed to some support.

She grabbed the buzzer and called a nurse. Maybe she could get a drink and a look.

The nurse came in a minute later and asked:

"How are you?"

"I'm fine. I'd like something to drink and I want to take a look."

"Sure. I'll bring you some tea and I'll fetch the doctor."

She nodded. Finally.

The doctor walked in and said:

"I guess I can't hold you off much longer. Nurse, will you get the equipment."

They set to work, helping her up and removing the bandages from her chest. They gently took off the remaining tissues and led her to the mirror.

Monica looked at her breasts. They were now rather large and round, but didn't look too fake. They did fit her broad chest better than her natural ones. She nodded. This was getting superhero-y.

"What about my legs?"

"It will still take some time to notice any change. You're here for at least a month, preferably three."

"I see."

"It's best you take it slow and do this correctly. Otherwise, you might get into trouble."

"That's hard."

"I know. But better be safe than sorry."

Time passed. Monica was adamant in maintaining her workout schedule. She trained all available parts of her body. As she recovered, she expanded the training to encompass her shoulders, then her abs, then her chest. Watching her new breasts rise and fall was still bizarre for her. She posted snapshots and short clips of her training, careful to tease her clientèle and keep them interested.

Every week, the doctor adjusted the braces on her legs. Slowly, eighth of inch by eighth of inch, her legs grew. Since the change was so gradual, she was actually unable to realize what was happening. It was only after a few months that she stood there and understood that the process had been a success.

She looked at herself in the mirror and saw an incredible woman. She was now incredibly tall and quite muscular. She had lost a bit of size, but she was fairly certain she'd get it back by the time Wes came back.

Her hands wandered to her breasts. They had been sore at first, but now, they felt almost natural. Only occasionally did she remember the implant under her skin. She smiled. There certainly had never been a person like her.

The simple thought of her unique sexiness made her explode with horniness. She needed someone to sate her, as soon as possible. She

thought about it: Jason was way too professional and she seriously doubted he swung that way. Wes was far away, the creeps from the internet were pointless right now. What, no, who could she do?

She thought about it, then decided on her target. So much for keeping things professional ...

When the doctor came the next day to check on her and adjust the braces, she asked:

"So, how do you feel about your work here? I guess you never had a patient like me, didn't you?"

The doctor looked at the giant woman and shook her head.

"Definitely not. I must say, at first I was very skeptical. The leg lengthening is a therapy for people with unequal or malformed bodies. It's hardly a cosmetic procedure. On the other hand, I can't say it doesn't fit you."

"You should see me when I wear my shoes. I already ordered a new pair of boots. It's a new thing I'll have to try out. Ten-inch heels."

"I don't think that's a good idea."

"You didn't think that about my legs and yet, here I am."

"Still ..."

"Imagine me, seven and a half feet tall. I'd be a true giantess. I'm seriously going to have to up my training schedule if I don't want to look like Manute Bol."

"You want to be even more muscular?"

"Of course. I want to be the most magnificent woman ever. The body of a goddess."

Monica could sense that all this talk was making the doctor curious.

"You want to know what it's like, don't you? To tower over everybody, to be the elephant in the room, so to say."

"Maybe. It is impressive."

"Most people want to stand next to me and take my size in. We can do that now, if you want."

With these words, she stood up slowly. Her long legs came up to the doctor's chest.

"Imagine me in my boots now. I'd have your mouth right next to my crotch."

The doctor contemplated the idea. It didn't seem too weird to her.

The enormous woman said:

"We can try right now."

"I don't think that is in any way professional."

"I don't care. I need you right now. You turn me into a goddess. You deserve this."

"But"

Monica carefully moved her legs apart. She didn't want the braces to get in the way.

"I left off the panties today. There was no point. Lock the door, will you?"

The somewhat confused doctor walked over and bolted the door.

"Now come here."

Monica leaned against the wall.

"Get down on your knees. Soon, you'll be able to do this standing up, but for now, this has to be enough."

As if in a trance, the doctor complied. She knelt down and looked at Monica's shaved crotch.

"Do you like what you see? Most people are fascinated."

"Your clit ... It's big."

"Sure. I'm big all over. I'm a monster, remember?"

"I guess so."

"Now stop stalling. I want your tongue on my clit. I want your lips on my cunt. Go on!"

Her last words were irresistible. The doctor gave her an awkward look and got to work.

"That's it. Yes ... Yes ... You're a natural. Incredible. Oh my God! This is what it's like. Wonderful!"

She grabbed the doctor's head and held it against her crotch, her victim increasing her rhythm and making her moan and yowl.

Wes got out of the plane. He walked through the weird hose-corridor that connected it to the airport. It felt weird being back home. After nine months abroad, his home city had probably changed. He had tried to keep up with local developments, but in the end, he had been tired mostly. The project had taken three months more than expected. He had been able to negotiate a significant pay increase for the delays, especially since they hadn't been his fault, but he was still enormously relieved to be back. Now he just wanted to get home, spend some time with his wife and just relax for a few weeks. Spending all these months in endless shifts had taken its toll. He had become quite a bit leaner and

always looked tired. He had slept through most of the flight, just happy to be left alone for a few hours.

He hoped he would still recognize Monica after all this. All the awkwardness before leaving had made him uncomfortable, but he just didn't have the strength to cope with all this.

He reached the customs area and checked in. He had brought a few nice things: perfume and toiletry articles he knew she liked (he had asked her sister), some very silky, very sexy underwear and a pair of shoes with ridiculous heels which he knew she'd love (once again, he had called her sister).

Wes had wanted to pick up some flowers too, but that hadn't worked out. He just hoped she'd be happy to see him again.

For a moment, he had the nagging doubt that she might have left him. Their recent phone calls had been very brief and distant. Well, there went nothing.

He emerged into the airport arrival area and looked around to see her. While he still tried to scan the area, his eyes were immediately drawn to a huge woman with long black hair, big shades and very big breasts. Also, she had the most titanic muscles he had ever seen on a woman (and most men). She wore a short black skirt and some stay-ups under very long over-knee boots with ridiculous heels. She wore a white blouse that left little to imagination. Her muscles were so large that her whole outfit seemed strained. It was incredible. She lifted her glasses and looked at him. She waved:

"Hey, Wes!"

"Monica?"

"Come on!"

"Monica?"

"Yes, come here!"

"But"

"I'll explain. Come here. I can't go into the arrival area."

He was completely confused. Wes stumbled, ran, almost fell to her.

When he was finally close to her, he realized that she was two heads taller than him. She bent down, her gigantic breasts brushing against his head. She hugged him a little awkwardly, then just lifted him up and said:

"Boy, you didn't get enough to eat over there, did you?"

He cozied against her majestic tits and smiled blissfully.

The people around them started frowning, so Monica just grabbed Wes' bags and started off towards the exit. He hesitated:

"But those are heavy. Maybe I should carry them?"

"The bags? They're not heavy. Please"

"But I"

She bent down and smiled at him:

"Don't worry, Wes. I'm strong enough for this. I had plenty of time to train."

"Oh my God. Yes. You look ... incredible."

"Thank you. But you know what, we should get going. I want you to come home now. I think it's a better place to show what I got for you."

"Errr ... Wow!"

"Wow, indeed, love."

She kissed his front and turned to the exit, her ten-inch-heels clicking on the stone floor. He yapped after her, mesmerized by her supercharged butt that did a little jump with every step.

They got to the car. Monica opened the trunk and quickly stowed the bags. Then, she stepped around the car and opened the passenger's door.

"Get in."

"Shouldn't I drive?"

"Please, Wes, don't make it more complicated than necessary."

He looked inside and saw that Monica had removed the driver's front seat. He climbed in.

Monica did the same, but he was surprised to find her sitting a foot and a half behind him. She also had a special extension for the steering wheel. She started the car with the push of a button and drove off.

Of course, they got stopped by a police car minutes later. Monica sighed and stopped the car at the side of the road. She lowered the window. Two officers, a man and a woman stood outside. The man asked for her papers, then continued:

"Do you know why I stopped you, ma'am?"

"Good afternoon, officer. I am sorry, but I have no idea."

"You're driving your car from your back seat."

"I am."

"That's unsafe."

"It's the only way I can do it. I'm very sorry, but that's the only way I can do this."

"Will you step out of the car now?"

"Of course, sir."

She undid her seatbelt and said to Wes:

"I'm sorry. I thought it would be obvious."

"Me too."

The officer insisted:

"Faster. No discussions!"

"Of course. Right away."

She opened the door and extricated herself from the smallish vehicle. It took her a while to stand up to her full height. The officer saw her become larger and larger and bigger and bigger. At first, he tried to act as if it was nothing, but by the time she had reached her full height, he was noticeably pale.

He mumbled:

"Hands on the car, legs apart, please."

He called for the female officer who was just staring at this woman who was half again as tall as she was. The female officer's head came up to Monica's butt. She looked at her partner and asked:

"So what do I do now?"

"I don't know, maybe search her?"

"Of course." She hesitated. "I don't think I have to. I doubt she can hide a weapon in such a small shirt."

Monica laughed.

"I don't have a weapon, other than these guns."

With these words, she flexed her enormous biceps. The police officers gave up.

"Whatever. Have a nice day. Maybe buy a bigger car."

"I will, officer. Thank you."

She climbed back in the car, recovered her papers and gave the two police officers a big smile and a little wave. Then they were off.

When they finally arrived home, Wes was unsure of what to do next. On the one hand, he was dog-tired and just wanted to go to sleep. On the other hand, his wife was a Goddess now. A giant, muscular, super-boobed goddess. He hesitated. She put his bags away, then took the decision for him. With a swift grab, she picked him up and threw him on the sofa. He couldn't even resist if he tried. He landed on the cushions and stared at the giantess in front of him. She said:

"Okay, Wes, I've been waiting so long for this moment, I just want to savor it!"

"I'm savoring all right, dear."

With these words, she first undid her hair, letting her long straight black hair cascade over her enormous shoulders. Then, she lifted her arms and flexed them. The little buttons that held her sleeves together popped off with a ping.

"Not bad, huh?"

"Oh yes. Flex for me!"

"I will, darling."

She stretched her arms, limbered them up and flexed again. He could see her muscles strain against the fabric of the shirt. She relaxed her arms again, flexed again and he could see the seams getting a little wider. With a grunt, she suddenly bent forward and did a most muscular pose. With a crack, the whole blouse ripped apart, giving up both at the seams of the arms and the back. With a negligent smile, she tore off the rags and stood back up.

"Impressive."

"I know. I practiced a lot."

She now stood there in a lacy silk bra whose pattern did its best to further enhance the size of her augmented breasts.

She smiled:

"You know, each one of these is as big as your head. I know, I tried with your baseball caps. They fit perfectly, if a little snugly."

He grinned stupidly.

"I know you're now imagining a cap on each of my boobs."

"You know me better than I do myself."

Monica put her foot on the sofa, next to Wes' head. He said:

"These are some very tall shoes, love."

"They're custom made. Hell, my entire body is custom made. I had to practice a lot to walk in them, and boy, do I enjoy it."

She returned to the floor and did a little walk around the room, letting her muscular booty jump up and down and jiggle as she walked. When she was just opposite him, she undid her skirt and revealed a very reduced string tanga. She flashed a seductive smile and said:

"Admit it, you're in heaven."

"Hell, yeah! I never expected any of this."

He was now practically salivating. She returned to him and asked:

"So I guess you wanna touch me now, do you?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, you'll have to earn it."

She undid a string on a large roll that lay on the floor unobserved for now. It unrolled and turned out to be a large gray mattress.

"Time to wrestle."

She lifted him whole and launched him on the mat. Wes landed with a gasp. He tried to extricate himself from her grip, but failed. It was as if he were caught in a steel vise. She straddled him, her enormous boobs hitting his face.

"Whoa!"

"Whoa, indeed, Wes. Seven pounds of silicone each. And they're all yours."

She took his hand and guided it to the strap at the back of her bra.

"Come on, Wes, I know you can do it!"

"I'm trying ..."

After a little fiddling, the clasp opened and her breasts tumbled down on his chest. He gasped.

His hands shot forward and he began to fondle her boobs.

"Oh my God. Monica. This is ... incredible."

"They're nice, yes. I spent a lot of time and money on this. You know Dolly Parton, do you?"

"Sure."

"Well, she once said: 'It's expensive to look this cheap.' Turns out, it's also very expensive to look this ... superior."

"Oh yes."

"So, my little man, as you see, I'm taller than you, I'm stronger than you and I'm way more feminine than your masculinity."

"I guess so ..."

"So you've got to ask yourself: 'Can I handle such an incredible, superior woman?'"

"Every day of my life until the end. I love you, Monica."

"Wes, I love you too. You're a little weirdo, but the nice thing is, I'm a big weirdo."

She slid down his body and took his rigid cock between her boobs. She mashed them together and saw him turn deep crimson.

"You like that, do you?"

"Fuck, yes!"

"Well then, here's more."

She took away her hands and flexed her super-charged pecs. Her implanted super-tits squeezed against his cock. Every flex made his dick even harder. She slid her hand under her breasts and began playing with his balls.

"Those are big, Wes. Did you even jerk off while you were away?"

"Every time I thought of you."

"You little liar."

"Well, most of the ..." He gasped. "Most of the time."

"And am I better than expected?"

"You're better than I ever imagined. You're like a goddess."

"That's nice to hear."

She increased her rhythm.

Wes gasped and grunted. His cock had never felt this hard. Then, all of a sudden, he had to struggle not to instantly shoot his load. Monica had sunk her full lips on his cock-head and began sucking and licking it. He hadn't thought this would all escalate so quickly.

"Monica, damn ... Oh, yes ... Oh, yes!"

She let her tongue spiral over his engorged glans. Between licks, she asked:

"You like that, don't you?"

"Oh, my God. Monica, I never would have thought that you'd ..."

Just as he was about to come, she stopped him. He stared at her in absolute lust and threw himself at her. She just pulled him out of the air, threw him on the mat and sat on top of him.

"No, no, no. Wes, dear, I call the shots. I'm taller, I'm stronger and I guess, I'm better. So, little man, you do what I say."

"But ..."

"Is this what you want?"

"What do I want?"

He was clearly confused, but, she just held him down, changed position and dropped her giant, rock-hard butt on his face. Her cunt hit his mouth.

"Lick me, Wes!"

She fondled his balls and stroked his erect shaft. He struggled to get his tongue in her cunt when she shifted her position and slipped a truly over-sized clit into his mouth. He pulled his tongue over it, making her shiver.

"Oh, yes, Wes! Return the favor. Make me come! Come on! Lick me!"

He did as he was told. Soon, his face was flooded with her juices as she began pounding his face, her super-butt flexing and squeezing while her massive thighs held him tight.

He lost himself in her flesh.

At first, he tried to struggle, but soon, he was forced to give up. This muscle-woman was absolutely superior. He tried to free himself, but she just held him and grinned.

"Just what are you doing there, Wes?"

"Mrf."

"I didn't catch this. Could you repeat it?"

"Mrf. I. Mrf. Can't talk, you ..."

She slapped her butt.

"That's awesome. Wes, you're really something."

She continued pounding him, occasionally gasping as he hit another sweet spot.

"You know what, this is great. I love having you under me. I'm so going to build on this."

He gasped for air:

"What?"

"Wes, dear, I'm going to become seriously jacked."

"But ... Even more?"

She stopped, picked him up and cradled him. He felt lost in her massive arms.

"Even more. I'm going to turn my body into a cathedral of muscle. You're going to be impressed. You'll worship me."

"But I already do that ..."

"No. I want you to be blinded by my incredible strength. And not only you. Everybody."

"That sounds a bit crazy ..."

"But it is. It's insane. The only thing is, I don't care. It's only insane as long as it hasn't come true and that's what's going to happen."

The next day, Monica called Jason and told him of her plan. He hadn't seen her since her surgery and was very surprised and rather excited at seeing her. She came to the gym, wearing a skintight outfit that showed off her extremely long legs and her large and powerful butt. Her pants were basically a broad belt. Instead of a full shirt, she only wore a rather brief top that managed to cover her large, full breasts. She wore her hair in a scrunchie and looked down on him.

"So you've got everything, don't you?"

"Yes, but this stuff is, well, not exactly illegal, but it's not recommended. As in: at all. Don't use this."

"Fine. Shoot me up. I wanna get huge."

"You are aware that this is dangerous."

"I am dangerous. Don't worry, I'll cope. I just need to be a fucking superwoman and I'm not going to back down."

"Fine. It's your funeral."

They went to the weight room and he carefully injected the liquid into her butt.

"Jeez. This burns."

"It does. As I told you, this is fucking dangerous."

"Well, I'll just have to grit my teeth. Time to pump."

She walked over to the weights and picket up two huge dumbbells.

Jason followed her and watched her as she began working her arms. Even while she was working out, he could see that something was happening. This stuff was very potent.

When she finished her grueling set, she was covered in sweat, but she could see that her arms had swelled with muscle. She smiled as she flexed her biceps.

