

Pop

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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All characters in this book are at least 18 years old.

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This thing sure looks harmless. I mean, it's just a normal bottle of gear, isn't it? Sure, I had to push Damian a bit to make him sell it, but ... I think he's being overly dramatic, right? I sure have taken a lot of weird shit, so how bad can it be? Also, so far, sides have been pretty gentle on me. Seriously, get a good look at this girl!

5'10", 170 pounds, nice muscles, pretty ripped ... I got it all! The judges just love the blond hair, the blue eyes, the Nordic beauty ... I'm not gonna say it out loud, but even after three years of gear and regular cycles, I still got it.

Amanda, you're one sexy beast.

There's just one thing that's been bothering me. I've been working out hard for five years now and lately, I've been on a plateau. A long plateau. I look at all the other girls on the net, and sure, they morph their shit, but they're still getting bigger, and quite a few of them are bigger than me!

Not everywhere, mind. My legs, my glutes, my chest ... That's all awesome. But I'd need a little more pop on the arms. Also, the abs ... And the back.

This little thing will help me.

Fuck Damian and his constant fears. Poor guy needs to man up! Sometimes, I think that all the boys in the biz are just weaklings and cowards. You can't just always play it safe, right? You gotta take risks, go beyond what's normal and ... damn, I'm a female bodybuilder. Normal doesn't apply to people like me. I'm a freak and I gotta own it. I'm not going to back down now and never win a championship, just because my arms are too puny!

Seriously. Seventeen inches is cute, but it ain't enough anymore.

Alright. Let's get everything ready. I got the syringe, the vial, the swabs, the

protein condensate, the painkillers, the uppers ... Nice. This is going to be great. And here's the best bit: My brand-new cute outfit!

Isn't it gorgeous? Faux leather look, black and stretchy, and my favorite brand, Skullbunny! I love that little dead gym bunny! I'm gonna get myself a plushie of that when I win my first competition. My first real one, not that community college crap.

Let's get going, then.

There. Syringe's ready. Right into the thigh ... Fff ... aaand ... it's in!

Wow.

Woow.

Woowooow.

Fuck.

Fuuuck.

That shit ... fuck ... it fucking burns!

Aaah ... Ow.

Gotta massage it a bit, maybe it spreads faster.

Oof. Okay. It's getting better, I guess. Wow. That stuff better work, seeing as how it feels. Give it a little shake ... Yeah. And flex. Bam! I gotta admit, I love those quads. Can't wait to get them bigger too!

Alright. Then let's get going!

I kinda like the gym at night. When I started, I always went in the morning or in the afternoon, and it was always so full! That was really annoying. I felt really awkward when I grunted while pumping. And I hated the looks. The men who thought I was some kind of pervert for really building my muscles, and the women for being annoying bitches. The meatheads were okay, of course, but they're such incredible nerds too. I'm just glad I ran into Damian! This guy is definitely the worst geek of them all, but he's also kind, and nice, and freaky. He just wants me to get big and win those shows.

I think he might be into me, but I've suggested we go out together, and he just blushed and went away. I dunno. Maybe he's just into being a nice guy? It's tough.

Anyway, the cool thing is that at night, I have the place mostly on my own. Sometimes the cleaning lady shows up, but mostly I can do whatever I want.

One last check, and then it's pumping time!

Damn ...

I mean, I'm really fine. A little small yet, but the overall look is just great. I'm a fucking Valkyrie! For my next show, I gotta get me some Viking designs for my suit. I wonder if a faux-fur edge would be okay?

I could just get one anyway, right?

Anyway, it's time. Let's down that protein, and then, it's time for squats. If that stuff is really that potent, I gotta do a full-body workout!

Alright. Squats! Gotta get that ass into gear! Literally. Anyway, usually, I take 200 pounds for reps. Let's try 220 to push myself, right?

Oof. Nice.

And let's do this ...

One ... two ... three ... four ... fuck yeah ... that feels nice ...

