

# Second Place

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by Roy Ellison

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"Second place: Alice Brewer!"

The announcer's voice echoed over the stage. Alice smiled grimly, taking the trophy while trying to maintain her flex. She thanked the laudator and thought:

"I hate this. Second place. Look at the bitch. Look at her. She's all roided out, I mean, look at her. The judges are creeps and fuckheads. I wonder how many of them she had to blow to get this. I hate her."

She took a bow. Her body felt empty and she was completely trashed. She was tired, exhausted and thirsty. And hungry. So hungry. She just wanted to get off the stage, but she still had to wait.

"And the winner is: Laura van Roos!"

The triumphant smiled and took the trophy, held it high above her head and went through a series of poses. The public applauded, there were some hoots as she showed off her best body part: Her enormous and swollen biceps. Alice had to admit that her own were far from Laura's level. She cursed her poor genetics. Why couldn't she build them as big? She worked hard, but it was pointless. She hardly made any progress.

Actually, she was lying to herself. She was one of the world's best bodybuilders. Heavyweight, very tall for her weight, good symmetry. She only lacked in the arms department. And by lack, she meant she only had 16" arms. Few men would reach her level of training, but Laura's 18 inches were just more. Crap.

When she finally left the stage, she returned to her shitty hotel room and showered, then she ate and cried. The frustration got the better of her. She wanted to win. To know that her sacrifices were worth it. When she finally fell asleep, she dreamed odd scenes of her kissing and licking Laura's arms. She awoke all sweaty and tired and damned herself for this dream.

The next day, she returned home, took a day off and went to visit a few friends. Due to her commitment to her sport, she had little time to spend with them and was always a little alone. Meeting these people was odd. She liked them, but there was little heart to their connection. It was lonely at the top. The conversation was a bit slow at first, especially since her muscles were quite the elephant in the room. She had started bodybuilding four years ago and had made tremendous progress, but this was the first time her friends had seen her in contest shape. Then came the usual questions.

"Can I touch them?"

"How much do you train?"

could pass them, when one of them made his move and grabbed her handbag. She screamed and tried to hit him with her keys, but he just laughed and slapped her hand away. She struggled to keep her grip and tried to fend him off, but the other guy joined in and grabbed her. She screamed again and shouted for help, but the street was dark and empty. She was about to panic and pleaded for mercy, when one of the guys suddenly fell over. The other one turned around to face the attacker, but was quickly slapped in the face by her defender. After a few seconds of grunting brawl, the two thugs fled.

Cleo tried to get up, when a hand helped her to her feet. She heard Alice's voice:

"I thought it was dangerous for you to go alone and followed you. Turned out I was right."

"Thank you." Cleo struggled to regain her breath. "How can I ever repay you?"

As the words left mouth, she wanted to force them back. She knew the answer before she finished her sentence.

Alice gave her a long look suggesting utter obliviousness. Cleo continued:

"Well, I can think of something. Could you accompany me home? Visit me at the lab tomorrow, will you?"

"Of course. Thank you."

"Don't mention it." She stopped: "Really don't mention it. You'd get me fired. I don't want to be ungrateful, but don't say a word, okay?"

"My lips are sealed."

In the morning, Alice arrived at the lab. Cleo let her in and showed her around. By the time they were at her office, Alice was extremely excited. She really hoped to get her edge. Cleo explained:

"Animal testing suggests the drug works topically. We inject an area and the muscles in it recover and grow quicker than normal. We have quite a few side-effects, such as heart failure, liver failure and a few others, but we have most of it ironed out. Chances are slim you'll be affected, but take the time to read this through and see whether you really want this."

Alice looked over the list and felt her stomach knot. Still, who dares, wins.

"Go ahead."

"What place should I inject? I'd suggest something discreet."

"Biceps."

"Something discreet."

"Do the biceps. Go ahead."

"Okay. Your call."

She loaded two disposable syringes, disinfected the skin surface and gave her the jabs.

"How long until it shows an effect?"

"Normally, it takes a few hours before anything happens. Also, I'm going to have to ask you to monitor the injection sites carefully. If anything odd happens, call me. Got it?"

"Sure. Can I train normally?"

"I guess so. I don't know. Also, please write down what you do. If possible, with exact duration and note what you eat, drink and anything else that might be interesting."

"Fine. See you soon."

Cleo saw her go. She hoped it all went well. This was a shitty situation. She had thought about giving her a sodium chloride injection and just say it did nothing, but this woman was so desperate she went for the true product. She just hoped it wouldn't do anything.

Half an hour later, Alice was at the gym, pumping iron like crazy. She was going to give herself room to grow. After showering, she returned home and dropped on the couch, falling asleep. Once again, she dreamed of Laura's huge arms. She felt pangs of pain all over her body as she licked and kissed her competitor's arms and worshiped her massive muscles. The situation was disturbing, but she awoke all wet, her enlarged clit proudly erect under her panties. She had slept through the better part of the day and most of the evening, screwing up her eating schedule. She was as hungry as a horse and very sweaty. She went to the kitchen, fixed a meal and decided to take another shower. Living alone had its perks.

After eating, she walked into the bathroom and stared at the mirror. Something was odd. She took a while to realise it. Her arms were bigger. Not by much, just a little, but yes, they were bigger. She ran out into the living room, got her tape-measure and checked. Half an inch. Within a day. The stuff was working!

She was elated. Should she call Cleo right away? She decided not to. She wanted to see whether it continued working. Alice went out for a walk in the night, then watched some late-night movies before returning to the gym in the wee hours. She knew it was stupid, but she decided to do another arm workout. She felt rested enough and decided she had to try.

Surprisingly, her arms were not only bigger but also stronger. She had to up the weight a little to compensate, but was once again exhausted by

the time she was done. She returned home, vaguely aware that she had to work tomorrow, but once again collapsed on the couch. The days were quite short.

She slept like a baby, only awaking when her alarm clock rang. She had to go to work. She was sure she had just slept a little under 24 hours, but she felt oddly rested. Usually, oversleeping made her tired, but this time, it felt good. She ate, gorging herself on the remaining food in the fridge, when she suddenly decided to take a look at herself. Her hunger had been so strong she hadn't even thought of this. She ran to the bathroom and stopped in shock.

She was built. She had to correct herself. She had always been built. She was a bodybuilder, for God's sake. But now, she was even more built. She lifted her arms and stared at her ridiculous biceps. She marvelled at the weight her arms had developed overnight and stared at her fist-sized, rock hard biceps that jutted out of her large arms. She grabbed the tape measure. Seventeen inches and a half. She was almost there. The injections had worked. She needed more of them. Now was the time to blow Laura away. She would supercharge her arms. She would crush her and completely annihilate her. Never again would she be challenged. She'd be the best ever. The biggest and most elite bodybuilder ever. Hell, with this, she could even compete against men and win. Easily. She went through a few poses and stared at her rigid, popping muscles. Awesome. She was getting wet just looking at herself.

She had to call Cleo right now. She had to get another injection. Maybe to the triceps to even them out. Yes. And another set to the biceps, to top them up. She'd be a beast.

Seconds later, she was on the phone.

"It worked! Please, you've got to get me more!"

"What? Who is this?"

"It's me, Alice. You're a genius. Come on, help me with this. I'm coming over."

"What? Alice? What worked? The medication? Really? Wait, don't come here!"

The bodybuilder woman had already hung up.

They met at the back exit of the lab building. Cleo walked out briskly and shouted:

"What the hell are you doing here? You can't just waltz in and ..."

"Hush. Look at my arms. I mean, look at them!"

Alice flexed her huge muscular arms and let her biceps pop.

"Have you ever seen anything as big as them?"

"No. Now go away. Now. Or I'll call for security."

"I don't want to be mean, but I want more. I'm pretty confident this product is my key, so you've got to let me have some more!"

"Absolutely not. No. Go away."

"I wouldn't call security now, if I were you. I'm not going to threaten you, but I might talk. This might destroy your reputation and might make you lose your job. Got it?"

Cleo gave her a desperate look.

"You wouldn't ..."

"Probably. So, do we have a deal?"

In the lab, Cleo grudgingly filled the syringes and said:

"So, where do you want them?"

"In the biceps, the triceps, the forearms and the shoulders. Please."

"Really? You're big enough as you are."

"I don't think so. Go ahead. Give me a slight bonus to the biceps please. I want them to be overwhelming."

"You're serious about this."

"Sure. This is my shot at greatness. Thanks to your work, I'm going to be the biggest there is. You'll see."

"I shouldn't be doing this."

"On the contrary. You should go ahead now. And be quick about it, I need to pump up before I go back to sleep."

"Back to sleep?"

"After training, I fell asleep and slept through the entire day, then, I was bigger. Awesome, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure about this."

"Shut up and give me the injections!"

"Fine."

As she returned to the gym, Alice hit the weights and she hit them as hard as never before. The regulars stared at her as she pumped her arms and sweat like a pig, grunting and groaning as she finished set after set. She inhaled a few protein shakes, almost gagging at their taste, then managed to the back room where the owner occasionally allowed her to rest. She dropped on the bed there and lost consciousness. This time, her dreams were even more vivid. She was worshiping Laura's biceps, which had mysteriously grown even huger, licking her tongue over its

striations and cuts, following the pattern of her huge veins and orgasming at the beat of her heart.

She awoke to two unsettling sensations. The first one was that her clothes and the bed were soaked with her juices, the second was the cleaning lady that stared at her in complete disbelief.

"Impressed?"