"Yes. I'm going to be a monster. I'm going to be the best."

She grinned and said:

"I'll need more of this stuff, and soon."

Suddenly, the door opened and a young woman in a track suit walked in. She looked at Monica and said:

"So you're the super-tall muscle woman everybody's talking about."

The woman was at least 6'1" tall. Next to Monica, she did look pretty normal. The giantess laughed:

"That's who I am."

"Well, I just wanted to tell you: The competition is in town."

With these words, she undid the top of her tracksuit and revealed a pair of large breasts and a very toned stomach.

Monica grinned:

"You're not much of a competition, girl."

"Just you wait. The name's Imani. Remember it."

She rezipped her jacket and left.

Monica stared at Jason and said:

"More stuff tomorrow."

Wes felt conflicted about this. Over the last weeks, his already obsessed wife had become manic. She was now at the gym every day, all day. She pumped iron for hours, ran and ran and practiced her martial arts every day. The changes in her body were becoming more and more dramatic. Since she had switched to these weird drugs, her upper body had absolutely ballooned, finally matching her humongous legs. Her shoulders were now growing and were almost the size of his head, her biceps were equally gigantic.

Every day, when he came home, he heard the familiar thump of some of her customers being dumped on the floor with a crash. She'd hold them tight, their faces wedged between her uber-tits. She'd look up for a moment and say:

"Hi, Wes."

If the fool under her made the mistake of also greeting him, she'd shout at him to only speak when spoked to.

Wes would stay out of this and just fix his own dinner before getting hers ready. Usually, once she was done with "work" and the poor broken soul of the day had left, she'd fuck him. Without pause and without restraint.

She'd just throw him on the bed, suck him off until he was rock-hard and then fuck his brains out. Usually, he would be wasted before she was finished, so she'd get herself off with ever larger dildoes. It was difficult for him. On the one hand, he was getting more sex than any of his friends, probably more than anybody else in this city, but he missed the respect and love he had felt before.

He tried to bring this up, but all he got as an answer was a pitiful look and his giantess wife saying:

"I know, it's hard for you right now, but this is my opportunity. I just want to prove that I can do it. And right now, that's important for me."

"But I just feel as if I'm just the house maid and fuck toy."

"Well, you are. For now. But just you wait. Everything will be better once I have achieved what I want."

He tried to believe her.

As Monica looked after her fanboys and fangirls on her social media, she noticed a strange trend. People were talking. People were talking about her specifically. That wasn't something unusual, but it was the way they were talking that made her uncomfortable. They were comparing her to someone. It took her a while to find out the details. She hadn't paid too much attention to the message boards and specific sites, mostly because she didn't want to get angry over stolen pictures and shared sets. After looking into this, she was angry all right.

Clearly, the boys and girls on the board still thought her supreme, but there was a new and coming challenger.

Imani.

She suddenly remembered the bizarre moment a few weeks ago. She hadn't taken her seriously. Probably a good idea. However, there she was, posting progress pictures. And indeed, there was some progress. She was putting on muscle quickly and had clearly scheduled a set of surgeries. She was going to "keep up with the Monicas".

Monica almost tore her smart-phone apart. This creature was trying to infringe on her territory. The giant woman snorted. No chance. She would keep this usurper down. Time to make a plan to destroy her.

She called Jason:

"Jason, I have a competitor and I intend to crush her."

"But why?"

"Because I am the best and I will not tolerate anybody to get into my stuff. Got it?"

"Sure. But what do you expect me to do? I'm already giving you all I got."

"Well, you'll have to do more. I need to get bigger, taller and stronger. I need that and I need it soon. Get to work."

He hesitated. Was she going mad? She probably had gone insane a while ago. Most people he had hooked up with the stuff she was shooting now had stopped after a few days because it was just too much. Monica was in her third week.

How could he react?

Was this a train-wreck waiting to happen?

Was he to be the enabler?

He heard her on the phone:

"I don't know what you're thinking, but stop. Get me what I want."

He nodded to the phone and almost stood to attention.

Over the next weeks, Monica went in full-on torture mode. Every day was spent training, endless sets of ever more extreme lifts. She worked and worked, setting her entire life to fulfill this one goal. Her progress pictures on the Internet were met with great acclaim. Her body ballooned with muscle. Every fiber seemed to swell, her arms growing larger and larger, her chest becoming deeper and deeper. Soon, her implants looked, well, not exactly small, but disproportionate when compared to her now gargantuan chest. At the same time, she put more focus on her legs. She was really working hard to compensate for their length. After all, she needed enormous amounts of muscle mass to make them fit her overall proportions.

She kept her eyes on Imani. The other woman was having some progress, but she wasn't exactly speeding along her track. She was doing this slowly and rather unprofessionally. Monica could notice plenty of beginner's mistakes. She laughed. This wasn't a threat. This wasn't a challenge. It was a poor imitation.

Still, there was no point in risking her advantage. She scheduled a meeting with her doctor.

"Doctor, I need to grow even taller."

"I'm sorry, but that is not a good idea."

"I don't care. As you can see, I am working on building the ultimate body. You are a surgeon, but you are also an artist. Can you not grasp the opportunity to create perfection?"

"I ... I can't do this. It's too dangerous."

"I have recovered quickly from your work the last time. I have a lot of discipline, my bone density is far above the norm. I am the perfect candidate."

"I know, but still ..."

"Whatever. You will do this and you will be perfect as always. You will make me perfect."

"I can't ..."

Monica stood up. She towered above the other woman and said:

"Now listen: This is your opportunity. You wouldn't put me in the hands of a quack, would you?"

"I ..."

"Stop stalling. You will do it. Have I made myself clear?"

When she awoke, she felt completely confused and dampened. She opened her eyes, choked and looked around. Only slowly did she understand what was going on. Then, she looked down on herself. There were huge bandages on her chest. Good. Her legs were framed by the strange steel braces she had had before. She smiled weakly. Finally, she moved her hands to her hips. More bandaging. Yes. This was the final piece. This Imani had no chance against her. She'd be the tallest, strongest, most muscular uber-woman ever to exist.

The mental picture made her grin with superiority. This was her. The closest thing anyone had ever come to godhood.

She drifted back to sleep.

The next day, the doctor confirmed that everything had gone according to plan. Soon, she was up, learning to walk again. While her first leg-lengthening had involved only a little retraining, this time was different.

She had taken the opportunity to have her hips widened so she could pack on more leg muscles and this had changed the way she moved.

It took her weeks until she was back up on her feet. At the same time, her legs slowly grew. She gained an inch in no time, but she wanted more. She also exercised like crazy as soon as her now even larger chest allowed. All in all, there wasn't any time for anything else.

She posted notes about her progress on her social networks and got tremendous feedback. She was also pleased to see that Imani had clearly given up and disappeared. The idea made her gloat.

Wes visited her every day and did what he could to make himself useful and show his devotion. She enjoyed ordering him around and care for her every whim. The young man seemed to enjoy this little game so much that she slowly came to realize that this wasn't one at all.

Over time, a thought crept into her head. Maybe it was true. Maybe people wanted to be ruled and ordered around.

She had Wes get her some essential books on leadership and philosophy. Not that she expected much from them, but maybe it would help her.

Weeks went by. By now, she had grown four inches and was nearing her fifth. Her legs were now ridiculously out of proportion to the rest of her body and she put any supermodel to shame. Also, her muscle training was so intense now that the doctor was forced to replace the external braces with internal ones, just to stop her muscles from colliding with their rings.

The titaness had convinced the doctor to let her stay, eventually making her accept that there would be no payment and that it was an honor to serve her. Monica's psyche had begun to change. Her physical

transformation had bled into her mind and she was now deeply convinced that she was indeed an Übermensch.

Who could blame her?

She was just over seven feet tall and boosted herself up some ten inches with her heels. Watching her come closer made it clear to everyone that there was either a flaw with the perspective or that this woman had to be obeyed. She had overtrained her muscles to a degree that put most male bodybuilders to shame and took great pride in staying at a very low bodyfat level.

This led to the insane combination of her boasting an eight-pack, huge powerful thighs, a thigh gap and a bikini bridge. She basically ticked all the social media boxes.

Of course, this brought her a lot of attention. Even during her stay at the hospital, she gave interviews and blasted haters on the Internet. The weird moment came when one of the people asked what she thought of Imani.

She laughed, then somebody showed her her competitor's progress pics.

She stared at the picture and gasped. How was this possible. The once slim woman had transformed her physique completely. She had grown much taller, closing in on Monica's now incredible height. She had also built up her muscles, giving her a titanic upper body. Monica's expression turned grim as she realized that this Imani had now surpassed her in some places. Especially the shoulders. How could this be?

Monica had trained her shoulders so hard that any trainer worth his salt would have tried to stop her and now this.

"The bitch ... How did she do this?"

She grabbed her boobs and smiled. At least in this respect, she was still way in front of her. However, this couldn't stand. She had to show this ridiculous little woman who was the boss.

She pulled up her competitor's social media page and sent her a message:

"Hey, Imani. I see you're making good progress. Want to compare with me? We can do a photoshoot together."

Moments later, an answer popped up:

"Ha! Sure, girl. I was waiting for you to contact me. It's time to see how you hold up against me, the Size Queen."

"Size Queen?"

"I'm huge and I'm proud. Bow to the Queen!"

Monica could feel the rage grow. This woman was going to be annoying.

"No bowing. And even if I bowed, I'd still be bigger than you. There would be no point."

"I wouldn't be so sure. Still, challenge accepted!"

"Good. I'll send you the details."

"Do that."

Monica hissed. This hadn't gone well at all. This stupid cunt was really insufferable. She immediately longed for the opportunity to wrestle her and stomp her into the ground. Still, the time would come, and soon.

The next two weeks were hard on her. That is, she was hard on herself. She was literally gorging herself on protein, training and pumping as hard as she could to make up for her deficiencies. She bullied an acquaintance of her, a tailor, to produce a complete set of clothes for

her, including very revealing lingerie. The completely stressed out woman turned up with bags upon bags of clothes. Monica just smirked at her.

Wes was having a hard time. He spent his days cooking for his obsessed wife, cleaning the house and serving as occasionally sex object for her. Whenever her horniness got too much for her, she'd just grab him, squeeze his balls, insult him playfully and wait for him to harden. As soon as his cock was rigid, she'd just either pull him up and fuck him or lower herself down on him, pinning him with her enormous mass. Whatever her decision, Wes found himself to be a mere extension of his own dick.

He tried to address this. It didn't go well.

"Seriously? You're annoyed?"

"Yes, Monica, I think you're overdoing it."

"Of course I'm overdoing it, idiot. What else would a goddess like me do?"

"A goddess?"

"Have you taken a look at me lately?"

"Yes ... But don't you think you're losing control?"

She towered above him in lofty heights.

"Darling, I've never been more in control. My mind, my body, my life. Everything happens according to my wishes. I'll just crush this foolish wimp and then, I'll tear out my part of this world. You'll see."

"What are you up to?"

"You'll see. Now get back to work and stop wasting my time!"

The day of the confrontation came. Monica was nervous. She did her best to hide it, but the fact that she was being challenged still made her uncomfortable. She theoretically thought of herself as a superhuman, a goddess amongst mortals. Usually, she managed to keep that up. But here, she felt insecure. She shook her head. There was no point. After all, she was objectively the tallest, strongest and most sexy woman imaginable. The humbled Wes handed her her majestic bra, a robust and very complex construction of lace, silk and specialized fibers, able to support her head-sized tits. She adjusted the straps and grinned at herself in the mirror. She was incredible. She slipped on her skirt, pulled on a silk blouse, a vest and a custom-made blazer, before adding a pair of stay-ups. It took quite a while to unroll them on her endless, super-muscular legs.

Finally, she literally climbed into her platformed ten-inch-heels.

Some final adjustments on her hair and make-up and she was ready. She exuded an aura of calm and dominance. As a last step, she put on her glasses. She no longer needed them, but it added an air of authority which she found comforting.

She was ready. Wes drove the car to the front of the house and held the door open to her. As she looked back at the building, she decided that this had been enough. She'd need a more fitting place to live in. That would be next on her list after dealing with the upstart.

Wes held open the car door for her. She got out slowly, since extricating herself from the vehicle was not that easy. Here too, she vowed to herself to get a bigger car as soon as possible. She was quite certain she could find some people who would gladly give her one. The press was outside. Apparently, her adversary had taken her time to drum up some publicity. She could see the deadlines before her: Giantess humiliates upstart. That didn't sound half bad.

The reporters stared at her. She was active on social media and there had been a few articles about her on websites, but she hadn't revealed the full glory of her physique yet. The midget people around her craned their heads upward to take her all in. She gave them a disdainful smile. They were ridiculous and beyond contempt. She strode past them, careful to flash her attributes while at the same time maintaining her aloofness. Their reactions suggested that she surpassed the competition by far. Very well.

She entered the location, glad that the ceiling was high enough not to force her to duck. In her heels, she reached an insane 7'10.5". The weight of her hyper-muscular body almost made the floor crack under her stiletto heels.

She pushed open the doors to the "competition area".

Showtime!

Monica stared into the darkness. What was her opponent up to?

She had to be somewhere, waiting in the dark.

Suddenly, there was a flash of light. A cone of light came down from the ceiling. Monica could distinguish masses of spectators on the ranks. She had sensed before that she was being watched, but she hadn't expected there to be such a crowd. The giantess smiled. This would make her triumph even more crushing. Indeed, there were gasps and shouts of confusion as the watchers realized what a masterful creature she was. She stepped forward, the light following her. Once she reached the center, she addressed the crowd:

"I see you are impressed. My opponent hasn't deemed it necessary to show up, so I guess I can thank you for turning up."

"Not so fast!"

There was a murmur of surprise as a second cone of light flashed. Imani's voice thundered across the room. Monica smirked. This was nice, but not very impressive.

The other woman advanced into the arena, her long hair flowing in the wind.

"Don't declare your victory too early, you haven't won yet."

Monica watched her come closer. Indeed, the woman had transformed herself. As she advanced, her enormously bloated shoulders swayed from side to side. Imani wore a rather sporty outfit, consisting of yoga pants and a tanktop. Her curly hair went down past her ass, which was positively shelf-like. When she finally stood in front of Monica, the titaness laughed:

"I was almost getting nervous now. But your still puny. Nice shoulders, though."

Indeed, Imani was "only" seven feet tall. Still, Monica wondered how she had grown so tall.

Imani looked up and said:

"You may be taller for now, but it won't be long and I'll catch up. Your growth is impressive, but you may notice that I'm only wearing four-inch heels."

For a second, there was a slight doubt in Monica's eyes. Of course. She had just ignored her shoes. She had grown so accustomed to walk around on them that she barely noticed them anymore. She immediately recovered her calm. Even then, she still had four and a half inches on the competition. She'd probably be able to wring out some more by just getting the doctor to continue stretching her bones. Still, she felt that just getting longer and longer legs was good, but not good

enough. She wanted to be a giantess and that meant somehow growing all over. She had no idea how to do that.

Imani seemed to know a way. After all, she was very leggy, but she didn't seem disproportionate. She must have had a secret.

For the moment, Monica had to prove her point.

She took a step forward and pushed her enormous boobs into Imani's face. Then, she flexed her pecs and mashed them against her nose. Imani stumbled back, and Monica advanced on her.

She laughed:

"It's a stupid height to be at. You're getting your face all covered in tits!"

Imani tried to recover, but Monica continued ramming her breasts into her face.

Just as open hostilities were about to break out, there was a voice from the spectator ranks:

"Ladies, calm down for a moment. We have called you here for a reason ..."

A third spotlight shone down, illuminating a single man among the crowd. He was short and a little plump. He said:

"Good afternoon. I'm Harry Kolic, president of the Ancient and Honorable Society of the Mastodon."

The pair stared at him incredulously. Monica asked:

"The Mastodon? Isn't that the fraternal order Wes always goes to?"

Kolic nodded:

"Indeed. You were first brought to our attention by Brother Wesley."

"Brother Wesley. That sounds ridiculous. Do you have those little hats?"

Harry Kolic was clearly embarrassed and replied:

"Yes ... But that is not the point."

Imani spoke up:

"So you're one of those secret societies, like on the Simpsons? Do you have songs too?"

Harry Kolic shook his head:

"Of course. But it's really serious. Could you stop being annoying for a second and just listen?"

Monica grinned:

"Are you seriously calling me annoying, little man?"

The president groaned:

"We have an offer to you and we want you to consider it."

The two women nodded. Monica said:

"Go ahead."

Imani added:

"We're listening, little hat guys. We do!"

"Gah. Anyway. The Ancient and Honorable Society of the Mastodon is an association that holds great influence in this country. We have decided to use our power to change it for the better. However, in this time and age, we need a figure head, a true super-human. People don't just try to act rationally anymore. They just want the weirdness."

"So?"

"So we're offering a place to one of you. A chance to be a leader. But to get it, you have to be the best."

"This is a competition?"

