

A NEW BEGINNING

(a Miles Endeavor Story)

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"No, it's not a steroid," the voice said. "It's more complicated than that. It has to do with genes and DNA and stuff, I don't understand it really. I just know that it works. I'm proof of that. One dose is all it takes, and your strength increases almost overnight. And no one can ever trace it, because it's entirely natural."

From his position outside the door, Al Buchanan could not see the speaker, but he laughed at the absurdity of the claims the female was making to two of his girls. Al was a former football player who turned to bodybuilding when his football career stalled after college. After winning several regional titles he became a professional bodybuilder. His moderate success as a pro had allowed him to put away a decent amount of money. He used that money to purchase a gym. A few years later he was approached by a local gymnastics company, known as one of the better facilities in the country, asking him if he would be their trainer and strength coach.



At first he had thought it was funny, the idea of a big macho guy like him training those little fruity guys jumping in the air. After he had seen what was involved with gymnastics training and the degree of strength, coordination, stamina, and dedication required he changed his mind and agreed to coach for the team. It was a new experience for him, especially the idea of training the many teenage (and sometimes even pre-teen) girls that populated gymnastics these days.

He quickly adapted and developed programs that were state of the art, combining old fashioned weight training with advanced conditioning and flexibility drills designed to bring the maximum out of the gymnast/athlete. He was proud that his students were known as the overall strongest and best conditioned athletes in the country. He pushed them hard to get there. He could watch their strong bodies during competitions and know that he helped put them there.

That's why this woman coming in and filling a couple of the girls with all of this baloney made him so mad. Imagine a drug you take once and your strength increases overnight! Ridiculous! He listened some more.

"How long does it last?" one of the girls, a 15 year old named Cindy. Cindy was the school's trouble maker. The one who was always pushing the rules to see how much she could get away with. Al had to keep a special eye on her, because she was always trying to cheat her workouts. Cindy thought she could get by on talent alone. In the younger age groups this had been true, her immense talent and natural athletic ability had allowed her to flourish, but her sloppiness and bad attitude had kept her from making any headway at the senior level. At 15 she should have been in her prime.



"Oh, it's a permanent effect," the female voice replied. "At least as long as its been around none of the ladies has done anything but get stronger." Al turned a little farther around the corner to try and catch a glimpse of the speaker. All he could see from here was a shadow.

"Why does it only work on girls?" the other girl, a 17 year old named Pam asked. Pammy was one of Al's favorites. She didn't have the talent of some of the other girls, but she worked hard and was always trying to improve. She seemed to lack some of that killer instinct the really top athletes needed. Pam may not be going to the Olympics, the coaches had told her, but she would definitely get a full ride at any college in the country.

"I don't know, it has to do with the different genetic makeup and stuff of women, I guess. Not all women get the same level of strength but all get results. All I know is that it only works on women - and girls once they've entered puberty. But it doesn't come cheap. Maybe we can work something out."

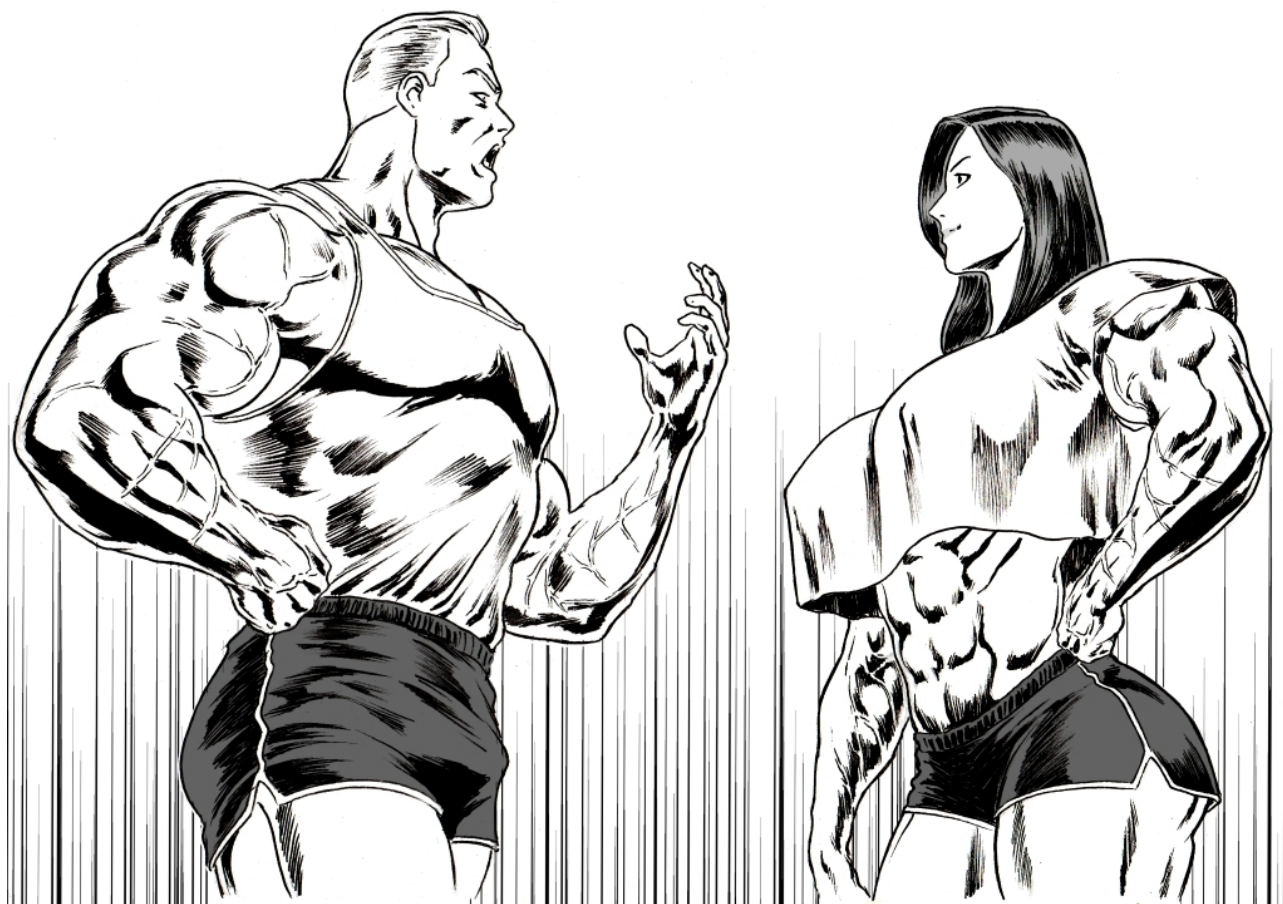
Al had heard enough. "Alright lady, that's about enough," he thundered as he bounded into the weight room.