The woman nodded. Alice had occasionally seen her here. The boss let her train here for free, but she mostly did things to stay thin and healthy, neither of which worked particularly well. Alice got up and looked at her arms. She was so excited she was about to come again. Her dreams were coming true. This time, she had Laura. For good. She looked at the hugest arms she had ever seen. She had to get to a mirror. She ran out into the shower and stared at the full length mirror there. It was evening outside and the room was deserted. She looked at her reflection and smiled.

As she did a double biceps pose, she saw her arms had morphed into an entirely new territory. Her biceps were now easily the size of baseballs, actually, they were even bigger. Her triceps had followed suit. Her arms looked like straight out of a fetishist's drawing. The Hulk's arms were puny against hers. She went in search of a measuring tape and returned to the back room where she found the still dumbfounded janitor. She said:

"Help me with this." She threw her the tape and flexed a few times to pump up her ridiculous arms.

The woman stepped over and laid the tape around her bulging muscles.

"Twenty-two inches. How?"

"Don't ask. Laura, I've got you. Now, it's time to crush you!"

She stormed back out to feed and pump like the monster she was becoming.

As she was gorging herself with chicken breast and protein shakes, she imagined what she would look like the next day. With this rate of growth, the sky was the limit. Having twenty-four-inch arms wasn't impossible. Fuck, she could even have thirty inches. She was the size of Arnold Schwarzenegger now, if she'd lean out, she'd lose a little, but if she started with thirty inches, she'd be the world's biggest. The biggest. It sounded awesome. Thinking of her imminent growth made her hot and horny. She got up and fetched the camera from her closet. She normally used it to film herself posing or for videos for shmoes. Now, she'd film herself while she was sleeping. She'd see how she'd morph into an even bigger beast. Alice set up the camera, then went returned to the gym to train. Somewhere in-between, she called her boss and told him she wouldn't be coming for the next weeks. She was fired instantly, but couldn't care less. She still had a little money left, so she'd live off that until everybody recognised her insane power.

Hitting the weights, she noticed her strength had improved tremendously. These muscles weren't for show. She trained as hard as never before, although she noticed her other muscles couldn't really keep up with her enormous biceps. She had to visit Cleo as soon as possible. After all, a certain symmetry was necessary.

After a really intense visit to the gym, she returned home, adjusted the camera and felt the insane tiredness overwhelm her. She just had enough time to switch it on before collapsing into a heap. When she awoke, she was incredibly excited. Her body felt sore, but she was extremely wired. She immediately looked at her arms and stared in utter fascination at the enormous, rock-hard pillars of muscle she now

sported. Fuck Arnold Schwarzenegger, she was a mutant now. In her years of bodybuilding, she had never seen anybody with arms near her size. She pushed herself up, surprised by the power she possessed and just launched herself to her feet. Years of training for size had left her with little springiness, but her ridiculous strength still made it easy. She stood up, walked over to the mirror and gasped.

Together, her arms were as wide as her chest. She lifted them and flexed. The muscles swelled, hitting her pectorals and encasing her chest in a frame of muscular enormity. She held them high and flexed again, doing a double biceps.

"I'm the biggest ever. Laura, you're going to be fucked!"

She stared at her shoulders, surprised that the boulders that had formed there stood forward further than her pectorals. She was sceptical. She would need some more of Cleo's stuff.

She walked over to the camera and connected it to the TV set, then threw herself on the sofa all sweaty. She switched the recording on and turned it to a slightly higher speed. Time to watch.

Alice saw her passed out form on the bed, fascinated by her heavenly muscularity. She watched her arms intently, expecting them to grow. At first, nothing happened, but then, there were slight spasms and shivers under her skin. Instinctively, Alice's hand went to her crotch. She began touching herself as her arms began growing. Suddenly, her muscles exploded outward, the thick cords wrapping themselves around her already bulging body.

Alice stared at her growing body and feverishly worked her snatch, soaking the sofa with her juices. Her arms began to overgrow her

remaining body, finally settling for their enormous size. She came with a gasp and fell back on the sofa, exhausted. She waited for a while for the emotion to pass, then got up to eat something. She decided to pay Cleo another visit. She had to even out her muscles and maybe, maybe get another shot to her arms. Returning to "normal" proportions, as idiotic as it sounded, was a good idea, but finally leaving any part of her humanity and just have the biggest arms in the world? Why not? She marvelled at her tight, corded muscles, flexed them and grinned. Maybe she should just grow them to the absolute maximum. Honestly, she wondered whether she'd be able to just break down a house with her strength.

She decided not to test it, after all, she didn't want to smash up her knuckles and wrist. They wouldn't be able to withstand her ridiculous power. Instead, she tried to slip into her leotard and found that the material wasn't stretchy enough to accommodate her arms. In the end, she just ripped the fabric apart and threw it to the ground. She returned to her wardrobe and pulled out a bikini top. Fumbling to put it on as her ridiculous arms made it hard for her to tie it behind her neck, she smiled at herself.

It had been a good idea not to get implants. Instead, she'd get the biggest pectorals ever. Pecs large enough to put any implanted bimbo to shame. She'd have Cleo give her a double dose for those. And for her butt too. She grinned as she imagined her hypercharged body.

She was going to be the mother of muscle. Stronger than a bull, stronger than an elephant. And bigger.

She parked her car next to the research lab. Alice struggled as she tried to free herself from the seatbelt. These cars were really not made for people her size. She had had to lean sideways during the whole trip and was now a bit tense. However, the prospect of meeting Cleo again and getting her to work her magic made her happy again. She extricated

herself from the car and walked to the lab's entrance, trying to come up with an excuse to see her. However, she was quite certain Cleo would hate to have her just walk in. She'd have to improvise.

She walked in and approached the guard's booth. As she was still fumbling with words, the guard just addressed her:

"Hey, aren't you Alice Brewer?"

Surprised, she answered:

"Well, I am, yes. Why?"

"I'm Soren Torwals, I work out at the same gym as you."

She nodded.

"Yes, I'm sorry I didn't recognise you right away."

"The uniform."

"Exactly. You look better without your shirt on."

Alice couldn't believe her luck. Soren was a sorry fuck that spend his parent's money on supplements and drugs. By now, his balls must be the size of tictacs. However, he seemed to vaguely idolise her and she was not going to skip that advantage.

"Say, could I just pop in and visit a friend? Cleo Franklin."

"Sure, why not." He hesitated. "I hope you don't mind me asking ..."

She sighed internally.

"What is it?"

"What have you been taking? You're ridiculously huge now."

"Thank you for noticing. It's a little thing I've been trying. It's not perfect by now, but I'm sure there'll be some for you."

"Really? I mean, thank you."

"Sure."

"Could you just flex for me? You look super huge."

"No problem."

She lifted her arm and popped her humongous biceps. Alice could feel him grow rock hard in his trousers. Who'd have thought that I guy like him would still be able to get an erection. She smiled, waved and left for Cleo's lab.

Alice stepped inside Cleo's office and said:

"Guess who's back?"

Cleo stared at her like a mouse in front of a snake.

"What do you want?"

"For you being a scientist, you can be quite dense sometimes. What would I want? Bigger muscles, of course. So get your syringe ready, I want to even out my physique a little. I'm still a little small, don't you think?"

"Go away. I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore."

"Really? You're not helping yourself, are you? Just watch this."

She walked over to her desk, picked up a little can-shaped metal pencil sharpener and put it between her hands.

"Ready?"

Cleo's eyes showed her fear.

With a sudden crack, she crinkled the can, flattening the sharpener between her palms. Then, she put it against the desk and rolled the sad remains until it was a sad little tube of metal.

"Have you seen that? Impressive, huh?"

Cleo nodded.

"So there you have it. Give me my jabs."

"I won't."

Alice was genuinely surprised.

"I'll tell your supervisors. No, wait, I have a better idea."

She stepped over to Cleo, grabbed her by the throat and choked her.

"Time for my medicine, darling. You wouldn't want to make me angry, would you?"

Cleo tried to speak, but only managed a squawk.

"Don't make me angry. Got it?"

The suspended woman struggled, but finally subsided.

Cleo asked:

"Okay. So where do you want it? Will you promise you'll leave me alone after this?"

"I pinky promise. Just this last boost, then I'll be the biggest ever and you're free to return to your science stuff. Of course, if you come up with any other muscle stuff, don't hesitate to call me."

With a voice of utter despair, Cleo acknowledged this and got the syringe.

"I want you to spread it a little this time. Do my biceps once more, and the forearms, but also the pecs and the traps and the abs and the glutes and ..."

"Calm down. I'll do one after the other. But listen, I know you don't want to hear this, but this stuff is dangerous. Taking too much of it will kill you. And you're already way over any kind of reasonable dose."

"Just let that be my problem. Hit me everywhere, but give me a huge muscle butt and some ridiculous pecs. Like the biggest tits you've ever seen, but all muscly. Go on!"

"I don't want to be responsible for your death."

Alice gave her a long look and said:

"I don't want to be responsible for yours either, so go ahead!"

Swallowing hard, Cleo gave her the injections.

Once she was done, Cleo watched Alice go away, the muscular woman giggling with excitement and almost skipping. Cleo threw the used syringe into the disposal container and sat down. Would this monster return? She was afraid. Alice had turned from odd to insane within a little more than a week. Cleo had no idea what she would do to her once the effects ebbed off. She wondered what to do. The young woman looked at the solution in the bottle and, well, found a solution.

Meanwhile, Alice jumped into her car, drove to the gym at a breakneck speed, ran in and switched to her workout gear without even bothering to care about the other customers. One older woman stared at her as she tore off her clothes and pulled on the stretchiest set of gym clothes she could buy. She inhaled a huge pack of protein.

