

Fitting In

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

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The Emir Hussein Ibn Aziz Al-Saqri Institute for Science and Technology advertised itself as the number one institute for training young researchers in the Gulf area. The website showed the modern laboratories, the famous researchers coaching the young talents, the extensive sports facilities (“Mens sana in corpore sano”), the closeness to the capital and the partnerships with other colleges all over the world.

Sarita Mendez had great expectations when she was accepted to the college on a scholarship for excellency. Her school record was impressive, and she had already worked on several bio-chemistry projects, first with her teachers, then even with university people. Her work was interesting enough that several companies had already suggested she started right away with them.

Her parents said no. They wanted her to graduate from college first. What if it turned out to be a fluke? Then she would be in her mid-thirties and she'd have no finished training. Sarita understood the arguments and they went on the lookout for a good college. One of the professors had heard good things about the Institute for Science and Technology, and his own former teacher was now working there. It was probably a good place to graduate and build a network.

She had applied, and she was accepted quickly. Her parents did have to pay something for the lodgings, but the tuition and the whole equipment was included.

So, this all looked very fine indeed.

It took Sarita a moment to realize that the advertisements had lied.

Sure, the Institute's equipment was excellent, and the teachers had amazing credentials, but ... expectations were a little different.

During Introductory Organic Chemistry, the other girls in class just wouldn't shut up. Sarita was sitting all the way in front, trying to listen to the professor, but the noise the young women were making was deafening. She turned around to glare at them and try to figure out what was going on.

One of the young women, Zaira, was loudly talking about her new breasts. She was veiled, of course, but that didn't stop her. She had removed the lower part of her hijab that covered her chest, and had pulled down her dress so the other girls could admire them.

"I had the doctor make them all big and round! I want them to look like on a Barbie, you know?"

"I totally get you ... I want mine like this too ... You have to tell me the name of your surgeon."

"Wow! Look at how small the scars are ... I wish mine were as little!"

"Stop complaining, Umna, your tits are great!"

"Yeah ... I love your nipples!"

The girls were all excited about this, while Sarita just cringed. She wanted to listen to the professor, not some stupid talk about tits!

She got a part of her wish when the girls switched to the topic of lips. Apparently, Asra had hers done not with injections, but with implants, and now, they looked so much fuller! And it was permanent too!

At last, the young women noticed Sarita and her stares.

They gave her frustrated looks.

Batoul rolled her eyes at her:

“What is it, Hindu girl?”

“What? I’m not Hindu.”

“Who cares? What do you want? Can’t you be scruffy somewhere else?”

Sarita crumbled under the haughty looks of the young women. They were right. The girls were impeccably styled, and their looks, while artificial and ridiculous, were still perfect. Each one of them sported perfect, if overdone makeup, and extremely stylish and expensive clothes that were as elegant as they were modest. They also shared the same nose, which was apparently the style that was en vogue right now ...

Next to them, Sarita wasn’t even an ugly duckling. She tried to brush her hair and tie it into a ponytail, but it would always break out into thick curls whenever it could, and she couldn’t bring herself to wearing something different than oversized pants and big t-shirts, usually with nerdy prints on them. Before she left, her parents had suggested she dressed locally and had bought her a set of clothes at the local Pakistani shop, but she had found the fabric to feel incredibly uncomfortable and cheap-looking. Next to those silky marvels, she would have looked even more like a peasant.

What made things worse was that she really wondered what they looked like naked ... Sarita didn’t see herself as gay or bisexual or anything ... but those women? They did make her curious!

“I just wanted to say ... I’d like to listen to the professor.”

“Then do that? What’s keeping you?”

Umna was inspecting the shape of Zaira’s tits through the fabric now.

“You’re loud. I can’t hear what he’s saying?”

“Then, I don’t know, sit closer to him? You’re the genius, aren’t you?”

“I’m not a genius! I just ...”

Finally, the professor decided to act.

“Ms. Mendez ... Please, would you keep it down? I am trying to explain important basics that you will need for the coming lessons ...”

“But Sir ...”

“Please.”

His expression suggested that she had screwed up. Sarita sighed loudly. The professor glared at her.

She nodded and tried to concentrate, but the giggling just continued.

Eventually, it was time for a break. The students exited the classroom, still noisy and distracted. Sarita just sat there, trying to get her mind to work. The background noise had really drained her. Why couldn’t these idiots not shut up?

She wondered whether things would be better in the male classes ...

Officially, the college was all for co-education, but in practice, the classes were strictly segregated by gender. Sarita could maybe try getting into one of the men’s groups.

As she passed one of the rooms, she listened to what they were doing. Maybe that was better?

“Ferrari? Those are shitty cars. They’re all loud, but they’re not fast! You need a real fast car. Do it like me! Get your dad to buy you a Porsche! Or even better, an Aston Martin. Now that’s a real car!”

Sarita poked her head in. The classes were alternating breaks to make sure the students didn't meet across genders, although, as far as the other women told her, there were plenty of opportunities to actually get together, in secret, though ...

The young men were ignoring the teacher completely too, talking loudly about their cars, their clothes and the women they were apparently fucking. She sighed. That didn't sound much more interesting either. She wanted to retreat, when one of the guys spotted her. He got up, completely ignoring the teacher who was droning on about something, and walked to her. Sarita was a bit surprised. The guy was incredibly buff and broad-shouldered. Most of the men around here tended to be either thin and scrawny or quite fat, but this guy was actually fit.

Two other similar guys showed up a moment later.

Sarita was starting to feel a bit threatened. Maybe she should run? Maybe get help? The men weren't supposed to be with women during class, so ...

"Hey, nerd girl, you got a moment?"

She blushed.

"Nerd girl?"

"You gotta be the nerd girl. You're the only one without makeup and duck lips."

"I'm wearing makeup."

"You're wearing makeup? Where?"

Somehow, Sarita lost all nervousness. She pointed at her eyelashes. Then at her eyebrows. Then at her cheeks.

The guy was looking increasingly confused. He came very close now and examined her cheek with great curiosity.

"HMMMM ..."

One of his fellows asked:

“What do you see, Hamid?”

“I guess there’s some makeup here ...”

Sarita rolled her eyes.

“Okay, now that we have established this ... What do you even want?”

Hamid blushed:

“Weeell ... You’re a science nerd. I’ve bought some stuff that will make my muscles grow, but I’m not sure whether it’s any good.”

She shrugged:

“Maybe try a little at first?”

“Nah. You’re the nerd, you know stuff. I want you to test it in the lab and tell me whether it’s safe.”

Sarita made an annoyed face.

“Nope.”

“What?” Hamid was genuinely taken aback. “Why?”

“I’m not here to take orders from you.”

This astonished the guys significantly.

“Um.”

“What? You’re not my bosses.”

“But ... we’re guys. You’re some foreign chick. Probably from India. And you should be happy to serve me.”

“I’m not from India. Where does everybody get the idea? And I’m not serving anybody.”

The men realized that this wasn’t going to work. Their expressions turned to

anger.

“Well then, fuck you!”

Sarita smiled at them. They were so helpless, despite their big muscles.

“Relax. I’ll do it. But I’m not your servant, and I expect you to say ‘please’ and ‘thank you’ like normal people.”

The muscle-bros stared at the diminutive young woman, exchanged glances and then nodded.

“Okay. Would you please check those drugs for us?”

With a big gracious smile, Sarita declared:

“Of course I will. Meet me at the biochemistry lab after school.”

The muscleguys clustered around the young woman, staring nervously at the screen of her computer. She clicked on some buttons, then consulted a few websites, then sighed and said:

“Okay ...”

Jamal asked, his voice a bit too loud:

“So, is it safe?”

Hamid knocked against the back of his head with his fist.

“Shut up, idiot! Let her think!” To Sarita, he said: “Don’t mind him, Sarita. He’s a fool.”

“I’m not a fool ...”

“Shut the fuck up, Jamal!”

“Okay, okay ...”

Sarita glared at them and they all fell silent.

“As far as I can see from the tests, this is not good quality. Whoever sold you this stretched it quite a bit, and some of the things they put in there are probably not healthy. Some are harmless. But ... I wouldn’t use it if I were you.”

The look of relief on the young men’s faces were incredible. Hamid nodded eagerly:

“Thank you so much, Sarita! That was amazing! All that science stuff ... You’re a genius!”

“No, no ... I was just applying the standard tests ...”

Jamal interrupted her:

“She’s a genius!”

The rest of the boys nodded and agreed loudly.

To be perfectly honest, Sarita felt flattered. Those guys were idiots, but ... their antics were cute. And some of them actually looked quite good. She suppressed a chuckle.

Then Hamid asked:

“Um ... I have a question, Sarita ...”

She smiled:

“What is it? Any other things you need tested?”

He nodded, but then he added:

“Yes, I have some drugs for a party on the weekend, but ... if you can test those things, can you also make them?”

Sarita thought about this for a moment, then she said:

“Shouldn’t be too difficult with the equipment here. This is all top of the line. Also weird that it’s not getting used ...”

“And do you need anything? Any other things?”

The young woman grinned:

“I think you’ll be able to help me a lot!”