"Quit filling these girls with all of this crap. There is no such thing as a drug like you're talking about. Girls, I want you out of here, and you and I lady are going to have a nice long talk." Al walked over and placed himself between the lady and his students.

"Well, Hello Mr. Buchanan!" the lady actually sounded happy to see him. "How are you doing," she stopped at Al's puzzled expression. "Don't you recognize me?"

Al looked over the woman for a moment and thought he recognized her face. "Tammy, Tammy Billings is that you?" It was Tammy Billings, but not the little girl who had been one of the top athletes at the school only last year. The woman standing in front of Al had the face of Tammy Billings but her body was a different matter. The body was a mass of muscle from head to toe like Al Buchanan had never seen before. And as a professional bodybuilder and personal trainer, Al had seen a lot of bodies.

Tammy stood about 5' 6" (about 4 inches taller than she had been when she left the school) and had muscle size and definition that defied description. As Al looked over her body he tried in vain to find a soft spot anywhere on her amazing body. Her shoulders were wide and broad and appeared to stretch the T-shirt she had on to its breaking point. Her arms bulged with biceps that Al estimated at 18 inches and they were completely shredded with veins protruding noticeably even as she stood relaxed, arms at her side. The shirt did little to conceal two huge pecs on a tremendous back that Al doubted he could put his arms around - and at 6'4" this made it an impressive distance indeed. The shirt stopped just below the breasts to reveal her hard abs - as ripped as any Al had ever seen. In her tight shorts her quads looked carved and incredibly solid. The quads were immense and the big man actually felt a little envy for the size and definition of the girl's legs. The veins criss-crossed the muscles in intricate patterns and surged with power as she shifted position.



Al gulped and addressed the image of power and femininity in front of him. "So Tammy, you've been pumping some iron and now you're trying to scam my girls." Even as he said it Al wasn't sure he believed what he said. No one could put on the size and definition that Tammy had in the year she had been gone without some illegal help. Even any steroid Al had ever heard of could not have achieved results like this. Maybe she had some new drug, but that didn't make it any more right. "We don't want your drugs in this gym," Al concluded, his voice making it plain no discussion was needed.

"Why don't we let the girls make that decision, Al," Tammy replied. If she was nervous about being confronted like this she gave no hint of it. "In fact why don't you help show me what I'm capable of. Let's see if you can lift this bar over here."

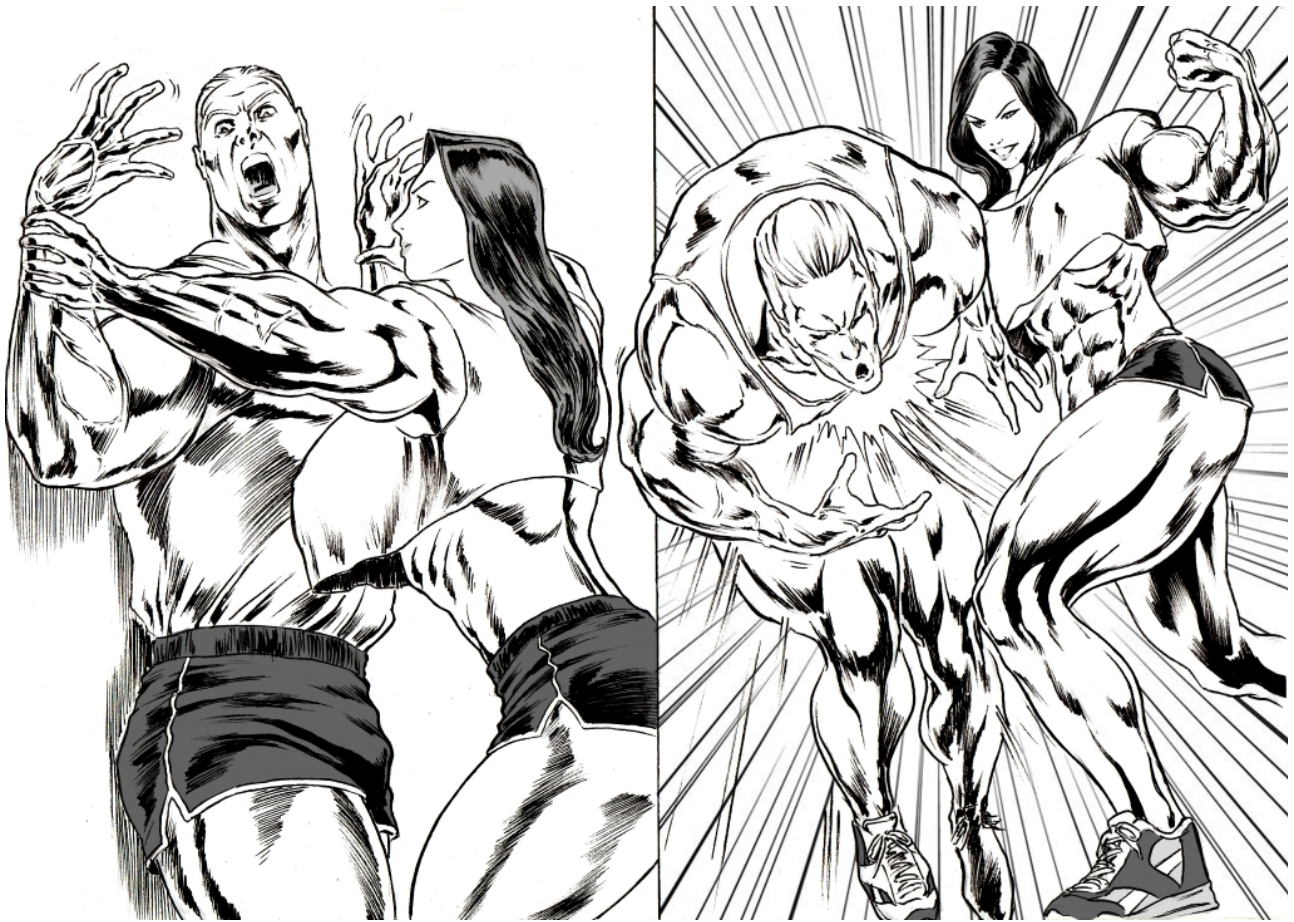
Al looked at the bench bar Tammy had pointed at. Doing some quick arithmetic he added the bar to be at 400 pounds. A high amount but something he could handle. He didn't know what Tammy was trying to prove, no matter how big she was she was still a woman and probably a hundred pounds smaller than Al. Maybe this would be a way to discredit her, Al thought. "All right I'll show you what real muscle can do," Al said as he slipped under the bar. Grunting under the heavy load Al pushed the weight up and down for 5 hard reps. His big muscles bulged with the effort. He clanked the weight back onto the rack with enthusiasm, sure he had upstaged Tammy. "Okay your turn," Al crowed. "That's if you're man enough." He laughed at his joke and got off the bench motioning for Tammy to come over and give it a try.