Eight ... nine ... ten ... I like that burn ...

Twelve ... thirteen ... fourteen ... and ... fifteen!

Awesome. That went well. Let's take a look at those thighs. Hm. Is it just me, or do they look bigger already? That can't be, right?

Hm. Let's rest.

Okay. Enough with the doing nothing. I'm gonna add twenty more pounds. Let's make those muscles burn!

Four ... five ... yes ... yesss ... Wow. I can feel it now. This is ... wow.

Nine ... ten ... eeeleven ... tweelve ... ow ... whoa ... thirteen ... Oof. Oof ... Fuck ... What's going on?

Jeez ... fourteen ... fifteen ...

Damn. That was ... that was hard. Fuck. I guess that was pushing it, right? I mean ... Hey! Will you look at that? Is it just me, or did those thighs really get bigger? I mean ... Look at those hams. Gotta give them a good slap.

Bang!

Shake 'em! Alright. That stuff kicks ass!

I can't believe it. I mean, I went a little over my usual, but I'm already packing on the pounds! If that stuff keeps on working like that, I'll be a heavyweight in no time.

Okay. So I'm going to need a lot more protein. Happily, I still got my stash ...

Phew. That was a lot. My stomach is literally gurgling now. But hey, a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do. Also, that training hasn't just boosted my legs. The butt obviously too, but the back also looks bigger. This stuff is a dream. I wish I had this back when I started!

Now it's time to do the third round of squats! Maybe I'll just go all-out and put on some real weight? 300 pounds. That's crazy, I know, but with results like these, I'd be stupid not to, right?

Ffffuck ... That's hard. Ow.

Okay. Okay. Okayokayokay. I'm going to die. Seriously. This is too much. Focus, Amanda, you can do this. Think of the mass. Think of the muscles. Think of you being a fucking beast. Yeah. Get those legs into gear!

One.

Ow.

Two.

Fuck.

Three.

Holy ...

Four ...

Damn.

Five ...

Aaargh.

Six ...

Yeah.

Seven ...

Jeez. What's happening? My legs. They're growing. Shit. I can't believe it. Come on, girl, do it. Get on with it. I can fucking see them grow!

Eight ...

Nine ...

Ten ...

Eleven ...

This is crazy! My fucking thighs are getting bigger as I watch. This looks so sick ... I'm a fucking mutant. Whoa. This is kinda gross.

Twelve.

Thirteen.

More! Yes.

Fourteen.

Fifteen!

Damn!

Oof. That was incredible. I mean ... Wow. I can't see my knees anymore. Let's flex those quads. Holy crap. This ... I ... wow. Wow. I gotta get myself a tape measure, stat!

That thing was hard to find. I should be more careful with my stuff. Also, walking is weird with legs like these. I mean, I was literally waddling along just so those thighs don't chafe. That's pretty sick.

Let's get them measured. Normally, I got 24 inches. And now ...

Fuck.

Fuuck.

Thirty. Thirty inches. How does that even work? I mean, that's six inches in no time. Damian, you're a crazy son of a bitch, but that stuff is gold! And look how ripped this is! I can literally see every line! I mean, I can see the blood pump in my vein there. Is that even normal?

The thing is, I should really fix the rest of my body now. I'm looking like ... I don't know, a track biker? I need to even out the top, right?

Let's maybe do some lat pulldowns? Just to make sure I don't fold up? But first, more protein!

Wow. I'm so hyped. You wouldn't believe it. I have basically just downed all the protein I still had, and I'm feeling stuffed, but the stuff I took before is gone! I mean, no, it's not, it's literally in my body now, but my stomach feels empty! That drug ... it's incredible. I'm gonna be huge!

So, let's get to it.

Normally, I do lat pulldowns at 150 pounds, but I think I'm going to start with 200 and see where it'll take me. Oh, and I should definitely weigh myself. I don't think I'm at 170 anymore.

185.