After a few days of preparation, Sarita and the bodybuilders went to the lab together. The professors weren’t terribly interested in what they were doing. To be honest, Sarita suspected that they had joined this college to get a steady stream of income at the end of their careers, or to just do their own stuff, entering a deal of mutual ignorance with the students.

This served the young woman well.

Directing her muscular manservants, she began synthesizing the drugs they wanted. It took her a few weeks to set everything up, but once the whole thing was up and running, she could provide them with a steady stream of high-quality substances, which she then tailored to the individual users. The boys were amazed by the stuff. The intensity of their gains was equally impressive.

Sarita could literally watch them getting bigger and buffer by the day. The rest of the college students also started to notice eventually. It was quite astonishing. The women seemed to be quite into these changes, impressed by the bodybuilders’ increasing mass and size, as well as their rapidly improving confidence. As Sarita got more familiar with all the stuff the boys were shooting, she started introducing little improvements here and there to make the drugs more efficient and to increase their stamina.

She loved this work. It was right up her alley. She could nerd out about all those molecules and enzymes, and the muscleboys would keep coming up with better and better exercises. Somehow, she had become the guys’ muscle-herder, and they certainly appreciated her mastery.

They even started calling her Sheikha and would get her advice on pretty much everything.

As a result, the young men’s grades improved. Or actually, they didn’t improve, but the professors found themselves impressed by what they were doing. There was no doubt about their graduation, obviously, but now, it was clear that they were actually going to earn it. Suffice to say, this only made the bodybuilders more attached to their Sheikha.

For Sarita, this didn't bring the improvement she had expected. Okay, it was nice to have people to hang out with, and the muscleguys were quite nice and respectful, but her commitment only made her more suspicious to the other students. The women were definitely disagreeing with this and would make disparaging comments right in her face now. While Sarita tried to hide her unhappiness, she found that the buff guys were surprisingly alert.

"Ya Sheikha, are the women getting you down?"

Hamid, Jamal and Yasin sat down next to her, filling the surroundings with their bulk.

Sarita tried to conceal her feelings, but then, she nodded.

The three young musclemen nodded gravely.

"That's bad. It's hard to find good friends, and those women ... they can be very hurtful."

"I just want to be left alone, you know? They are constantly picking on me, and I didn't do anything!"

"You helped us."

"That's not the reason!"

"Maybe it is." Hamid gave her a very wise smile. Then he said: "You know what, Sheikha? We're going to take you with us, and you're going to train with us."

"But ... That's not my issue."

"Correct. And yet, you will see that it helps you. Come with us, and we will make you sweat it all out. You will feel exhausted, but you will also feel better."

Sarita gave them a skeptical look, but the three men nodded gravely, had her get up, and took her to the gym.

When Sarita returned to the dorm after the workout, she felt great! Sure, she was exhausted and sweaty too, but she also felt great! She hadn't expected this to be

such a nice experience. The guys had taken their time to explain every exercise carefully and had encouraged her to do every single one of them very carefully. Then they had made her do a full routine. Since it was their leg day, she found it quite astonishing to see just how much weight she could move on the leg press, but they also warned her that she would find that she would be sore for the next few days.

Still, Hamid, Jamal and Yasin had been right: She did feel better. This was a great experience! Also, she had to admit that looking at those super-buff guys she had helped form with her expertise certainly was entertaining ...

The next day brought exactly the issues the men had warned her about. Sarita could barely walk and stumbled along clumsily, which only made the girls mock her even harder.

However, this somehow motivated her to try working out again.

So, when the guys assembled for their next session, she just walked up to them, declared that she was in, and joined up.

Hamid and the others were delighted and made sure she felt good with them.

As the term ground on, Sarita noticed that the daily training was changing her. On the one hand, she was getting buff. That was obvious, and something she quite enjoyed. She was getting fit and strong and her posture improved. She felt amazing.

On the other hand, her tolerance for the girls' bullshit fell. At first, she did her best to ignore them, but as the weeks went by, their attempts at bullying really only got on her nerves. It was just getting boring, not hurtful. It was supposed to make her feel bad, but instead, it just made her tired.

Also, she noticed that since her body started changing, the girls were beginning to lose their shit. It was interesting to watch. Contrary to them, Sarita wore Western clothes, and while they were still baggy and roomy, her improving physique was making them look pretty nice: Her shoulders had become a bit wider, her chest was pushing up her breasts, her waist was getting very trim, and her ass and legs were getting very shapely. She even had a bit of a six-pack by now.

When she admired herself in the mirror after a hard workout, she couldn't help but feeling proud about her new looks.

And the other young women hated her guts for it.

When she inadvertently exposed her abs as she tried to shift her shirt, she could see them go green with envy. When one of the girls pinched her ass to humiliate her, and the other woman realized just how hard and round it had become, she could literally feel their jealousy.

And it felt so good.

She got in trouble soon after. The dean, informed by the assorted young women of better extraction, pointed out that her kind of Western clothes were projecting a shameless attitude, which was incompatible with school values.

Sarita was summoned to the man's office and sat down. The dean, an older gentleman with a perfectly trimmed beard, a bespoke suit and a very fancy accent, looked at her and frowned.

"Ms. Mendez, there have been complaints about your sense of dress and your behavior."

The young woman was surprised.

"Sir, with all due respect, what do you mean?"

She looked down at her outfit. The baggy shirt, the wide pants, where was the problem? Sure, one could see the muscles of her thighs push out against the fabric of her pants' legs, and her sleeves were short enough to show off her hard, rounded biceps, and maybe, her butt wasn't all that well-concealed as she had thought ...

Still, there couldn't be much of an issue, especially compared to the shameless behavior of her co-students. Right now, there was a competition going on between Batoul and Zaira about who was getting the bigger, rounder and faker tits, and using them to fuck more boys. Right now, as she wasn't shy to point out, Batoul was in the lead, with 1,200 ccs of saline in her breasts and thirteen young men having shot their loads on her chest already. Next to her, Zaira looked almost chaste with only 800 ccs and eight cum-shots ...

Just listening to them caused conflicting sensations in Sarita's mind. On the one hand, those girls were so obnoxious, she could feel her braincells try to escape through her ears when they talked and bragged about their random fuckery, but on the other hand, their cheapness and bimbo stupidity did turn them on ... It was bad. Why were they like that? And if they had to be that way, why wouldn't they shut up?

"Ms. Mendez, are you listening?"

The dean seemed more than a bit annoyed. Sarita nodded eagerly:

"Sorry, Sir, I ... I'm listening."

"As I was saying, you would do well to dress modestly from now on. I am sure you will be able to buy acceptable outfits easily. If there is a money issue, please come to me. We have a small budget for special expenses, and I think we can use this for anything that will help maintain school order."

She shook her head:

"No, Sir, it won't be necessary. I ... I have the necessary funds."

"Good, good. And please, Ms. Mendez, respect the sensibilities of your co-students. This is a great opportunity for you, so don't waste it."

She nodded, apologized half-heartedly, and left, rolling her eyes.

The next day, the young women stared at her. Sarita was wearing one of these shapeless dresses, although she had added a belt, and she had wrapped a scarf loosely around her head. It didn't even cover her hair completely, and to be honest, all the shapelessness didn't help with her muscles. They were just getting too present to be hidden for good.

Sarita felt ridiculous. This outfit was pointless, and it wasn't helping her range of motion. She felt she looked like ... maybe like a dumb ghost? It was odd. On the other women, these outfits looked nice and interesting, even enticing. On her ... not so much. It was probably the shoulders, and her butt. And her growing biceps and triceps. The whole thing was at odds with her physique.

Well, if this was what it took to be allowed to do her thing ...

Nonetheless, Sarita was very happy when she could finally join the boys for workouts. It felt so good to get out of that tent-like dress and just feel herself ...

She was greeted by the boys with loud grunts. Moments later, she was warming up and as she felt the bite of steel on her skin and the sweat burst from her pores, she felt at home. It was amazing. She went through the whole workout, just happy to get rid of all the annoyances of the day. This was really clearing her mind, and feeling the camaraderie of the young men around her only made things better.

As she reached the end of her daily workout routine, she stretched a bit, then hit the bench for a bit of pressing, with Hamid spotting for her with utmost care. He was the most relaxed of the gang, and she had this kind of brotherly appreciation for him. It was very, very nice to have a friend like him, even if he insisted on calling her Sheikha and deferring to her in all things.

Still, it was good to have friends.

As she racked the barbell with a grunt and let her heavy arms drop, Hamid asked:

“May I ask you something, Sheikha?”

“Sure. What’s on your mind?”

He chuckled nervously. Then he blushed. Then he lowered his voice.

“Um ... Listen ... You know how you managed to really make our muscles bigger with your better drugs, right?”

“Yeah? So what?”

“Could you ... maybe make something that makes my, you know, my penis bigger? I would really like to have a bigger one.”

She chuckled.

“You think you need a bigger one?”

He looked very nervous.

“Kinda? I think, now that my body is so big, it looks a bit small, right?”

She tried not to say anything stupid and instead went with:

“It’s not a muscle, so I’ll have to figure this out, but ... I can try, okay?”

“Sheikha, that would be amazing! I would be so thankful ... And the girls, they will love it!”

“Girls?”