Tammy walked over behind the bar. "Not bad, for a man," she replied. "But to have any real muscle and strength any more, it takes a woman." As Al watched in disbelief Tammy gripped the bar and curled it to her chest. Her biceps ballooned to immense proportions and the T-shirt ripped audibly to accommodate them. She continued to pump the bar to her chest. "You see girls, what a real woman can do with a little help. Much more than any mere man is capable of. Look at him, he's dumbfounded."

As she talked she curled the weight another ten times. Her arms pumping even more, the veins filling with blood. Al was mesmerized as he watched this impossible act. Her arms surged with power, her huge biceps threatening to grow larger than her head. Her chest heaved and the nipples stood out noticeably. Her entire body tensed as she continued to pump the weight. She began to grunt with effort but managed to pump out another 10 reps.



Then she set the bar back on the rack and flexed her arms in a double bicep pose. Al felt himself grow hard at the sight of her super strong, sexy body. The sleeves of her shirt ripped further as her arms swelled even larger, the veins growing like angry welts across her skin. She shook out her arms and walked over to Al.

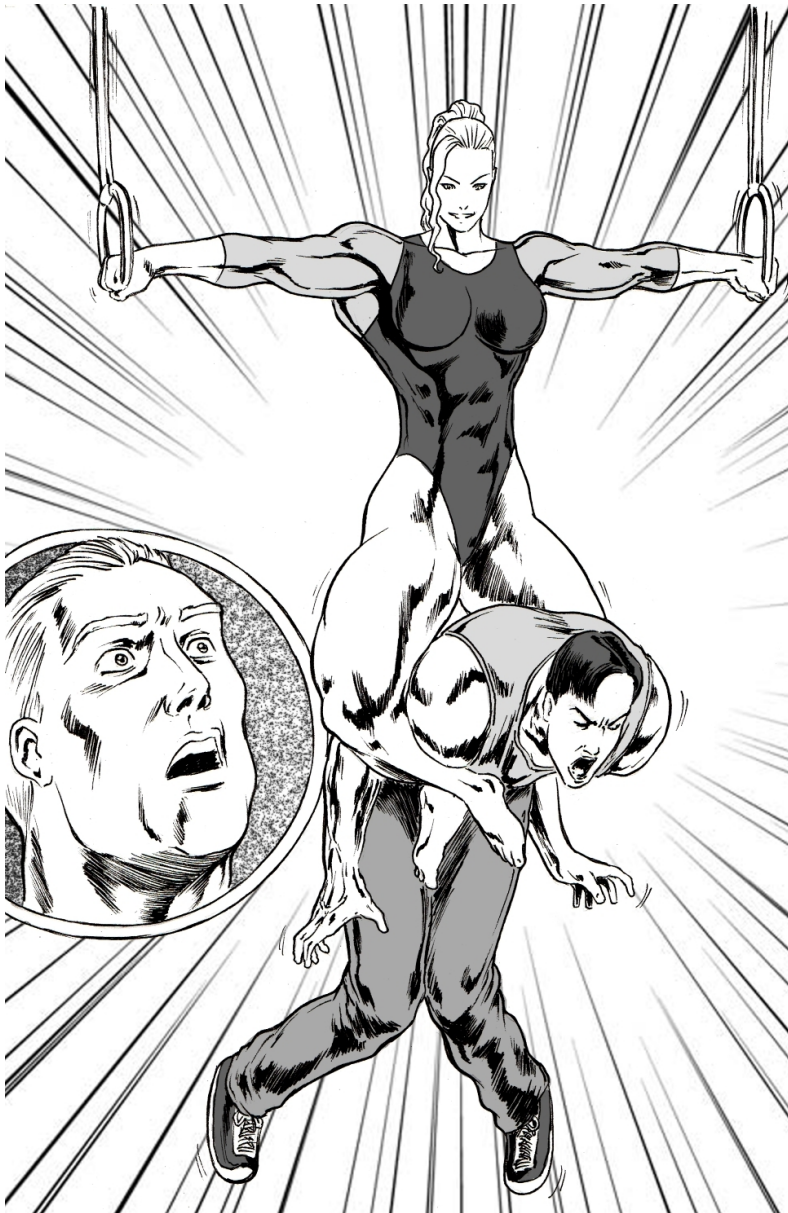


She grabbed him by his shirt and pushed him to the wall. Al pushed back but felt a stone wall he couldn't even hope to budge. "Stay out of my way and you won't get hurt, little man," Tammy growled, menace in her voice. She lifted her right arm and punched him hard in the stomach. Al yelled in pain and doubled over, all of the air knocked out of his body. He lay on the ground gasping, unable to move and watched Tammy lead the other two girls out of the room. Cindy was looking down at Al, a curious smile on her face as she followed Tammy out the door.

Al didn't tell anyone about what happened in the gym that night. He wasn't sure if anyone would believe him. The bruise on his stomach from Tammy's punch began to go away and Al hoped it was the end of the matter.

A couple of weeks later, Al was in his office when he heard a commotion outside. He went to the door and looked to see what was going on. To no one's surprise it was Cindy fooling around with some of the guys. She was ignoring her own workout and was over by the rings. As Al watched Cindy jumped up to the rings and began to swing her body around. As the guys whistled and hooted she raised and lowered her body in a series of complex movements. Suddenly, she brought her body to a complete halt, the rings held apart in a classic Iron Cross. The rings were completely still, and her body showed no signs of effort. She released and pressed herself back to the cross five times. Still, no shaking or signs of overexertion appeared.