"Miss, you are, well, too quick."

"Shut it, you old crow. I gotta hit the weights."

"You might be overdoing it."

"Anything worth doing is worth overdoing."

She skipped into the weight-room and started pumping. She soon realised she needed a bigger challenge. She added more plates, exceeding her regular maximum by half, but still it felt too easy. She stopped, added more and returned to it. In the end, she had to double the weight. Ten sets later, she felt the familiar tiredness come over her, but she decided she wanted to watch herself awake this time. She dashed off to the car, rode home and almost tore her front door from its hinges. She set up the mirror to allow her to watch and turned on the camera as a safety. She could feel her body begin to change.

She could only just lie down in the camera's field of vision when the changes struck. This time, it was different. Up until now, only her arms had been involved and the dosage was much lower. Now, she was being hit by the full power of the drug. She could feel her body contort and spasm. Alice soon realised that this might have been a bad idea. Then, suddenly, she felt as if she was being ripped apart. She remembered. She had forced Cleo to give her an injection into her pelvic muscles. She had just wanted to try it, even though Cleo had refused at first. Still, she had managed to "persuade" her and now, she was regretting her obstinateness.

Alice rolled around on the floor, desperate to get her body back under control. She lay on her chest, shivering from its wobbling contractions. Getting three shots into her pecs might have been a bad idea, but it was working alright. She could see them change, grow and expand some more.

As she fought to stay awake, she saw her chest spread and build up and her legs grow trunk-like and heavy with muscles. Finally, it was too much and she fell asleep, the exhaustion drawing her in.

"Alice?"

She slowly regained consciousness. Rob? Probably. Boy, was he going to be surprised. She groaned and struggled to roll on her back. Her vision was still hazy, but she was pretty sure she had put on some weight. Alice answered:

"Give me a second to get up."

"Sure. I'm going upstairs to shower."

"No, wait. Give me a moment, then come over, I have something to show you."

"Did you win?"

"Nope. But I have some idea how to do it next time."

"So Laura won again?"

"Of course. Damn that bitch."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't worry. It was the last time."

There was some hesitation.

"Are you going to quit?"

"Never. I'm going to blow her away. Just you wait."

"That's the spirit!"

Meanwhile, Alice had managed to stand. She stared at her body and gasped. She had expected something like this, but seeing it in real life was something else entirely. She looked down at her pectorals and stared at super-swollen chest muscles bigger than any breasts she had

ever seen. She turned to her side and looked at herself in the mirror. They stood off five inches, forming a muscular shelf above her boulder-like abdominals. Wow. She flexed them, letting her nipples be squeezed by the engulfing masses of muscles.

Still, her arms were even more out of this world. Her biceps had crossed into inhuman territory, even leaving the ridiculous synthol clumps of Greg Valentino behind in terms of size and girth. However, her arms were the real deal, rock hard and veiny. She flexed and twisted, astonished by her physique. However, she already discovered several little details she could still "fix". Her obliques seemed a little small. Her traps too ...

She'd have to pay another visit to Cleo. Maybe force her to be with her all the time. She couldn't let this secret spread.

When Rob finally came into the room, Alice could almost see his eyes pop out. He stared at her, transfixed. She wondered whether he'd eventually recover. Somehow, she imagined using him as furniture from now on, paralysed as he was. She waited some more, then did a quick crab pose, colliding her biceps and her now super-bulked pecs. His jaw dropped.

"Just the reaction I was going for."

He drooled a little.

"Whoa, if you want some of this superior grade A industrial muscle, you'll have to un-vegetable-ise yourself, Rob."

He shook his head, still stared at her and finally managed to stutter:

"How. How. How the hell did this happen?"

She smirked.

"I have found someone with a little more intelligence than what's good for her. Guess what? This is beyond anything Laura could manage."

"Alice, this is beyond what Ronnie Coleman could manage."

"Yes. It is."

She let her breastless pectorals quiver, shake and jump. Left, right, left, right, both. Alice could see that Rob was getting hard.

With a jump, she was on him and tore his shirt off. He watched in surprise as the torn fabric flew off, leaving a few marks where it hadn't yielded as fast. She lifted him, threw him on the sofa and said:

"I missed you. I really did. It's time for you to make up for this."

Seconds later, she was on top of him, grinding her crotch against his cock. Rob was really surprised by her power and voracity, which even surpassed her usual, on-cycle horniness. Also, her strength and muscularity had become so outrageous that he had no idea how this had happened. However, he was also overwhelmed by her power and her pure desire. He also couldn't help noticing her strangely powerful internal grip through the daze of their fucking. It felt awesome, but it was also quite confusing.

When they were done, he lay there, his wife's arm wrapped around his shoulder. She grinned at him and said:

"Do you like them?"

She flexed her over-sized arm.

"Oh yes. But how?"

"It's my little secret. But suffice to say I found a true treasure."

"New steroids?"

She laughed:

"No. Don't ask. I won't tell you."

"Fine."

"What do you think of the pecs? Have you ever seen any this size?"

"I have never seen anything the size of your body."

"Yes. And Laura's going to have to bow down. I fucking own her."

"So I would like to sign up for a trial training."

The small woman waited patiently at the gym's desk. Jennifer was bored already. Doing desk duty was even worse than personal training. She just wanted to exercise and to feel the pump. She wanted to make her body perfect and she was wasting time.

"No problem. Just fill in this form and I'll call your personal trainer. He'll help you through the basic steps."

"Thank you. Do you train a lot?"

"Every day except Saturday."

"Wow. That's impressive."

Jennifer could barely stop herself from yawning.

"Yes, really impressive."

Thank God Mal arrived to save her from this bore.

Mal walked in and greeted the boring little woman.

"Hi, I'm Mal. What's your name?"

"I'm Cleo."

"Your first time at a gym?"

"Yes. Will you show me how to do everything?"

"I'll try. Come along."

Alice squeezed herself into the shower booth. She'd have to make Rob buy a bigger one soon. She turned on the warm water and let it flow through the crevices of her superior body. Rob was still catching his breath in the living room, but she was still horny and masturbated in the shower. She had to be careful not to make any sudden movements so as not to break the booth's walls.

Just as she was about to come, her phone rang. At first, she tried to ignore it, but it was annoying and insistent. Finally, she gave up, pushed open the door and walked out, dripping water on the tiled floor. Conrad. This meathead jock was as thick in mind as in muscle. She wondered what he wanted.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Hi, Alice. It's Conrad."

"I know. What do you want?"

"I just wanted to tell you something funny."

"Really. You couldn't just wait for tomorrow, could you?"

"It's just hilarious, so I couldn't, you know?"

She was already annoyed by this idiot.

"Okay. Go ahead."

"Okay. So you remember the girl you asked us to scare a few days ago?"

Cleo. Fuck. What was going on? Was she in on her?

"Yes ... What is it?"

"Well, she's here. Working out. Right at our place. She mustn't have recognised us. Isn't that hilarious?"

"No, it isn't."

"And guess what, you should see her. She looks as if she fell on a hedgehog."

"What?"

"Like a hedgehog. You know, the little animal with the pins. That curls into a ball when it's scared."

"I know what a hedgehog is, thank you. But what do you mean by 'fell on a hedgehog'?"

"She has needle-marks all over. She's ... prickly."

"Idiot."

She hung up.

What was going on? Needle-marks. Was she?

"Keep an eye on her. Follow her when she leaves and find out her address."

"Why?"

"I want to talk to her."

"I can put you through, if you want."

"No. I want to talk in private."

"Okay. I could just check her address from the computer if you want to. I still have to finish my sets, you know."

"Fine. Get me the address, but call me when she leaves."

"Okay."

Alice hung up and dried herself off. Cleo was using her own stuff, so much was clear. She also used a lot of the product on herself. Alice had to act quick. The phone rang again.

"What is it?"

"It's Conrad again."

"Yeah, so what is it?"

"It's just that while we were talking, the girl went away. Or disappeared. I don't know, she must have left."

"Great. Get me her address. Now!"

Cleo was so tired. She had wanted to get home, but it was pointless. She didn't dare get in her car for fear of having an accident. Her whole body was aching and she was certain she'd fall asleep any second. Instead, she stumbled into the women's changing room and managed to hide in the closet. She didn't want anyone to witness her transformation. After all, this was highly illegal and very risky. She regretted her recklessness and hoped it would work out. Pricking her whole body with needles hadn't been the most pleasant experience, but with a bit of stretching, she had managed to inject the product into any and all of her muscles. The dosage was way higher than any testing had suggested, but she had to keep up with Alice. This madwoman had made it clear she would tear her limb from limb if she refused to help her and she was getting more and more dangerous. Also, she was beginning to develop a certain fascination with the other woman's muscularity. She wondered what it was like to be so big and strong. Well, she'd find out.

Suddenly, she realised it was starting to work. There was a strange feeling of strain in her muscles, different from anything she ever felt before. She fought to stay awake as the serum started to work. She could see the fibres thicken and grow under her skin. She was going to be huge. Before she lost consciousness, she sincerely hoped she'd be able to squeeze out of this closet.

Alice returned home. She was angry and frustrated. Cleo hadn't turned up all day. Instead, her car had broken down, probably from the strain of her weight. Alice grumbled as she walked to the shower, ignoring Rob as he stared at her in deep desire. She just turned on the water when she suddenly remembered: She couldn't reach home after training. Neither could Cleo who was probably even less used to being tired. She had to check at the gym. She turned the water back off, dried herself and ran out as fast as she could.

"Where are you going, beautiful?"

"Just to the gym. I forgot something."

