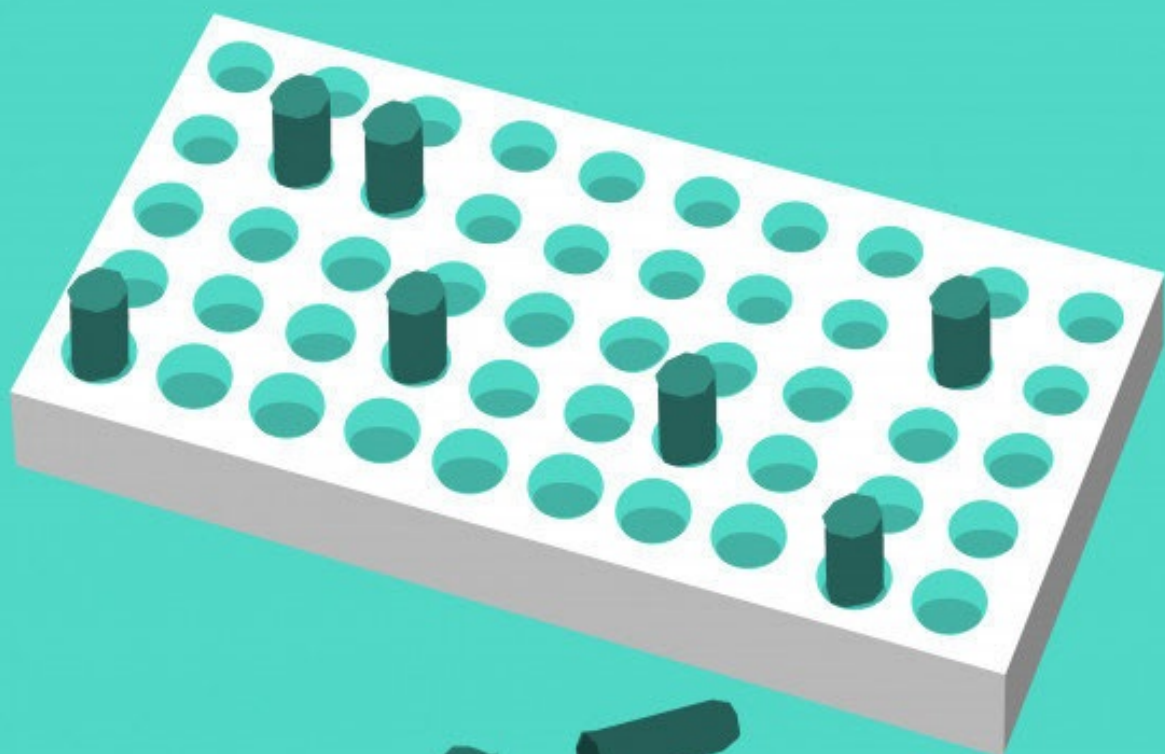


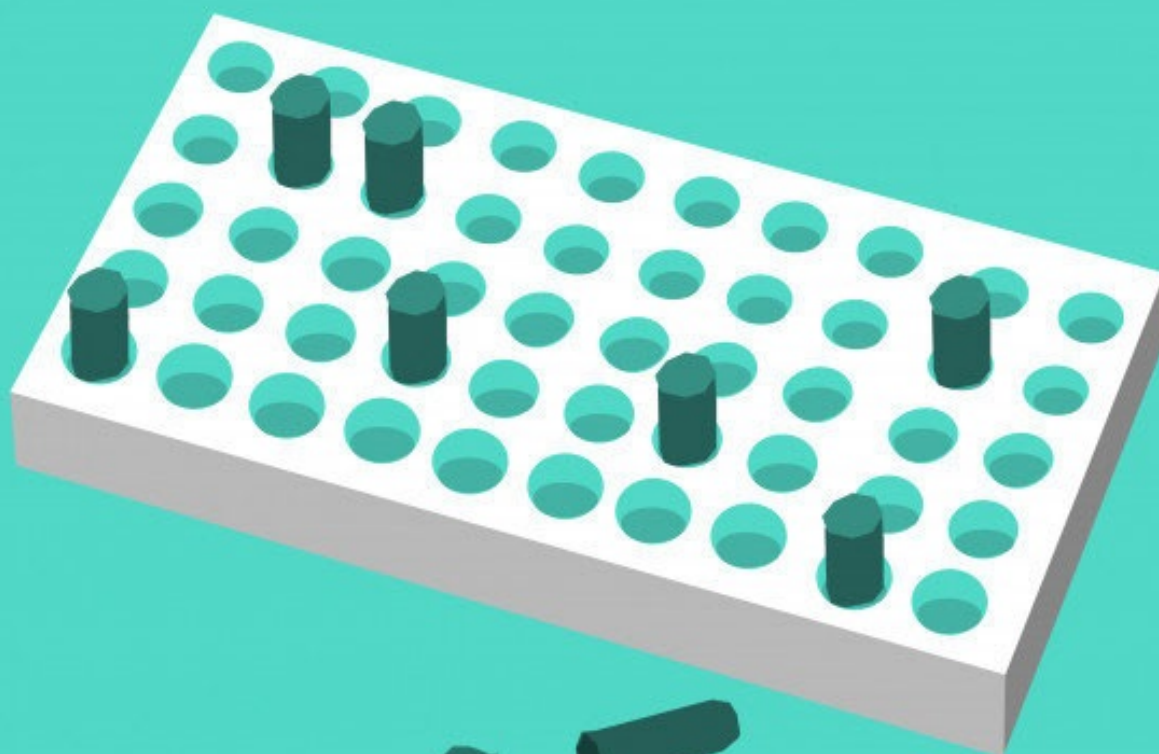
Bigger Than Expected

Roy Ellison



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Smashwords Edition

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“I don't know about you, but that building looks like a dick.”

Layla was looking out of the window of her lab at Apogee Biotech. Her assistant, Sal, was just setting up the next batch for testing.

“You say that every time you look out of the window, Layla.”

They were lovers. It was as simple as that. They had spent endless hours together in the lab, trying to figure out how to make the serum work, and in the end, they had fallen in love. Nothing spectacular, really. They both knew that once the project was finished, Sal would find a new, better position on the other side of the globe and then, they would drift apart. For now, they could have fun, though.

The scientist sighed.

“I know. It’s just that they didn’t have to build those weird balls next to it, don’t you think?”

Sal shrugged. She knew Layla was nervous and decided not to make things worse. The audit was coming up and the data was looking good, but the new owner of the lab was some kind of crazy tech genius and the head of research wanted to put on a show. So, the serum would have to work in a life test tomorrow. They were through the basic evaluation, but human testing had been slow up until now.

They were supposed to create a chemical compound that would increase muscle mass and size as well as endurance. The idea was to sell it to mercenary companies that didn’t mind paying extra, maybe even to the military itself. The test subjects had gained an inch at most and added maybe four to six pounds of muscle. Nice, but nothing to write home about.

This next version should fix that and give a decent boost to its user. The problem was that they had no one to test it on.

Layla returned to the table and looked at the data on the screen.

“It should work. I mean it will work.”

Sal put her hand on Layla’s arm. The senior scientist was an avid bodybuilder and she looked muscular enough not to need the serum anyway. She had introduced Sal to physical training, but the younger woman had not progressed too far yet. She did look amazingly fit, but she was nowhere her mentor’s size. Except for her breasts. Layla’s pecs were thick plates of hard muscle, so it had surprised Sal how obsessed the scientist had been with her large round tits. Before all that training, she didn’t much like them: They were heavy, they made dressing stylishly hard and they made her bras awfully expensive.

Now that she was fit, she loved them, as did Layla.

While the machines completed their analyses, the two women would disappear into the small bedroom on the floor and have fun. Layla was definitely the dominant, powerful one, but for Sal, this was just as she liked it. She had a lot to learn and the older musclewoman was a great teacher.

And now, she could see that her idol was nervous. It wasn’t a good thing to see.

“Layla, this is going to be fine. Don’t worry.”

“I should just test it right away. This way, there won’t be any surprises tomorrow.”

“You? You want to try it yourself?”