Knowing what kind of strength this required, Al began to have a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. From here, Al could see the muscles in the girl's arms bunch impressively as she held herself perfectly still. One of the guys, an older boy named Tim came over to tell Cindy to get down. As he got close, she went down and wrapped her legs around him. Then she pulled, lifting herself and the boy back into the air.



Still with seemingly little effort she held their combined weights in an Iron Cross. At first the boy was content to laugh and tell her to let him go. As Al watched he saw the muscles in her legs constrict and a look of pain came across Tim's face. He began to pound on her thighs trying to make her release him.

A look of panic began to form in Tim's face. She laughed and swung their bodies over and pressed the boys body above her, trapped between her thighs. Then, she opened her legs and Tim dropped to the floor in a heap.

Cindy swung around and did a perfect double flip dismount, her feet straddling the boys prone body. All of the other boys clapped in appreciation of the incredible display.

Al stuck his head out the door, being careful to control his voice. "Cindy, can you come in here for a minute?"

Cindy looked over at Al and smiled. "Sure, Mr. Buchanan, coming right up." She looked down at Tim who was laying on his back, rubbing his side.

She playfully pawed at his face with her foot and walked into Al's office. Al shut the door and walked over to his desk.

Al looked over at Cindy and gazed critically at her body. He wasn't sure, but he felt she was taller and more highly muscled than she had been a couple of days earlier. Was that possible? He decided to go on the offensive. "I'm not going to play around here," he began. "I know you are taking drugs, and don't try to deny it."

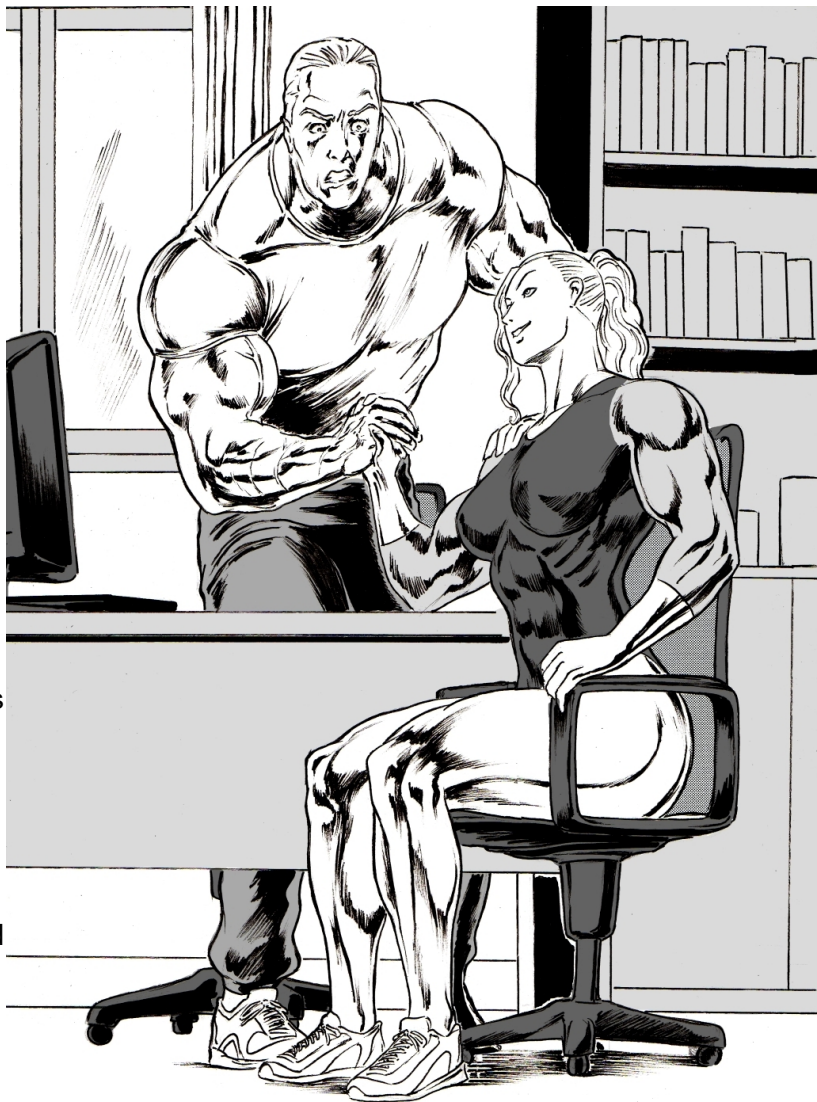
"Deny it," Cindy broke in with a laugh. "I'm flaunting it, see this leotard," she said pointing to the tight workout outfit she had on. "Only a week ago, this belonged to Joan, but I've outgrown all my own stuff, and this one's about done too." As she said this she slowly flexed her arm, the material stretched as her bicep bulged ominously. "I'm not denying anything, but I don't think there is anything you can do about it. Come on, give me a try." She grabbed Al's hand and put her elbow on the desk in an armwrestling posture.