Who'd have thought. This is crazy. This is fucking insane. If I go on like this, I'm gonna double my weight by the time this is over. And it's going to be all

muscle! The boys better start training, cos I'm heading right for their weight classes!

Time to pump!

Oof ... One ... two ... three ... This isn't much of a challenge. Shit. Maybe I gotta push that further up! Let's try 250.

Four ... five ... six ... That's more like it ... Yeah. Wow.

Nine ... ten ... eeeleven ... Is it just me or are my lats getting into the way now? Whooh! Now this is some V we're talking about now.

Let's go right up to 300, right?

Twelve ... thirteen ... fourteen ... fifteen ...

Damn. Damn. Holy fucking shit!

This is huge. I mean ... check those out. They can't be real. This must be some fucking hallucination, right?

Nope. That's some real grade A beef. Let's give it a flex. Nice. Hard, buff, taut

... Incredible. The thing is, I'm hungry again.

All that protein must be going right into my muscles. Let's get some more. I'm pretty sure Danny won't mind if I borrow some of his, right?

Dude ... Those are some sweet traps! I look like a fucking hulk! Can't wait to pump them up some more. The thing is, that poor top is going to give pretty soon. Should I take it off? It's gonna get rip ped like that.

Then again, I don't think I'm ever gonna be that small again. Let's just keep it on for now, and if it breaks, it breaks!

Wow. That sounded way too corny. Let's get some more protein!

Oof. I'm stuffed. I got a real little protein baby in there ... all nice and round. Whee! And now, I'm going to pump all that sweet stuff into my muscles! That sounds so crazy! I wonder how it'll feel ...

The thing is, I really need to be careful. If my back gets much wider, I'm gonna have to go sideways through the doors.

That kinda turns me on.

Imagine being so big you can't really move easily ... I mean, it's insane, but all those guys are gonna stare like crazy.

I think I should get pumping now!

Three ... four ... five ... okay ... this is a pump now. Nice ...

Eight ... nine ... ten ... What's happening? This feels ... crazy. My ... my lats ... they're growing ... I can literally see them getting bigger with every pump ... That's insane. I'm getting bigger just like that. Fuck. I never knew this was possible.

Alright ... I think it's time for me to blow this place. This is it.

Let's push hard!

Thirteen ... fourteen ... fifteen ... wow. I'm ... I'm getting huge. This is ... wow. Wow. Seriously. I can't fucking believe it. This is no longer a V. It's a W. I ... WOW.

Twenty ... twenty-one ... twenty-two ... twenty-three ... FUUUCK ... this is so hot. Come on! More! I wanna be massive!

Twenty-eight ... twenty-nine ... and ... thirty. I can't believe it. My lats just blew up like that. My traps too. Ronnie Coleman, eat your heart out! I mean, okay, I still got some way to go, but I don't think any woman has ever been this size. Now, I just gotta get some more protein. I'm fucking hungry again ...

Oof.

Ow.

I fell backwards.

I ... wow, that was awkward. I was like a turtle lying on its back. That was crazy. The back just got too big. I mean, I was literally just not getting back up! If I hadn't managed to grab that post of the lat pulldown machine with my foot, I would have stayed there until they found me in the morning. Now that would have been awkward.

Oof. I gotta be way more careful. I'm not gonna ruin this by fucking up, right?

Now, keep it slow and steady, let's get some more of that protein ... Man, that waddle is getting worse. When I got my size, I'll really have to do some stretching, right? I can't just stay like this and walk like ... whatever animal walks like that. I don't think one of those really exists.

Alright. Got the protein. This time, I got all the packs and bottles I could find and prepared them. No chance of me going all the way back there all the time. I ain't got time for that. It's now or never, and I don't want to waste any more of that sweet drug's effect on stumbling about. I mean, okay, I had to walk in a squat, but that's just cos my thighs are too big.

Happens to the best of us! Yeah, right.