“I need this to work. What if they try it and it just fizzles? This is pretty much my life’s work.”

“I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be fine. This looks good, don’t you think?”

She pointed at the data and gave her lover a kiss. Then she took one of vials and said:

“Let’s get this over with. And if it works, I’m going to be even bigger!”

Sal grinned and embraced her muscular girlfriend. Just touching her huge shoulders turned her on.

Layla tied her brown hair into a bun and downed the vial. The taste was surprisingly neutral. At first nothing happened. She shook her head. This was bad. What should she do?

Sal was nervous with anticipation. When nothing happened, her face fell.

“Crap. Nothing?”

Layla looked crestfallen.

“We’re screwed.”

“Layla, maybe we’re not.”

“What do you mean?”

“Look at your arm.”

The bodybuilder looked at the fabric of her turtleneck’ sleeve. Sal was right. It looked stretched.

“Hey! This is working! Awesome. We might still make ...”

And then, she doubled over as the serum’s effect hit her. Sal intuitively took a step back as Layla exploded with muscle. It was incredible to watch. This wasn’t

just a little more, this was a lot. It was extreme in every kind of way. Her muscles looked as if they were just blowing up. In a few moments, her biceps had gone from a little over fist sized to tennis ball to grapefruit. Thick veins emerged under her skin. Her shoulders turned into thick balls of hard, defined muscle, breaking through the pullover's tight fabric. The crack and rip of the outfit was unsettling.

As far as Sal could tell, the feeling was both painful and exciting. Layla's expression changed between passionate horniness and incredible agony. It seemed to flow over her in waves. The turtleneck was torn apart and reduced to a few strips of fabric dangling from a collar that was relentlessly rolled up as her traps grew and grew. Layla's thick pecs ballooned outwards, growing up to her chin. Then, a pair of majestic breasts appeared out of nowhere, almost making her fall on her face.

To stabilize herself, she took a step forward, her already well-trained legs suddenly turning into muscle-wrapped columns. She laughed maniacally as her mind was flooded with bizarre thoughts of domination and destruction.

She slowly straightened herself and took deep breaths, her uber-chest rising and falling like the tide. She was topless now, ripping the remains of her turtleneck off with a negligent gesture. Her pants had blown up in the same way, her thighs easily twice as big, maybe even three times. She looked down on Sal and her smile turned both lusty and ruthless.

"I guess it worked."

She took a step forward and laid her hand on her girlfriend's shoulder. Her muscles contracted.

“I need to fuck. Sorry. Sal, I just can’t ...”

She bit her lips. Sal tried to escape, but there was nothing she could do. Layla was so much stronger than her, she could only hope to submit and survive.

Layla just pulled her closer and threw her on the chair. She came closer on tiptoes, feeling her mighty calves bunch with every step. Her insanely strong glutes had given her an incredible ass and she swayed it lustfully as she walked towards her victim.

With a laugh, she turned the chair around and tipped it over, holding it in balance with her muscular leg. She ripped the remains of her pants and underwear off and revealed her dripping pussy. Sal was lying on the chair, right below it. With a shiver, Layla ordered her to lick. Now.

Sal did as she was told. She ran her tongue up her lover’s lips, up to her clit. When she went down again, she suddenly found herself caught by the tip of her tongue. Layla grunted:

“Got your tongue! Turns out I’m strong all over.”

She bent forward and caught the chair, holding it with her arms. She put down her legs on both sides of Sal’s head and flexed her thighs. The younger woman choked as the pressure increased. At the same time, Layla released her and ordered her to continue licking.

“Please, Layla, you’re hurting me!”

The black-haired assistant felt the pressure building up. She would be crushed into pulp between those enormous legs.

“Shut up and do what you’re told!”

“You’re not yourself, Layla, please ...”

One squeeze and Sal knew she had to shut up. However, she wouldn’t give up and she had a trick up her sleeve. At least she hoped so. As she licked her mistress’ cunt, she managed to get one arm out and grabbed her nipple. Even before, Layla had always been sensitive there. She even had to wear little covers to stop them from poking out whenever she got turned on. Now, with those massive tits, Sal was dead certain that she would react accordingly.