"It is. The best of you will be chosen to rule."

The two women nodded. Monica said:

"It sounds stupid, but I'm in."

"Me too."

The taller woman asked:

"So, what's your plan?"

Kolic cleared his throat and explained:

"The first challenges are challenges of strength. You may want to change into comfortable clothes. This is going to be tough!"

"Whatever."

A light illuminated a door at the far end of the hall. Kolic added:

"You can change there, we'll set up the equipment."

The pair walked away.

They opened the door and ended up in a dressing room. There were showers, some mirrors and some rather revealing outfits. Imani grinned:

"Who knew? They are a bunch of perverts after all."

Monica nodded:

"I'm not surprised. Wes has always been a bit of a weirdo."

Imani slipped out of her clothes. Monica looked at her chiseled body:

"Not bad. I can't say I like you, but I like what you did to yourself."

"You do? Cool. I may be the competition, but I did start as a fan."

Monica undressed and made Imani whistle.

"Wow. I never imagined you to be so ... incredible."

The giantess walked over to her and grabbed the shorter woman's breast.

"These are nice." She squeezed them. "Silicone?"

Imani nodded.

"I thought they would fit me better."

"I wanted mine to be really fake. Look good, don't they?"

Imani stared at the boobs the size of her head and nodded.

"Oh yes."

Monica continued:

"So, how did you get so tall? What's your secret?"

"Actually, it used to be more of a problem. I have a genetic disorder that makes me grow unless I take my medication. I used to want to be normal, so I took it. Now I no longer want that and I dropped the drugs. Guess what: I'm going to be the competition."

Monica looked at her with a pang of envy.

"That's actually impressive."

"I know. It's not too easy. You have to be careful, you get regular check-ups and you really have to look after yourself. But since I got my sponsors, I'm doing fine. I'm really looking forward to crushing you."

Monica snorted:

"I very much doubt that. You haven't seen nothing yet."

"That's what I'm saying. You can't keep up with me. Even now, my muscles will crush you."

"We'll see about that."

The pair put on their outfits and returned to the arena. There were weird machines waiting for them. Monica steeled herself for the competition. She'd put this upstart into her place!

Kolic's voice thundered over the arena:

"Okay, ladies, here's your first challenge: We brought you some nice big stones and we want you to lift them on the barrels. Like in a strongman competition. Got it?"

Indeed, there were six barrels, each one brimming with concrete and six large stone balls. They weighed several hundred pounds probably, even though there were smaller ones and huge ones.

"So, give us what you got. Whoever's done first, wins!"

There was a blaring horn and the two women stormed to the center of the arena.

Monica grabbed the smaller rock first. She squatted deep, her muscle-butt swelling as she wrapped her muscular arms around it. She noticed that this wasn't simple at all. Her arms were clearly too short to get a good grip and her boobs got into the way. She shot a sideways glance at Imani and saw that she coped much easier. She cursed under her breath

and hoisted the stone up. With a quick step forward, she dropped the rock in place and sprinted to the next one. Imani was already at work, heaving the ball on its pedestal. Monica growled, then lifted her weight and slammed it on the barrel. She got to the last one and immediately struggled with its size. This was just too unwieldy. She dropped it, but it rolled off. With a jump, she caught it and tried it again.

As she fought, she noticed that Imani was also having trouble. She allowed herself to grin, but just as she had the ball up, there was another blast and Imani lifted her arms in triumph.

Shit!

Monica stared angrily at the audience. This was unfair! A challenge like this favored small people with long arms. There was no superiority in being short! She scowled at Imani, who was celebrating, punching the air with enthusiasm. Imani asked:

"Not bad, huh?"

"Yeah, whatever. What's the next challenge?"

Kolic took the hint and declared:

"Here's number two. Enjoy!"

The area lit up. There were two massive yokes, fixed to sleds. Monica stared at them. They looked heavy even from here. Kolic explained:

"As you can see, we're going to test your strength and your stamina next. You get under the yoke and pull. Weights are added as you go. The first one to reach the goal wins."

Monica protested:

"A yoke? Are you serious? We're supposed to be leaders, not mules!"

Imani laughed:

"Are you afraid to lose again?"

"Girl, I'm so going to crush you, yoke or not."

"You should have said: 'and that's no yoke'."

"Gah."

Monica wanted to pull her own face off. This was even worse. Not only was this upstart annoying as hell, she also insisted on idiot puns.

"Let's get this over with!"

Monica hit the yoke. She pushed against the cushioned metal with all her strength. The thing didn't budge. She growled angrily. This was annoying. No, this was frustrating. She desperately wanted to win this, to humiliate her opponent, but nothing. She strained against the yoke again. Her powerful muscles contracted, increasing her strength. She tried to make a step forward. Still nothing.

She cursed under her breath, gritting her teeth. This couldn't be! She wouldn't be bested again.

She knew she shouldn't, but she took a glance at her competitor. Imani was just as powerless.

And this was to be a progressively more difficult exercise?

She didn't even manage to get her foot in the door.

Monica grunted and pushed again. Her swollen arms hit the yoke again, she pushed and pushed, taking small steps and shifting her considerable weight.

Then, the sled advanced a little with a grating sound. This was it!

With renewed strength, she hit the yoke at full power. It rumbled forward an inch, maybe. She launched herself at it again. Another inch. And another one. The sled began to move. She took a short step forward, pushed more and more and suddenly, the thing was gliding along. Not bad.

She could hear that Imani had also managed her take-off, but Monica was ahead. She pushed and struggled, sweat pouring from her front. The sled advanced, but all of a sudden, its weight increased. It took her a second to realize that this was a feature, not a bug. The promised bonus weight.

She gnashed her teeth and expanded her chest, keeping up the momentum.

More and more weight was being loaded on her sleigh. By now, Monica was struggling to maintain her speed. Her legs were pumping, her calves were swelling and she was literally bathed in her own sweat. Still, her absolute desire to beat Imani kept her going.

With a clank, another steel plate landed on the sleigh. She struggled on, her eyes burning from the sweat. She wished for a bandana or something like that. Another step, another pull. The finish line appeared in front of her. She wiped the sweat from her brow and soldiered on.

Another plate hit the sled. She pulled and pulled, her body aching as she carried on. It wasn't long now. Just a few more yards ...

Another sideways glance showed that Imani was still keeping up. She had even managed to close in on her. The other woman's bulging shoulders swelled against the yoke and for the first time, Monica felt that she was being bested. How could this be? Had she focused too much on looks? Had she neglected her strength?

She steeled herself against doubt. She had to finish this now and maybe, once all this was over, she'd look into it. For now, she had to crush her opponent.

Desperate to win, she hit the yoke at full power and pulled the sled across the finish line. She almost collapsed. As she was catching her breath, Imani landed on her face, her massive body shivering from the effort.

Monica had won. This evened the odds.

Wes came down to hand her a towel and a drink. She noticed some other guy was taking care of Imani. At least, Wes seemed to be loyal. That was good. She grinned as she slurped the water and dabbed the sweat off her chest.

"Thank you, Wes."

"You were wonderful, darling."

"I know. Did you see me just grind this thing down? Not bad at all."

"Certainly. I thought it would be too much for you when you had trouble starting, but then, you blew them away."

"I did. But I have to tell you, I have a lot of catching up to do. I seriously feel weak with such a challenge. I can't have that."

Wes nodded. He was a little afraid now. Monica hated losing, she hated being humiliated by weaklings and she was absolutely enraged when surpassed. He certainly hoped there would still be a little chance of actually living together once this was over. He had opposed the Society's choice, but they had overruled him. After all, Monica was way too impressive to be left out of this. Should he tell her about their plans?

He watched as she finished stretching, her strong muscles loosening up again. He felt a flush of horniness go over him. He'd tell her later.

For now, it was enough to prepare her for the next challenge:

"You're going to like this: The next one is right up your alley."

"Excellent. I'm going to crush this fool."

"You go, girl."

Imani and Monica were brought to a set of mats. They didn't look special at all. Monica asked:

"So I finally get to wrestle her?"

Kolic's voice sounded over the arena:

"Not yet. Bring the bags."

"Bags?"

Monica gave Imani a confused look. Whatever had these weirdos come up with now?

Indeed, two groups of four walked in, carrying sausage-shaped leather bags on the mats. They were a good eighteen inches across and two yards long. The men dropped the sausages, which looked like punching bags and left quickly, probably to regain their seats.

Kolic explained:

"So ... You're supposed to tear these things apart. Don't pop them, though. We want you to literally destroy them."

Monica nodded. She walked up to her bag and picked it up. It was incredibly heavy. She lay down and wrapped her legs around it. Imani followed suit.

Monica held the bag between her thighs and arranged her massive breasts on both sides. It felt a bit weird, having this huge mass between them. Then, she took hold with her bulging arms and locked them.

She breathed in. Now it was time to show up the competition! She had no idea how many events they would hold, but she'd be the best.

Monica pulled, her core expanding and her back muscles contracting to create enough pull. She felt her fingers burrow into the skin of the bag. She would tear the thing apart in no time.

That's when she heard the screeching sound of leather being ripped apart. She looked over to Imani and saw the woman lying with the bag in split in two next to her.

She cursed loudly. How could this upstart do this?

Imani stood up and punched the air.

"Yes! Yes! Who's best? Who's best?"

She pointed at her enlarged chest and did a little dance. Monica stared at her, murder in her eyes. She would strangle that bitch and that would be it. She was taken from her murderous fantasy by Kolic's voice.

"It appears we have a winner for this event."

Monica howled:

"She won it all? Just for this? What a stupid shit!"

"Calm yourself. Yes, she won this event. But there will be others. We want you to have time to adapt, you see."

"Adapt?"

"Yes. Now that you know what we are up to, you have three months to prepare. We meet again. You'll get an invitation."

Imani nodded and grinned at Monica:

"So how often do I have to crush her before I'm the winner?"

Monica snorted. Kolic answered:

"There will be three events and a final." He looked at his notes. "Yes. That's about right."

The taller woman tried one last time:

"Okay. I'm in. But could you at least give us a hint on what you plan for next time?"

Kolic whispered something with his neighbors, then said:

"I think so, yes. Our motto will be: 'crushing domination'. Got it?"

The two opponents nodded.

"Excellent. Then train well!"

On the way back, Monica was fuming:

"So I get that right: You're part of an international conspiracy and secret society and you don't even find it worthwhile to tell me, I go to its stupid event, I lose to that bitch and now I'm in the car with you again and you're still keeping your idiot secrets?"

Wes waited for a while, then he replied:

"Well ... I wanted to tell you. Actually, I did, but not in that much detail. So, yes. You're perfectly right in being angry. However, I earnestly

wanted you to win."

She was annoyed and answered, her voice dripping with sarcasm:

"That's good. That's wonderful."

They sat next to each other in silence for a while. Then, she said:

"I've got to crush her. I have to be the biggest, meanest, strongest and most sexy woman on this fucking planet. And she ain't going to stop me."

"Okay ..."

"So what you're going to do is, you're going to get me money. A lot of it. From your secret friends. From tomorrow onwards, I'm going to grow for real. I'm going to out-muscle her and everybody else! Got that?"

Wes was clearly conflicted: He was afraid she would snap him in two, but he was also aroused. Very aroused. His pants were getting tighter and tighter the angrier his wife got.

Even while driving, she called the doctor and made a quick appointment. She stopped at the clinic, got out and told Wes:

"You go and get that money, clear?"

"Clear."

"Very well."

She strode inside on her endless legs.

"I honestly don't think that this is a good idea. It's untested and the mere thought of it suggests that it's dangerous. Please reconsider."

Monica sighed. She hated it when people contradicted her:

"Doctor, my mind is made up. And when my mind is made up, I am not used to being contradicted."

"But ..."

"I am no longer discussing this. I know what I want and I know you can do it, so that's what you're going to do."

"I still believe I have a say ..."

Monica stood up, looming gigantically above the doctor. She put her finger on the other woman's lips:

"Shhh. You do what you're told. It's best that way."

"Okay ... But don't blame me if anything goes wrong."

"I won't. I'm pretty sure you will do your best, won't you?"

"Of course."

"Excellent. Then we should be on our way, shouldn't we?"

Three hours later, Monica was ready for the operation. The staff was nervous around her. Wes had arrived, standing guard next to his wife.

The doctor got in in her scrubs and said:

"Very well then. Wish us all luck."

"I do."

With these words, Monica drifted away into sleep.

She dreamed weird things. She sat on a throne, surveying the world from above. It was surprising to see how small and pointless it was. She was vaguely aware of adoring followers who mumbled prayers for her. It felt incredible. She looked down on herself. Indeed, her body was incredibly strong and large. She couldn't see most of it because of her enormous breasts that rested on huge pectorals, but she was somehow

aware of her incredible shape. Any bodybuilder in the world would look shamefully puny next to her. She smiled at this and awoke.

The doctor looked at her anxiously.

"So, how do you feel?"

"Actually, quite good. Did it work?"

"I hope so."

"That doesn't sound too sure. What happened?"

"Nothing, everything went according to plan. But such an operation has never been tried before, so we'll have to wait and see."

"I'll keep you posted." Monica grinned. "So, how soon until I can start to train again?"

"Train? Not for a long time. You should definitely do some low intensity physical therapy, but nothing extreme."

"Oh, doctor, this is cute. Don't you realize? Extreme is all I care for."

"I can't recommend it."

"We'll see. For now, I'm fine. But I want to be on my feet soon."

"I'll do what I can."

The doctor seemed intimidated. Good. Monica enjoyed her dominant personality. Dropping any semblance of restraint had been an excellent decision. This nice-girl-shit was getting old fast.

A week later, Monica was at the gym. The doctor had insisted this was a bad idea, but Monica ignored her. The most important concession she made was that she stayed away from the really heavy weights. Indeed, as far as she was concerned, the operation had been a complete success. The doctor had implanted internal braces into her long bones and these devices slowly and continually stretched them. The current system was set to one tenth of an inch per day on average. Of course, it hurt like hell, but Monica just ignored the pain, occasionally gritting her teeth. If everything went well, she'd boost herself up by 18 inches until the next competition. The system also stretched her shoulder bones, although slower. Finally, the doctor had installed a special system in her spine to equally increase her back's length. This was highly experimental, but if it actually worked, she could basically maintain her proportions. The thing had a bunch of sensors in it that would instantly alarm the doctor should anything go wrong.

The thought of her reaching 9'4" in her heels made her giddy. This was worth the sacrifices. However, such a huge body would mean adapting her entire life to it. Doors were no longer usable, furniture would become ridiculous and getting into a car was nigh impossible. Also, since she planned to further increase her muscle mass, she also had to worry about her weight and volume.

Basically, her transformation was an engineer's wet dream.

For Wes, it was the opportunity to show off. He immediately began adapting their home, quickly transforming it into a construction site and reworking everything. For Monica, this wasn't a problem. She practically lived at the gym now. Every day, she'd train as hard as she could, eating tons of protein and getting shot up with ever more bizarre chemicals. The fascinating thing was, it seemed to work.

A few days later, Wes was preparing her food, relentlessly cooking the umpteenth chicken breast this week. He heard the ever-present clanks of the weights in the background. He smiled dreamily as he thought about her incredible body, her enormous muscles that grew bigger and bigger every day. Jason had provided her with a new substance that increased the number of muscle fibers at a dramatic rate. The product made her feel tired a lot and used up ridiculous amounts of protein, but the effect was stunning. Her arms had grown much larger over the last week, but what was really fascinating was how much stronger she had become. It was as if the substance had turbo-charged her body.

The clanks stopped. She was clearly done with her warm-up. Next, the engine started.

The food was ready. He arranged it on a plate, prepared a vitamin drink and carried everything over to the training room.

She lay on her bench, pressing against a machine he had recently acquired. Regular weights were pointless for anything other than warm-ups since they were either too light or too big, so she used the device instead. It was actually an engine that continually worked against her muscles. The thing used electrical power and had made his bills surge upwards, but a friend from the Mastodons had waved it off. Apparently, they had free electricity now. He coughed:

"Darling, your food is ready."

"Right away ..." She grunted, pushing against the bar with all her strength. The engine whined as it tried to resist. It locked with a clank and Monica extricated herself from under it.

She was incredibly big. Her body was a mountain of muscle. Her shoulders formed enormous slopes that led to huge arms. She towered above him by at least 16 inches.

"That's nice! You got the food!"

"Sure. I hope it's okay."

"I don't see what could go wrong with that."

She sat down. Wes waited.

She looked at the food and nodded:

"That looks nice."

He looked up to her. He had constructed the specialized table after she had complained about no longer being able to comfortably fit her legs under their regular one. Besides, her increased weight had made certain reinforcements to the chairs necessary.

She wolfed down the food, almost inhaling the meat and vegetables.

Wes marveled at her voracious appetite and waited until she was finished. She sighed, then said:

"That was okay. Boring as usual."

"It's the sacrifice you have to make ..."

"Just what do you know about sacrifice?"

"Well ..."