“Yes! There’s a lot of them who like my big muscles. I’m sure they would love it if I had a bigger penis too!”

Sarita’s experience with penis sizes wasn’t too great for now, but she wasn’t sure bigger was actually better. Still, if it made him happy ...

“I’ll see what I can do.”

He smiled broadly.

“Thank you, Sheikha!” Then he thought for a moment. “I have another question.”

“Out with it. What’s up?”

“Why don’t you use the drugs too? You’ve clearly got great genetics, you could get way bigger ...”

Sarita stared at the muscleman’s face and nodded slowly.

“You’re right. I mean ... yeah ...” She started to smile. “I guess I could. I mean, I feel great with my muscles like this, and I think I would love to be bigger, so ... why not?”

Hamid grinned:

“Cool! I’m glad you’re going to get bigger too, Sheikha!”

Sarita nodded slowly. Yeah. She was going to get bigger, and then, they’d see what the dean was going to say ...

She got busy the next day. If she was going to use those drugs, she was going to build the best she could for herself. The boys' were nice and efficient, but to be honest, she really did more run-of-the-mill stuff for them. For herself, she wanted to do some seriously powerful ones.

It turned out to be quite complicated, especially since she wanted to make sure she didn't run in any problems because of her being a woman. To clear her head, she would work on Hamid's special drug. That was actually a bit of a challenge, but eventually, she figured out a treatment for him. As she sat at her computer, moving enzyme models around on her screen, she wondered what it felt like to have a penis ... It was interesting. Now she ended up imagining having something hanging between her legs. She wondered how the men didn't constantly feel it getting in their way ...

Well. She probably wouldn't find out, right?

The next day, she got everybody's drug doses ready. She had mixed Hamid's augmentation into his vial so the others wouldn't be jealous. Of course, once they would see it worked, she expected them to show up and demand the same.

For her, she injected herself before heading to the gym. No point in causing a fuss. As the drug entered her body, she breathed in sharply. That stuff felt intense ... She chuckled nervously. This would put her muscles into overdrive. She couldn't wait ...

A week later, she saw the first results. It was incredible. She woke up in the morning, sweaty and sore. The last day, she had pumped iron like crazy, pushing her personal best all over. And now, as she turned on the light and put on her glasses, she saw her pecs that had grown even bigger than before, having absorbed her breasts completely. They had turned into plates of muscle, and she loved them already. That, and her thick, hard abs were equally impressive. She chuckled as she explored her muscular body, admiring her newly developed hardness.

“Fuck ... This is more than I expected ... but I like it ...”

That's when she heard someone knock on her door. She dropped her big shirt she used for the night back down and walked to the door only realizing too late that she was just wearing her panties. She stood face to face with Hamid. His smile was so bright, it almost blinded her.

“You did it, Sheikha! You did it! You are amazing!”

“I did what?”

He lowered his voice:

“It’s bigger already. I love it! Thank you so much!”

“Oh. Cool. Cool.”

“You want to see it?”

“Um ... Maybe not in the corridor? You can’t be here, this is the women’s dorm!”

“Yes, yes, whatever.”

“Okay, then come in?”

She let the muscleguy into her room, which involved an awkward moment in which the two young bodybuilders almost rubbed their thick chests against each other.

Once inside, Hamid looked around, found her room to be kinda cute, and said:

“So, wanna see it?”

Sarita chuckled nervously.

“Seriously?”

“Well, Sheikha, it’s your handiwork. You might want to admire it ...”

The young musclewoman blushed hard.

“Maybe ...”

“Alright ...”

Then he pulled down his track pants, revealing his very muscular legs. The pouch of his underpants was very well-filled. She stared at it. Sure, she had seen

a few boys' dicks back at home, and she had had a little fun, but she had preferred not to get into anything that would cause her any trouble ... Also, her parents were vaguely strict on the subject. They didn't know what she knew ... Anyway, now that he pulled down his shorts, she could see his cock flop out. It was ... kinda big. Probably the biggest she had seen yet. Not by much, since one of the boys in her old school had been amazingly blessed, but ... quite large, yes. She breathed in sharply.

Hamid grinned.

"Yeah." He was blushing too, a little at least. "It's grown two inches." He gave it a rub, and it started to thicken and rise.

Sarita stared at it. It was ... interesting.

"Wow ... I can't believe it worked this fast ..."

"You're a genius, Sheikha. And I can't wait for it to get even bigger."

"You would want it to be even larger?"

"Well, I'm getting more muscular, so I would love it to match, right? Besides, bigger is better, isn't it?"

Sarita grinned and looked at her own arms.

"You're right about that."

She extended her hand and touched Hamid's rod. The young man was somewhat nervous all of a sudden. She chuckled:

"Hey, I'm just admiring my handiwork, right?"

She gripped it rather firmly, which made the man squirm a bit.

"Easy ..."

"Sorry, I don't know my strength sometimes ..."

"Yeah ... You're getting really buff, Sheikha ... For a woman ..."

She smirked and flexed her arm. The sleeve of her big shirt slipped down and exposed the hard block of muscle that jutted out under her skin.

“I think your friends are starting to distort your perception. I’m big for a man already. I think none of the other men in this school are as buff as me, except for maybe the groundskeeper. And he’s a fat slob.”

Suddenly, she felt Hamid’s hand on her muscle. The young man was sweating nervously as he caressed her biceps, then tested its hardness. She blushed too, realizing that she was holding his cock. The two young people stood there, looking stupid as they were both getting more and more turned on.

Then, Sarita went closer, kissing Hamid’s lips gently. His beard pricked her skin a little, but she didn’t mind at all. Instead, it made her chuckle. Then he kissed her back.

Before they knew it, the two of them were on the bed, having gotten rid of their clothes in the process. Sarita pulled off her big t-shirt, revealing her built upper body and her tight, muscle-packed waist, while Hamid got out of the rest of his clothes, giving her an eyeful of his big physique. The bed groaned as the two bulging young people shifted to find a comfortable position.

To Sarita, this was somewhat strange. On the one hand, she was incredibly turned on. Hamid was charming and she liked that her work had made him so large and powerful. Also, she liked that she was equally muscular. On the other hand ... Weeeell ... It was strange for her. Did she really like this? Was he turning her on? Honestly?

She thought of Batoul’s tits and Asra’s lips and their asses ...

She gasped. Hamid’s thick, hard cock rubbed against her abs. She chuckled nervously.

He asked:

“Are you okay? Should I get the lube?”

“The lube?”

“You know, for your butt? Don’t you have any?”

“But ... why would I want this thing up in my ass?”

She chuckled. It was big, wasn't it?

“All the girls take it in the butt. Don't you?”

“Nah. That's weird.”

“It's ... so they can still be virgins.”

She laughed and nibbled at his earlobe.

“Okay, how about we both not be massive hypocrites and just do it normally, shall we?”

Hamid was a bit overwhelmed by the announcement, but his face was beaming:

“Okay! I just didn't know ... But what if you get pregnant?”

“I don't think I can get pregnant now. The drugs are really shutting down my cycle, so I don't see how.”

“Your cycle?”

“I'll explain later. Please. Please let's just fuck!”

He brought up his cock to her pussy lips and wanted to shove it right in, but Sarita held him back a bit.

“Wait a bit ... First, I want you to use your tongue ...”

“My tongue? But why?”

She grinned:

“Okay, I think I do have to explain ...”

She spread her legs, revealing her hairy pussy.

Hamid grinned, then said:

“There’s so much hair ...”

“Let me guess. The other girls are all shaved?”

“I guess ...”

She rubbed her clit a little until it tightened and became a bit more visible, then said:

“Put your tongue right here. And lick me gentlyyyyy ...”

Her voice drifted off as he did just as he was told. The effect was stunning. This guy was as devoted as he was strong. Sarita’s thoughts were flooded by her arousal. She came instantly, soaking her friend’s face in her juices. Hamid looked a bit surprised, also, his face was rather red.

“Oops ...”

Sarita realized she had squished his face with her big, muscular thighs. The big guy extricated himself from her mantrap legs and gasped for air.

“Wow ... You’re so strong ... and I love how hairy you are ...”

“What? You ... you like that I’m hairy?”

“It smells nice.”

“You think so?”

“Absolutely. I don’t lie.”

“Okay ...” She pulled him up, her strong muscles straining a bit. Now she felt his heavy body above her. “I ... I already came.”

“So?”

“So I might take a while ... but ...” She licked her lips. “I might help you pass the time.”

He grinned as she pulled him further up, then craned her strong neck, giving his thick cock a lick. Hamid clearly enjoyed this already.

A while later, the two of them were resting on the bed, which was feeling a little small now. The room was hot despite the air condition, and there was a lot of moisture floating around. Also, Sarita was quite sticky. Hamid had first blown his load on her chest, then into her mouth, and finally into her pussy, while she had gotten her pussy licked a bit more until her pubes were thoroughly soaked in her juices. Also, the two young people were covered in sweat and feeling a bit exhausted, yet happy.

Still, Sarita couldn't help thinking of the girls ...

As she did, she wondered about that whole dick thing again ... What if she did get herself a dick? Was that even possible? She'd have to think about it. What she definitely thought would be interesting was to get her clit bigger ... That thing definitely deserved more attention!