Al stood up, trying to shake his hand loose. "I'm taking you in for a drug test, then we'll see who can do anything about..." Al stopped as he felt the pain build in his hand. Cindy was squeezing his hand, her elbow still on the table. Al pulled trying to lift the girl from her seat. Cindy smiled and ground down harder on his hand. Al had to stifle a cry of pain.

He began to pull with all of his might, the brief thought going through his mind of how ridiculous it was for a grown man, a bodybuilder who weighed over 250 pounds, to be struggling against a 15 year old girl half his size. And losing!

"Let me know when you want to start," Cindy purred. Her elbow was still planted firmly on the desk. She looked up at Al with a look of pure contempt on her face. Her forearm and bicep swelled further as she increased the force of her grip.

This time Al was unable to stifle his cry of pain. He reached down and began to use both arms and all of his weight to try and pull Cindy off of him. Even with both arms and his tremendous weight advantage he was unable to move the girl's arm. His hand began to hurt terribly and sweat began to form on his body as he exerted all of his strength against the girl. His muscles bulged uselessly as he struggled and pulled trying to use the big muscles of his legs and back to their best advantage. Still she did not move and the pain in his hand increased. Finally unable to take any more he fell to his knees, exhausted. "Alright, you win, please stop you're crushing my hand," he pleaded. He could not believe the strength this little girl had acquired in such a short time.



Cindy looked over at him, her smile big and malevolent. "Feel my muscle," she commanded. "Go ahead, feel it or I'll pulverize your puny hand." She increased the pressure for a split second to show she was not kidding.

"OWWWW!," Al yelled. "Stop already." He reached over with his free hand and ran it over her bicep. It was even harder than it looked and even pressing with all his might he was unable to even dent the surface of it. Impressed he began to rub and probe it further, becoming aroused, even as he was slightly repulsed by the thought of what he was doing.

"Now what were you saying about a drug test?" she began as she flexed her bicep further for the big man.

"This can't be happening," Al whispered and suddenly he shot to his feet and tried to catch the girl off guard. He managed to bring her elbow off the desk, but she planted her feet and flexed her body. She pulled Al off his feet with a jerk. Throwing him over the desk onto the floor on the other side of the room. Al lay there, his shoulder feeling as if it had been pulled from its socket.

Cindy walked over to him and stood over his prone body. "Now, me and you need to come to an understanding. Don't we Al?" She lowered herself onto Al and wrapped her legs around his midsection. She began to flex her legs slowly as she talked. "Now, Al what was that about a drug test?"



Even before he could wonder at her new found confidence that allowed her to address him on a first name basis, Al found a new pain to deal with as her legs began to crush his stomach. He flexed his abs as tight as they would go and pounded on her thighs with his hands. Her muscles felt like stone, as his hands ricocheted off of them with no effect. She still showed no sign of exertion but Al was beginning to have trouble breathing.

"You are not going to tell anyone about this, are you?" She punctuated her statement with a squeeze that made Al wince. "Are you?" she asked again, raising her hips slightly off of the ground and tensing her legs.

The pain in Al's ribs was acute now. "No," he wheezed. "I'm not going to tell anyone, just please stop." The air was now totally gone from his lungs and he pawed at her legs, marvelling at their steely hardness.

"That's good," she smiled as she looked down at Al's panicked face.

"Because if you did, I might get mad, and who knows what I might do then." She flexed her legs even harder and Al recoiled in pain, his arms flailing in surrender. "Now say goodnight, Al." Her legs crushed even harder and Al felt his ribs bend. The pain was incredible and then, mercifully, he blacked out.