She squeezed the nipple between her fingers, finding it surprisingly thick and hard.

“Ooh ...”

The pressure increased even more. Sal thought her head would explode. Then, all of a sudden, she was released. She fell on her head as the chair was dropped. Above her Layla crumbled. Her enormously muscular body was swaying and then, with a drawn-out groan, she collapsed. Sal barely managed to roll out of

the way.

She lay there for a moment, trying to get her breath back. This had been way too much. But then again, she looked over at Layla who was moaning in her sleep, her thick muscles rubbing against each other as she fondled herself and rubbed her pussy.

She wanted this. Big time.

Getting up, she grabbed a bunch of vials and drank down a handful.

She started smaller, so obviously ...

It hit her mere moments later.

She had a terrible cramp in her stomach like never before. The pain brought her to her knees, clutching at her midsection. She curled into a ball, trying to survive the agony. It was unlike anything she had ever felt before.

As she was doubting whether this had been a good idea, she suddenly noticed a big clump of muscle in her hand. Due to her training, she normally had a six-pack, but her abs were never as large or defined as these. Managing to control the pain for a moment, she opened her eyes and saw her waist growing more and more muscular. It was incredible. In a few moments, she had surpassed Layla, at least before her recent transformation. And even better, she could literally watch her muscles grow bigger, harder and more defined.

Then, her vision was blocked by her breasts. She was used to her tits being in the way, but now, they hung down to the floor, threatening to spill out of her bra.

Seconds later, they did.

She stared as her already big boobs turned into massive globes of soft flesh. Then, she could feel them getting pushed outwards by a quickly expanding wall of muscle as her pecs joined in. It felt as if her bra was going to choke her. It was tight as hell now, stretched thin like a rubber band on the point of breaking. The straps dug deep into her flesh, but since her muscles continually grew stronger and harder, she felt that this would soon end.

“Uhhh ... Oh God. Damn it ... Those are ... I gotta get the bra off!”

Her pain forgotten, she sat up kneeling, her enormous tits resting on her expanding abs as her growing leg muscles lifted her up. She tried to maneuver her arms behind her back to get to the bra’s hooks.

“Fuck ...”

Her arms were growing at an alarming rate and she soon had to accept that her biceps were so big now that they collided with her lats. She grunted as she stretched her fingers to reach the middle of her back.

“I should have picked a sports bra ... Anything with a front opening ...”

She got her wish, though not in the way she wanted. With a loud snap, the bra broke. Her gigantic tits spilled free, bouncing as her huge pecs caught them. Her nipples were big and hard now, easily the size of thimbles. And they were still growing.

They weren't alone.

With a "bonk!", Sal hit the ceiling.

"What? How is this happening?"

She was panicking now. The top of her head was getting pressed against the insulation. The plates were being pushed up as she expanded further. She looked around in panic, Layla still masturbating blissfully.

"Fuck! I gotta get out of here!"

With a clumsy kick, she broke the window out of the front. Shards and debris crashed down. She was surprised by how easy that had been. The glass was supposed to be unbreakable. Ha! Dropping on her stomach, she extended her arms out of the building, caught the rim of the floor and pulled herself out. Her gigantic muscles worked in unison and she "spilled" out of the building.

As she fell, she continued to grow. It was a much shorter drop than she expected. She caught herself on her hands, unwillingly crushing one of these small cars

that waited there with her palm. Sal carefully pushed and pulled herself out of the building, extricating herself from the destroyed laboratory floor without bringing it all down. She landed on the parking lot, flattening some more cars in the process.

Somewhere deep inside her mind, a little voice insisted that this wasn't normal. Her brain also registered that there were people screaming as she stumbled to her feet, using a tree as a crutch. She looked at herself in the battered glass front of the lab building and grinned.

“Holy fuck! That’s one amazing body!”

If the drug had turned Layla into a massive bodybuilder able to win any women’s heavyweight competition, it was quickly pushing her out of the male division, if there were any 25 foot-athletes. Anybody would probably have freaked out seeing oneself like this, but the strange side-effects of the preparation just made her feel sexy and hot.