"Okay. When you're back, could we ..."

She didn't hear the rest as she climbed into Rob's car, the shock absorbers groaning as she squeezed her bulk into the ridiculously small car. She had to roll down the window to fit her huge arm in. She wondered how all those fat people did it. They probably had special cars. She'd have to get one too, probably from the money she'd get by being famous. She hit the gas and drove to the gym.

Waking up in the closet, Cleo was really confused. It took her a few minutes to remember where she was and what had happened. Once she had recovered, she realised what changes she had gone through. She

fumbled for the doorknob and finally managed to spill herself out on the floor of the corridor outside. She blinked into the hesitant light of the neon lamps above her and raised a hand, surprised by the enormous arm that lifted it. Her forearm was now traffic cone sized and was bulging with muscles. She blinked. Was this real?

Slowly, she rolled on her front, irritated by the enormity of her chest muscles, whatever they were called. Her clothes had been torn to shreds, leaving marks on her overloaded skin. She pushed herself up and finally managed to stand, accommodating for her now ridiculous legs. She wondered how she'd be able to walk. On the one hand, she was pretty certain that she was safe from Alice's threats, on the other hand, she wondered how she'd be able to live with such a bulk. Maybe she'd find an antidote once her problems with Alice were resolved.

She stumbled to the locker room, looking for her phone. Maybe she'd be able to call someone who'd bring her new clothes. The room was empty as she stepped in. However, she didn't realise this at first as she saw herself in the mirror. She stared at the mountain of muscle in front of her, topped by her tiny-seeming head. What had she done to herself?

Her shoulders were easily as wide as a door frame, thick neck muscles cascading down on ridiculous, handball-sized shoulder muscles. The arms were the same: overblown and super-powered. She gasped. Was this her?

Her body having gone from slightly chubby to herculean in a day, Cleo was overwhelmed by the changes. She lifted her arms and did a reluctant double biceps pose. The huge, melon sized balls condensed under her skin, veins emerging from them. At the same time her "things", the muscles you get under the arm pits on your back, fuck, she had no idea what to call them, spread like wings. Her jaw dropped.

"I'm a monster."

She slid her hands over the cobblestone-like boulders of her abdominals and grinned stupidly. Her life was over. She'd get fired. Not only was she a freak now, she also had abused the chemicals she was supposed to develop. Such a breach of security was certain to be the blackest of marks on her record. She wondered what she should do, but before she could reach a decision, the door flew open and Alice stepped in.

Cleo turned to look at her, still unsure how to deal with her bulging neck. The woman was taller than her and was clearly angry. However, she couldn't help noticing that Alice was a tad smaller than her. Well, except for her truly gargantuan arms and whatever her muscle breasts were being called.

For a second, they both hesitated.

Each one of the women was the size of a bulldozer, but they clearly still felt strangely alien in their new forms.

Finally, Alice spoke:

"So you tried it on yourself. Not a bad decision."

"Yeah, well, I'm not sure about this."

"Whatever. Listen, girl. I need this stuff and I need it for me alone. You should definitely not give it to anybody else."

"Why should I? I'm going to be fired anyway, so there's really no chance of any of us getting any of it. And good riddance to it."

It took a little time for this to sink in. Then Alice said:

"So that's it? That's all I'm going to get?"

"Yes. And I guess it's a good thing, seeing how it turned you into a freak and forced me to do the same to myself."

Alice was getting angry.

"You selfish asshole!"

"Selfish? Me? Look at yourself."

Alice didn't waste any further words and charged.

Surprisingly, it was over in a second. It turned out that for all her mass and theoretical strength, Cleo still had no idea of how to fight. The mere fact of Alice approaching at full speed made her cower on the floor in a bizarrely pathetic mass of muscles. The "eek!" she produced before dropping made her assailant stop. Alice stared at her in amusement.

"What are you doing? Don't you want to fight?"

"Stop! You're going to hurt me."

"Well, of course. What did you expect?"

"I don't know. Just don't hit me, please."

Alice snorted. How pathetic was this?

"Have you never been in a fight?"

"Well, I was once, when you saved me."

"Yeah. About that ... Well, whatever."

"If you saved me, why do you attack me now? I did what you wanted. I just didn't want you to hurt me."

"And a fat lot of good it did you. For all the muscles you have now, you're still a ridiculous weakling. You really bit off more than you could chew."

"Yes. I'm sorry. I was afraid."

Alice rolled her eyes and helped the bulky woman to her feet. Even though she was a little ridiculous, she did have majestic muscles. Not

bad for someone who probably never even thought about training before this. Cleo started to sob.

"Cleo, Cleo, calm down. I'm not going to hurt you. I was just a little ... surprised by your actions."

"I'm sorry."

The shorter muscle woman rested her head on Alice's gargantuan shoulder and began crying. Alice tried to put her huge arm around Cleo's enormous back, but finally gave up.

"There, there. I won't hurt you. Calm down."

Cleo looked at her from teary eyes.

"Is that true?"

"Yes. Now stop. Please, this is getting on my nerves."

Alice helped her up and said:

"I'm not sure what I should say. I know I was a bit harsh, but it's hard to not grow greedy if you get a shot at realising your dreams."

Cleo sniffled:

"I see. So, what do we do now?"

"Well, first, we're going to get you something to wear. Then, we're going to talk about getting you your job back. After all," she flexed her ridiculous pectorals, "there is still some room to grow."

"You're not serious."

"I'm dead serious. Also, if you plan on staying this big, I'm going to have to train you and I'm not sure I'll be able to keep my hands off you."

"Whoa. That's creepy."

Alice gave her her most intense and insane stare:

"No, it's not. You're going to make me into the most muscular beast ever and you should be glad."

With these words, she shoved her out of the bathroom.

Time to grow.

A week later, Cleo was slowly settling in. She was still unaccustomed to her new body, but she was slowly learning how to get along. The changes had been quite excessive. She had taken a week of leave and was now mentally preparing on how to tell her boss. Her method right now was to ignore the fact and try to clean her apartment. By now, the rooms were almost sterile from permanent work. She now managed to only rarely bump into things and knock down the furniture with her enormously broad shoulders. Being as muscular as the biggest bodybuilder she'd found on the Internet was hard, especially since she hadn't gone through the progressive stages that would have led other people there.

Her clothes were another problem. She basically had to wear those 80ies leotards since getting anything her size would require custom work, for which she seriously lacked the money. Her already meagre pay was being literally eaten up. Since her transformation, she had started to devour ridiculous amounts of food, getting herself banned from another all-you-can-eat every other day. Also, the fast food was making her sick.

On the other hand, Alice's enthusiasm was somewhat contagious. The other woman visited her every day to ask her when she would be able to return to work and get her more of the product, which sort of defeated

the purpose she had had in turning herself into a caricature of a human being. Also, she noticed that since Alice was still training at full force, the drug was still working, albeit at a slower pace. It wouldn't be long before she would catch up on her and then the circle would start again.

Somehow, she had to find a way to free herself of her "friend's" embrace. Alice was constantly pestering her to come training with her and she had resisted, but she saw she would have to eventually. She looked down at her swollen chest and shook her head. What should she do?

The doorbell rang.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, stupid!" Alice. Great. "Let me in, I bought you some new clothes and I have an idea."

Cleo opened the door, careful not to make any sudden movements that would either damage the door or the surrounding furniture.

Alice stood outside, wearing a skintight neck-holder shirt and some shorts. Her pectorals filled the shirt out in such a way that she looked as if she had basketballs stuffed in it. Striated basketballs. The shirt's collar wrapped around her bullish neck, exposing her enormous shoulders and arms. She grinned and threw down a few shopping bags.

Sauntering in, she almost hit the door-frame with her shoulders. Cleo hoped that this human projectile wouldn't break off any part of it.

Alice grabbed her, embraced her and said adoringly:

"So, how is my little muscle sister today? Have you gone out yet?"

"No."

"So you're still moping? Why do you do this? Think about your glorious body! People should be allowed to see it."

"No, they shouldn't. Stop this. Please."

"Ah, I see, you're unhappy, but I can change that."

Cleo sarcastically replied:

"Really?" To herself, she added: "You decided to leave me alone?"

Oblivious to her tone, Alice ushered her along into the living room and dropped on her sofa. The poor thing was already quite battered. Hit by Alice's mass, it groaned and almost broke down. Cleo wanted to stop her, but she was too late. The grinning senior bodybuilder told her:

"Don't fret about your fate. Everything is going to be fine. So come here and let me see you. Have you started training yet? You have to, after all you're going to lose all this."

Cleo sincerely hoped she might. However, Alice just got back up and pushed her "friend" on the couch, grabbing the bags. She stood in front of her and said:

"Listen: I know we're not really on the same page, but you did this to yourself to prove me something and I think I get it. Now you have to roll with it and we have to get you back to your job so you can help me. Got it?"

Cleo mumbled a yes, so Alice threw her the clothes and said:

"You have ten minutes to get ready, then we work out. A big girl can't you shouldn't be such a wimp. If you want your job back, you have to be confident."

With these words, she went into her bathroom and picked up her accessories. When she returned, Cleo was struggling with the over-sized stretch shirt she tried to pull over her head. Alice helped her and said:

"You're hopeless, you know."

Cleo felt denigrated. She really hated her oppressor. Instead of resisting, she followed her outside, now dressed in some rather tight sports' clothes. Alice led the way, proudly swaggering along and showing off her ridiculous body to everybody they met. An older neighbour almost collapsed when she saw the huge woman stride by and a few young men stared in total amazement. Still, Alice basked in their stares and led Cleo to her car. Inside the cramped vehicle, she said:

"You have to learn to enjoy this. This is your life now, so stop trying to hide. You're way too big."