Anyway, I'm looking mighty fine in that mirror. I got those monster thighs and calves, the big shoulders and back, and some sweet pecs. The arms, though ... They're nice, but ... they need more mass. The pecs too, seriously. If I'm gonna be huge, I want them to be enormous!

Okay.

So curls?

Curls!

I think at that point, I can just use 200 pounds on that barbell, right? It's just that, loading that thing isn't easy ... Oof. Wow. Just getting down there ... it's kinda hard. Ow. Gotta be careful. I don't want to end up on my ass again, right?

Next time I do this, I'm gonna get myself some kind of assistant. As big as I'm getting, I'm gonna need one. Hah! Got plenty of simps who'll beat each other up just to work for me! This is gonna be great!

Nice. Let's get pumping!

Wow. I just do one rep, and my biceps are already twitching. Holy shit. This is going to be some next level set!

Two ... three ... yes. Yes! Awesome! Get growing. Get fucking huge! I fucking love it. Wow. Look at those arms. I can't believe it! I mean, every pump gets me bigger! I can literally see this happening! Damn!

I'm just not gonna stop! Fuck sets. I'm gonna pump until I can't go on anymore!

Ten ... eleven ... twelve ... thirteen ... Fuuuck ... My arms are getting so fucking big! I can't believe it! I ... wow. Wow. This is ... crazy. I mean, I'm literally pumping them up. Literally. Every rep, they get bigger, like by a quarter of an inch. I can fucking grow them just like that!

I gotta push those biceps. Gotta be massive!

I'm gonna be the biggest bodybuilder ever. No more tiny shit. No more women's weight classes. Any dude in the world is going to bow to me. They're all gonna say "how the fuck did that girl get that big?" and I'm gonna blow them away. I'm gonna say, yeah, cute arms, stick-boy.

Twenty-one ... twenty-two ... twenty-three ...

They're not stopping. They just keep getting bigger! My pecs too! I gotta load more weight on that bar! Let's go right with 250! I don't have time for that tiny shit anymore! Pump it!

Thirty-two ... thirty-three ...

I'm getting massive here. Also, fuck, I've never seen anyone this strong! I'm pumping 250 for reps! And I'm not stopping!

The thing is ... my arms, they're getting pretty big now ... I ... I can't finish the curl anymore. Wow. Now that's huge! How am I going to pump them up further like that? This is shit!

It literally doesn't work anymore ... I can't get my forearm up enough anymore cos it's colliding with my biceps. This is ... wow. How is that even possible?

I'm so enormous, I can't believe it.

Alright, gotta switch exercises then.

Cable flies? Maybe those still work.

Let's get that protein in, and then ...

Wow. This is ... I'm gonna be sick. I just literally drank down all that protein and I'm kinda ... oof. I just ... I kinda ... wow. My belly is so full. I look as if I'm nine-months-pregnant like that. My abs, though, they look crazy, stretched over my protein baby. My protein elephant baby. Sorry for the burp. Yeah. Happens.

Look at me. Look at this freak.

Here I am, standing with my legs spread, just to make room for my uber-thighs, then that massive round mega-ab-belly, some fucking triple-D-pecs and enough shoulders for two linebackers. And arms ... I shit you not.

My head looks tiny. Gonna get marked down for symmetry, huh? I don't care. With a body like that, I don't need no stupid bodybuilding competition. I know I already won.

The thing is, I can't see my feet anymore. In the reflection, yes, but my chest is so big, I can't even see my toe-tips.

And now, I'm gonna make this even worse!

I just set the cable fly machine to the heaviest weight it had and I'm gonna push it on until I can't go on. So, let's get huge!

One ... okay, moving these things is difficult. Still, no pain, no gain! Two. Three! Four ... and ... five ... six ... Wow. It's working already. My pecs are growing. My arms too ... Everything. Everything! I love it! Oh God ... I got it now. I'm gonna make myself gigantic! No one's ever going to come even close to my size! I'm going to be a monster! The biggest! The most huge, most muscular, most monstrous bodybuilder ever!