To Sarita's complete lack of surprise, it didn't take long for Hamid to share his new treatment. The boys showed up eager to have their cocks enlarged too, and well, she was happy to help. Hamid's was growing steadily, and she noticed that the girls went out of their way to meet him in secret. Also, she saw that quite a few of them did some rather uncomfortable sitting lately.

She couldn't help chuckling. Ever since she had told Hamid the secret of the clitoris, the girls were all over him. Not only was he getting increasingly massive, he also turned out to be more and more skilled with his tongue and his dick.

She had checked more than once.

Also, as far as massive was concerned: She was getting thicker and more muscular fast now. Without telling the boys, she had further improved her drug suite and had started to pack on the pounds quickly. She was basically eating seven meals a day, or just all the time, providing her rapidly growing body with massive amounts of protein. It was amazing to feel her muscles expand. She absolutely loved how strong and heavy she was becoming. She could now curl her initial weight for reps with one arm, and barely break a sweat. It felt awesome!

Sure, her growing bulk meant that she looked increasingly ridiculous in her outfit, but she just lived for the moment when she could take it all off and pump iron!

Tonight, she would have another visit of Hamid, and then, she would reveal her expanded clitoris. She couldn't wait to see his face! To be honest, Sarita had been spending the last days just rubbing that thing until it got all red and sore. It was amazing ... And it felt so good! She loved it when it got all red and thick and long and kinda erect ... Touching it and rubbing it with her increasingly calloused fingers just felt so good ...

Just as she walked past the other women, they broke out in a semi-whispered criticism of her. She heard them call her fat, disgusting, and awful, and insisted that she was an eyesore, and a shame to the whole college.

The thing was that normally, Sarita would just shrug these things off. Why shouldn't she? Those girls didn't know what they were talking about, their behavior was stupid and juvenile, and their gripes were ridiculous.

Basically, Sarita could ignore them. But this time, somehow, she didn't feel like it. Maybe it was the drugs, maybe it was her growing confidence, or maybe she was just fed up with the young women's constant jerkiness, but she just turned around, faced them and spread her lats under her clothes. The effect was quite astonishing. First, it shut the hecklers up. They just stared at her. Then, Sarita realized she had popped a few seams of her dress, and her muscles were poking through the fabric in places. Finally, she noticed that the other women all stared at her now, but that Zaira was definitely not looking disgusted.

More horny, actually.

It took only a moment, then the other woman had herself back under control.

Sarita glared at them and said:

“Keep it like this. Just, you know, shut up. I don't need to hear your voices.”

The women nodded slowly, realizing that they were in the presence of a madwoman. It was best not to annoy people like that, right?

Relieved, Sarita went back on her way, thinking about her evening with Hamid.

Later on, she was waiting for him anxiously. She had dressed up fittingly in a pair of booty shorts that clung to her sharply cut ass and a big black shirt she had ordered online, emblazoned with the word “HADID” in big white capitals. She

had tied her hair up in a ponytail and was wearing some white overknee socks that showed off her thick, well-sculpted calves and the size of her heavy, muscular thighs.

To be perfectly honest, all this bulk was starting to make her look a bit squat ... But she didn't mind. Besides, her waist was as slim as ever, and her eight-pack was a pleasure to look at.

Anyway, now all she needed was her big, muscular hubby to show up ...

Then, at last, she heard his nervous knocks on the door. She jumped up, full of energy, her muscles allowing her to move with surprising power, and strode over to the entrance. She checked through the peephole and saw that he had really done what he could to make himself attractive. Hamid was turning into quite the hunk ... At the same time, she wondered what it would feel like to have Zaira out there ...

She chuckled, admiring him through the hole's fish-eye. She heard him whisper:

"It's me! Let me in quick!"

Sarita waited just a tiny little longer, then she opened the door and admired her friend's bulky mass. Damn, he was getting so massive ... It was almost ridiculous. She grinned broadly and closed the door behind him, peeking out for a moment to make sure he wasn't seen by anybody. Good ...

Now that he was inside, she admired him a bit. For his visit, he had just put on a tracksuit so that he could argue that he had gone for a late night workout or something, and she quickly zipped down his jacket, admiring his thick pecs in his deep-cut tank top.

"Fuck, Hamid, you're getting massive ..."

"You too, girl ... And I love your shirt!"

"You do? Nice! I love it too!"

She took a step back and said:

"Watch this!"

Then she reached behind her with her thick, muscle-packed arm. It was a bit of a struggle on account of her expanded lats, but she did her best. Then she pulled on the shirt, and revealed the tightness of her waist and the broad mass of her upper body.

Hamid's cock shot up, tenting his pants precariously. He gasped, his penis hardening quickly, starting to pull up his pants. She chuckled:

“Okay, this is the kind of reaction I was going for!”

She helped him to remove his track pants before his rod became too thick and also too erect to get it off, then she admired her handiwork. That thing was massive! She caressed it with her strong, hard hands, and could feel it stir between her fingers. Hamid sighed happily, barely able to contain himself. Once his cock was fully erect, she came closer to him and set it against her own muscle-packed stomach. That monster came up midway to her chest.

She laughed nervously:

“Okay ... I think we may have overdone it ... I don't think I can fit that monster all the way into me ...”

The hulking young man ran his hands over her thick, powerful arms and said:

“I'll be gentle.”

“You'd better be, or I'll rip your head off ...”

She flexed her arm muscles a bit, giving him something to admire. Hamid gasped.

“Fuck, you're getting so massive ... You're closing in on me, aren't you?”

“Definitely. I want to be huge ... It feels so good!”

She kissed him hungrily. Then she flexed her abs against his cock, massaging that rod without even touching it with her hands. Hamid's eyes opened wide.

“Fuck! This is incredible!”

“I know ... And I’ve got something just as incredible to show you!”

By now, her clit was erect and tenting her panties. All three inches of it ... She reached down and gently pulled her panties off, which turned out to be a bit difficult on account of her hard, ripped ass, but eventually, she managed it.

Then she said:

“I think it’ll be for the best if I lie down ...”

“Why?”

“Because you can’t see over your pecs, dumbass!”

“Well, you can’t either!”

“Yes! Isn’t it great?”

Hamid nodded, breathing heavily.

Sarita dropped on the mattress, causing her bed to groan. She seriously wondered whether that frame would stand their collective weight. Hamid was already north of 200 pounds, and she was getting closer rapidly. Maybe she should request a larger bed? That would raise some questions, but ...

Just then, she heard Hamid gasp.

“What ... What happened to your ... your ... your thing?”

“My clitoris ... Weeell ... I thought your penis got so big, and I wanted in on the fun ...”

Hamid looked a bit pale. She slowly began shifting her big upper body.

“You look a bit shocked. Don’t you like it?”

“I ... I’m not sure ... It looks ... manly ... Don’t you think?”

“Hamid, my muscles look manly, and you like them.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. Don’t worry, big man.” She stroked her clit, and it only got harder. “Now, how about give it a lick?”

The big guy’s face switched between paling and blushing several times. It was funny to see. Then he said:

“Okay ... I ... wow ...”

“You’ll see. It’s great. And I’ll do the same for you ...”

She set her strong feet against his rod and began stroking it. Hamid produced a horny gargling sound. Then he went on his knees next to the bed.

A moment later, Sarita felt his tongue and the prickly hairs above his upper lips against her clit. She moaned gripping her sheets and trying not to get too loud. Hamid buried his face in her thick pubes and began to suck and lick her. Sarita’s voice had become fuller lately, and there was a kind of massive intensity to it. To prevent herself from drawing any attention to her, she pulled the pillow over her face and bit into it.

Still, some groans escaped from it.

Sarita was clearly nervous, while Hamid didn’t slow down. He was obviously enjoying himself.

“Mmmffmf ...”

He heard the musclewoman on the bed groan and whisper horny noises.

Just then, there was a hesitant knock on the door.

The two musclepeople instantly fell silent and froze. Sarita raised her head a bit to peek over her pecs and stared at Hamid, whose mouth was dripping with her juices. The guy looked really sheepish. With a firm look, she pointed at the small bath that was attached to her bedroom and gave him a sign to be really quiet.

The big man got up carefully, quickly took his clothes along and disappeared through the door, groaning as he realized that it was a bit narrow.

Meanwhile, Sarita scrambled to her feet, pulled on her shirt and panties, cursed a

bit, then threw a robe over her bulky body, which couldn't close properly anymore, and stumbled to the door.

Peeking through the spyhole, she asked:

“Who is it?”

It was Zaira. The young woman's voice was low, but she was obviously nervous:

“It's me! Let me in!”

“But ...”

“Please!”

Reluctantly, Sarita opened the door and the other woman pushed in quickly and closed the door behind her. Only now did Sarita realize that the air was clearly smelling of sweat. A lot of sweat. And Hamid's perfume. She quickly opened the window, letting in the cool night air.

Now Zaira stared at her, clearly trying to formulate something.

Sarita got a bit nervous now. What was going on?

“So?”

The plump-lipped young woman stared at Sarita, whose robe was hanging open.

“You're even bigger like this.”

“Like what?”

“Like ... Wearing this outfit ...”

Sarita shook her head.