At the gym, Cleo felt the stares of the other members on her. For the first time, it wasn't just disgust, but also some admiration. Of course, most people still looked at her as if she were a freak, but some of the men, most of them muscleheads, gasped a little when they saw her bulky body. She was somehow certain that Alice's presence increased the effect, but she couldn't help feeling a little proud. Over the last years, she had been a wallflower of the worst kind and now, she was at the centre of attention. For a second, she even switched her posture to spread out her shoulders and straighten her back. It felt odd, but good.

Once they were in the training room, Alice put her through the most gruesome of workouts. She had somehow expected her to go easy on her, but no. The madwoman sent her on a circle of pain and sweat. By the time Alice was embarking on her second round, Cleo was just lying there, wishing to die.

Alice grunted as she propped up a bar loaded with ridiculous weights and said:

"Already down? That's early, you know."

"I'm so tired. Everything hurts."

"Come on, don't be such a crybaby! And you wanted to send me away? You wanted to overpower me?"

"I just wanted you to leave me alone."

"I'm so intense, you couldn't keep me away, even if you wanted."

She set down the weights and marched over to her victim, sweat glistening on her engorged muscles. Was she getting bigger again? Alice hoped for it with the aching of a forsaken lover. She said:

"Trust me, you want this." She touched Cleo's huge chest. "You wanted this the first time you saw me. Accept it, my muscles turn you on and so do yours."

"No. I'm not ..."

"Don't make me go Darth Vader on you. If you're so out of breath, maybe you should have invented a stamina-increasing formula too."

"It hurts."

"You should definitely do that once you got your job back. I might need it. Recovery times are way too long."

"I want to go home."

"Shut it. Time for round two!"

As Alice calmly sipped her shake, she saw the stunned Cleo whimper on the floor. What a weakling! Did this pseudo-muscular blob really think she could get such an alpha as Alice to leave her alone? People like her

should accept their position and not try to rise above their station. She snorted, then said:

"Get up. It's time for your proteins."

"I want to die ..."

"What a crybaby. Remember how these guys really wanted to hurt you? Remember how I barely saved you? Imagine what they would have done. And here you are, squirming and acting like the victim you would have been. It's a disgrace."

She almost spit. Cleo managed to sit up and covered there, slumped to create a smallish, somehow depressed boulder of muscle. It was a bizarre contradiction to see her herculean physique and a stance that suggested that she was the most ridiculously weak person on the planet.

Alice shook her head, then handed her the shake and said:

"Your confidence is so low, it's not even funny. Have you even realised how strong you are?"

"I don't know. Pretty strong, I guess. It just doesn't feel like it."

She had a point. Next to Alice's uber-body, Cleo seemed like a wimp. Maybe she should have her compare herself with real men. This might show her what a beast she had actually turned herself into. She said:

"Listen, Cleo. Maybe we should try something else. Clean yourself up, drink your protein and I'll fetch someone who'll help you."

"Okay ..."

Alice sighed and left. She'd pick some standard muscleheads. Maybe they'd give her the confidence a boost by showing her what a monster she actually was. And then, finally, Alice'd get her super-powered muscle drug. And maybe a stamina-increaser. And ...

The next training session was a bit odd. Alice was pumping along gladly, but she couldn't help noticing that all the other people in the room were in a zone of awkwardness. Rich, a huge, bulky monster of a man looked sheepishly at the two titans that were easily moving his maximum. Jamal, one of the local contenders for national championship seemed humiliated by the situation. His friend Shawn was outright aggressive towards the pair. Cleo felt just as bad about this: Standing there in her tight workout clothes made her feel like a bizarre sausage stuffed with muscle. Glancing at the three musclemen, she felt deeply embarrassed. Every time she lifted the barbell, she shot them sheepish looks, hoping to somehow not humiliate them by the easiness with which she went through her repetitions.

Alice shook her head. It was sad but true, most bodybuilders had issues with their self-perception and those three were no exception. She had hoped for them, as being alphas, to be more relaxed and confident, but no, they were just as weak as any others. Apparently, she was the only one hard and true enough for this sport. She heard Cleo ask between sets:

"Am I doing this right, guys? I don't want to do it the wrong way."

Rich came closer and hovered his hands over her massive back.

"You're doing fine, girl. Just keep this straight. Like this ..."

"Thank you. This is really nice of you."

"Good. Just be careful. The exercise works best if done precisely."

She continued, concentrating on the movement. This was great: She could focus on something else than the three hunks in the room that were just blushing along as if they were teenagers. She cursed Alice under her breath. This woman was a horrible person. Whatever she did, it only served to make her life worse.

When they were finally done, Cleo went to the shower. As the warm water relaxed her massive muscles, she felt elated. Somehow, seeing these huge men watch her in disbelief made her feel superior. They were not as big as she had expected. Of course, her perception of her self was a bit off since she hadn't had this enormous body for such a long time, but she was strangely aware that she was bigger, better and stronger than any of them. Also, they seemed to be strangely attracted to her. It had surprised her at first, since she thought that men wouldn't like someone who looked like her, but on the other hand, they were muscle-heads, so they would probably like fit people. Actually, she felt that this Rich guy really appreciated her. He had shot her quite a few glances during the workout and even though he had been reluctant to touch her, she thought he might be interested. The other two guys seemed a bit odd. Jamal seemed to be a little timid, while this Shawn guy was clearly impressed. She wondered whether she should ask one of them out. Now that she was such a huge person, she probably had to be more assertive.

Still, trying to be the dominant person in a relationship seemed wrong for her. She would have preferred one of them to ask her out. She decided to wait.

Once she was out, she heard Alice about her food intake and the amount of mass she was going to put on. Was this woman completely insatiable? What irked her most was the way in which she seemed to see her body as a kind of machine that needed fuel and would just store it as ever larger muscles. She was pretty sure she had read an article about this. Body dysmorphic disorder or something like that.

She heard her say:

"... So yes, I eat seven times a day now. Totally worth it. You couldn't imagine the amount of protein a body like this needs."

Jamal asked:

"But how much more are you going to add? You're already making Ronnie Coleman look like a wimp."

"You think so? Well, I think there's still room for more. I could add a bit to my abs, to even out my pecs. I mean, they are clearly getting overshadowed."

She flexed her chest, making her ridiculous muscles grow until they reached her chin and stood out eight inches.

"A bit unbalanced, don't you think?"

Over the next weeks, Alice's message was slowly taking hold. Cleo was still worried about paying the rent, but Alice consoled her.

"I'll pay for it until you're ready. Thanks to you, I don't have to spend money on 'roids anymore, so you can take that cash."

A bit confused, Cleo thanked her. The intense training her nemesis was putting her through was beginning to show. Her already exaggerated muscles became fuller and tighter, her silhouette became less chubby and more athletic. Over time, her attitude began to change and she occasionally caught herself swaggering proudly the pedestrian area, oblivious to the looks people shot her. Even though she had planned to wear covering clothes in public, she sometimes found them to be too constricting and hot. She then chanced to wear some sunglasses and a scarf to give her some anonymity and would put on one of the skimpy bathing suits Alice had given her and a pareo to go shopping. It was curiously arousing to feel the heat on her supercharged body.

The moment of truth came when Alice invited her to her home. She met her husband, Rob. He was a rather normal guy, rather short and far from the hulking mass of his wife. He seemed to adore her, though. The fact that she was a psychopathic bitch that was hell bent on destroying Cleo's life eluded him completely. Instead, he proved to be a nice guy that took very well to Cleo's body, aroused, but still able to speak coherently. He showed no signs of the disgust that so many people harboured against

her. Instead, he offered her a beer and made some friendly small-talk, hardly addressing the muscle issue at all.

"So, Alice has been training you, hasn't she?"

"Yes. She insisted."

"She can be like this. On the other hand, you need to be strong-willed if you want to succeed in her line of work. This is a sport that doesn't allow for slack discipline."

"She keeps telling me."

"Want a drink? We might have to wait a while for Alice to come back. One of the difficult aspects of bodybuilding is that there is a certain vanity to it."

"I can understand this. I'd love a drink. What have you got?"

"Beer, some coke, lemonade, orange juice, super organic. I might even have a bottle of decent red wine somewhere."

"I'll take the beer, please."

"You share my taste in drinks. I'll be back in a moment."

Cleo sat on the sofa and took in the living room. It was quite nice, with a big sofa, large TV screen, a dinner table and some chairs and a few small details to make it feel more homely. Nothing overdone, no laceocalypse. All in all, Alice and Rob seemed to have a good taste in interior design, something which she hadn't expected thinking of Alice's personality and way of life.

Rob handed her the ice-cold beer and asked whether she would like a glass.

"No, thank you. I prefer to drink it from the bottle. A habit I picked up at the university."

"What did you study?"

"Chemistry and pharmacology."

"I see why Alice might be interested in you."

She smiled unhappily. He was right. He asked:

"And when did you start bodybuilding?"

Cleo hesitated.

"Well ... It's hard to say."

"Ah, an early starter but late riser, just like Alice. Would you imagine that she was actually morbidly obese when I met her? She really turned her life around."

"Wow. Really? That is impressive."

"We met in high school and we've been together since then. Normally, bodybuilder relationships won't last that long, but I just won her over with my calm way of doing things and by cutting her all the slack she needs. Also, I liked her before, but with these muscles, wow."