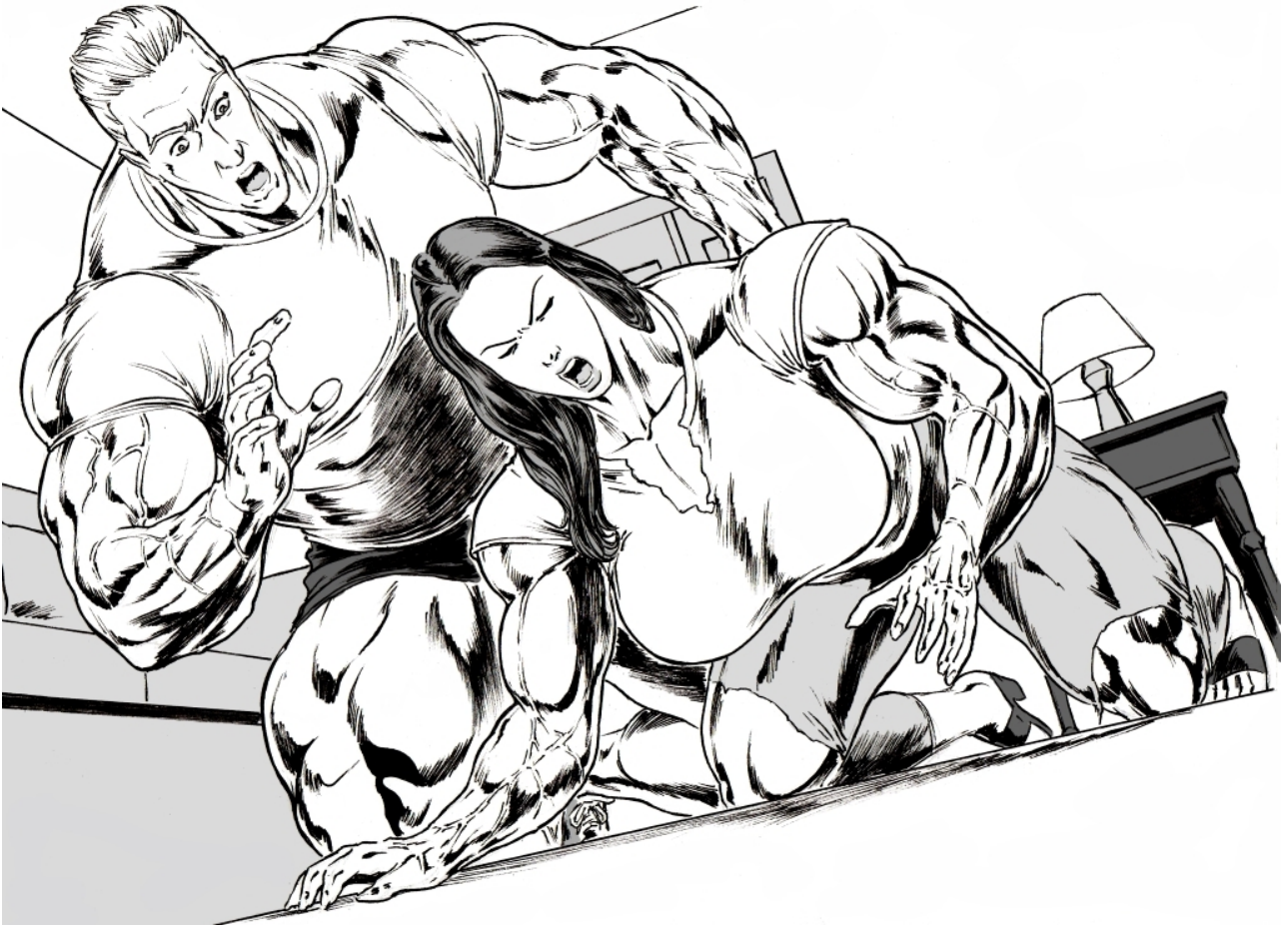
When he woke up his ribs and shoulder were terribly sore, but he didn't think anything was broken. He managed to get dressed and go home without seeing anyone. He needed to decide what to do now.

That night as he nursed his sore body, the doorbell rang. He answered it and found Pammy at his front door. As Al opened the door she burst inside brushing him aside. She had a glazed look on her face. "I didn't know where else to go," she began. "Please make it stop," she cried throwing her coat to the floor.

Like Cindy, Pammy's body was several inches taller, and covered in new muscle. As he watched, her body appeared to shudder and Pam let out a cry. Instinctively, Al stepped forward to comfort the girl and he felt the hardness of her muscles. She was almost hot to the touch and he could feel her body swell under his touch as Pam continued to sob. "What did you do?" Al asked. Pam made no movement - as if she had not even heard the question. "Pam," Al said taking her face and between his hands. "This is important, you need to tell me what happened to you."

Her face grimaced in pain, "I got some of those pills from Tammy. I knew it wasn't right, but I wanted what she had. They told me not to - but AAIHHH!" she screamed in pain.

Al could feel her body exploding beneath him, the muscles were growing. "They told you not to what, Pammy?"



She continued her teeth clenched in effort. "I took two of the pills at once, they said not to do that, that they didn't know what that would do, but I was impatient." Again she screamed in pain as her body shuddered. Her clothes began to rip and fall away from her body. The muscles were huge and insistent, the mere cloth no impediment to their growth.