“Okay, out with it. What is this all about?”

Zaira looked very nervous now, and whispered:

“I want to see you.”

“You’re seeing me. You could have seen me every day. We’re literally in the same classes.”

“That’s not what I mean ...”

She took a step closer to Sarita and seized the sides of her robe, then gently pushed them aside, revealing her huge shirt. The musclemwoman blushed. Her clit throbbed. Zaira examined her big chest and smiled:

“Hadid? That’s kinda cool.”

“Yeah ... Listen ... what’s going ...”

That’s when she felt Zaira’s soft, perfectly manicured hands on her muscles.

“Um ...”

“I know it sounds crazy ... but you turn me on so much ...”

She closed in on Sarita and kissed her with her plump, painted lips. Sarita gasped. Then she felt Zaira’s big round tits brush against her hard chest through the fabric.

“Okay, fuck this.”

Sarita pulled off her shirt, revealing her massive muscles and causing the other girl to stare in unbridled horniness. Then the musclemwoman pulled off Zaira’s hijab, letting her thick brown hair cascade down her slim shoulders and lifted her dress up until she could see her fascinatingly silky underwear. She chuckled, then lifted her up easily. Zaira produced a kind of drawn-out moan, overwhelmed by the other woman’s power. She wrapped her legs around Sarita’s muscled midsection and covered her with kisses, while Sarita fought to keep her clit down. She had no idea what Zaira would say if she found out about this.

The smaller woman’s hands were all over her, exploring her muscles, worshipping their size and shape ... Sarita’s struggle was getting harder.

Then she failed dismally. Zaira’s eyes went wide as Sarita’s clit poked against her.

“What’s that?”

And that was when a loud crash could be heard from the bathroom.

The two young women stared at the room’s door. Zaira jumped up, panicking, heading for the door, and trying to rearrange her clothes around her. Sarita ran right after her, but there were more crashes in the bathroom, and then, Hamid stumbled out, looking all sheepish. Also, some of Sarita’s cosmetics had clearly fallen down and a towel had thankfully dropped and was now perched on his still erect cock.

He was blushing horribly and looking stupid. Without thinking, Zaira turned around to see who that was and promptly stumbled over her dress, falling on her face.

Sarita stared at the whole show with a look of complete despair on her face. In a matter of moments, the romantic situations had degenerated into a kind of slapstick scene ...

Zaira groaned. She tried to get up, but her head was swimming. Sarita caught up with her and carefully lifted her up, holding her in her strong arms. The young woman cuddled against her without thinking and felt the warmth and power of her massive body.

She managed to open her eyes and groaned:

“Sarita ...”

“Don’t worry. It’s just Hamid. We’re all friends here ...”

“Are we?”

“Well, at least accomplices.”

“Oh.”

She carefully brought her over to the bed and put her on the mattress, then went to the bathroom to examine the damage. As she passed her muscular lover, she said:

“Sit down, don’t touch anything.”

“Hey, Sarita, I’m sorry ... I ... That room was way too small ... I tried to sit on the toilet and wait, and I got tangled up ...”

“Yes, yes. Don’t worry. But you all have to keep quiet. I don’t want anybody else to get alerted that you’re here.”

He nodded. She was right. So he sat down carefully on her gaming chair and looked over to Zaira, who was slowly recovering. Her brown hair was spread over the mattress, and she was breathing quietly. She looked at Hamid’s big naked chest and he could tell she was getting turned on.

Meanwhile, Sarita quickly put the bathroom back in order. It had looked worse than it was. By the time she was back, she saw the two “guests” kissing on the bed.

For a moment, she wondered whether she should just throw them out. After all, this was not exactly the nicest thing one could do when visiting. But then, she realized she was still incredibly horny, so she joined in.

Zaira suddenly found herself embraced by two very muscular people. Horny, muscular people. She moaned as she felt them touch her, kiss her, squeeze her slim yet curvy body. The attention she was getting was astonishing. She had fucked plenty of guys, even two at the same time, but ... not like this. These two were strong, heavy, and in control. Also, when she saw Hamid’s massive dick, she struggled to comprehend how anything could get that huge! Realizing there was little chance she could take that thing, she let him go for her butt.

The muscleman complied instantly. Lube was rubbed on it, and then, she felt her ass getting spread by that trunk. Now Sarita was in front of her, her thick pecs overwhelming her round, fake tits as she was getting lifted on that spit ... and then, Zaira saw that her co-student’s clitoris was also thick and erect. Sure, it was smaller than that monster that was slowly driving through her innards, causing her to grunt with lust, but it was still easily as large as the smaller cocks she had fucked.

And now, Sarita sank it into her pussy.

Zaira hadn’t expected a woman to take her virginity, and not like that. And not a

woman that was so incredibly powerful ... She enjoyed it, though. It was absolutely astonishing. While Hamid was quite brutish and rough in his attempts to shove even more cock into her stretched asshole, which was nice and animalistic and intense, Sarita seemed to have much more control. Plus, she seemed to understand that finding the right spot, rubbing the right place ... it was all much better.

And then, before she could pursue the thought, her mind became utterly incoherent as the two musclepeople literally lifted her up, impaled her on their rods, and fucked her deep.

Sarita heard Hamid's heavy grunts and Zaira barely suppressed squeals. She just hoped no one would notice what they were doing and prayed they wouldn't all get expelled. And at the same time, she could feel her mind slipping. The room was thick with their sweat, they were grunting, she could feel Hamid's monstrous cock pulsate within Zaira's slim body, rubbing against her clit through the thin line of skin, and just in that moment, she wondered what it would feel like to have such a beast of a cock ...

The thought sent her over the edge. She locked her mighty arms around Zaira's slim body, squishing the girl's tits against her steel pecs and fucked her with jackhammer intensity.

Between strokes, Sarita could see the other woman's tongue hanging out from her thick lips, her eyes rolling around as her mind was being blown.

Then she felt Hamid discharge his load into Zaira's waiting asshole and pump her belly full of his cum. In that moment, she just wanted to be able to do the same ...

Then she came. And she came again. It was like a chain reaction that was bursting in her mind, sending her up into pure sensation ...

Much, much later, the trio was resting on the small bed, entangled into each other's limbs and the blanket, sweaty, tired and unable to move. It took them quite some time to extricate themselves from the mess, and the act of showering in the bathroom was also an exercise in awkward waiting. The shower was barely large enough for Hamid, who really struggled to fit his bulky physique into it, and then needed Sarita's help to wash his back. Then he returned the favor since she was also starting to get quite massive.

Zaira watched the whole process with horny attention.

Eventually, they were all done, and they shared the bed for a bit of post-fucking fondling. At some point, Sarita said:

“Hey, Zaira, I’m sorry I took your virginity ...”

She did a dismissive gesture as she caressed the thick plates of Sarita’s pecs.

“Don’t worry. I’ll have it fixed ...”

“Maybe I can figure something out too ...”

“Wait. What do you mean by that?”

Hamid chuckled, caressing Zaira’s slim waist and then said:

“How do you think I got this big? It’s all Sarita’s magic.”

“Magic?”

The musclemwoman rolled her eyes:

“It’s science, stupid. But yeah. If you want, I’ll try to see what I can do.”

“I would very much like that ... And you can do things like that?”

“Sometimes? It really depends. But I think I’ve got the muscles and the dicks nailed down already. So if you want to get fitter, let me know!”

“Hmm ...”

Eventually, everybody got dressed and snuck out, but Sarita stayed in her room, thinking about this whole cock situation. While she was at it, maybe she could do something about that?

The next weeks were more intense than expected. Apparently, there were exams to do, and while the legacy students were passed automatically, Sarita was expected to actually show what she had learned, together with a few other people. It was a strange situation. The others just kept goofing off, while Sarita had to read up on the stuff she had ignored up until now, and had to really

prepare.

To her surprise, though, the musclemen showed up every day and would bring her food, offer to revise with her, and generally made sure she was in a good place to succeed. It was nice to have friends! Also, on more than one evening, Zaira would sneak over to her room and spend a little time with her, which usually involved her getting fucked by Sarita's slowly growing clit. As the exams approached, that thing had already reached some four inches, and feeling Zaira's plump lips on it was amazing.

The young musclewoman completely forgot about the exams on these visits. It was interesting, though: Zaira would keep her distance in public, but would go crazy for her in private. Sarita liked the thrill, even if she found it a bit hypocritical.

To no surprise to Sarita, the exams went very well, but she was nonetheless relieved. Funnily enough, the guys she was tutoring as they were lifting also produced quite nice results. She felt a bit of pride, seeing as they started to take their classes seriously. It was funny to see them being proud of such an achievement for the first time in their lives. Almost as if putting in work and not just having their money and their family name carry them made them feel some kind of joy ...

Having this part behind her, she could return to her lifting ... Which was when Yasin approached her.

He was the shortest and quietest of the musclemen, though he put in all the hard work, just like the others. However, he had been the last one to ask her about the big cock-treatment.

She smiled at him as she just finished another set, admiring her round and ripped backside in the mirror.

"Hi! What's up?"

"Um ... Sheikha?"

She grinned:

"Okay, out with it. What do you want to change?"

He chuckled nervously. Then he lowered his voice.

“Could you make me taller?”