"I see. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a manager at a logistics company. It's quite stressful, but well-paid in a white collar kind of way. It earns the money Alice needs for her body. The posing and modelling doesn't earn you too much. She used to work as an accountant, but she has stopped to focus on her training. It's been a while now, and it's paying off. What about you?"

"I work as a chemical scientist and engineer at a biotech company."

"You got there to help your bodybuilding?"

"What? Why? No, not at all. This is just ... It's complicated."

"I'm sorry. No problem. So, what were you working on?"

"A muscle building drug."

Rob gave her a confused look. Cleo realised what she had just said and grasped for words to fix the chaos she was producing. Just as she wanted to explain, Alice returned. Cleo stared at her, Rob was grinning stupidly and she could see his cock harden through his trousers. What a pig.

However, Cleo couldn't help admiring her training partner. She strutted into the room, wearing a skintight latex outfit that clung to her huge muscles. It covered her enormous pectorals, but did nothing to hide them. Instead, it drew even more attention to it. Her muscular abs were left uncovered, enhancing the top hourglass shape her enormous back gave her. She also wore some tight hot pants and very high-heeled boots that forced her calves to harden. She grinned and said:

"Not bad, huh? Rob, darling, could you help me? I can't seem to reach around to close the back. My biceps and lats get in the way."

To prove her point, she showed how the overgrown muscles collided.

"And I'm going to get even bigger, so you'll have to continue helping me. Imagine my huge muscles getting so big that I can destroy everything, but I'd still need you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

He practically drooled. Cleo stared at the pair and felt grossed out. They didn't even try to hide their perversion.

Rob got up and closed the top's zipper. He smiled ecstatically and said:

"You are divine."

"Thank you. I aim to surpass myself. Cleo might help me."

Rob turned to her and looked at her hopefully.

"You would?"

Cleo was taken aback. She didn't want to be involved in this whole mess and only wanted to get out of this nest of perverts she had fallen into.

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

The man seemed unhappy.

"Why not?"

"Don't you think it's too much already?"

"Absolutely not. My wife is a goddess and she deserves a body that fits her rank. I don't understand why you are sceptical. Look at yourself."

"This wasn't my plan. It was an accident. A miscalculation."

Alice smiled, walked to her and pulled her up, her tight muscles contracting.

"I don't think so. Deep inside, you wanted this. You saw me and you were enticed. You were seduced by my grotesque enormity."

"No ..."

"Don't deny it. You're not the first one. But trust me on this: Your current body is quite seducing by itself."

With these words, she planted a kiss on Cleo's lips and laid her hands on the younger woman's hips. Twisting her torso, she laid her breastless, enormous pectorals on hers and kissed her again. Her hands caressed her obliques, her laterals and she embraced her, their humongous muscles squeezing against each other. Cleo wanted to escape, but she found the other woman's embrace to be hard as steel. Alice gave her a seducing look.

"You ache for the confidence to kiss me. To touch me. To be like me. Maybe you need to understand the admiration first."

Before Cleo could react, Alice was upon her, touching her powerful arms and her wide back. As she hesitated, she suddenly felt Rob's touch on her muscular body. What was going on?

Alice moaned:

"You can't believe how good this feels. It's hard for me to find someone muscular enough to make me feel envious."

Rob joined in:

"You're gorgeous, Cleo. I love my wife, but your body is a true wonder. You feel so innocent and shy, yet so powerful."

Cleo almost panicked as the two muscle-freaks began touching her, caressing her, loving her. At first, it was odd and discomfoting, but slowly, it changed. Their feelings were earnest and they were experts at what they were doing. They followed each muscular furrow, each hill and valley that her bulky body offered and gasped and moaned in admiration. Eventually, Cleo accepted it.

She found herself led to the bedroom, stripped of her clothes and lured on the mattress. Soon, Rob was in his underwear too, he eventually lost even that and Alice rubbed her massive body against hers. She felt the latex squeak and groan, smelled its weird odour and found herself touched, held and kissed. Slowly, the touches became licks, the holds became locks and struggles and the kisses became bites and suckles. By the time she even attempted to understand, she was caught in a

whirlwind of passion and realised that her "friend"'s power and ruthlessness was far beyond hers.

She found herself held on the bed as Rob licked her enormous arms and gasped as Alice thrust her tongue in her snatch, proving her that she had trained every single muscle in her body.

Sometime later, Cleo woke up. It was dark outside, the crickets were calling and a gentle breeze was blowing in through the window. In the garden, she could see the fireflies blink and flitter. She looked around and found Rob lying awkwardly on the bed, half covered by Alice's huge body. The bed was crowded, the two huge muscle women taking up most of the room with their broad and bulky bodies. She spotted Alice's latex clothes on the floor and the lamp. In her passion, she must have thrown it there.

Cleo got up, trying not to send the bed quivering, but there was no point. Moving such a mass resulted in a wild shake which the sleeping pair gladly ignored. Alice began snoring gently, producing a cute little mumbbling as she slept. Rob grunted and tried turning over, but found himself locked under his wife. Half-sleeping, he twisted around and came to sleep in an oddly curled-up position. He'd be aching in the morning.

The young woman disappeared in the bathroom. She stared in the full-length mirror, once again surprised and shocked by her enormous body. However, she began to feel a certain comfort in it. Somehow, she wondered what she'd look like if she took up Alice's training regime. Tentatively, she flexed her arm, making the enormous, handball-sized biceps collide with her forearm. She gasped. This unnatural body was ridiculous, but it was also impressive. Maybe ...

After she took a slash, she walked outside on the terrace. She was naked and looked out into the night. Alice and Rob's home looked out into the

wooded hills that surrounded the city. Cleo felt a certain calm as she watched the trees sway gently in the wind. She walked out into the garden, the soft grass under her feet. Without thinking, she wandered off, soon disappearing in the woods. Somehow, the nature around her soothed her, making her feel relaxed and serene. The stress of her work-related problems, her social anxiety and the physical changes melted away. She never fancied herself to be an outdoors person, but her metamorphosed body had changed her outlook.

Eventually, she reached a clearing in which a small booth had been set up. During the day, the owner sold sandwiches and drinks to hungry and thirsty wanderers. He had clearly forgotten to take his trash with him, since a large and hungry bear was working his way through the plastic bags. The animal ignored her. Cleo looked at it, surprised by the beast's presence. Suddenly, it turned around and looked at her. She didn't have the slightest idea of what to do. The bear left the trash heap and walked leisurely towards her. The naked woman was transfixed. What should she do?

Soon, the bear was close to her, not more than ten feet away and looked at her with its inscrutable expression. Cleo stood her ground. For some reason, she wasn't afraid. She didn't even care about the animal, somehow certain that it wouldn't be able to hurt her. She honestly had no idea on what she based her assumption. From all she had heard, bears were dangerous animals, which were almost unstoppable and very hard to predict. Still, she took comfort in the fact that she was probably as heavy as the beast and certainly more muscular. It looked at her, approached her and sniffed at her. Cleo remained relaxed. She was certain she could just lift it up and throw it, should it attack. Eventually, the bear decided she was too dangerous a foe and retreated. It walked away from her, careful not to show her its back. The muscular woman started to smile. The beast was actually afraid of her. It was not a fear that would provoke it to attack. She had simply cowed it with her

sudden sense of certainty that she was its superior. As the bear fled the clearing, she said to herself:

"I had no idea I was this terrifying."

Somehow, she only now realised it was cold and started walking back to the house. As she was stumbling through the now dark wood, she slowly came to "feel" her strength. It was odd. Until now, she had felt as if she was a tiny person somehow "driving" her now enormous body, but after the encounter with the animal, she felt herself for the first time since her transformation. Maybe Alice was right and being a monstrously muscular woman was actually something you might want.

Then next morning, the pair found Cleo lying on the couch. She mustn't have given the most dignified of displays, but when she woke up, it was to the smell of fresh bacon, buns and eggs. Trying to remember where she was, Cleo dropped on the floor, finding herself face to feet with Alice. The taller muscle-woman asked:

"What happened to you? Why did you make dirty footprints all over the place?"

She seemed more confused than angry, so Cleo answered dutifully:

"I was in the forest and faced down a bear. Must have forgotten to clean my feet afterwards." After a while, she added: "Sorry. About the footprints. Everywhere."

Alice dismissed her excuses:

"Whatever. There's breakfast ready. Do you want some?"

After some early morning fooling around, Cleo and Alice went to the gym. The younger woman had decided to try it again, this time more seriously. Soon, she was hitting the weights hard, edging close to Alice's level. When she was done, she stood in front of the mirror, flexing her enormous arm and turning to the three male companions. She smiled as her massive biceps hit her forearm and said:

"Whoa. Look at this! I wonder how big I can make it."

When she heard this, Alice couldn't help punching the air and whispering "yes!". The men were rather shocked and confused.

Over the next days, Alice watched Cleo train and push herself ever harder. Her clothes started to show her growing confidence and she even caught her photographing herself with her phone. Eventually, she asked Rich out. The young man was clearly surprised but agreed. This was the moment when Alice decided to pop the question.

As she was helping Cleo prepare herself for the rendezvous, she asked:

"Say, when are you going to return to your job? After all, you sort of left, without ever telling them anything. Shouldn't you call them?"

Cleo blushed:

"They tried calling me and sent me e-mails, but I felt unsure of what to do, so I sort of ignored them."

"So?"

"I don't know. Maybe I should just go there and tell them everything."

"Why don't you?"

"I sort of stole stuff from the lab and disobeyed every security protocol in the book. Just showing up and acting like nothing happened is not going to do me much good."

"Yes, but you have something to show for yourself. After all, your drug works, doesn't it?"