Wes hesitated. He knew that Monica's temper was bad lately, a result of all the stuff she was using and the tremendous pressure, but still, he hated it when she snubbed at him. What should he do?

"I'm sacrificing a lot. I mean, I basically live for you now. I do everything you want to ensure that you win."

"But I expect nothing less of you. And aren't you glad?"

She stood up and advanced on him. In that moment, he didn't know whether he should be afraid or aroused.

"Er ... Darling? What are you up to?"

"Oh, Wes. Aren't you cute when you're afraid?"

"I guess so ..."

He stepped away as quick as he could.

"It's almost as if you can't read my feelings anymore now that I'm so huge."

Indeed, her body was ridiculously wide. Her shoulders gave her an enormous frame. He was pretty sure that she could now lift the entire house easily. Looking at her from the front, he was amazed how quickly she filled his entire field of vision.

He edged away.

"Stop."

He stopped.

"Wes, you mustn't forget: I love you and I always will. You're a nice little guy, with your puny little muscles and your cute butt."

He relaxed a little.

"Ah ..."

"But I am under a lot of pressure right now." Her expression grew much more serious and a little threatening. "So you'll have to help me relieve that stress, got it?"

"Sure. I'm going to look into tastier food."

She blinked:

"Ah, yes ... That's good, but that's not what I was thinking about."

With these words, she grabbed him, her enormous arm easily reaching to him and pulling off her tiny pants. They had special fasteners to close them since there was no way of getting anything over her overloaded thighs.

Wes tried to take a step back, unsure of how to react. However, there wasn't much he could do. Monica grabbed him with her long arm, her small, but strong hand gripping his collar. He tried to resist, but she only grinned. Wes was unsure whether this was her usual game or whether she'd actually hurt him. The whole situation was slowly drifting out of his control.

She pulled him to her and said:

"Okay, now get your pants off."

"If you say so."

"I say so. What's your problem?"

"Are you going to hurt me?"

She smirked:

"Probably not ... Are you really afraid?"

"You are intimidating."

She smiled at her reflection in the rooms' mirrors.

"I guess I am. But you know, I still love you and I always will."

"That's good to know. I love you too."

"Wonderful. Now that that's settled, take off your pants!"

"Right away!"

Wes almost ripped off his pants and threw them off. Monica pulled down his shorts and liberated his hard-on.

"That was quick!"

"Let's hope I last a while. With a body like yours, it's not easy."

"What, so you find me sexy?"

"Of course. You're like the icon of sex."

"That's nice of you to put it that way."

Her hand reached for his cock.

"It's very hard. Impressive. Must be the fear."

He blushed:

"I couldn't deny it."

"Wonderful."

She began stroking his cock gently. He breathed out sharply.

"Whoa."

"I'm not going to rip it off, dear."

"That's good to know."

"Aw, come on! Do you seriously think I would hurt you?"

"I just hope you don't."

"You can be assured."

She moved up and spread her legs above him. Her sex glistened.

"Ready?"

"Always!"

She lowered her titanic body on him and engulfed his dick. He gasped:

"Incredible."

"That's the word!"

Looming above him, she began to grind her crotch against his. His rock-hard dick plowed her cunt and soon, she started to grunt and gasp. She leaned back a little, her engorged clit emerging from between the folds of her labia. His eyes went wide as she lifted her enormous breasts, grinning at him from far above. She rocked back and forth, her snatch dripping. He growled:

"This is so ... good. I ..."

"Say it!"

"I ... I love you. How is this ... possible?"

She pinched his cock with her muscles just as he was about to come. She grabbed him by the shoulders, twisted him around and rolled on her wide back, getting him on top. He pounded her as hard as he could, but she squeezed his arm a little, saying:

"Keep cool. We're not in a hurry. Nice and slow."

"Nice and slow. I got it."

"Yes ... That's it. That's it."

She led his hands to her enormous boobs and let him squeeze them. His hard-on seemed to grow even more massive. She slipped her hand between her legs and started rubbing her clit. Her gasps grew louder and quicker. He continued, sensing his mind disconnecting. His lust was incredible.

As the speed of her grunts increased, he continued ramming his cock into her cunt. She growled and twisted below him, ordering him to go faster and harder.

He tried to comply. All of a sudden, she grabbed his head, bent upwards and mashed his face between her gigantic tits. He almost lost consciousness as his nose hit the rock-hard chest. He screamed.

"Augh! That hurt."

The magic was gone. Blood spurted from his nose. He held his face, the pain blinding him.

She looked at him awkwardly, then scrambled to her feet.

"I'll get you some cotton. Just drip into a bowl or something."

"I'm trying to. Gah. This is so ... Ah!"

He grabbed the glass she had used and began filling it with his nose-blood. His cock was still erect, but the whole situation was both painful and awkward. She stomped back in and handed him some absorbent cotton. He stuffed it in his nose, then she said:

"We have to go to the hospital."

"I know. I'm just looking for my pants."

As she pulled on her clothes, she said:

"I'm sorry. I really misjudged my strength."

"Yeah, sure."

"No, really. I was just so horny."

"Whatever."

He slipped his pants back on. Monica looked at the puny man. She didn't do that on purpose, but she had to admit, she barely managed to care. Wes would have to toughen up if he wanted to have sex with her again.

She ushered him to the car and drove him to the hospital.

Days turned into weeks. Wes had almost forgotten his broken nose. It had healed quite well. The look the nurse gave him when he walked in with his wife had been priceless. He could almost feel the disbelief. After clearing up that this wasn't a case of domestic abuse and getting some help, the pair took off back home. Monica really intensified her workouts after this.

Somehow, the idea of being able to hurt people just like that fascinated her. She got very careful around Wes, almost treating him like a precious porcelain doll that had to be protected at all costs. At the same time, her workouts made her ever more bestial. She grew bigger and bigger day after day. It was fascinating for Wes to see how her muscles grew so big they actually began to droop a little.

Lately, Monica had gotten more and more vain. Every day, she had a visit at the beautician, getting manicures, pedicures, skin treatments, massages or some other thing done. It was paying off: if she'd been nice to look at before, she was now gorgeous.

She had acquired a soft tan, full lips and a surprisingly clean skin, considering what insane amounts of drugs she shot herself up every day.

As Monica drove to the next round of her challenge, she felt incredible and utterly sexy.

She left Wes at the door. He went to join Kolic and his friends while she just walked inside, her titanic body powered up to the extreme. As she

entered the hall, her large, powerful arms swung energetically. She looked inside and saw the shadowy mass around her. There were hushed mumblings. The watchers were clearly impressed by her progress. She took her sweet time to show off what she had created and waited for them to quiet down.

Then, she said:

"I'm here. Where's the competition, if there still is any?"

She heard Kolic clear his throat. Clearly, his throat had dried out watching her gigantic physique. In her heels, she was over nine feet tall, taller than any other person alive. She was pretty certain she'd eventually manage it without them.

"Well, she hasn't arrived yet. But I'm certain she won't be long. As far as we know, she's really looking forward to this."

"So do I. Do you mind if I make myself comfortable while I wait?"

She was interrupted by a familiar voice:

"Don't. I'm here."

Imani strode in. Whereas Monica's legs had grown longer and longer, giving her model-like proportions, her opponent had transformed further and further into a sort of enormous beast. Her anomaly had made her even taller and much thicker, her broad shoulders now as wide as a double door. Even though she was a little shorter than Monica, she appeared to be stronger and more massive. She stood in front of her opponent, a good foot shorter, but wearing flats.

Monica smirked:

"You came."

"I just had to. You'd miss me, wouldn't you?"

Kolic's spoke:

"Ladies, I can only speak for the rest of us and say that your transformations are amazing. We are very happy about this and we are glad to announce that you have earned a little bonus once this is over."

Monica and Imani looked at him expectantly. They were a little irritated by the man's announcements. Usually, they would make their lives even weirder.

"Regardless of who wins, we're going to offer you both a three-month stay at an exclusive resort available to our organization. You'll be able to perfect yourselves there. After all, we want you to be ready to rule and this requires not only such an impressive physique, but also the right state of mind and some skills. Anyway, let's not get ahead of ourselves. You'll find some outfits next door, just like last time. I hope you'll find them to your taste."

Monica shot her competitor a glance. She added:

"I guess they've got some camera's there."

"I'm certain."

The pair walked in. The furniture had been adapted to their large bodies, being both sturdier and taller. Monica walked over to one of the chairs, sat down and began taking off her boots. Imani sat down opposite her and asked:

"How do you walk in those? I mean, I tried, but they hurt like hell and I felt all unstable."

"Maybe you're not made for them, then. No, honestly, it's an acquired taste. I've been practicing for some time now and I'm getting quite good at walking in them."

She removed the first boot, moving her small feet and twiddling her toes. Imani cocked her head:

"Your feet are tiny!"

"And I like them this way. What's your size?"

"Don't ask. I can't even go to specialty shops. They're hand made. I don't think there's even a standard size for them."

"This sucks."

"Tell me about it."

Monica pulled off the second boot and mused:

"You know, the boots are uncomfortable. The training is painful. Growing taller at my age is hell. But it's all worth it. I want to be the biggest, hardest, strongest person to ever exist. And I'm willing to do what it takes."

"I can understand that, but I doubt you'll manage it"

"We'll see."

Monica slipped out of her jacket. It was very bulky, but also quite form-fitting, a true marvel of tailoring. The blouse under it was equally complex and used large amounts of fabric to encase her powerful muscles and her humongous breasts. She glanced at Imani and managed to hide her smile. The other woman was struggling with her shirt. Her shoulders were too large and she was clearly unable to take it off without tearing it. Now, she was stuck in it and tried to get it off unscathed. Imani cursed under her breath:

"Shit. Get off. Get off."

"Need any help?"

"No, I'm fine. Mind your own business."

Monica opened her bra. She had switched to one that opened in front. She couldn't reach her back anymore and found this the only way to manage. Actually, she didn't need a bra. Her pecs were so well-developed that her breasts couldn't sag even if she wanted them to, besides, the implants stood to attention anyway. It was more of a concession to social rules than any real need. Also, her nipples had grown rather large and poked through her clothes without it.

"Still no help?"

"I got it. I got it. Don't ... Just leave me!"

Monica walked over to her and gave her shirt a little tug. Imani pulled it off and breathed.

"Thanks. I know I shouldn't wear these anymore, but I really prefer them."

"Maybe try a poncho."

"Screw you."

The women slipped into the ever more revealing outfits for the competition. Pulling up the tiny shorts, Monica said:

"The guys are really pushing their thing on us, don't you think?"

"Let them. Stupid fuckers will see what's coming to them. When I'm in charge, they're going to get it back."

"I'm fairly certain they're monitoring this."

"Fine by me. They want a ruler, they'll get one."

Imani took a step towards her competition, grabbed her, pulled her

closer suddenly and kissed her.

"Whoa! What's your problem?"

Monica frowned at her in disgust. Imani just grinned:

"You taste nice. It's a shame you're a prude."

"I just don't see any point in smooching my opponent."

"Yeah, whatever. You may be taller, you may have bigger tits, but in the end, it's always the one who's not holding back who wins. You'll see."

Monica was taken aback. The other woman finished dressing, strapping her large breasts into her top. The giantess then sat down and put on her sport shoes.

"Okay. Get on with it. I want to beat your ass."

The pair entered the main hall. Kolic' voice could be heard above them. He seemed a little out of breath.

"Yeah, so, glad you could make it."

He paused, probably to wipe his brow.

"Anyway. Your first challenge for today is climbing."

The spotlight shone on a sheer wall studded with knobs and grips. In regular intervals, there were steel weights suspended to leather straps along the wall.

Monica and Imani stared at the construction. It went up and up, eventually reaching the roof of the hall. There were two small exits up there. One of them was manned by Wes, who was waving enthusiastically.

Monica frowned at his show of eagerness.

Kolic continued:

"To make it more interesting, it's not only about speed. Along the way, you can pick up the weights. The more you bring to the top, the better. So here we are. Good luck!"

Two assistants strapped the competitors into some harnesses and connected these to ropes dangling from the ceiling. One of them added "For safety".

Monica nodded, Imani grinned.

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

Monica was annoyed. She wasn't actually prepared for this. How did her competitor manage to know about this?

With a signal from Kolic, the two women attacked the wall.

Monica pulled herself up, grabbed the first handhold and quickly drew herself to the next grip. She found another one, held to this one and raced up the wall. Her powerful muscles were up to the challenge. She could see the fibers contract under her skin. It was amazing to watch her body in motion. She couldn't help but smile at the power she was able to bring to good use. It was almost as if she were flying straight up. She was surprised by how well it worked. She hadn't done any rock-climbing in her life and hadn't cared about the whole idea, but apparently, she was a natural.

Monica reached the first suspended weight. She held to the wall with one hand, reached over, grabbed it and slung it in her harness. There was a certain mass to it, but it was far from heavy. She smiled, happy to find all this so easy and threw herself up, reaching another grip. She looked around to get her bearings and look out for Imani.

The competitor was there, but she was struggling. Despite her massive upper body and her enormous shoulders, the other woman was somewhat slow. Monica's superior reach was clearly an advantage. She laughed, but concentrated on the challenge immediately. There was no point in giving up her head-start.

Monica continued her ascent. She noticed that the grips were getting fewer. She hoped that this would still work out. For now, she was at an advantage, but what if she made a mistake?

She loaded another weight on her belt and continued. Imani was now approaching quickly. The other woman was speeding up.

Imani launched herself upwards. She was really enjoying this struggle. Her over-developed muscles were swelling and relaxing incredibly and she was elated at her speed. She had never been into rock-climbing or anything, but her background in gymnastics turned out to be a godsend. She wondered what the other woman was thinking. For her, it had been a great day when she finally accepted her problem as a gift. Just letting herself go and, well, grow had been the best decision in her life. Taking up bodybuilding had been the same thing. Before, she had hated her big thighs and her wide shoulders. She never looked girly, always rather butch.

And then, Monica had opened her eyes.

You could be huge, muscular, enormous and still a woman. It had been her own personal revelation.

She had thrown herself into hardcore training the same day. First, she had just pumped iron, but soon, she had started juicing, then she completely fixated on building a massive and incredible body.

When she heard of this "competition", she knew she had to join. She wanted to meet her idol and surpass her. This would be her ultimate

tribute. For now, this worked quite well. However, she hadn't expected Monica to be so ... rude. Somehow, her image as an ultimate sex goddess suffered when confronted with the competition.

Imani shook her head and concentrated on the task at hand. Monica was above her, pulling herself up with one hand while hanging another weight on her belt. The taller woman was a sight to behold, her striated butt flexing and unflexing in her tiny shorts. Imani had to remind herself of her task and not to start daydreaming again. Time to climb.

The two women raced up the sheer artificial cliff. Soon, it turned into an overhang. Monica sank her small, girly fingers into the grip, the weights dangling from her belt. Imani was very close now. The broad-shouldered woman's large hands held her up as she approached Monica's position. Imani hissed:

"You've taken all the weights."

"You should have been faster. It's your problem now."

"Yeah? Well, I think I might be able to make you give some to me."

With these words, she switched her position and grabbed at the solid steel balls. Monica evaded her and kicked at her. Imani pulled back, then circled her, using the grips to change her position quickly. She was amazed how tough she had become. A couple of years ago, she would long have fallen out of exhaustion. Now, she barely felt the strain on her gargantuan muscles.

And soon, they would be even stronger and even bigger. She tried to get at Monica from another direction. The taller woman struggled to keep her hold. She switched grips and kicked at Imani again. The sole hit Imani's face. She clutched the grips as Monica's leg hit her with the force of a jackhammer.

"Ow!"

"Go away! Get your own weights!"

The attacker could tell that Monica was tiring. If she continued, she might make her fall. This was a perfectly solid plan. Time to tire her out.

Imani swung around with monkey-like agility, quickly attacking Monica from many directions. The other woman strained to keep her handhold, but found it hard to move. She couldn't concentrate. Gritting her teeth, she tried a sortie and launched herself forward, pulled a weight from her belt and used its loop to extend her range. She swung from the strap, used the momentum to gain some height and clung to the wall again.

Imani, not to be outdone, leaped at her and slammed into Monica, staggering her and making her lose her grip.

Monica fell.

The other woman held her position with one hand and caught Monica's harness with the other. There were Oohs and Aahs from the audience. Some even applauded as Monica dangled helplessly from Imani's hand. The shorter woman grinned, amazed that she was able to hold this grip for even a second. After all, her competitor weighed well over 200 pounds. Still, a triumph was a triumph, so she said:

"Hand me the weights."

People shouted:

"Drop her!"

"Forget the weights!"

Imani snarled at them:

"No chance. I want her total defeat! I will be your new ..."

Her boast was interrupted when Monica suddenly twisted around, kicked her in the stomach and pushed herself off her, rising, soaring above her as she started to fall.

Monica climbed up as Imani roared in frustration as she swung down on the cable.

"Get me down faster, I've got to climb up!"

Before she could even start, Monica reached the end of the course.