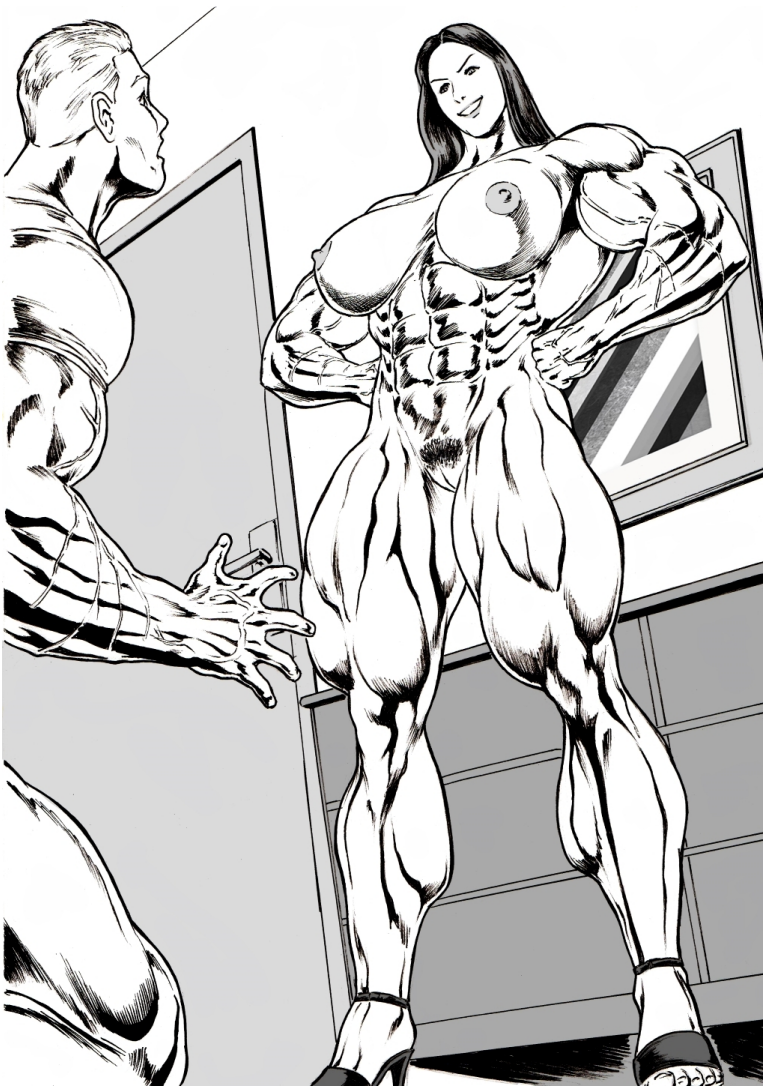
She had appeared to grow another couple of inches right in front of Al's astonished eyes. Al tried to avert his glance from her body but he was amazed at the creature in front of him. Her muscles were incredible and he could feel their strength. Her chest heaved and grew. Thick muscle exploded on her pectoral region and her breasts blossomed to at least twice their original size.

The only comparison Al could make in his mind was that she was turning into the Hulk right in front of him. The only thing missing was the green color. Pammy's body was turning a healthy brown as her muscles exploded. "What should I do, is there someone I should call?" Al asked. Pam made no response, her body continued to grow. "I'm going to call an ambulance," Al replied finally.

"NO!" Pammy screamed. With a convulsive effort, she threw Al off of her. He flew across the room and into the wall, hitting his head hard. He blacked out. When he woke up he looked around dazedly letting his head clear for a minute. He didn't see Pammy, but heard muttering in the bedroom.

He walked into the bedroom and saw the girl that used to be Pammy standing in front of his full length mirror. She was huge. She had exploded to about 6 feet in height (she had been barely above 5 feet only several weeks ago) with muscles bigger than any Al had ever seen before, bar none, male or female.

She was naked, her clothes long ago succumbing to the muscles that now covered her body. He estimated her arms at over 24 inches as she flexed them in the mirror. The peaks were huge with incredible vascularity. Her chest was well over 50 inches around with two breasts the size of basketballs standing proud and firm.



As she did a full front lat spread her body fanned out to incredible dimensions. Her huge chest was offset by a tight waist probably about 26 or 27 inches Al thought, with incredible definition. Her legs were immense with quads well over 30 inches and perfectly formed. Her calves bunched to a hard knot as she moved, promising incredible power. She looked over to Al and smiled.

"I'm beautiful, aren't I?" she asked. She turned to the mirror and flexed, obviously in love with her own musculature. "Well what do you think Al? I probably can't do gymnastics any more, but who cares, look at me," she laughed.

Why were all of these girls suddenly on a first name basis with me, Al thought. "Pammy, are you all right?" Al asked tentatively.

"Pam," she said. "I think it's going to be Pam from now on. No one with a body like this can be called Pammy. What am I talking about," she giggled to herself. "No one's ever had a body like this before."

Al had no argument with that, "I think you should see a doctor," he began, "we have no idea what this stuff did to you."

"Nonsense," she replied. "I feel fine, better than fine, I feel INCREDIBLE!" She moved over to Al. "Go ahead feel me." She grabbed Al's hands and led them over her body.

Her body was harder than anything he had ever felt before. Even harder than the girl who had worked him over so easily this morning. He began to feel afraid of what this girl was capable of. It was a lot to handle for a 17 year old girl to suddenly have the power to do anything she wanted. Al backed away from her back into the living room.

She followed back after him. "Don't be afraid, Al. I won't hurt you, we're going to have some fun." She flexed her body and walked towards him.

"What do you mean, have some fun?" he asked, the fear obvious in his voice.