"It worked two times. Without actual double-blind testing. I basically endangered both you and me. This is actually criminal. It's a wonder nothing worse happened. We could both have died."

"But we didn't. You had a breakthrough, so tell them!"

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

Alice walked around her and looked her deep in the eyes:

"I think that's an excellent idea and I'm going to come with you. We're the living proofs of your genius, so we should tell them! Think about it, you're months away from the Nobel prize."

"The Nobel prize? You're exaggerating."

"Is this arm exaggerated?"

Alice popped her biceps, thereby ending the argument.

Cleo met Rich at a restaurant he suggested. She was fine with that, her career as a researcher had prevented her from enjoying the finer things in life and this was one of the finest. She had no idea where he took the money from, but she didn't care either. He waited for her at the door, wearing a simple but surprisingly well-fitting suit and a clearly tailor-made shirt. He had dispensed with the tie, making this a relaxed occasion for getting to know each other. Alice had organised a dress for her friend. The outfit did its best to give her a feminine silhouette and it did work in a way. It covered her non-existent breasts and exaggerated her butt in order to give her a certain hourglass-look, while at the same time allowing for a more harmonious presentation of her shoulders. Large jewellery further enhanced her look. Finding herself to be a big woman now, Cleo had been forced to abandon all her stuff for her former, smallish self.

He took her hand when she arrived and said:

"So nice to see you. You look splendid. Even better than in your workout clothes."

She blushed a little and said:

"They're hardly flattering."

"You don't need flattery."

He grinned and she couldn't help giggling. He led her to the reception, then guided her behind the waiter, who brought them to their table.

Soon, they were enjoying themselves tremendously. Cleo tried to explain her line of work and was surprised to find an interested listener. She had taken Rich for a ridiculous muscle-head, but no. He turned out to be a former nerd turned bodybuilder and actually asked questions that showed both his understanding and his wit. She was amazed.

For himself, Rich was having a great evening. He loved the way she laughed at his puns and jokes and was surprised by her confidence in his taste. Still, he did his best to please.

Eventually, he paid the bill and asked her what to do next. She declined a dance and added:

"Maybe a little ... privacy?"

They arrived at his flat a little later. As he unlocked the door, she saw he had somewhat expected her visit. Everything was spick and span. He led her in and asked her whether she wanted a drink. Cleo said yes but was momentarily unable to say what she preferred. In the end, she got a glass of diet coke and sat on his couch. She took a sip from the straw and said:

"Thank you. It's not very fashionable, but all the wine just goes to my head."

She blushed and smiled awkwardly. Rich nodded, took a sip himself and replied:

"You're not alone. I don't normally drink alcohol. I should have asked beforehand."

"No problem. It's okay. I really enjoyed the evening."

She could see he was a little drunk and, well, he wasn't alone. She put the glass down and said:

"You said you were a nerd, but this flat says, I don't know, broker. Where is all the stuff?"

Now it was his moment to blush. He laughed and answered:

"I usually put it away when I go on a date. Girls don't understand it. Usually."

She put her hand in his.

"But I do."

He nodded sheepishly and put his glass on the table.

"I like that about you."

"Me too."

"I never met a woman like you. It's like a dream."

Her blushing now became a scarlet overload and she bit her lip.

"It's cool. It's like ... like in a movie."

She leaned forward and kissed him. Their tongues interlocked, she drew away and said:

"Like a romantic comedy, only with fewer interruptions."

"And more muscles."

She began unbuttoning his shirt.

Getting out of their clothes was a little awkward. After all, the pair was a testament to weightlifting and the joys of being massively muscular. When they finally managed to be naked, they were both impressed. Cleo had seen Rich train and she was quite aware of what he looked like, but she was still amazed. He had a hulking body, powerful and muscular, but without the distortions usually associated with heavyweight bodybuilding. For him, it was just as surprising. While he had taken care to build an athletic body, Cleo had just piled on mass. She was huge, easily bigger than him although he was taller. He stared at her enormous body, her broad and overloaded shoulders, her enormous pectorals and the sad remains of her small and perky breasts. Her abdominals jutted out, her obliques gave her a kind of swollen waist and her legs were tree-trunk-like enormities. He had never seen anyone like this outside of morphs and drawings on the Internet.

She smiled shyly and put her hands on his pecs.

"Wow."

He was still staring at her as if in a trance. He had decided to do this for Alice at first, but now, he was confused. Originally he had discovered his homosexuality as a young man. Then, he had found out he loved muscle-men. Joining a gym and becoming a heavyweight bodybuilder had been his path to meeting people who shared his tastes. But this woman was something else. She was so muscular none of his idols or former lovers might have a chance. She was a geek, she was funny, she laughed at his jokes. Her only problem was that she was a woman. He was in love. He would see whether love could overcome things as trivial as gender.

They managed to stumble into the bedroom, the kisses and caresses slowing them down. Rich led the hulking woman to his bed, smiling as he realised that her muscles were even larger as she lay down. Her back was so over-developed, her head didn't touch the mattress when rested on it. She grinned and said:

"I've had to sleep on my tummy for a while now. I use a big pillow to support my head."

Her chest was just as thick. He couldn't keep his eyes of her ridiculous pectorals. Absentmindedly, he pulled on a condom and climbed on the bed. As their pecs touched, he felt the resistance the rock-hard muscles offered. His cock became even harder. She smiled and embraced him, wrapping her enormous arms around him. He felt somewhat like a child in her grasp. As she caressed him, he heard her mumble:

"Wow. You're so manly. Your arms, your chest, wow. I like this."

He kissed her, hoping to drown out her voice. The contrast was too hard for him to bear. The girly voice, the enormous body, far beyond the idea of masculinity or femininity. Slowly, she shifted her hips and managed to find his cock. Breaking away from the kiss, she said:

"Come on. Put it in. Fuck me."

The last words were almost whispered. He could feel her bulging legs touch his, moving up to his hips as he started pounding at her. He began slowly, giving her time to adjust. Instead, he found her holding him with her kegel and soon, she was moaning and breathing heavily. He increased his speed, rubbing his abdominals against the brick-wall that covered her abdomen. Her moans became grunts, she gasped and sighed, ordering him to work her harder.

He did what he could and soon, he found her tensing up. Suddenly, she relaxed, contracted again, relaxed. He felt her power grasp him and somehow had to come as she was shivering through a series of slow, increasingly powerful orgasms. Her grunts turned into a low howling as she came, almost crushing him between her arms and legs. Somehow,

he managed to come, almost afraid she would simply squish him in her vice-like grip.

When she finally released him, he rolled off her enormous body and took some time to catch his breath. This woman was insane. He wasn't sure, but she must have enjoyed it. In some way, he also did. Before he could deepen the thought, she had rolled over to him and lain her hyper-muscular arm on his hairless chest.

"That was awesome. I've never had sex like this. You're incredible."

Rich swallowed. Whatever did Alice get him into?

The next morning, Cleo decided it was time. She somehow felt she was now able to accept the changes she had gone through and wanted to return to work. After all, science was her passion, so not working made her feel bad. With Rich still lying next to her, she took her phone out of her handbag and called her boss. It took a while for him to answer, but when he did, he was very enthusiastic about it:

"Cleo, is that you? We've all been worried! We called, we called your parents, the hospital, everything! How are you?"

"I'm fine, Rodrigo. I was just a little ... sick. I really couldn't call."

"What? Couldn't you at least have sent us a message or a mail?"

"No, I'm really sorry. But I'm back now."

"Good. Is there anything we can do for you?"

"No, no, I'm coming right ... Wait. There is something. I wouldn't mind working at night from now on, if it's possible. It's for my condition."

"Condition?"

"Yes. That's what kept me home."

"What is it?"

"It's hard to explain. The doctors offered to name it after me."

"What? Oh my God. What does it do?"

"It's ... it's ... very complicated."

"Okay. If you say so. Well, I'm looking forward to having you back and I hope you'll be better soon. If there's anything we can do to help, just tell us."

"Thank you very much. It's just that it might be contagious. The doctors don't know yet. So it would be best if I could just work alone for the time being. I'll know what's up pretty soon, I guess."

"Whatever. That's all fine by me, of course. Just bring a medical certificate so I can have you work without the insurance breathing down my back."

Shit. Cleo realised she had hopelessly overdone it. What could she do?

"That's no problem. I'll just call my doctor and he'll certify whatever you need."

"Really?" Cleo was surprised. Rich had surly recommended her to call Alice and this had proven to be a very good idea.

"Sure. He's my personal doctor and he only does horrible and very special diseases."

"What do you mean?"

"Before your incredible invention, I had to take a lot of stuff to build my body. A lot of, well, illegal stuff. Turns out it isn't all too illegal if you need it as a therapy. It's just like those weightlifters that suffer from diabetes. They get all the insulin they need and it isn't doping."

"You mean you're not really sick."

"I'm not too sure. But the drugs certainly help. Anyway. The doc sort of owes me a favour, so I doubt he'll be too hard on you. Just remind him of Montreal."

"What happened at Montreal?"

"None of your business. Just tell him, he'll understand."

"Okay. Thank you."

"No problem. Just make sure you get back to work soon. There's still some room to grow."

"I'll do my best."

"That's the spirit."

Alice hung up and stuffed the phone back into her handbag. She really enjoyed manipulating everyone around her. It was just something that proved her supremacy and made her life easier. Now, with Cleo's help, she'd build a perfect body and, who knows, maybe then there would be more to do. She smiled to herself as she walked to the cash desk.