Monica rappelled down and landed next to her rival. She looked down on her and said:

"Nice. Almost managed to stop me."

"Don't worry. I'll get you in the next round."

"We'll see. But honestly, I doubt it. You're just not focused enough on winning."

"What?"

"All you want to do is bite my leg. You're doing this, but it's not getting you anywhere else other than my shins."

"Just you wait."

"I am."

"Gah."

Imani threw her hands up and turned away. Of course, Monica was right. It was less about ruling anybody, something which she was pretty certain was a bluff anyway. It was about showing this woman that she was the best. She sighed.

Kolic interrupted their exchange and said:

"Well done, Monica. Our next challenge is a bit more physical and direct. We hope you'll enjoy it."

Monica lifted her eyebrow, Imani went "Whatever".

"Bring the chains!"

"You can't be serious!"

Monica was amazed and rather annoyed. Kolic's explanation had been both simple and insane: Apparently, their job was to break the chains they would be wrought in. The faster they did that, the better. Also, apparently breaking more chains at once was a bonus.

"No, really, who came up with such an idiot idea?"

Kolic shook his head.

"I can't tell you. But a challenge is a challenge. If you want to, you can bow out."

"Never. Bring them!"

Imani nodded:

"Sure. This time, it's on!"

Monica turned to her:

"Calm down. You wouldn't want to embarrass yourself further."

Imani sneered.

Kolic called the assistants. They began wrapping the two women in chains. First, they both received a collar and some cuffs on hands and feet. Then, they were solidly strapped to the floor. More and more chains were slung around their muscular bodies. Soon, their movements were difficult, then impossible. The assistants used some very large,

well-forged chains for the big parts, then smaller-linked ones for the "details".

Finally, the assistants brought the last parts: fingerless gauntlets that completely enclosed their hands.

Kolic said:

"That looks about right. Ladies, on my mark!"

Monica flexed her arms. The chains didn't budge. There wasn't even a tinkling. That wasn't too inviting. She tried again. Nothing. She bent forward. There wasn't much she could do. The collar immediately restrained her movement. She cursed under her breath. This wasn't going to be easy.

Next, she tried twisting. There wasn't much room, but this was probably more promising. She calmed down, breathed in, breathed out and tried to feel any weaknesses in the bonds. There had to be a piece that wouldn't resist her.

Suddenly, she had an idea.

She grinned at the thought that this would work. She felt the collar bite into her neck. This would hurt, but she was pretty certain she could do it. She relaxed her neck muscles, took a deep breath and then flexed them. Hard. The steel cut into her flesh, but she concentrated and made her already bullish neck grow. It expanded, the blood pumping through her veins. She felt the cold steel on her skin, small cuts and bruises forming as she relaxed and flexed over and over again.

The crowd was watching the spectacle as she huffed and puffed, making her neck bigger and bigger. She could feel the lock bend and twist. She wondered what she looked like now. The idea of her growing a massive tree trunk-like neck felt odd. She was pretty sure that her femininity was

lost in that moment, but the satisfaction of feeling the metal stretch and scream made her grin with satisfaction.

Finally, the bolt broke and the whole thing fell apart. Monica immediately went into a crab flex. The sudden expansion of her body made the chains screech as they tore and exploded off her back. She ripped them off easily, her engorged muscles triumphant. She sank her teeth into the gauntlets and pulled them off her bleeding wrists. She howled as she ripped apart the entire net of steel, then turned to the still helpless Imani.

"So, how is it going? Getting anywhere?"

Imani tried to tear through the chains, but it didn't seem to get her anywhere.

"I'm doing fine. Give me a second."

"Definitely. It's a little sad to watch, dear."

The shorter woman pulled and pulled, trying to force the chain links. Monica produced a mock yawn.

"Are you sure you don't need help?"

"You bitch! Leave me be. It's just ... I almost got it."

"Don't mind me. I just like to watch. It can't be long now, can it?"

Imani let off a torrent of curses. Monica tut-tutted her:

"They should have given you a gag to go with the chains. But wait. There's really no need to exert yourself, especially since we're going to have another competition in a moment."

She bent forward, grabbed some of the larger chains and grinned:

"Watch this."

With a grunt, she expanded her enormous chest even further. The chains wailed and screamed, but broke.

An almighty rip tore them up and freed Imani in a burst of chain links.

Monica dropped the twisted remains and said:

"There. I hope you like a challenge, because the final one is coming up."

Kolic walked up to them. He stared at Monica's swollen, heaving muscles and his eyes glazed over.

"That was incredible."

"I get that a lot."

Monica was cocky and feeling awesome about it. She had seriously pushed Imani into the ground and she was enjoying herself. Right now, she just wanted to fuck someone, preferably Wes. Watching his tight little body squirm under her huge mass was a real turn-on. She grinned and said:

"Say, Kolic, can we get to the next one? I feel like I have something else to do today."

She winked at him. The older man blushed. He actually blushed. Monica slapped him on the back, sending him to the ground:

"Oops. Sorry. No, Harry, this isn't about you. You only get to watch as I jump through hoops and humiliate this little bitch. For me, there's Wes and that's it." She laughed. "Let's say, mostly."

There was a yelp in the audience.

"Anyway ..."

Kolic had managed to get back on his feet.

"The next challenge is one of strength and speed."

Imani glared at the taller woman.

"Good. Time to set the record straight."

Kolic led them to two tables that had just been wheeled in.

"As you can see, there are some steel bars on these tables. Here are the thin ones, then they get progressively thicker. The final ones are more or less blocks. Your task is simple. You get five minutes, you bend as many of them as you can. You can do it any way you want. Any questions?"

Imani asked:

"Do you want knots in them?"

There was some laughter from the audience, a few people clapped.

Kolic smiled and said:

"Not necessarily. But if you have any leftover time, you can do that."

"Good to know."

"Okay. So give them a good bend and enjoy yourselves."

The two women glared at him.

"No? Anyway. Get ready, set, ... Go!"

Monica grabbed the first bar and bent it into an "U". As she took the next, she saw Imani take four at a time and bend them all at the same time.

So this was how it was going to be.

Monica immediately reached out and took a handful of bars. She lay them on her gigantic shoulders and wrapped her arms around them. Then, she quickly bent forward. The metal gave off a weird groan as she twisted it. She brought her arms together in front of her until her palms reached her elbows, then she released the bars. There. This was a big jump ahead.

She quickly took the next bars and did the same as before. This time, it went a bit slower. Bending five bars at a time wasn't too easy, but she managed again. She tossed them back on the table and quickly moved to the next.

Once again, she glanced over to Imani. The shorter woman was at it with incredible speed. She had switched to holding the bars down against her foot and bending them by flexing her bulging abs. This clearly worked well, but Monica preferred the neck.

She loaded the next bars on her shoulders. She was beginning to feel the weight. These bars were quite clearly rods. There was no difference whether she bent them this way or that. For Monica, this made everything easier. She didn't care, she only wanted to defeat the competition.

Meanwhile, Imani was enjoying herself. Her broad shoulders and her excellent conditioning were perfect for this. She felt her strength against the cold steel and the moment when it gave way to her unstoppable power made her incredibly hot. As she soldiered on, bending ever thicker and harder steel bars, she felt she was lusting for a show of strength. Her own supremacy was the strongest aphrodisiac. She craved a cock for her to crush. She desired some weak, pathetic man to try and penetrate her before she crushed him between her enormous thighs. Her godlike strength brought godlike desires.

She gasped as another bar bent sadly under her massive muscles.

The end of the table was fast approaching. Monica could no longer just bend bundles of these bars. Instead, they were each a few inches thick, the last one being three inches across. Bending this was incredibly hard. Still, she was coping. Her neck was a deep red, a large groove formed by the strength with which she twisted the metal. She grunted as she wrapped her arms around it and flexed. It didn't budge. She bent forward and tried again. Nothing.

Behind her, she heard Imani gasp as she hit the same. Time was running and Monica hated to fail this. She had to destroy her opponent and gain a serious head-start. The taller muscle woman concentrated, trying to shut out the pain. She hit the bar again. The rigid steel was unyielding. This couldn't be. She had to be able to do this.

Monica flexed again. The veins on her arms and shoulders popped out under her skin. Her upper body transformed into an insane network of veins, muscle fibers and sweat. She gritted her teeth. The pain was incredible. She knew, she had to beat Imani. If she managed to do this, she'd be on her way to victory.

She relaxed for a second, felt the metal detach from her tortured skin and contracted her muscles again, screaming loudly.

The howl gave her the final boost she needed.

The bar bent abruptly and she followed through, the blood hammering through the veins on her front.

She threw the bizarre "U" down and reached for the next one when the signal came that time was up.

Monica turned to her opponent.

Monica's face fell. Imani stood there, panting, sweating and tired, but she had managed to keep up with the taller muscle woman. She had bent the last bar and was just about to throw it on the table when the

signal hit. The shorter woman breathed deeply and looked at Monica with a smug, but tired expression.

Monica knew she was ahead by one challenge, but this wasn't enough. She wanted to seriously distance her competitor and now this.

Kolic explained:

"It appears we have a draw on this final round. Monica is ahead, but I think the next set will be very interesting for us."

There was a roar of applause. Kolic continued:

"Ladies, we thank you very much for your eagerness to fight. The next round will be more challenging and will bring you to face entirely new difficulties, but I'm sure you will surmount them. Also, the climate might help."

He handed them a briefcase each.

"Enjoy!"

The plane landed. Monica smiled at Wes. Getting a ride on one of the Order's private machine was a relief. Taking a normal plane had become nigh-impossible. Monica's size had become so ridiculous that she had to book three seats, plus one more in the row right in front of her, just to house her shoulders and her endless legs. Besides, no airline would transport her with all the weird stuff installed in her body. Beside the gallon-sized breast implants and the bone-stretching implants, she had acquired two new implants using the suitcase full of cash she had received. One of the implants was basically an automated juicing device that produced and released steroids and growth hormones along her "natural" physiological cycle. The thing was highly experimental and the inventor denied any responsibility for any side-effects it would have, but so far, everything was good. Monica's muscles had taken well to this additional and more carefully controlled boost. As a result, her shoulders

were now wider than any standard doorway and she had to shuffle into rooms sideways.

Getting on the plane had been its own challenge. The machine had a larger door for supplies and she had managed to use this. Still, she had to keep her head down while inside. Even when sitting, she had to duck a little. It was a weird feeling to live this way.

Speaking of feelings: The second implant modified her brain. It did several things. First, it improved her sense of balance, something which was now necessary, since her taste in insane heels had grown more absurd. Second, it reinforced her feeling of absolute superiority and allowed her to discharge a true avalanche of aggression at any time. She used this to punish herself in the gym, going far beyond any level of exercise advisable to man. Also, disputes quickly dissipated as she simply scared the shit out of her opponents.

Right now, though, she was happy and almost serene.

They walked into the hotel lobby. For Wes, this felt like a second honeymoon. Standing meagerly next to his enormous wife, he felt bizarrely aroused. After all, she was his. All her muscles, all her ridiculous height, the massive breasts, the gorgeous face, all this was his. Sure, she was an idol to millions of online and offline worshipers, but in the end, she had kept him. No, she had stayed his wife. She could have left him for some obscure billionaire who'd shower her with gifts and fulfill her every wish.

To be honest, he was wondering why she did it. Staying with your high school sweetheart was nice and all, but it was still unexpected if he looked at the discrepancy. Well, maybe she'd explain it eventually.

Right now, Monica was stirring up a commotion. She walked to the concierge's desk. The other guests stared at her. Quite a few jaws dropped, Wes noticed some rising hard-ons among the male watchers.

He grinned. Even some of the women in swimsuits appeared to be enjoying the view.

The giantess bent over, giving the concierge a good look of her humongous breasts:

"Hello. We reserved the presidential suite."

"Ah. Yes. Right away. Do you have any identification?"

Monica grinned:

"Who else could be like me?"

She stood up straight, towering over everyone and everything in the room.

"I know. I'm pretty certain that you are who you claim to be, but ..."

"Oh, don't worry. I have my documents."

She bent forward and mussed the concierge's hair. The short woman recoiled, completely intimidated by the 8'6" goddess in her 10" heels. Monica pulled the ID from her cleavage and handed it down.

"Here you are. I hope everything is fine."

"Er ... Yes, of course."

"Wes, give her the invitation and let's hit the beach!"

When the pair emerged from the hotel, they could almost bathe in the stares. Monica had opted for a minuscule bikini, basically three very small triangles of fabric and a lot of string. It barely covered her nipples and sex. The fact that it was also fire-engine red made it all the more shocking. Monica had spent the last weeks sunning up, so she now sported a deep, elegant tan that contrasted with her long blond hair. She was truly a sight to behold, her wide hips swaying from side to side as

she walked on the sand, easily balancing in her ten-inch sandals. Next to her, Wes looked puny in his shorts. Actually, the young man was quite toned and good-looking, but next to the goddess that was his wife, he looked like a runt. Still, the pair held hands and they quickly found a spot for their towel.

Monica spread it out and said:

"Last one in the water is a runt!"

Wes sighed and ran after her.

Her long legs carried her over the sand in a blur of speed. He did what he could to keep up with her, but he knew that it was fundamentally useless. She reached the water and dove right in, her long body arching elegantly as she disappeared in the waves. As Wes finally hit the waves, he heard her shout for him:

"Runt!"

He sighed:

"I love you too, Monica!"

"Come on in, it's warm and wonderful!"

He quickly swam to her.

The waves rose and fell around them. Monica's enormous breasts floated on the water, allowing her to enjoy the heaving of the sea with relative calm. When she had seen him approach, she had laughed and swum away, outpacing him easily with powerful strokes. After a bit of playing around, she had stopped and waited for him to join her. Now they were both threading water. Wes lay on her gigantic breasts and held to her ridiculously wide back. He said:

"Oh, Monica, it was such a good idea to come clean. I still can't believe how big and strong you've become."

She pulled him closer and gave him a kiss:

"I like how you're still so small. This is cute."

He felt a sting at her words. Cute?

"Don't get me wrong. It's just that I love how you look up to me. Besides, it's not only about height. It's also about size."

She slipped her hand inside his trunks. She found his cock and began rubbing it. It instantly went hard. It was funny: Monica's hands and feet were still small and girly, while the rest of her body had transformed into an over-sized, mutant masterpiece.

She shivered as the brain implant kicked in. She instantly felt overwhelmed with the desire to fuck this guy's brain out. Wes saw her expression and began squeezing her boobs. She immediately began to gasp and growl. The implant had not only unleashed her primal aggression, but had also turned most of her body into an erogenous area.

"Oh, Wes! I'm going to fuck your brains out. So if you don't want me to drown you, you'd better make me cum quickly!"

Reluctantly, but still enticed by her incredible body and her absolute arousal, Wes lowered his hand to her cunt. He had become careful after she had almost crushed his cock when cumming a few weeks ago. Fascinatingly, her cunt was now so powerful that she could carry heavy weights with it and destroy dildos in its rock-hard musculature.

"Promise you won't fuck up my hand?"

She smiled gently:

"I'll try."

He was rather unconvinced, but he realized that she was getting hornier and hornier. The faster he did something, the sooner he'd be able to cum without being ground into dust or drowned. His hand reached the bottom of her bikini. He pushed the piece of fabric aside. Even in the warm sea water, he could feel the heat radiate from her snatch. He felt for her clit and began to circle it. Monica began to grunt with lust. The nub started to grow, rapidly lengthening to an inch. Whenever his fingers slipped over it, she closed her eyes and sighed. Encouraged, Wes probed the outer folds of her cunt. Monica started to breathe quicker, moving her arms to stay afloat. She shifted her legs to allow him further in.

His hand disappeared in her. She fell into a rhythmic movement, directing his hand to her g-spot with the sheer strength of her cunt. He did what he could, careful not to be pulled underwater. She grunted:

"The other hand!"

He instantly complied, reaching down for her clit. He played with it, sliding his fingers over its tiny hood. She growled, squeezing her boobs and furthering her arousal. For Wes, it was a struggle to stay above the waves and satisfy his wife. He fought to stay afloat only with his legs and swallowed quite a lot of seawater. Still, being there with his wife, being subdued by her incredible strength, all this was what he wanted. He felt the hard-on in his trunks ache. This was incredible!

When Monica came with a scream, he relaxed. The giantess released his hand and pulled him up. She lay him between her massive breasts and whispered into his ear:

"Thank you. That was ... nice. I hope you didn't take too big a gulp."

"I ... was ... okay."

"Very well. So I guess I should be making this up to you ..."

"Would you?"

"Of course."

She grabbed his cock.

"It's hard. Very hard. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"This is incredible."

She began squeezing and rubbing his dick. He shivered. She slung her enormous arm around his chest and said:

"Keep cool. Don't worry ..."

"I ... wowwww ..."

His voice drifted off as he came.