She had expected something like that. She was still busy with Zaira’s treatment, but Sarita had already started working on this, more for herself. It was only a matter of weeks now.

“Sure. Now spot for me, will you?”

“Of course, Sheikha!”

She could see his thick cock twitch in his trackpants. That was another thing she was working on ...

In the end, it took Sarita several weeks to finally get her ideas to work. The further she immersed herself in her work, the more she began to understand the limitations of her previous concepts, and the more did she have to try out new paths.

For the first time in her stay here, she actually managed to profit from the quality of her professors. These guys did know what they were talking about, and if she managed to ask her questions in a way that wouldn’t let them in on what she was doing, she could definitely use their expertise.

It wasn’t easy, but eventually, she had her breakthrough. She couldn’t help grinning as she saw the first dose of her new treatment form in its vial. This would help tremendously ...

Now she just had to use it on herself, and then, she would set up the treatment for Jamal. She had already supplied Zaira with her thing, and the young woman made ample use of it. As far as she was concerned, Zaira was getting fucked by pretty much every young man in this college, but she really loved the big, thick cocks of the bodybuilding gang. Sarita had added a little extra to her treatment to make sure her insides were able to accommodate such massive dicks, and Zaira had enjoyed this incredibly.

Sarita was still surprised the other young woman had managed to keep quiet about her treatment. The boys had blabbed out the stuff Sarita could do within a day, but she didn’t tell any of the other women. It was fascinating. Also,

watching her giggling with glee as she felt her pussy revert back to virginity was both cute and disturbing. Sarita wondered how long it would take for Zaira to realize that there was probably more she could do to change her body.

Maybe the young woman just lacked imagination.

Then again, today's visit would maybe inspire her ...

Night fell at last and Sarita waited anxiously for Zaira to show up. She had injected the new drug right into her thick clit a few hours ago, and she could feel it work within her. She had really struggled to stay focused during the afternoon, trying not to look at her changing genitals. She wanted it to be a surprise for herself too. She had picked a nice outfit for the visit. Some tight shorts with a big pouch to accommodate her clit, a skinny shirt that clung to her fascinatingly buff chest and made her nipples look a bit crushed by the weight of her thick pecs. She really wanted to get those even larger. Somehow, having this manly mega-chest was making her even hornier. She had then put on a pair of trackpants and tied up her hair, and that was it.

She was ready. Feeling the tension that was increasing within her was only turning her on even more.

Then came the familiar nervous little knock on the door. Zaira was there.

Sarita quickly stepped over to the door and opened it carefully. She really struggled to hold back, not wanting to make unnecessary noise. The young woman smiled nervously at her. The musclewoman could immediately tell that she was just as horny as her.

Immediately, Zaira threw herself at her, embracing her around her thick, muscle-packed neck, admiring its athletic size and shape. She kissed Sarita hungrily, her full lips on the bodybuilder's slim ones, then she gave her an intense look from her heavily made-up eyes.

"You're always getting bigger when I see you again, Sarita ..."

"I do my best."

"You're amazing ..."

She kissed her hungrily again, then her hands went to Sarita's broad shoulders, then to her mighty arms, and then to her wide lats. It was clear that Zaira was worshipping the sheer, incredible mass Sarita had built, and that she was completely mesmerized by this hyper-manly physique. Sarita was getting hard just feeling Zaira's slim hands explore her bulky body.

It didn't take long for them to end up on the bed, with Zaira on top, rubbing her big butt against what she thought to be Sarita's clitoris. For her hostess, the situation was getting more and more intense. She was breathing deeply, trying to keep herself under control. At the same time, every single breath only made her muscles appear larger and more powerful, and that made Zaira's touches more intense.

Now Sarita was carefully freeing Zaira of her clothes, the woman on top threw away her scarf, and revealed her crotchless underwear. Now Sarita worked down her underpants, and shifted her position so she could penetrate Zaira ...

The smaller woman gasped.

"Ya Allah, Sarita ... You've gotten bigger there too ..."

"Yesss ... Everything to please you ..."

Zaira chuckled nervously.

"For me?"

"For you ..."

Which is when Zaira felt Sarita's appendage enter her, breaking through her reformed hymen. The young woman gasped. Somehow, the small pain of this process had come to be associated with pleasure in her mind. Sarita felt her thing expand into the wet warmth of Zaira's pussy. This was feeling so good ... so intense ... It was almost liberating. The sensation was much stronger than before, and her clit had already been very sensitive.

Zaira started riding her now, shifting her smaller, softer body against Sarita's insane mass. The young woman was impaling herself on Sarita's still expanding rod. Horny and nervous, she asked:

“Just how big is this thing now?”

Sarita grinned, gave her a mock-innocent smile and said:

“I have no idea. I used a special treatment on it, and ... You will see ...”

The smaller woman gasped as that thing got longer and thicker, filling out her pussy, and making her realize just how massive it was getting. The boys had been stretching it, but this thing was stuffing her nicely.

Now Sarita began tensing the muscles in her crotch and butt, and began fucking Zaira deeply without even using her arms or legs. It was just the pure power of her hips. All the while, her beast was growing, and Zaira was squealing with lust, desperately trying not to cry out. Now she saw that monster push against the insides of her belly. Seeing the long mound it was forming inside her, she came for the first time. And then, she came again.

And again. The young woman was losing her mind as she was slipping up and down that massive rod, and Sarita was getting so close to cumming. She really tried to hold back, but then, she just let it happen.

It was incredible. She had already had plenty of intense orgasm with her expanded clit, so many even, that it sometimes felt a bit sore from all the rubbing.

But this was something different.

Sarita felt the rush of her cum through her cock and she felt it blow right into Zaira’s pussy, all warm and sticky, filling the already overstuffed young woman even more.

Zaira’s squeals turned into a howl of delight. She wanted to hold back and keep it in, but the intensity was such that she couldn’t control herself. Instead, she dropped right against Sarita’s chest and just bit her ample pec, trying to gag herself on the musclewoman’s beefy chest.

The bodybuilder’s cock kept pumping cum into her pussy, completely overwhelming her mind with the sheer intensity of this new sensation.

It took Sarita some time to calm down, and to be honest, by the time she was in

control of herself again, Zaira was basically completely exhausted, overwhelmed by her orgasms and the absurd amount of cum that was filling her up.

The musclemwoman held her lover in her enormous arms and caressed her gently, kissing her softly. Then, slowly, she pulled her transformed member out of the other woman's pussy and stared at it. Zaira was just as stunned.

Sarita's clit had transformed into a thick, veiny shlong. Her slim fingers touched it, and the monster twitched. She shivered.

"Wow ... You're so big now, Sarita ..."

The musclemwoman ran her strong fingers through her thick bush and grabbed the massive base of her cock, then gave it a good stroke.

"Yeah ... I might have overdone it ..."

"Nah, I like it ... You filled me up so nicely." Zaira patted her cum-bloated belly.

"So you don't mind?"

"Nah. This is great ... I love it. I love to be stretched by your big penis."

"Mmmh ... That's nice to hear. I can't wait to do it again."

"Then let's!" Zaira grinned cheekily. "But this time, I want you to be on top!"

"I'd love to!"

She kissed her lover eagerly. Then the smaller woman asked:

"If you're figuring all of this out ..."

"Yes?"

"... Could you help me change further?"

Sarita chuckled:

"Sure! I'd love to. Just let me know what you need!"

Before she could answer, though, Zaira found herself flipped on all fours and then, Sarita approached her, her thick cock hard and ready.

The college's principal was starting to wonder. There were reports that strange things were happening outside of class. In class too, come to think of it. For example, the professors reported that some students which had previously been seen as completely disinterested and incompetent were now acing their tests and improving their scores, while also joining on rather ambitious projects. This was completely unexpected. The unstated goal of the whole college was to provide the children of well-established families with simple, relatable degrees that could be used as a point of personal status and as a justification for their employment. To be perfectly honest, the principal didn't much care whether his students actually learned anything as long as the money was flowing and there weren't too many abortions.

And now this.

What made matters even stranger, was that the students, and the motivated students specifically, were starting to look rather impressive physically. As in, athletic. Tall. Strong. Manly.

The principal was quite astonished by this. It was all anecdotal evidence, but somehow these young men were growing taller and stronger, and they really stood out now. Six feet was nothing special among this group anymore, and some of them were close to 6'4"!

This, combined with their large muscles, meant that new seating had to be purchased for the classrooms. Not that it was a big expense, but it was hard to explain.

Something was going on, and the principal would have to figure it out and find a way to deal with it. After all, this was all his personal responsibility. He was just worried about what he'd find out. What if it was something that was dangerous for the students, or worse yet, for the college? He really didn't want any scandal.

Sighing, he decided that he'd talk to the professors first. Maybe they knew what was happening!

In class, the dynamics had changed further. While the other girls were spending their time chuckling and giggling and bragging about their adventures, Zaira had

started to cover up seriously, and to keep her voice down in public. No one should figure out what was happening.

The other young women tried to figure it out, but Zaira just kept it down, maintaining her secrecy.