She stared at her muscles and ran her hands lustfully over these mountains of hard flesh.

“Yes ...”

Even as she examined herself, she continued to grow. She was getting as tall and wide as the building, each tit bigger than a van. Her shoulders had turned into gigantic balls of striated muscle, and as she played around with her enormous boobs, she could feel her forearms and her incredible biceps collide.

She was quickly turning into a hulking muscle goddess, her traps growing and growing, completely swallowing her neck and creeping up under her hair. She turned around and caught a glimpse of her huge, deeply cut back.

“Shit ... I can't believe this ...”

Then, the rest of the drugs kicked in and suddenly boosted her up. This was way too fast for her mind to understand. Ignoring the laws of physics, her body expanded in every direction, her muscles grew and hardened as she rose up beyond the lab building, her colossal tits making it impossible to see anything below her.

People ran away, shouting for help. Some stood around, unable to tell what was going on or even believing this was real. Sal's mind was equally clouded now. She was horny. She just needed to fuck now. Her massive arms fumbled for her snatch, but it was getting increasingly hard to reach. Her muscles were in the way and there seemed no way to fix this.

“No ... But I ... I need ...”

She looked around and saw the building. The building. A wicked, lustful grin spread over her face. She set her titanic body into motion, every step making the earth shake. Car alarms went off, trees were pushed aside like grass, the water main broke, sending sprays of cool water against her towering calves.

At this size, moving was difficult. Her muscles got in the way and she barely

saw what was going on below her. Not that she cared too much. She was horny and there was this big, shaft-like building. She just ground through the park between them, casually stomping a corporate sculpture and knocking down a billboard with one of her over-sized teats.

People in the building stared at the approaching giantess, unable to move. Their minds were blown by the vision. Only slowly did they realize the intentions in her eyes far above them.

Placing herself above the tower, Sal bit her lips and slowly descended on the structure. Fuck. She needed that thing so much.

Layla slowly awoke from her daze. She sighed. She had no idea what had happened at first, but now, she started to remember. It was weird: There were some constant rumbles and shakes in the background. Something was going on.

That's when she noticed that the lab was broken and one of the walls was missing. Then she saw the building. And Sal.

“Okay ...”

She was abruptly shaken awake. Her mind was clear. First, the serum worked. Even better than expected. Second, her assistant was fucking a high-rise. That was bad. Third, she had to stop her. That building was ugly, but there were people in there. She had to stop this.

Without hesitation, she went to the table that had miraculously survived the devastation, saw the empty vials and nodded:

“I just hope this doesn’t kill me.” She took the vials and said to herself:
“Whatever. Down the hatch!”

She drank them down quickly, then ran out of the lab as fast as possible.

As she emerged into the street, she felt the cramp well up inside her, but she fought it down. She had to do this right before things got even worse. She saw the massive footprints in the tarmac, the broken cars and the wrecked trees. No insurance in the world would cover that.

She ran on, and as she approached the gigantic woman that was impaling herself on the gigantic cock-building, she felt herself getting turned on. Her body was still hugely muscular from her first dose and it was starting to expand.

Layla was grinning. Holy shit ... This was incredible. She had to force herself to continue. Every fiber of her body wanted her to stop and just rub her cunt until she came. And she knew she wouldn’t be able to stop herself.

Focusing on all the boring and annoying aspects of her job, she managed to contain herself. The drug was doing its work now. Her strides got longer as her body grew. She watched as her already incredible muscles began to swell. Yes. This was so good ...

She passed a mangled streetlight and noticed that she was the same size now. Playfully, she gave it a little slap. The metal bent. She had to stop herself from doing more and scowled. She had to stay in control.

She was really close now, growing bigger and bigger at an alarming rate. As far as she could tell, her feet were the size of family cars now. She could see herself in the top windows of nearby buildings. Her body was like a uber-muscular battleship. Huge, unstoppable and so completely wrapped in muscle that she wondered how she could even move.

She gritted her teeth to fight down the incredible urge to just get herself off.

Groaning, she reached her friend and managed to call her out:

“Sal ... Sal! Sal, you have to stop this! Please!”