They returned to the beach. Wes was relieved in every sense of the word. Terra firma felt good. He stumbled back, then went to the hotel to get some towels to lie on. Monica stretched, immediately turning all eyes on her. The other people at the beach gawked at her. She smiled and went through a few poses, careful to maintain a semblance of casual relaxation.

When she flexed her enormous biceps, each one almost as big as her head, there were gasps and hisses. She could feel wives glare at their husbands and hear girlfriends punching their boyfriends. As Wes returned, she was entertaining her audience with sudden jumps of her magnificent breasts, her inch-thick pecs lifting them easily. The spectators did their best to "not look" while trying to catch a few glimpses of her blimpish tits.

Wes spread the towels, set up the umbrella and they finally lay down.
There was a collective breath of relief all around them.

Her husband asked:

"What happened? Did I miss anything?"

"Nothing. I just waited for you and passed the time."

She smiled sweetly. He frowned:

"You sure about that? Just looking around, I see plenty of guys trying to
hide their hard-ons."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He grinned and put his hand on hers.

That's when some jerk kicked sand in his face.

Wes looked up and saw a jockish young man next to him. The guy kicked
some more sand at him and laughed:

"Hey, twerp. Why don't you let a real man spend some time with this
girl."

Wes was surprised. Was this really happening?

"What's your problem? Are you honestly trying to bully me out of my
marriage?"

"Your marriage? You're married to that woman? What kind of freaks are
you?"

"I'm sorry, but are you completely stupid?"

"Watch your mouth, asshole!"

The fool reached down to grab Wes by his throat. Just as his hand was
almost there, it stopped. Monica had lain her hand on his wrist. The
young man stopped dead in his tracks. He tried to jerk his hand back. No
chance. It was as if it were stuck.

"Let go!"

Monica stood up, lifting the foolish guy up.

"What the hell are you up to? Why are you annoying my man?"

"Er ... Nice tits."

Monica was speechless. She looked at Wes. He shrugged.

The giantess smiled, then said:

"Come with me. You're going to get hurt."

Carrying the struggling idiot off, she shouted at Wes:

"I'm just going to calm that idiot down. Why don't you get us some
drinks?"

Monica carried the young man off. As she strode back to the hotel, she
asked:

"Okay, now tell me: Whatever gave you the idea that this would work?"

The guy struggled, but Monica just laughed. This was ridiculous. She
turned him around, now holding him by his leg.

"So?"

"Yeah, well, there's this other woman. She told me to do that."

"Other woman?"

"She's like you. Also big and huge muscles."

"I think I know her. So you did that, and you didn't think that I would laugh at you?"

"Who dares, wins."

"Idiot. What did she offer you in return?"

"She said she would make it worth my while. And I tell you, she's like fucking huge. Like crazy big."

"Oh, is she?"

"Sure. Gigantic."

Monica's mood darkened. So Imani was already here. Oh, well. She'd have to deal with her anyway.

She nonchalantly dumped the idiot into the pool and added:

"And stay away from us."

Then, she quickly returned to the beach.

She burst back on the beach and immediately started towards Wes. There he was!

And he wasn't alone.

Right now, he was trying to get away from a colossal muscle woman wearing a sling bikini. Imani.

To say she had been large before was an understatement. The same could now be said for the adjective "huge". Whatever had happened to her had certainly transformed her completely. Monica recoiled as she saw this abomination of the human form made flesh. The most disgustingly fascinating part of her body was her neck. Somehow, it had disappeared and been replaced by a kind of large, thick roll of muscle. That clump of strength just reached up to her ears and somewhat

encased her face. Monica wondered how she even moved. The next part was just as weird. Imani's already wide shoulders had become so enormous that she certainly wouldn't fit through any doors. She was roughly as wide as Wes was tall. The mutated mass of muscle that was her upper body was so ridiculous, so striated and so bizarrely covered in veins that even the strictly bigorexic Monica had troubles coping with it.

The brutally shredded pectorals that now reached dangerously close to the other woman's chin just made the whole situation even more grotesque. Monica had never imagined anybody become so muscular. Even for herself, it had seemed out of the question.

She slowed down as she approached her rival.

Was she now bigger than Monica?

It was hard to accept, but as she reached her, she had to.

She gasped:

"What happened?"

Imani laughed. Her entire body quivered and shook. Watching this bloated mass of muscle shiver and shake was downright frightening. She grinned and said:

"Oh dear, you should have seen your face. This is hilarious."

"What the hell did you do to yourself?"

"That's nice of you to ask that, but you haven't been doing badly yourself."

Imani walked closer. As she approached, Monica had to accept that she was now facing a woman that was just shy of ten feet tall.

She backed off. Imani continued:

"Are you afraid? You should be. Look at this."

She lifted her arm, a procedure that clearly took a while and created a strange feeling of inertness and inevitability. Monica could see every fiber contract or relax, she could almost distinguish the blood that pumped through Imani's garden-hose veins. Imani flexed her arm and her biceps expanded further, swelling to the size of a watermelon. She looked down on her rival and said:

"Remember how I told you about my condition? Well, I have to thank you. Not only have I stopped blocking it, now I'm actively boosting it. And it's done wonders to my shape. Girl, you're going to suffer."

Monica shivered. This was too much. She could feel her mind warp. What could she do to stay calm?

Imani hit another pose. This time, her trunk-like legs inflated, the muscle hanging over her knees. Monica had never seen anybody this muscular. Even the weird stuff on the internet only barely approached what she was witnessing here. Imani laughed at her confusion:

"I've been hitting the weights so hard, you wouldn't even believe it. I can bench-press a truck now."

Monica was on the verge of tears. How had this happened? How could she find herself so diminished? She gritted her teeth and hissed:

"Okay. You challenge me, you get me. Give me two weeks and I'm going to crush you!"

"Two weeks? Bitch, please! In two weeks, I'm going to be so huge I won't even be able to see you 'cause you're going to be so tiny next to me!"

Monica growled:

"Okay. It's on! Two weeks and I destroy you!"

"Fine. Try if you want. I'm just going to wait and laugh. Also, your hubby went that way."

She pointed in a direction with her meaty, huge hand. She was definitely big all over. Then she turned away, producing some kind of continental drift. For Monica, it was intimidating to watch this true mountain of muscle move. Imani walked off. She loved the taste of Monica's humiliation. It was so good to watch her eyes water. It was a little sad she hadn't caught her man. She really wanted to humiliate her further by making him come. Well, next time.

When Monica returned to her suite, she was steaming. She felt that she would explode. At the same time, she wanted to cry. She'd been so far ahead, she'd been the biggest and the best, and now this! She wanted to tear Imani's head off, but that wouldn't fix anything. She'd still be second best.

The first thing she did was scream at Wes.

"Why did you get me into this stupid competition? Why couldn't you just enjoy what we had? There was no need to change a thing!"

Wes held up his hands defensively.

"I didn't get you to do anything. I'm as frustrated as you are, but this is not my fault."

"I know."

She grabbed the mini-fridge and crushed it in her bare hands. The poor thing crumpled as if it were made of cardboard. Wes stared at his wife's enormous muscles as they tensed and compacted the cooler until only a misshapen lump remained. The thing gave off a sad gurgling sound and died. Wes imagined what she might do with him if she really got angry and stepped back.

"Now listen, Monica. We can fix this. Two weeks is short, but maybe I can get someone to help. You can beat her, I'm sure!"

"But how? She's just going to pump herself full of some weird stuff and she's just going to grow. I can't beat her in this race!"

Wes climbed on the bed, then on the table until he was roughly at the right height and said:

"Calm down. If you want weird stuff, I can get plenty. Don't worry. Now go clean up yourself and get ready to get the pump of your life."

Monica walked into the hotel gym. The management had agreed to provide her with challenging weights, even if that meant reinforcing the foundations. Clearly, Wes' friends had a lot of money and influence. The other guests training there stared at the gigantic woman as she walked in. The manager led her to a big tarpaulin-covered, for lack of a better word, thing.

"I hope this was what you were looking for. We bought this online from a rather shady company, but they assured us that this is what you need."

"I'll see."

The manager pulled off the cover and revealed a training station that looked as if taken out of a fifties science fiction movie. It was very smooth, with a lot of chrome. The guests clustered close by to catch a look. Monica looked at it.

"Wow. It's perfect. I read about this and I never believed you could actually find one in mint condition."

Wes asked:

"What is that supposed to be?"

She explained:

"Before the war, the government had a kind of super-soldier program. Or maybe not, who knows. It didn't work out, but they commissioned U.S. Steel to construct training equipment for the participants. The program was dropped before the equipment was completed, but a few prototypes were built. This is one of them. I'm really impressed."

The manager smiled happily. Another customer well served.

Monica cracked her knuckles:

"Okay, so this is what we're going to do: I need to put on a lot of mass fast and I need to grow. Wes, you're going to get me as much protein as you can get. I'll crank up the bone stretchers and the hormone management. And then, I'll crush this upstart."

Minutes later, Monica was howling in pain internally. Her entire body had changed into a muscle and growth factory and the transformation was going to happen quickly. What had taken weeks and even months before now had to take days. The stretching implants tore apart her bones while the hormonal pumps went into overdrive to fuel her raging desire for more muscle.

The training machine proved to be a perfect challenge for her. Not only was it usable for a woman her size, it also adapted to her strength. She was working against the weights, but also against a system of engines that pulled against her every move. She stood up, the fantastically overloaded bar on her shoulders bending under the weight. Her thigh muscles felt as if they were going to explode.

The pain was incredible. She had to use all her force of will and her aggression to fight the desire to just drop everything. The pain was terrible, but as all things terrible, it was also wonderful. Her mental image of her superior, unreal body that would become even huger and more intimidating held her up.

The spectators stared at her, mouths agape. This woman exuded such an incredible aura of strength and willpower that they couldn't take their eyes of her. But it wasn't the disgust reserved for freaks. It was a strange kind of admiration.

Soon, some of them were cheering for her as she tortured her mutated body to transform it into a new even more incredible shape.

The audience could see the fibers under her skin contract and swell, the blood pump through her veins and the sweat drip from her brow. As she squatted again, her already gigantic muscles swelled even more, leaving any human comparison behind.

She would destroy Imani, even if it killed her.

When she finally returned to her room and carefully lay down on the bed, her body was just a single blob of pain. To her, it felt as if every last bit of her had been torn apart. But this deconstruction was a prelude to an even better her. She groaned:

"Wes, please be nice and fetch me some painkillers, will you?"

"Sure, Monica. Actually, I don't think you should do this again. You're going to hurt yourself."

"Honey, I already hurt myself. Right now, I'm hurting myself. And I'm going to continue doing this until I overtake this stupid bitch."

"But that's dangerous ..."

"Life is dangerous, and it always ends badly. But I'm going to destroy her first. So about the painkillers ..."

"I can't even imagine how to figure out the right dose."

"Forget it. Just get me the stuff now. Since I'm going to do this again tomorrow, I'll need to at least try and sleep."

"That sound even more dangerous."

"Darling, seriously. Do it now or I'll get up and kick you in your little puny butt. Got it?"

"Sure, Monica."

Wes turned to leave. That's when she added:

"Oh, yeah, and by the way: Check on Imani. I want to know what she's doing. I don't like surprises."

"I will."

"Great. Painkillers. Now."

"Right away!"

Wes headed out into the night. Around here, the stars seemed much brighter. Away from the hotel, there was no light pollution and the air was warm and smelled of the sea. He decided not to take a car. Instead, he borrowed a bike from the hotel and rode down the coast road. He was pretty certain he'd be able to find out quickly at what hotel Imani stayed.

Indeed, he found the place only one hour later. It was the third hotel down the road, an equally luxurious accommodation. He parked his bike and walked in. The concierge looked at him and smiled.

"May I help you, sir?"

"Yes, absolutely. I'm looking for a woman. A special one, if you get my meaning."

The concierge was unsure of what to do with this. He said:

"I'm not sure I understood you correctly, sir."

"I want to know whether Imani is staying here. You know, the giantess with the huge muscles."

Although the concierge immediately denied giving any answer on account of confidentiality, Wes saw it in his eyes. He was right.

"I see. Don't worry. I can see that you can't answer this. Still, I'd like to have a drink at your bar."

"No problem at all, sir. Just down the hall on your right-hand side."

Wes popped in and ordered a beer. He didn't want to get drunk or anything, but he definitely craved a nice, relaxed drink. He asked the woman at the bar:

"So, what are your thoughts on the giantess?"

"The giantess?"

"Imani."

"Of course. Well, she's nice. Are you a paparazzo?"

"Me? No. Not at all. My wife's a big ... fan of hers and I'm going to get her an autograph."

"I see. Your wife?"

"Yes. Strange things happen."

"As you say, sir."

"So, where can I meet her?"

"I'm not allowed to tell you, sir."

"Oh, come on. So much red tape."

"Company policy. I'm sorry."

"No problem."

With these words, Wes turned his ring around. The other members of the order called them 'decoder rings'. It wasn't all wrong. The woman looked at it, understood and told him the room number.

"Thank you very much. You've been a big help."

"Glad to be of service."

Wes sighed. Being part of the organization had turned out to be much more useful than he'd thought.

The young man arrived on the suite floor. He had to admit that he didn't have much of a plan. Wes sighed. He'd have to improvise. He walked to the corridor window, opened it and looked out. Hm. That wasn't much help. It was logical, actually. The risk was much too high that somebody would break into the rooms.

He decided to do something different.

Imani heard somebody knock. She sighed:

"I'll be right back. Stay where you are and stay hard."

The old man nodded.

"Sure. That'll be easy."

She extricated herself from the bed and felt it return to its original level now that her mass was gone. She scratched herself and stretched. The movement was so vast that she almost knocked down the chandelier. That's why she preferred ceiling lamps. She thought about slipping on her robe, but decided against it. She loved the look of absolute shock on people's faces. Yesterday, one of the maids had come in just as she was getting dressed. The poor girl had just collapsed and she'd had to slap

her gently with her finger to wake her back up. She had to be careful not to blow the girl's head off.

The thought made the giantess smirk.

She opened the door quickly and looked down. Damn her pecs.

She looked left. Nothing. She looked right. Still nothing. Imani sighed. Great. Another one of those funny people. She snorted and shouted:

"Very funny, you fuckers. When I catch you, I'm going to pop your heads like zits!"

Wes held his breath. That was a plausible threat. Ducking under her arm without touching her enormous thigh had been risky enough. He had been quite certain that the giantess had no idea what was going on under her gigantic pecs and the even more outrageous breasts, but he had taken some risk. Anyway, the game wasn't yet won. He dropped down and hid behind the sofa as quickly as he could. Imani turned around carefully. It was clear that she had already casually damaged the furniture by moving too fast. She said:

"Okay. Little fuckers try to annoy me. That's typical. Don't worry, I doubt they'll try that again."

The old man on the bed laughed:

"Just don't kill anybody yet."

"You're really uptight sometimes. It's just odd coming from you."

Wes realized who the guy was. He snuck a peek. Yes. It was Kolic. Kolic was banging Monica's opponent.

That was going to be a handicap. It also made the whole contest somewhat pointless. Why bother at all?

If Monica wanted to win, she had to beat Imani with such absolute power that Kolic would have no choice but to accept this. On the other hand, maybe this wasn't so bad. If Imani thought she had Kolic in her pocket, she'd get sloppy.

Now he just had to get out safely.

Carefully moving around the sofa, Wes returned to the door. Opening it was not an option. So, he tried something else instead.

"Again?"

Imani was now really angry. She jumped out of bed, hitting her head against the chandelier.

"Fuck! Stupid thing."

She slapped it, sending it swinging, producing a glockenspiel sound as the little pieces of crystal hit against each other. She looked up and sighed. She was clearly relieved that she hadn't just torn it down. The giantess turned to Kolic and said:

"Get someone to take that stupid thing down before I tear it from the ceiling."

He sounded quite intimidate:

"Sure thing!"

"Good. Now, let's see who desperately wants to have his head squished!"

She thundered to the door and pulled it open, almost ripping it from the hinges. Wes moved to the door as quickly as he could. He stopped right behind her and tensed. He had to react to her every movement if he wanted to get out of here alive.

Imani looked left and right.

He heard her growl.

"Stupid assholes. I'm going to stick your faces up your butts when I catch you!"

She stomped on the ground, cracking the floorboards. Then, she turned around. Wes quickly edged under her gigantic, swollen back muscles and slipped outside, barely evading her enormous calf muscles. Finally, he was free. He fought the need to run and instead opted to just slip away as quietly as possible.

He left the hotel minutes later and almost collapsed on the tarmac. He had survived this without any big bruises. That was an excellent night.

The next morning, Wes awoke and went down to the gym. After almost getting crushed in his sleep once by his wife, he had insisted on a separate bed. Monica had been unhappy since she really loved to just roll over and fuck him whenever the mood took her, but she had seen reason eventually. Since she now weighed well over four hundred pounds, she had to be really careful. After a few mishaps, Wes had insisted on being on top when they fucked unless Monica was super-careful.