It was hard, sometimes. Sitting close to Sarita was difficult, because her lover was just so wonderful and arousing ... Also, the muscular young woman was becoming increasingly large. She had begun the treatment to make herself taller, something about balancing her physique a bit, and really struggled to hide it. Also, her cock was hardening spontaneously and she had to shift her thick, muscle-packed legs to hide her throbbing erections, and finally to just strap it down against her gargantuan thigh. Otherwise, that thing would just bump against her desk from below and probably flip it over in the process. To make things “worse”, that monster would constantly produce a bit of pre-cum and slowly soak the room in a smell of impending orgasm.

The other young women were irritated by these flare-ups, but for Zaira, it was making her mutated pussy ache with lust.

Her own transformation was just as arousing for herself. Sarita’s magic was working perfectly on her, and it was changing her in the most astonishing way. Over the last weeks, her breasts had inflated further, becoming even larger and rounder, looking absurdly fake, with thick, inviting nipples and a milky pallor that fit her perfectly. Her waist had shrunk down, while her ass had flared outwards together with her chest, gaining some muscle and becoming extremely shapely. She had thought about getting Sarita to give her a sensual dancer’s belly, but then, she wouldn’t have been able to see the boys’ and Sarita’s huge dicks under her stomach skin, and that was another thing she just loved. She did have to use a mirror now to see over her massive tits, but ... totally worth it.

The treatments had further changed her, making her arousal even more intense and allowing her to suck the entirety of her lovers’ cocks deep into her throat. Getting fucked by both Sarita and Hamid at the same time, or really any of the men ... it was incredible. As they were all getting bigger, taller and better hung, she was in heaven.

And true to form, she would awake the next day, caked in their cum, and a perfect, innocent virgin!

Well ... Except for her slutty face and her insane body. But that was something no one needed to see behind her veils, right?

She just had to keep this all a secret, so the other women wouldn't steal her thunder. That was all. Just be discreet ...

After class, Zaira got up carefully, trying not to show anything revealing. The size of her breasts and her ass gave her a vague, plump shape now under her veil, even if she had to wear covers on her nipples to prevent them from poking through.

She waited for the other women to leave. Sarita had gone first, and to be honest, she barely looked female anymore. The change had been gradual, but the massive muscles, the increased height and the incredible confidence all made it obvious that she wasn't exactly appearing feminine. Also, the drugs she was using had slowly changed the composition of her face. Her jaw had become wider, her whole face had become stronger, and her chin had developed a bit of a cleft. Seriously, she only had to grow a beard now, and she could pass as a manly dude ... and even without the beard, she probably was!

Watching Sarita leave was another reason why Zaira had to be careful. Just seeing the hulking muscle-beast move was enough to make her pussy drip. She just wanted to be fucked by this colossus, and the quicker and harder, the better!

She walked to the room's exit, careful not to swing her generous hips in a sensual matter, trying her best to be as modest as her mother would have wanted, while also struggling with the most intense horny thoughts of Sarita's giant cock. By now, the muscled woman was outsizing the whole gang of boys, her dick having become absurdly thick and long. Zaira felt a bit of pride that she was the one woman that was ...

Her thoughts were interrupted when she was abruptly grabbed by her fellow students and forced into an empty classroom, then they proceeded to slam her against the wall and stop her from running away. Umna, Asra and Batoul were glaring at her, their plump lips quivering and their perfectly manicured hands tightened into little fists.

Surprised and nervous, Zaira asked:

"What do you want?"

Umna glared at her.

“We want to know what you hide!”

With these words, she tore off her classmate’s niqab and pulled down her dress, revealing her cocksucker lips and her giant bosom. The young women gasped.

“Astaghfirullah! What happened to you?”

Zaira tried to free herself, but the three women pinned her against the wall. She struggled, but it didn’t help.

Asra growled:

“Tell us! What’s going on?”

Batoul joined in:

“Yes! This is all crazy! What are you doing?” She poked the other woman’s huge teat. “How did you get so big?”

Zaira tried once more to break free, but it was pointless. So, reluctantly, she had to confess what had happened. The other young women stared at her, their eyes getting bigger as she told them about Sarita and the boys and her adventures ...

By the time she was finished, the trio was imagining what they would get Sarita to do to their bodies. And the words about that woman’s monstrous cock were both bizarre and enticing. They also invariably had to feel up Zaira’s enormous bosom and admire her thick ass, wondering how it would feel to be so hot!

As they released their captive, Zaira realized she was going to have some competition from now on ...

“Ya Sheikha, do you have a moment?”

Yasin was peeking over her computer. He had responded very well to the treatment and had grown several inches, being now rather average sized. Of course, the young man was incredibly happy!

Sarita looked up from her screen. The data were looking promising. The

simulation had gone well, and the next step was to try out the synthesis. Then she would prepare the documentation, and patent the whole batch in one go. As soon as this was done, she could start her own business. The next step was to find a good spot for a clinic of sorts, so she could begin making money. She was pretty sure that she would make a killing like this. The only thing she really needed was to produce a reasonable business proposal and secure a loan to get this all started. Or she might look for an investor ...

There were quite a few possibilities, and she would really have to learn about the whole business aspect. She really enjoyed the science part, but the actual money thing was unknown territory.

Also, things were a bit difficult to sort out if her colleagues kept showing up unannounced.

A bit grumpy, she asked:

“What is it?”

Sarita had noticed that her voice had dropped a bit more, becoming stronger, deeper and more intense. It was sounding quite manly now, and more than once, people had mistaken her for one of the male students. She couldn't blame them: She was big, tall and heavy, and her body had absolutely nothing feminine anymore.

She didn't miss it at all.

“Um, Sheikha ... The boys and I have been wondering whether you'd be available on an evening this week?”

“What for?”

She didn't want to sound too grumpy, but she also wanted to work ...

“We'd like to say thank you. You have helped us all in this amazing way, and ... we just want to throw a party for you and show our gratitude.”

Sarita looked at the screen, made sure she saved everything, then looked at him in a much more focused way.

“A bit of celebration would be nice, yes ... I think I should be done with this the day after tomorrow.”

“Got it! We’ll pick you up at three in the afternoon.”

And he was off.

Unsure of what this meant, she called after him:

“Hey, Yasin, what are you up to? What are we doing?”

But he was already gone.

On the appointed day, Sarita was waiting for the men in her room. She had put on one of the new wide pants she had bought, as well as a rather massive t-shirt that still managed to be well-filled by her huge upper body. It was the biggest the shop had to offer, and it was still tight. Of course, this was a man’s style. She had long since outgrown any women’s clothes. And it felt nice. Now, she just had to not move and flex too much, otherwise, the thing would just break apart.

Well, she would have to be careful.

That’s when the knock on the door came. She got up and opened and saw the rest of the bodybuilders grinning at her, wearing traditional clothes. Their physiques were equally unmistakable through the fabric of their thaubs.

Hamid grinned and handed her a package:

“Put this on, Sheikha, and for this evening, you’ll be Sari, got it?”

“Sari?”

“Yes! We’re going out to party, and you can’t be a woman when you’re out with us!”

“Okay ... Just let me get dressed.”

As she put on the outfit, Sarita realized that she was barely thinking of herself as a woman anymore anyway. She looked at her reflection in the mirror and ... Damn. She was a massively handsome young man now. A little bit of softness in

her face maybe, but really just vestigial at that point.

She grinned and returned outside. Jamal adjusted her head-covering a bit, then they took her along, and moments later, they were outside in their sports cars, roaring down the road at a rather terrifying speed.

Then the night started, and it wouldn't stop.

First, they went to a traditional restaurant. Then they drank some tea, talked a bit, and then, they hit the road again, crossing over into a neighboring emirate. The men at the border didn't even care to check them. Hamid just showed his ID and they were waved through.

Over the roar of the engine, Sari asked:

“Where are we going?”

“We're going to party town. It's not what it's really called, but it's an exclave they set up so the business people can have fun. And that's what we're going to do!”

What happened next was crazy. Sarita, or rather Sari, had never experienced anything like this. Her sheltered upbringing, all the nerding about science, and the time spending studying hadn't prepared her for this at all. Also, despite all the training and fucking at the college, she had very little ideas of how to party.

The boys did, though.

Fucking the other students was nice, and the women really did their best to be horny bitches, but the pros they met in the clubs in the exclave were incredible. And they were extremely impressed by the huge muscleguys and their massive cocks. It was astonishing. Those women were all high-class ladies that had spent quite some time fucking rich businessmen, some of which were probably well-hung.

Still, Sari and the others outsized them all with their massive shlongs.

Sari was impressed. The women really applied themselves, inhaling his monstrous shlong all the way, taking him balls deep up their asses and letting him fill up their pussies with his cum so their bellies were round and taut. They

touched and caressed him, kissed him, and adored him. They were interested in everything he had to say, they loved to play with him, to run their fingers through his chest hair, they amused themselves by getting him to flex his gargantuan muscles, they all climbed on top of him and had him carry the whole group around, and by the time the gang packed up the next morning to return to college, Sari had accepted that he had become a man.

An absolute alpha male.

Now all he had to do was to finish his transformation and make sure he had all the cash he'd ever need ...

The principal stared at the hulking young man in front of him. The hunk had a thick beard, enormous shoulders, and a huge, muscular chest, and he probably outweighed the old man in front of him twice over.