The other gargantuan woman stared at her vacuously at first. Then, she seemed to recognize her and she was clearly turned on. She stood up, separating her gigantic hamstrings from her ridiculously large calves and got off the cock-building.

It left her pussy with a plopping sound and a thick coating of juices.

The slightly smaller woman grunted:

“Layla! Don’t ... I ... Fuck!”

She charged at her friend and lover and crashed right into her. Layla felt her breath getting knocked out of her. She stumbled and fell. Despite her enormous muscles and her incredible strength, she found it impossible to keep her balance when hit by such an attack.

Sal was on top of her now, laughing maniacally and getting a good grip of Layla’s huge tits. She sank her enormous head between the swollen orbs and motorboated the giantess. The senior scientist pushed her away, or at least tried to. Their muscular arms locked for a moment and they rolled away, flattening what remained of the carpark.

At last, Layla lost control. Her girlfriend’s closeness, the incredible strength of their muscles, the intense effect of the serum, all this combined to send her into a strange frenzy. The two enormous women started to wrestle and kiss, groping at each other and licking their insane bodies.

As the first helicopter arrived, the pilot couldn’t believe his eyes. He turned to his co-pilot for a moment and said:

“Do you see what I see? Is this real?”

“I dunno. Do you see two huge muscled women sixty-nining?”

“Yes. I do.”

“Good. Me too. I’m going to film this.”

“Please do. I want a copy. I need it.”

“Holy shit. Can you see the tits on that one?”

“Awesome!”

Layla screamed as Sal’s tongue hit her clit. Oh yes. This was it. Time to return the favor. The smaller muscle monster was on top of her mentor, and her snatch was dripping. She craned her neck, her traps swelling, then ran her tongue between her pussy lips. It was met by a drawn-out howl and two enormously muscular thighs closing in on Layla’s head.

This was heaven.

They awoke in a bed. Layla’s bed, as far as they could tell. One side had collapsed, but it was okay. There was also a gaping hole in the wall. The floor was covered in pieces of smashed bricks and shards of glass.

Sal looked at her lover. Layla was normal-sized now, she guessed. Okay, her muscles were still so huge it was hard to believe that she could move, almost swallowing her head. Checking her own arms, she realized that she was still as huge as before, only shorter. Her breasts were bigger than both their heads together. And they were strangely perky, the massive pecs squeezing and

pushing them up.

“What the hell happened?”

Layla vaguely switched on the TV. Outside, helicopters raced by and lights flashed. It was night. The screen came on. A reporter just advised people with sensitive tastes not to watch the following segment.

Then an enormous cunt came into view. A giant hand swung over and rubbed a clitoris the size of a phone booth. Then came a gush that produced a thick river of she-cum.

Sal grinned:

“I think someone’ll get fired over airing this.”

“Well, it definitely is my first time getting my yoni on national television.”

“I’m willing to take another look, if you don’t mind.”

“Do it. Please.”

Sal grinned and rolled down to get between Layla’s huge legs. Suddenly, she

looked up. It was pointless, really. The older woman's enormous pecs and newly-acquired mega-tits blocked her view anyway.

"Say, what about the presentation?"

"I think it'll be okay if we delay it. Extraordinary circumstances."

"Big ones."

Suddenly, Layla remembered something and said:

"Wait. Come over here."

She gestured with her muscle-packed arms. Sal pushed herself back up, climbing on top the huge musclewoman, their abs rubbing against each other's. Then, she found a place atop her lover's huge breasts. They felt like soft pillows on a brick wall.

"Yes?"

"Sal, I have to apologize to you. I didn't mean to ... do this."

"Layla, it's okay. It was the serum."

“No, seriously. This is important to me.”

“Apology accepted. Just make it safer from now on.”

Layla couldn't believe her ears:

“You mean you want to use that again?”

“Sure! Maybe in the wild where no buildings get in the way?”

“You're so crazy.”

“I know. But I love you.”

“I love you too.”

They tried to kiss. When they couldn't reach that way, Sal climbed over her girlfriend and laid down upside down next to her. Now it worked. Grinning, the younger woman said:

“We're going to get even bigger, I assure you.”

###

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

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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