He arrived at the gym and saw his titaness wife torture herself at full power at the machine. He couldn't believe it. Even now, she was bigger and stronger than the day before. Her body was now becoming so grotesquely huge that it was becoming harder and harder to even make sense of it. Looking at the masses of muscles made his mind boggle. It was so difficult to take it all in. All the clumps and bulges of muscle completely obscured her silhouette, seriously hampering his pattern recognition. It was becoming literally impossible to take her all in.

She winced as she did some pull-downs against the machine. Her shoulders blew up with every motion, blood pumping visibly through her garden-hose veins. She looked down on him, her face encased in a mass of muscles.

"So, Wes, how was your excursion?"

"Fascinating. Guess what?"

"What?"

"Kolic is banging Imani. Or rather the other way round."

"The bitch. I'm going to make her suffer."

Monica leaned into the machine with full power. The poor thing groaned.

Two weeks had passed. The excitement about the coming competition was palpable. People were chatting about this in public, there were rumors going around about Monica bowing out. Somehow, what had been a secret society thing had blown out of proportion and become a worldwide media craze. People were discussing the insanity of the competitors online. Preachers condemned the outrageousness of these hyper-sexualized women, radical feminists signed up for gym memberships and crawled the net desperate for hints on how to become so huge. Many people concluded that change was on the horizon. This situation was unique. Up until now, the idea of the weak, subservient woman had pervaded the perceptions of most of the world's population. And now this.

A number of clips showing Monica and Imani during their previous competitions was rapidly closing in on a billion hits. Clearly, two factions had formed. It was no longer a question of whether muscle women were a thing, it was Imani versus Monica.

Paparazzi filled the hotel lobbies, drones were buzzing all over the compound, prompting the management to hire some guards to get rid of the pests and screen the stars.

For Wes, the whole situation was getting more and more confusing. Monica had been hypercharging her implants for days, bravely fighting the growing pains. She had become utterly monstrous, her minuscule head perched atop a body that was a caricature of a human being. Somehow, she had managed to bring herself up to ten feet and eleven inches. She was angry that she hadn't been able to break that barrier, but maybe later. The whole thing was probably moot since her muscles were now so gigantic that she was completely enclosed in them. The super-soldier machine had reached its limit and Monica had simply run out of further training options.

She was as ready as she could be.

Monica exited the vehicle. It was a converted truck that provided her with some comfort, a little like the popemobile, only bigger. The entrance of the stadium was loud with excited guests. People were holding up cardboard signs proclaiming "Monica!", "You're the best!" and "Crush her!". There were a lot of young women, many of them dressed rather sporty and showing off their developing muscles. The giantess walked by them, towering over the crowd by several heads. Camera's were rolling, phones were being lifted up to catch a picture of the modern day goddess. Monica stopped for a moment, then crouched down to take a picture with some girls in the first row.

There was a lot of cheering, but also a ruckus as people from the back tried to get to her. Monica stood up again, reached inside the crowd and pushed those people down. She thundered:

"Stay back. I will not have you hurt people."

With these words, she lifted her muscle-filled arms and gave them a veiny, unbelievable flex. Eyes bulged, people fainted and phones clicked. She smiled and said:

"I'll be back with you once I sort this upstart out."

There were shrieks and screams of approval. Monica entered the stadium.

Once inside, she found a full team of assistants that immediately went to work on her. She got made up and had her hair done. Every little blemish was carefully removed or covered up. Then, she received her outfit. She had never seen anything as flimsy as this.

"Wouldn't it be easier if I just stayed naked?"

The manager shook his head:

"There are children watching this."

"Seriously. And what do you think that this ..." She held up the small pieces of fabric. "... is supposed to do to preserve my modesty?"

"Hey, I don't make the rules. I just work around them."

Monica grinned and slipped the floss-suit on.

She walked into the arena, her enormous body on display to the cheering masses. She could hear a famous announcer's voice describe her over the PA. She wondered where Kolic had gone. Usually, this was his job. She smirked. He probably was spending his time crawling into Imani's ass. She snorted and raised her arms.

Her face appeared on the big screen and she did her best to give the crowd a million-dollar-smile. The cheers went louder and louder and people exploded into ecstasy as the cameras scanned every single part of her giant, mutant body. She did a few flexes to get them to make them scream. The masses complied willingly.

She advanced to the middle of the field. Imani wasn't there yet. That was obvious. She was the challenger, so she'd have her entrance next.

Indeed, the announcer bellowed her name as the gate on the other side opened. The lights switched around, showing her silhouette. As Imani stepped into the arena, Monica was surprised. She wasn't shocked, she wasn't afraid, but she had not expected this.

Imani was a hulking monster of a woman. Whereas Monica was basically a normal human being, only stretched and stuffed with muscles, her body carefully modified to be more, Imani was a different beast altogether.

She strode forward, every step making her enormous muscles quiver. Imani was tremendously massive. She was far wider than Monica, with shoulders the size of beach-balls and bizarre back muscles that came up over her head. Her chest was now extremely bizarre. She had clearly chosen not to further expand her breasts and they now hung a little lost from her gargantuan pecs. The whole thing was made even more disturbing by the fact that these small-seeming fake tits were way over stripper-sized.

Her core was even more odd: She had a massive muscle-gut, her abs looking as if she was nine-months-pregnant. They actually drooped a little. She had a weird shuffling walk, her bloated thighs rubbing against each other.

For Monica, watching this mass of muscles approach was odd. She had expected Imani to go all-in, just as she had, but she had expected elegance. Instead, her opponent had just overdone it. Also, as they finally stood eye-to-eye, Monica realized that they were roughly the same height. At least this had worked.

Imani's voice rumbled:

"Not bad. You almost had me. But you have no chance against this!"

She lifted her arm, a surprisingly complex operation that resulted in her barely managing to flex these masses of colliding flesh. Monica grinned:

"We'll see."

She responded in kind, her longer limbs allowing her to make her throbbing arms bulge.

As the applause of the impressed masses ebbed, Imani lifted her overcharged arms and laughed as her supporters howled and screamed.

The announcer interrupted the posturing:

"Dear competitors, we are ready for the first challenge. It's a feat of strength not normally thought to be possible for humans. Two powerful, heavy-duty tractors rumbled on the arena and each pulled a huge stone sphere to the competitors. As these massive balls rolled over the ground, the earth shook. Monica noticed her breasts shaking as the vibrations hit the saline solution in them. Imani stood there like a rock, the only change being slight movements on the periphery of her supernatural body. She turned to her opponent and said:

"Nothing against the bimbo look, but you definitely should have downsized."

"Bitch, you should never have upsized to a level where you can't turn your head."

"You're just jealous because you're so puny. It's a matter of commitment. I wanted to have the implants taken out, but there was no time."

"Don't worry, they're doing nothing for your look, regardless of whether you have them or not. Breasts are for humans."

Imani sighed:

"You must be nervous, judging from the amount of crap you're sprouting."

Monica tried to find a witty repartee, but she had to admit that she was intimidated. Not only was Imani so ridiculously huge she did feel small,

the stone ball also looked extremely heavy. She was glad the announcer cut her short.

"The spheres you see in front of you each weigh as much as a small truck. Now of course, pushing them would be easy. So we're not going to do that. Victory goes to the competitor that manages to toss it the furthest. You get three consecutive attempts. The distances are added together, so victory should be clear. Show us what you got!"

The coin-toss let Monica go first. She walked to the boulder, grabbed it and hefted it up. It was ridiculously heavy and with her breasts, it was hard to get a good grip. She pulled and strained until she finally had it squeezed against her body. The stupid thing really put her to her limit. Actually throwing it would be hard. She gritted her teeth, fighting the pain that surged through her body. Then, she stepped forward, turned and launched the rock in the air.

It actually flew a few yards before coming down with a crash. Monica sighed. She had expected more and she was quite aware that this wasn't sufficient. Imani laughed.

"Pathetic. I can't believe they even let you compete."

She grabbed her sphere and easily picked it up. It was clear that she was straining, but her monstrous body seemed well-suited to cope with the weight. Then, she lifted it on her bulging, grotesque shoulders and stabilized it with both hands. She pulled back, then did a few steps forward and launched the stone in the air.

It soared, the mass rising in the air before crashing down. She had at least six yards on her competitor.

Cleaning her hands, she walked to Monica and said:

"This is how it's done."

Monica blinked. This would be hard work. The ease with which Imani had just lifted and thrown her boulder made her dread the next round. She widened her stance, picked the stone up carefully and moved it upwards. It was a weird feeling to sense the hard surface push against her tense and powerful muscles. She knew this wasn't going well and the heaviness was really hurting her. She could feel how the boulder forced her down. Putting her body under it was a risk. If something went wrong, the thing would crush her and she'd be dead.

Was it really worthwhile to fight someone on that level?

She looked over to Imani and her smug grin.

That gave her the necessary boost. Feeling her muscles ache and rebel, she brought the stone on her shoulder and rested it against her head. She took a deep breath, carefully balancing it so as to avoid killing herself. Then, she stepped forward and pushed with all her might, her body's full power hitting the boulder.

It flew off, finally crashing on the ground a few yards before Imani's position. Unless Imani fumbled her next throw, she was done for.

Her competitor laughed and even applauded. She couldn't bring her hands together in front of her, so she slapped her bulging shoulders instead.

"Not bad. If you had a few dozen tries, you could maybe stand a chance. But for now, see how a real pro does that."

Once again, she took the stone with both hands, lifted it and brought it over her head. There were gasps as she swayed a little, but the look on her face made it clear that this was just for show.

She jumped forward and tossed the mass, sending it flying.

Before the thing even landed, she had already turned to Monica:

"You can give up if it's too much for you, you know."

The less muscular woman swallowed. Imani was clearly out of her league. If she wanted to win or at least be a challenge for her, she'd have to resort to really odd tricks. She lifted the stone up once again. Was it just her or did it seem even heavier this time? She struggled to lift it up. Her arms hurt, her lower back was killing her and the skin on her hands was chaffed. It was torture to even get the stupid thing to right height. She gripped it harder, feeling her fingers' skin flake off from the abrasion. She gritted her teeth, desperate not to cry. Then, she turned and sidestepped, changing into a pirouette and whirling about. The centrifugal force immediately pulled on the mass in her hands, but she held on. Through her flickering vision, she could see the crowd cheer and shout. Some people were keeping their eyes shut, probably praying for no one to get hurt.

Monica let the boulder fly.

She stumbled, tried to regain her footing, but landed on her face. Were it not for gargantuan chest, she'd probably hurt herself. Instead, she bounced weirdly and caught herself. Once again, she felt as if she was piloting her body. The abrupt growth and transformation had somehow dissociated her self from her body, not a pretty thought.

The stone crashed down.

Monica sighed in relief as she saw that she had sent it in the right direction. Then, the crowd applauded: She had upped the ante and placed the boulder ahead of Imani's.

She felt relieved. Maybe there was still a chance.

Imani looked at her. She seemed somewhat impressed. The hulking woman paced the arena, took a good look at the distances and then asked the judges:

"What happens if a part of the rock breaks off?"

There was some shuffling as the group headed by Kolic discussed the question. Then, he said:

"As long as most of the boulder is still there, it should count. It has to be ahead of your competitor's so you can win."

"Fine."

She marched to her boulder, concentrated and hit it with her fist at full power. There was a loud crack. Dust and bits of rock splintered off. Monica half expected the judges to immediately disqualify her, but a look over to Kolic told her that her opponent was to go ahead.

Imani had caused a small cleft in the stone. She rubbed the side of her hand, cleaning it of dust and debris. Then, she reached inside the tear with both hands and powered up her muscles. Watching this happen was bizarre. Suddenly, the already prominent veins all over her body swelled, blood surging through them. The muscle fibers began to expand and her entire body seemed to transform. Everyone could see that doing this was pain for her. Those that had the opportunity to watch her face could tell that the strain was horribly punishing.

Then, with a horrible sound, the rock gave way and was torn into two.

Imani's deformed body stood in their midst and she let out a cry of triumph.

She relaxed for a moment. The judges still did nothing.

The muscle-mountain grabbed both halves and loaded them on her shoulders. The distribution of the weight seemed much more comfortable. The audience started to grumble, Monica's fans seemed

distraught. Still, Imani started her run and tossed the two halves high in the air. They both crashed down way ahead of Monica's sphere.

Imani shouted in triumph as the judges nodded and agreed. Monica saw that one of them, who apparently wanted to criticize this, was scowled at by Kolic and remained quiet.

Amidst the applause, the two women returned to the dressing rooms. Imani laughed, stopped occasionally to greet her fans and to make rude gestures to Monica's supporters. Her competitor just wanted it to be over and walked as fast as she could. This was so humiliating. She'd easily have won and now this. All the hard work had been undone by Kolic's decision.

She half wanted to just drop out and watch them take care of their shit alone. If they wanted to have a stupid cheater as a winner, it was definitely their problem. She walked inside, tore off the flimsy outfit and walked into the over-sized shower. The warm water soother her aching muscles. She was so engrossed in cleaning her huge body that she didn't notice Wes had walked in. He said:

"I'm sorry for this."

She was startled, but immediately recovered:

"Don't be. I knew something like this would happen."

"Still. Where's the point in having such a contest if you fix it in advance?"

"Honestly, I'm not even sure what they are trying to accomplish. They built us up as global idols and faces of a new world order and then, they let us do stupid tricks and make us jump through hoops."

"I don't have much to decide in this."

She turned to her little man, her body glowing from the hot, soothing water and bent down to look him in the eyes:

"I know. It's nothing against you. You're still my Wes. My wonderful husband."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

They embraced, Monica trying carefully not to crush him in her gargantuan arms. Before anything else could happen, there was a broadcast informing her that the next event would start in fifteen minutes.

She had to get ready.

When she returned on the arena, she felt a strange hostility from some parts of the crowd. Those weren't necessarily Imani's supporters. Rather, they must have been former fans who somehow felt disappointed by her performance. Even though she was used to shrug off unfounded criticism and weird looks, this still somehow hurt her. She adjusted the straps of her outfit and walked to the center of the field. Imani was already there, somehow now looking even bigger and stronger than before. Monica wondered how this hulk actually moved. Also, the outfit which made a sling bikini look like a burka lost itself in the hills and valleys of Imani's muscles. She was so far beyond human that she might be a different species altogether. The colossus of muscles gloated:

"Ready to earn yourself another defeat?"

Monica gritted her teeth and said:

"Don't get your hopes up too soon."

The announcers voice boomed over the crowd:

"Ladies, we are ready for the second challenge, something that will definitely put you to your limit or even beyond."

Next to them, a large panel lifted itself up from the ground with a pneumatic hiss. It rolled back and revealed two strange square pits enclosed in steel. There was some heavy machinery right next to them. The voice above explained:

"These are compactors. Normally, they are used to squash cars and trash. But this time, they are going to be the ultimate test of your toughness. Of course, they have been modified so that they stop before hurting you, but they will still test your might. The longer you manage to keep them from reaching the end and box you in, the better. But be careful, they will come at you from all directions."

Monica looked at Imani, who didn't seem too surprised.

"Without any further talk, let's get to it!"

The two gigantic women climbed down into the pits. Monica got on her knees and let herself down with an athletic movement, landing smoothly on the balls of her feet. Imani was much slower. She requested a ladder and carefully climbed down. With her massive, swaying bulk, it was clear that doing any hectic movements would probably cause her to fall over. Nobody knew if she'd be able to get back on her feet if that happened. Monica grinned as she pictured her competitor, lying on her disproportionate back and flaying her arms and legs like a tortoise.

Once inside the pit, she felt a little uncomfortable. It was deep enough that she couldn't just jump out. At fourteen feet, she was pretty sure she could pull herself up from the ledge, but she had no idea whether it would support her weight. She'd just have to trust them.

The voice asked:

"Are you ready?"

The pair answered and the machines were fired up.

"The first round is simple. Just one wall at a time. Just hold it back as good as you can. You're out if it reaches the end."

Immediately, the front walls started rolling in. Monica made a step forward and put her hands against the cold steel, locking her feet on the floor. The panel pushed against her, but she found that easy. The machine strained, but this was probably just a warm-up.

Next to her, Imani wasn't even trying. She just stood there, her body almost at rest and holding the wall back with her shoulders. Monica was a little jealous when she saw her opponent on the big overhead screen. As soon as this whole circus was over, she'd get back to the gym and get herself one of these bodies too.

Just as she was dreaming of her own enormousness, the machine stopped and switched to another wall.

Monica acted as quick as she could and switched sides, holding the wall back. Once again, this went well. Before she could congratulate herself, the next wall advanced. She changed her position. This time, the power had increased. Holding it back was still no problem, but it was clear that this challenge might prove to be too much for her. Monica just hoped that Imani would falter before her.

As could be expected, there wasn't much chance of that. Imani was just walking around lazily, holding the walls back with her hands, her back and at one occasion, with her foot. This was the perfect challenge for her. Her incredible, superhuman strength combined with her ridiculous bulk meant that she basically just had to wait for the walls to come to her.