“So ... Mendez, is it?”

“That’s right, sir.” The man’s voice was cavernous and powerful.

“You entered our college as Sarita Mendez, is that right?”

“That’s correct. I now go by Sari. If you don’t mind.”

The man nodded slowly. He hesitated:

“Alright ... Mister ... Mendez. You are aware that the college will not accept any liability for what happened to you.”

“I wouldn’t see why.”

“Good. We bear no responsibility. I have prepared a document to that purpose, and I would want you to sign it.”

Sari took the piece of paper, read it, then drew his new signature under it.

“There.”

“Good. Also, you must be aware that there are certain legal repercussions to what happened to you.”

“You mean because I am a man?”

“Yes ... It’s difficult. No one would deny that you are a man, but legally ...”

“Don’t worry, sir. It’s all being taken care of. I would just like to graduate from your college as soon as possible. I believe that shouldn’t be a problem?”

The older man was relieved. This ... creature was offering to leave on their own accord? That was even better! He thought he was going to have to fight him, but like this, the college could save face. He smiled:

“Not at all. By special decree of the Emir himself, you will receive the Bachelor’s and Master’s degree as agreed.”

“Perfect.”

Sari smiled broadly.

“I have one more thing to ask you. I don’t think it will come up, but ... I would like you to extend your leniency to my co-students. They have been involved in this whole business because of their youthful lack of caution ...”

“Of course, of course. These are all fine, upstanding young men from good families. There is no reason for us to hinder their progress in any way.”

“Thank you very much.”

There was a pause. The situation was defused. Sari relaxed. There wouldn’t be any issues. Then he thought further about it.

“And what about the young women?”

“What about them?”

“Will they be able to complete their studies?”

“I don’t see why not. Did anything happen?”

The man’s expression was inscrutable. Sari decided that he shouldn’t pursue this whole question any further.

“Well then ...”

The old man nodded and Sari stood up. Watching the massive bodybuilder move was shocking to the old man. There was so much virility to him ...

As he got up himself, he lowered his voice. Then he leaned forward and asked:

“Mr. Mendez ... It may sound strange coming from someone like me ... but do you have some of whatever did this to you for me?”

Sari grinned:

“Of course, sir. As a matter of fact, I have prepared these as a goodbye gift.”

He put a small box on the desk.

“Get those injected after disinfecting the skin. Right in the buttocks, a full syringe once, twice if you need more.”

The man’s eyes got bigger. A strange smile spread across his face.

Sari bowed and left, knowing he had made that man very happy.

A year later, Al-Saqri Genetics turned into the most valuable company in the world. To say the least, the emir was very happy with his investment, and the genius that had started it all had become one of his favorites. Sari preferred to stay in the background, though. His passion was still the science behind it all, and the business aspect was none of his concern.

Although owning the patents and being in control of the entire process certainly made him feel much more secure.

By now, Sari owned a small palace in the capital, close to the laboratories. After a while, the country had grown on him, and he really enjoyed living here. Things definitely got better once he got married to several of his friends’ sisters. That was the moment when he really became part of society. Sure, having Umna, Asra and Batoul speak for him was great, but now that he had married Zaira as well as Hamid’s, Jamal’s and Yasin’s sisters, he was part of the country’s elite.

And he was enjoying every moment of it.

Right now, he was finishing his swimming in the house pool. His wives liked the pool well enough, but mostly for relaxing in the water. When it came to swimming at full speed, that was more his thing.

He did one more lap, then swam over to his four wives.

They grinned at him from the side, their looks suggesting that they were horny again. It was no surprise. The four of them had this weird way of “infecting” each other with ever crazier ideas. As a result, when one of them came up with some insane modification, it wouldn’t take long for the others to request their own spin on it. Their creativity was astonishing.

Zaira looked at him, shifting her thick hips and her enticing, gigantic bust, and asked:

“Won’t you come out, Sari? We need your attention ...”

She licked her luscious lips and showed off her long, agile tongue. Sari’s cock started to harden underwater.

Aaliyah leaned forward to admire the huge serpent rise. Her equally enormous tits stretched her one-piece swimsuit precariously. While Zaira still enjoyed the bolted-on look, Aaliyah went with the round and natural style. Hijra and Safiya had picked theirs accordingly, with a pair of taut, thick ones and some rather bottom-heavy perky ones respectively.

Sari chuckled. Then he said:

“Okay, ladies, a step back, please.”

The women complied eagerly. He disappeared into the depths of the pool, touched the floor, focused, and then, launched himself out of the water like a geyser. Some water sprayed on the wives, who giggled and shrieked and he landed on the side of the pool.

He stood there in front of them, his huge body dripping wet and hairy. The women had decided that they liked him big and hirsute, and Sari had eagerly complied, stopping shaving his huge muscles. Seriously, he was looking like a big bear now, with his coarse, thick body hair everywhere.

The women loved to run their fingers through it and cuddle against his heavy muscles. For Sari, this was just as fine. He just enjoyed being big and massive and the manliness was relaxing him.

The women came back to him with towels and started drying him, kissing and caressing him in the process, and only making his cock harder. Their warm, curvy bodies brushing against him, their sweet little acts of worship ... it was perfect for Sari.

As Sari was dry and feeling a little fluffy, Zaira gently pulled him behind her, the other women following suit.

Soon, he was pushed on the large bed in the courtyard and the women started massaging him with their surprisingly strong fingers. Sari had decided that giving them some extra strength and endurance was in everybody's best interest, and the women certainly loved the way their hidden power made it easier to move their curvy, sensual bodies.

The huge muscleman sighed happily as his wives applied themselves to his back and his limbs, Zaira even walking over his thick back muscles to loosen them. Then, they had him roll on his back and continued their work until he was completely relaxed, except for his enormous cock that was standing proud and swollen.

Moments later, he felt their long, flexible tongues on his cock and balls, licking, caressing and sucking him. He only got harder from this treatment. They giggled and chuckled as his cock tensed up even further. Zaira released him, climbed on top of him, and started to rub her crotch against his monster while the other women played with the base of his dick and his balls. They could all feel the cum churning inside him. As his first wife, Zaira was privileged and allowed to ride him first. Lately, Sari had been wondering whether it would be possible to grow extra cocks so he could please them all at once. He'd have to think further about this ...

For now, though, his thoughts were getting overridden by the hotness of his hugely buxom first wife. Zaira eagerly kissed him, licking his lips, sinking her face into his big beard, and then, with a gasp, impaling herself on his huge cock.

Sari groaned happily as that monster slid into his wife, its shape denting her trim stomach hard. She produced a drawn-out moan as Sari started to tense and relax

his massive dick within her. He barely needed to use his hips. That thing was so powerful and so perfectly under his control, he could literally jackhammer her without any effort.

As the huge rod fucked her hard and Sari felt her tight, warm body around his penis, his mind was starting to glaze over. It was amazing to feel her so close, so tight ...

He reached around and offered his hands to his other wives. They complied happily, and soon, he was fingering them as Zaira was blowing his mind. At some point, Sari had intensified his ability to orgasm even further, and wow ... he was definitely enjoying this.

Much later, the four women were resting on his heavy, hairy chest, their bodies full of his cum and plastered with the stuff. His balls were mostly drained for the moment, and his wives were happily satisfied. Aaliyah purred as she played with his thick chest hair, while Hijra kissed him, his huge beard tickling her soft skin.

Safiya was resting in his armpit and asked:

“Husband, could we visit my brother? I haven’t seen him in a while, and he said he’d like to see you and the others again soon.”

Sari’s hand went to her ass and he kneaded it while Zaira, who sat at his head and massaged his temples nodded:

“I think that would be a wonderful idea, don’t you think so, husband?”

“Of course. It’s always nice to see Yasin.”

“Wonderful. I’ll let him know we’re coming.”

The big man chuckled:

“Speaking of coming ...”

Soon enough, Sari got out of the car, spread his arms, and hugged Yasin. The other man was almost as tall and broad as him, although his beard was kept shorter. The two former colleagues laughed and kissed each other’s cheeks, then Yasin greeted his sister and the other wives, whose veiled looks left little to

imagination.

“Come on in, everybody, ahlan wa sahlán! It’s so great to have you all here.” He smiled at Sari: “The other boys are coming too. It’s like a little reunion.”

Sari laughed and said:

“That’s even better. I can’t wait to see them all again.”

Yasin patted him on the back with his mighty paw and asked:

“Did you bring the new drug?”

“Of course, my brother. You’ll love it.”

“Thanks, bro. You’re the best. I still can’t believe you really figured all of this out.”

“You know how it is: Anything I develop for us ends up being a hit.”

“Yeah. I just got great taste!”

They stepped inside, and Sari greeted Yasin’s wives. They were all very excited for the new modifications they would receive, but managed to hold back long enough to at least welcome their guests.

As they were sipping tea together, Sari mused back about his beginnings as Sarita. It was incredible how this had developed. The small, weak body he had lived in before had been replaced by this heroic, muscular, ultra-manly physique, he had developed an incredible level of confidence, and, well, he was also amazingly wealthy and successful, married to four wonderful wives.

He chuckled.

He would have to issue another grant to the college. They really had put him on the right track!

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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.

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