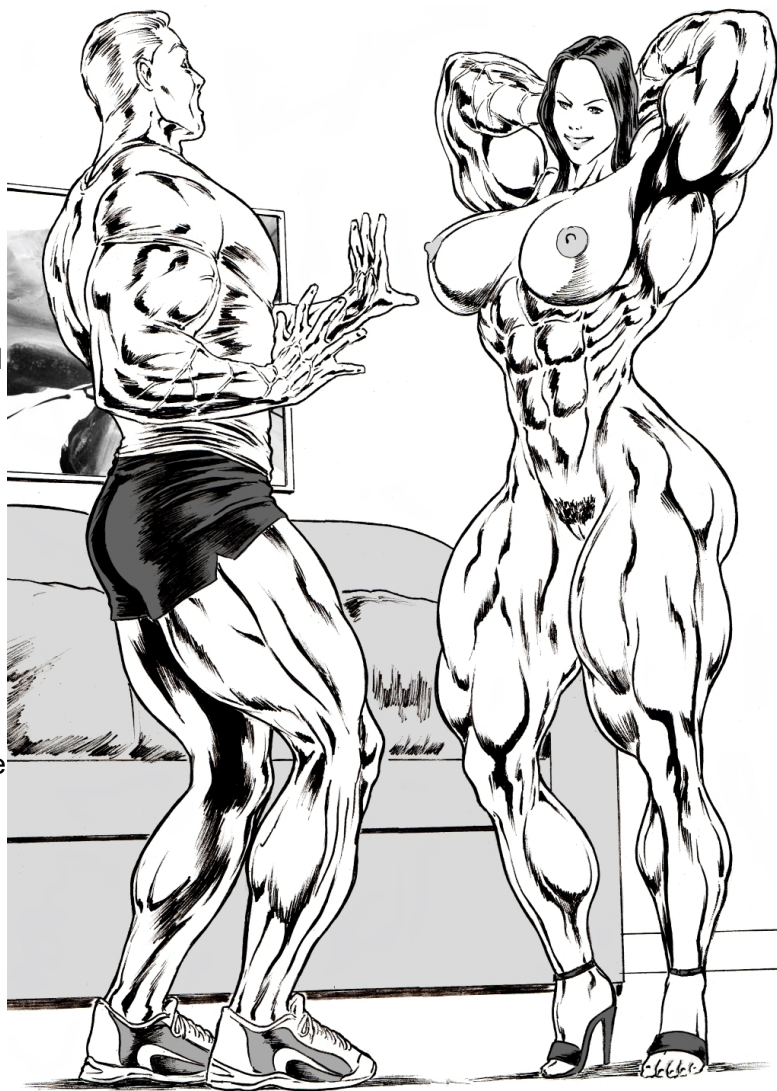
"Well you see, Al. I'm a virgin." She looked up at him with a look of hunger that made Al shiver. "I've always had a crush on you, so I'm picking you to help me rectify this situation. You can't tell me that this body doesn't turn you on." She flexed her body again, the muscles exploding.

Al looked at her. The face was still that of Pammy. But the body was that of an Amazon Goddess. It did turn him on, muscles had always turned him on. But it scared him even more and he began to back away again.

Pam looked disappointed and reached out and grabbed him with a movement almost too quick to follow. She held Al close her incredible body pressing into his. He could feel her breasts against his chest. The nipples were digging into his flesh and she began to gyrate her hips against him.

He struggled but felt it was no use. She looked up into his face and smiled at him. "I didn't ask if you wanted to, Al. I said you were going to be my first, so you might as well enjoy it." She flung his body on the ground and jumped on top of him. She tore off his clothing as he struggled ineffectively. "You can't stop me," she laughed.

Al was terribly aroused and embarrassed at the same time. A part of him loved being dominated like this, but the thought that this was a teenage girl, and one of his students, kept coming back to him. He knew it was useless to struggle, but he tried talking to her.



"This isn't right, Pammy, uh Pam," he corrected looking at the scowling face she had made when he called her Pammy. "This is rape."

She laughed at him. "It's only rape if you aren't willing and I think that erection means that you are liking this." She reached down and fondled his prick, already stiff. Al moaned in pleasure as she handled his manhood. She again laughed at him, "Now shut up and let's get to it," she said. She placed her breasts in Al's face pressing them hard into him. They completely enveloped his head.

She mounted Al and let out a gasp at the sensation. She did not appear to have any of the pain (or the uncertainty for that matter) that is often associated with a girl's first time.



She constricted powerfully on AI's member and he marvelled at the control her body had. Her chest was still covering his head and he was having trouble breathing.

He tried to move her off him, but she didn't budge. She didn't even appear to notice his struggles as she started to ride him. Her legs wrapped around him and pulled him deeper into her.

He gasped in pain as her legs trapped his already bruised ribs and began to squeeze rhythmically. As AI struggled under her, her movements got quicker and more powerful. It was painful and pleasurable for AI at the same time. As she continued the pain started to override and AI struggled harder.

He heard her laugh as he beat his hands on her back. She only increased her motions and began to arch her back and squeeze her legs even harder. As she neared orgasm her movements became almost violent in their ferocity.

When she did finally achieve orgasm for the first time in her life, AI was long ago unconscious, squeezed out from the pain and lack of air.

He woke up the next morning, his body feeling as if he had been run over by a truck. Pam was gone, but she had left a note on the table. It said, "Thanks for a lovely evening. Pam". He guessed that was supposed to be some kind of joke.

He decided to call one of the other coaches and tell her what had been going on. Sheila Hurst had been an Olympic gymnast 15 years ago, winning several medals. She and AI had a past, having dated when he first began coaching the team. They had not parted on the best of terms, but had managed to become friends anyway. He could think of no one he trusted more than her. He called her on the phone and asked her to come over.

Sheila stood in the doorway. The same pretty face that had lit up the country when she was a teenager competing for her country was still evident. At 30, she kept herself in good shape, performing many of the moves herself as she taught them to a new era of gymnasts. AI led her in and began his story. She listened without interruption. He told her about Tammy and the pills, his encounters with Cindy and Pammy (Pam - although he left out the sex part) - everything.

"Who knows what this stuff is doing to them, - it could be killing them," he continued. "Pammy's a veritable monster, she could probably lift one end of my house off the ground. And I think it does something to the girls, it makes them more aggressive or something." He stopped as Sheila sat unmoving. "Well, what should we do, you do believe me, don't you?"

"Oh, I believe you," Sheila replied. She stood up and walked over to the door. Al was puzzled as he saw her lock the door and remove her coat. He gasped as he saw the muscles on her body as she turned back towards him.

"In fact, I know all about the pill. I was one of the first test cases. And the pill is fine, it's not killing them, although it was stupid of Pam to overdue it like that. I just didn't know that you knew about it. That was sloppy of Tammy, I'll have to talk to her about it."

She walked over towards Al who sat frozen in his seat. "The question is what am I going to do with you?" She approached the big man a smile of menace on her face that scared Al terribly. Her biceps swelled unbelievably as she put her hands on Al's shoulders.

"Al honey, I think our relationship is headed for a brand new beginning."



THE END

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