The announcer declared:

"Now that you are all warmed up, let's make this more interesting."

Immediately, Monica recognized the change: Now, two opposing walls set themselves in motion and closed in on her. She put her arms out and waited for them to reach her. When the walls connected with her palms, she was amazed by their relentless advance. Immediately, she felt her muscles strain. She concentrated to do this right. Her shoulders swelled and she focused on keeping her arms straight. Relaxing meant being pushed back immediately. The strain was manageable for now.

On Imani's side, everything was peachy. When the walls had come close enough, she had waited until they were at a nice, close range and then, she had pushed against them, her massive biceps squeezing against her forearms just as her lats and triceps fought for space. The machine whined, but she couldn't care less. She just wanted to show off her mutant power. She almost felt sorry for it when it retreated and switched sides.

The machine switched sides. Monica immediately noticed that the walls were now closing in fast and hard. She was shocked to find that even slowing them down was difficult. Just holding them back with her arms would be hard. She decided to switch tactics. The giant woman leaned backwards, arching her back. She put both her hands against the wall and lifted one leg. Immediately, her skin connected to the cold steel. She concentrated and lifted her other leg, at last perching herself above the ground. She was quite aware that she'd fall down as soon as the walls went back, but she was certain she'd react fast enough. The machine strained against her straight body. She felt it try to squash her, but she just gritted her teeth and was surprised by the amount of power it produced. The crowd cheered her for the elegant move which also showcased her perfect muscle-hourglass shape.

The strain increased. She concentrated on maintaining the tension in her body, her abdominals turning into rock-hard cobbles. She heard the blood pumping through her arms as her monstrous biceps covered her ears. The machine increased its output once more. She thought she'd be crushed, but she prevailed. The machine's engine began to whine as she held it back. She felt it groan as it shifted its gears. Monica chose this moment to counterattack.

Screaming, she pushed against the walls, forcing her body apart at full force.

With an ugly noise, something in the machine broke, producing a rain of sparks and a cloud of black smoke. The smell of burning lubricant filled the air.

The press stopped. Lowering herself carefully, Monica examined the damage. Something had broken down for good.

She wondered what they would do now.

As she climbed out, she saw the replay on the big screen. Imani was there, pushing against the walls with all her might. The machine was now on full throttle and for the gigantic woman, this was a certain challenge. The strain had made her muscles bulge even further, causing her to erupt into full titan proportions. The monster woman was clearly no longer able to turn her head or lower her arms to reach her hips. Instead, her insane muscularity held back the approaching walls with surprising ease. At last, she gave up. The machine stopped, leaving a free space of a few inches around her overloaded physique. Just watching her ridiculous, inhuman body made Monica's eyes water.

Imani had truly outdone herself. She had become a pure avatar of muscle. The sheer size of her body made it hard to distinguish what parts even belonged to her arms, her shoulders or her back. It was all

bulging mass, crisscrossed with veins and covered in steel fibers. Imani sighed, the movement sending her mass into a weird quiver.

She carefully climbed outside and looked at Monica, who somehow felt small next to that giantess. Still, she said:

"Imani, I won."

"I don't think so. You broke the machine. For me, that means you should be disqualified. Also, I held out much longer!"

Monica swallowed. Was this going to be another rules-mongering decision?

Indeed, Kolic's voice rose above the crowd:

"Monica is disqualified for damaging the equipment. Once again, Imani wins!"

Imani lifted her arms in triumph. That is, she pulled them up as far as she could. There were cheers, but there were also a few boos now. The mountain of muscle scowled. She turned to her rival and said:

"I'm ahead now. The next round is the last and you're going down!"

"We'll see."

Monica returned to the dressing rooms. She was furious and frustrated. The whole situation was extremely uncomfortable. She stripped out of her nothing and went to the showers.

Wes came in. He asked:

"What was that?"

She turned on the water.

"I don't know. It's as if they didn't even care. If they go on like this, everybody will know that they're pushing Imani."

The hot water hit her skin, soothing all the little tears in her muscles.

"Ah, that feels so good. Wes, darling, you'll have to moisturize my skin once I'm done here. Two showers a day are no good idea."

He grinned:

"Sure! A very bad idea. I have to say, you're hot when you're angry."

"I'm not angry. I'm frustrated. I'm the top candidate and they just make her win because she fucks the judge."

"Should I talk to Kolic?"

She hesitated. The water felt so good. It was so nice to have him here. This little man with the small muscles. He was really cute and he could be so good at just listening and support her. She sighed. What should she do?

He asked:

"Darling?"

She smiled:

"Just leave it be. I've made up my mind and I'm going to fix that myself."

She bowed down and kissed him on the lips:

"But thank you for always being there for me. You're the best!"

Now dressed in the third outfit of the day, she walked out into the arena. Oddly enough, the organizers let her have a choice this time and she decided on something a little more covering and practical. It still did nothing to hide her ridiculous physique. The thing was basically a

weightlifter's suit that covered her torso, her shoulders and her upper thighs. Surprisingly, it showed no cleavage, although that point was moot anyway, seeing how her enormous breasts overstretched the material. She lifted her arm in greeting and saluted the crowd.

Imani had just walked in from the other side and this time, the acclamations were much louder. Clearly, the fans loved a winner. Also, Imani's body was certainly not hampered by an over-abundance of clothes. Her outfit consisted of three patches of fabric that barely satisfied the spectators' rapidly eroding sense of decency.

She shouted at her fans and urged them to make more noise.

Then, she stood in front of Monica and looked down on her. Monica stared. How had that happened? Could it be that Imani had grown even larger?

The giantess spoke:

"You look surprised."

Her voice was deep, full and rough.

Monica asked:

"How did you do that?"

"Ah, you'd like to know, wouldn't you?"

"Sure. Shouldn't you be done cheating now?"

"Cheating? If there are no rules, you can't break them. And yes, your eyes are right: I am bigger. I am the biggest."

"Well, you know what they say about those that are bigger."

Imani snorted and turned to the announcer's stage.

"We'll see about that."

"Okay. Ladies, this is the final event. Of course, Imani is ahead, but since the race has been pretty close, the judges have agreed to make this count double. This means that whoever wins this final round takes the prize."

There were cheers from all sides.

"So, what is the final challenge? You're all in for treat! Our ladies here are going to blow some minds! Now, you're certainly asking: What? How? And the answer is: We've chosen two representative groups. They're going to watch our candidates do their worst. They have three minutes to show off their muscles, their strength and their sexiness. Yes, you heard right: These women are sexy, so they should show their erotic energy!"

There were murmurs amongst the crowd. The announcer continued:

"We have prepared a few things you might need, so take a look at the racks next to you. Give it a few moments, then choose three items each and prove to us all that you are fit to rule and be the best!"

There was a thunderous applause.

Monica looked at Imani. The huge woman seemed to be growing bigger as she watched. She breathed heavily, sweating profusely. There was a mixture of lust and suffering on her face.

She stepped over to the mountain of muscle and asked:

"Are you okay?"

Imani looked down on her and said:

"Fuck you. Of course I am. I'm a fucking goddess. I'm going to destroy you just as I'm going to destroy the poor minds of these ridiculous saps. Fuck them!"

She took a deep breath, making her mutant muscles heave. Watching all those fibers contract and deform almost made Monica puke. There was something wrong here.

Imani picked up a bowling ball from the rack, walked forward and held it in both hands. She showed it to the spectators. Then, she bent forward into a most muscular pose and squeezed.

Three things happened:

The first thing was obvious. Faced with her unstoppable strength, the bowling ball produced a sad "crack"-noise and broke into wood chips.

The second was logical. A number of observers simply fainted. The display of strength was so abrupt and shocking that these people just collapsed.

The third was deeply unsettling. A person with a body like Imani's going into a most muscular pose meant that the laws of physics and physiology went out of the window. Her head was enveloped into a swollen collar of inch-thick muscle. It reached up to her nose and bent her ears forward. Just watching this made the mind despair. The effect was increased by the beach ball-sized shoulders that supported her body and the biceps that just squeezed against everything. Clearly, the human mind wasn't made to parse all this. She relaxed a little and took a deep breath. Her face was covered in sweat and a big, hose-like vein was pumping on her front. Imani turned to Monica with the power of a tectonic plate and said:

"Your turn."

Monica walked over to her spectators and looked at them carefully. Somehow, they seemed weirdly distant. They looked old and conservative. Maybe it was just the strain, but Imani appeared to have

more young and enthusiastic people in her crowd. Was this another one of Kolic's tricks?

She felt a little uncertain. Then, she decided to meet the challenge head-on. She took two metal rods, each over a yard long and took up position, carefully arranging them on her arms.

She smiled. Then, focusing on the strain, she moved her arms in a complex pattern and applied the strength of her muscles with skill. The metal gave way and bent. She rolled her wrists, feeling the cold, hard steel against her skin. Finally, she reached the apex of the movement. It was hard to continue. The steel was now wound tightly and she had to concentrate to prevent it from abruptly uncoiling. She gritted her teeth. The metal bit into her skin, but she forced herself to ignore it. With a groan, the rods accepted their shape and she held them up, having formed a perfect knot.

She could feel her heart beating in her chest. Monica was tired and strained, but she looked nowhere near as broken as Imani.

She didn't know if this was going to end well.

The giantess swayed. She seemed to have a hard time focusing. Imani returned to the rack and tried to choose the next piece. It took a while. People started to grumble. She shot a deadly stare at one of them. The guy appeared on the big screen and it was clear he had just soiled himself. He produced a weak sound that might have meant "sorry" before excusing himself. The female monstrosity smiled into the camera. The vision was bizarre to say the least, but there was a certain note of humor in it. She picked up a coconut and showed it to the audience. She declared:

"I don't know about you, but all this muscle stuff is getting a little tiring. Also ..." She sighed. "I'm really thirsty. So, why not have a drink?"

She held the coconut in three fingers and powered up her huge arm. The coconut was instantly pulverized, its juice flowing over her inhuman forearm.

"Ah. Too much. I'm going to have to try that again."

She took another coconut and gently cracked it open this time. Then, she took a long sip, the juice flowing all over her mountainous chest. The whole procedure of actually getting the nutshell to her lips was mind-boggling. It was weird to see someone like her actually requiring her own logistics.

Once she was done, she dropped the shells and relaxed a little. Quite a few of the watchers had been overwhelmed by the grotesque sexiness of the spectacle. She commented:

"Actually, I should be showing some feats of strength, shouldn't I?"

She picked up the last coconut and placed it in the ridge between her gargantuan pecs. Once again, Monica noticed that her opponent was uneasy on her feat. She could literally sense the discomfort. Still, Imani did her best to hide this. She laid her finger on the coconut.

"So it doesn't just pop off."

Then, she flexed her pecs. The movement was extremely strange because three things happened at the same time. First, the cinder blocks that were her pectoral muscles surged outwards, practically engulfing the poor coconut. Second, they literally crashed together, popping the thing with an audible crack and spraying coconut juice all over the place. Third, her pecs had another growth spurt, blowing up even larger and forcing her to shift her stance. More and more, Imani looked as if she was just a tiny pilot sitting in a flesh-machine.

Monica felt a pang of jealousy over so much mass and power, but all this was also making her deeply uncomfortable.

Still, she had to finish this. She surveyed her audience and noted that the deck was massively stacked against her. The people looked at her in a tired way. Imani's observers were taking pictures and joking amongst themselves, admiring their idol. Monica nodded to herself and decided to at least prove that she was able, even if the game was unfair. She examined the rack. What could she do?

She looked at some kettle-bells and thought about juggling them. That wouldn't be impressive enough. The announcer was getting impatient. She wiped the sweat from her brow and shook her head. She grabbed one of the kettle-bells and showed it to the audience. There was more murmuring. She lowered it and placed it between her thighs. She had to move it sideways to get it by her over-sized tits. She felt the steel amongst the flesh of her quads. Then, she lay down on the ground, careful not to drop the weight and maintaining her perfect poise and grace.

She held the kettle-bell tight, then crossed her legs. She took a deep breath, inflating her massive chest and exhaled, flexing her incredibly developed leg muscles.

At first, nothing happened. She felt her skin push against the metal, but that was it. She increased the power, forcing her legs into a vise. She was well-aware that a head placed between these thighs would have popped seconds ago. The thought made her strangely hot. Maybe all this muscle was really turning people into monster.

The strain was getting unbearable. She closed her eyes, sweat erupting from her skin. She forced more and more power into her legs. No effect.

Monica relaxed for a moment, took another deep breath and produced a weird "ngh." sound. This was followed by another weird noise. Something was squealing. She continued her advance, forcing her legs into the tightest scissors one could imagine. The sound got louder and louder. Somehow, the closeness of the cold steel to her cunt made her

hot. She pushed and pushed and suddenly felt aroused. Her clitoris tightened, the bulging flesh of her legs expanded and the noise grew louder and louder.

Finally, she couldn't stand it anymore. She dropped down, letting her legs spread again. There was a massive purple mark where the kettlebell had been.

The thing had lost its shape, though. In the last minute or so, it had gone from spherical to flat. She picked it up and held it high.

This time, the whole audience cheered. One last thing!

Imani looked at Monica. Was there a hint of respect in this glance? The giantess felt her body expand further. She was painfully aware that she had overdone it. She had hit the boosters hard and eventually managed to knock out the enzyme or whatever that struggled to contain her growth. As far as she could tell, the growth was accelerating. Since the competition had started, she had gained two inches in height and god knows how many pounds of muscle mass. She could literally feel the last reserves of fat melting away and being converted into more and more rock-hard power. It was as if her skin was being vacuum-sealed over her muscles.

All this made it harder and harder for her to concentrate.

Hello, hubris. Who would have thought that this would happen?

She turned to the rack and tried to find something either to cling to or to destroy. In the end, she just grabbed the rack itself and lifted it up above her head.

The crowd gasped. The construction was robust enough to hold all these weights and she just pulled it up as if it were a feather. She gargled:

"Beat this!"

Monica watched the spectacle and looked at Wes who was staring at the action with a conflicted expression. She thought about the little man and his urge to submit to her. About his worship of her gigantic body. About the transformation she went through to be herself and to be proud of who and what she was. She looked at Kolic and his cronies, at the hysteric crowd and at her competitor who was clearly exhausted and she said:

"I give up."

There was a horrible silence.

Then, the announcer asked:

"Could you repeat that?"

"Sure. I give up. I don't wanna rule the world, I don't want the Order's weirdo games. I don't want to fight Imani. I like her. She's got ambition and she's willing to sacrifice everything. I don't. I want to fuck my man and I want to be sexy. I want this more than anything else. So, Imani, I hope you don't mind, but you're better. And I've got to respect this. I bow out."

Imani's head turned. This didn't change anything and obscured her field of vision since she now mostly saw her shoulder. She sighed and turned her entire body to face her. She took the rack and tore it apart with a grunt. The broken metal littered the ground. She advanced on Monica and embraced her.

People who watched these hyper-charged bodies collide gasped and couldn't believe their eyes. Nosebleed erupted all over the stands. People soiled their pants. Pussies overflowed. Spunk shot out. Somehow, Imani felt as if she was at the center of an orgasmic tidal wave.

She looked down on her ridiculously muscled ex-competitor and said:

"Thank you. You saved my life."

Monica smirked and said:

"Just relax. And take care of yourself."

A few months later, Wes sat on the sofa and watched the news. Imani was addressing the populace, declaring the goals of human development for the next three years. She was huger than ever. He switched through the various camera drones and found it difficult to get a single perspective that managed to show her full mass and still leave her face visible. She had reached fourteen feet in height and probably weighed a ton. She had proved her strength recently by tearing a cinder-block apart with her bare hands. The giantess was incredible.

His own wife was equally fascinating. According to her phone, she was on her way home. Monica had written a book on her experiences and ran a consulting agency for women who wanted to grow taller and more muscular too. She also sold outfits that matched her body. For Wes, life had changed too. Most of the construction work was being sourced to robots, so people had more time for themselves. He had taken the opportunity and begun a journey of self improvement. Of course, it was doubtful he'd ever reach Monica's level of development.

Just in that moment, the door opened.

Monica came in.

She walked in on her eighteen-inch heels. They boosted her 12'4" frame to insane heights. Monica had done what she could to maintain a slim waist, even though it still was bigger than Wes' chest. As for that, his wife's upper body was so ridiculously huge that even looking at her made his eyes water. She had once again inflated her breasts, causing

them to bulge outwards by more than a foot. He had no idea whether she actually saw what was going on in front of her.

She dropped the coat she wore and said:

"It's quite cold outside. Makes my nipples hard."

Wes grinned and replied:

"I can warm them up for you."

"Sounds like a plan. Just let me get out of those boots."

"I'll help you!"

"I knew I could count on you."

He helped her out of the massive leather shafts and stood the pair next to the door. The things were absolutely enormous.

She said:

"Okay. Little man, I've had a wonderful day, so I really want to top this off!"

With these words, she grabbed him and carried him to the bedroom. Wes smiled blissfully.

###

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.