Just thinking about this makes me hot!

Twelve ... thirteen ... fourteen ... My pecs are swelling as I look at them. Every pump just makes them bigger! They're bigger than the biggest, freakiest tits I've ever seen now! When I bring my arms together, they swell up to my chin! I love it! My skin feels so tight now ... It's like an overinflated balloon now ... It's getting real thin, and you can see fucking everything! It's amazing!

When I bring those massive arms forward, I can see every fiber of my muscles swell now. I can see the veins pump, the tendons move ... I'm like a supercharged anatomy chart now! Like a freak monster beast ... Like some crazy cartoon!

And I can't wait to get bigger! I gotta pump harder! Harder!

Yes! I love it. Now my biceps are running into my pecs, and they boing against each other. The rest of my body is getting more muscular too. I have no idea how that works, but I'm having a hard time even standing now.

Holy crap. My lats are blocking my arms too now!

But I gotta keep on pumping! I need to be bigger! I can't just stop now!

More! More! Yes! I lost count, I don't care!

I need to get bigger.

I need to get enormous!

I want to be so massive!

Like ... I want to be muscle. Pure, perfect muscle!

Fuck symmetry, fuck aesthetics! I just want size!

Oh yes ...

Yes!

Here it comes ...

I can feel it ...

Something is changing ...

My body ... it's so big now ...

I'm so full ... so bloated with muscle ...

That drug ... it's incredible ...

It must have triggered something ... something ... amazing ...

I can feel the rush ... yes ... yes!

Oh my God ...

My muscles ... they're ...

oh ...

Oh ...

Oh! ...

OH!

So big ... I'm ... I can't move my head anymore ...

The traps, they're getting too big!

My ears ... My ears are getting folded up, my pecs are covering my mouth ...

My skin ... it feels so incredibly tight ...

I ... the tension ...

Oh ... wow ...

I need to stop ...

I need to stop now!

Oh ...

Help.

Help!

HELP!

My body ... the muscles ...

Fuuuck ...

This feels so fucking good!

I'm going to explode ...

It just feels so good ...

I'm gonna blow up!

I ... I love this!

I ... I can't reach my ... crotch ...

I'm ... swelling ...

Fuuu ...

bang.

“Apparently, the explosion, or whatever happened in there destroyed the surveillance camera as well as most of the equipment, but we have one still we managed to salvage that might help understand what was going on.”

They all leaned forward to get a look on the screen. On it, there was a mass of flesh. It was really quite hard to make out what was what. Its skin was shiny from the tension of the enormous muscles it barely contained. The woman, or whatever this had been, was completely wrapped up in muscles. Her neck and traps were big enough to completely swallow the back of her head, her blond hair awkwardly draped over it. The back led into a two-foot-thick collar of muscle that framed her squashed head and covered her chin and the lower half of her mouth. The wall that was her pecs was absolutely ripped, the definition even visible on the footage.

Her arms stood out almost straight, completely covered in muscles, her tiny hands sticking out of swollen cones of muscle. Her biceps and triceps were so big that they fought for space with her shoulders and lats. Each biceps was bigger than a soccer ball, and the triceps were quite similar. The woman’s enormous, nine-month-pregnant, mega-roid-gut stood out like a volcanic island out of the sea of madness that was her gargantuan body. Her sequoia-trunk thighs drooped over her knees, enveloping her crotch completely with her abs. The woman’s ass stood out like some garbled, twisted mass of muscle, fighting against her hamstrings and winning. Her calves were just as enormous, slowly spreading down towards her heels.

One of the investigators said:

“I don’t get it. I don’t understand what I’m seeing.”

The biggest among them grinned stupidly:

“I do ... and wow.”

“Sicko.”

“So what.”

He snapped a picture of the screen and said:

“I think the insurance will have to pay. That was force majeure.”

###

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

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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