In the evening, Cleo arrived at the lab. She wore some covering clothes to conceal her bulk and tried to look inconspicuous. She quickly stepped into her bosses' office and put the medical certificate on his desk. He'd find it there the next day. It had been ridiculously easy to get Alice's doctor to write this. Just mentioning "Montreal" made him work faster. Thinking about it, she shook her head. Once the administrative part was done, she walked to her office, switched on the computer and spent the next hours cleaning out her mailbox. Once she was done, she returned to her notes and tried to pick up her train of thought.

When she left eight hours later, her head was swimming. Combining her project with the information her colleagues had sent her meant that her idea was viable and that she would be able to expand on it.

When she returned home, she was horribly tired, but instead of just being allowed to drop on her mattress and sleep, she was greeted by Alice. She sat on Cleo's sofa, wearing a skintight latex outfit similar to the one she had worn on the day Cleo had met her husband. She asked:

"So, how was it? How is science?"

"I'm sorry, I'm really tired. Can we talk tomorrow?" She paused for a moment. "How did you get in?"

"I have my ways. So, tell me: How soon can you make more muscle growth stuff? The championships are approaching and I want to make first place forever."

"I just barely started working. It'll take a while. Could I now please go to sleep?"

Alice got up and stood in front of her. Cleo could smell the latex and the sweat.

"You may. But don't forget: I need this soon."

With these words, she left.

Cleo shivered involuntarily.

Over the next week, Cleo delved into her work and soon recovered the loose ends she had left. She soon began working on perfecting her process. The colleagues seemed to be moderately interested in her work, after all, the animal testing yielded little evidence. This was due to the fact that Cleo focused on the theoretical concept behind it all and tried to keep the dosages low. She didn't want to expose herself early

on. Actually, the tent-like clothes she wore to work hid her body quite efficiently.

Soon, she was ready with a new batch of her product. The new chemical was more efficient and its effects more persistent. She had spent all her downtime thinking about it in the back of her head and now, she finally could apply it. Now that she was done, she had to think about her situation again. If she gave it to Alice, she probably would continue harassing her until she finally killed herself by overdoing it. She'd have her death on her conscience. Cleo was pretty certain that Alice would continue growing her muscles until she literally choked on them.

At the same time, she knew she had no chance to outfight the much more experienced older woman. Finally, she began to understand the muscle-lust herself. Maybe she could find a way to protect herself from her oppressor.

She returned to her work.

After a few days of experimenting, Cleo suddenly had an epiphany. She brushed aside the papers that littered her desk, launching them across the room involuntarily. She had once again misjudged her own rather superhuman strength. She took a few moments to remind herself of what she actually wanted to do, but then, she quickly grabbed a pencil, snapped it in two and took another one, jotting down her idea. Within seconds, the paper filled with squiggles, text and sketches. Making the office chair groan, she leaned back, looked at the ceiling and suddenly exclaimed "yes!".

The next day, Rich got a call. He was just finishing his work when he saw Cleo's name flash on his phone. He wondered what she wanted now. Their relationship, if one wanted to call it this, was basically a fuckfest. Honestly, he much preferred to spend his time with his friends, but he frequently found himself thinking of her enormous body. As he thought

of her, his dick became hard. He shifted his position and answered her call.

"Hi! How is my muscle-beast today?"

"What?"

"I meant, how are you?"

"I'm fine. What was that?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. What do you want?"

"I wanted to ask you whether you could come over to my place. I may need a little help with some things. Could you bring some weights?"

"Why?"

"I just don't want to do this at the gym, so please, could you just bring a couple of pounds worth of iron?"

"Sure. Anything else?"

"Some food. Protein. Everything. The works."

"What are you up to?"

"I don't want to talk too long here. Everybody is here now and I've got to sneak out soon. Also, I haven't slept in two days. But I guess you'll like it."

"What the hell ..."

"Just do it!"

He put down the phone and shrugged. Whatever. The worst that could happen was more fucking. Why not?

Rich arrived at Cleo's flat a good hour later. The traffic was crazy, people were just trying to kill each other. By the time he walked up the stairs, he was quite tired and angry. He found the door to the flat open and let himself in.

"Cleo?"

The living room was dark and most of the furniture had been moved to the sides. In the middle of it, lying on the carpet, was a huge mass of something.

"Cleo?"

There was a moaning from the lump on the floor. He walked closer and crouched down. Was this Cleo?

"Hey, girl? What's up?"

She rolled around, landing on her back. He breathed with relief.

"How are you? What happened?"

She looked at him tiredly and said:

"I haven't slept for quite a while now, but I just had to try. Wanna see?"

"Wanna see what?"

Suddenly, she propelled herself to her feet. She landed awkwardly, but balanced herself out quickly. She looked at him and he realised she was almost as tall as him now. That was odd. Before that, she had always reached to his chest, now she was almost at eye-level.

"What happened?"

"I did some extra work I had been thinking about. It worked. Lucky."

"Lucky? Why? What did you do?"

"You could call it the Klingonifier."

"What? The ... what does this have to do with Star Trek?"

"You know how Klingons have backup organs and all kinds of tricks up their sleeves to be better fighters?"

"Yes ..."

"This."

"How could this even ... You're not going to grow a spiny ridge on your forehead, are you?"

"Probably not."

"Probably? Are you crazy? Did you even test that?"

"Well ... Not really. But it worked."

He grabbed her by her enormous shoulders and shook her. Or at least tried to. He hesitated, then said:

"But why?"

"I don't want Alice to bully me anymore."

He stared at her. It finally all made sense. Oh yes. That would be cool.

She led him by the hand, taking all the stuff he had brought from him as if it were nothing. Once everything was stowed away, she took the protein and asked him to help her prepare it. He was surprised by the amount of stuff she mixed and asked:

"What are you up to now?"

"I'm going to finish what I started. My body is the foundation, now I will make it powerful enough to stand up to Alice."

Rich nodded slowly. He thought about the gargantuan woman in front of him that began gorging herself on proteins and wondered what would happen next. He could feel his cock harden, thinking about her muscles. Somehow, all this felt horribly odd. Spending years to come to terms with his sexuality, he once again found himself doubting. Why did she have to do this to him?

He shrugged and helped her stuff herself. This was getting weirder and weirder. He seriously hoped that neither his parents nor his friends would hear of this. Once she was done, she brought a huge set of pre-filled syringes and said:

"I really hate needles and I had to do this to myself last time, but I can't reach around to my back anymore, so you'll have to help me."

"What does it do?"

"It makes me much stronger. You'll see." She looked down at his tenting trousers. "And you'll love it."

They went to work.

Fifteen minutes later, Rich added the last syringe. He squeezed it inside her right trapezius. Cleo asked:

"Done?"

"Done!"

"Cool. I still feel a little odd, but I think it will work. Will you spot for me?"

"I ... sure."

She quickly loaded all the weights they found in the flat on a bar and said:

"Let's get pumped."

She laid down on the bench, but suddenly stopped. She said:

"Wait. If I do this now, I'll just wreck my clothes. Do you mind?"

Rich gawked at her as she quickly pulled off her already stretchy clothes and exposed her muscular body. Once again, the young man had to fight with himself. He saw her reveal her over-muscled, hyper-powerful body, covered in large, swollen muscles and marvelled at her proud, breastless pectorals. She might be a woman, but she was beyond his imagination. And now, she would get even bigger. He took up position at the head of the bench and she got to work. Careful at first, she soon pushed up the enormous barbell and pumped out rep after rep. Soon, she was sweating like crazy, grunting and moaning with every further push.

Finally, she stopped and switched to another exercise. Step by step, she went through a complete body workout. Rich had trained a lot in his life, but watching Cleo do in one thing what he usually did in a week intimidated him. By the time she had finished, she was covered in sweat. She smiled at him, an expression of absolute tiredness on her face.

"Whoa. That was a lot."

By now, it was evening. She stared at him and said:

"I'll probably ..."

She fell over like a rock. He jumped forward and tried to catch her and was pulled down by her weight. He landed on her sweaty body and tried to get back up, when he noticed the strange shivering movement under her skin.

Rich struggled to get away from her and saw that she was now in a sort of tremor. It was really odd to watch. Was she having a cramp? Had they overdone it? After all, the human body wasn't meant for such a stress.

Honestly, watching her humongous body, he really wondered whether anybody should be so ridiculously huge. However, he suddenly realised she was alive and conscious. Amid the shivering, he heard her wince:

"Oh my God. Oh my God! It's working. It's working! Get a mirror!"

He ran out and carried in the full-length thing she had in her bedroom. She grunted, shook and squealed as the movement intensified. Suddenly, the 'waves' of her muscles overlapped and with a bizarre, unreal organic sound, her body contracted and became tighter and tighter. She screamed as the compression pushed the air out of her lungs. He could see that every single muscle-fibre pressed against the skin, contracting, twisting and thickening.

She howled in pain as her huge body turned harder and harder.

Then, with a surprising quickness, the contractions reversed themselves and her body blew up into a hugely bulky mass. She whooped in delight. However, before she could realise what was happening, the process once again reversed and she found herself squeezed again.

Rich stared in horror and fascination at the young woman growing ever more muscular with every repetition. When the effects of the drug finally subsided, she lay there, completely exhausted. She had this weird grin on her face, her body glistening with sweat. She looked at him groggily and asked:

"See anything you like?"

He helped her up as good as he could and stared at her. She was now a good thing wider than him, her arms resting on her powerful lats. He grinned stupidly as she looked down at her enormous, blocky pecs that gave her a ridiculously overwrought muscle-cleavage. She gasped and said:

"Wow. That's a bit more than I expected. Check this out."

She lifted her arm and flexed. Strands of muscle contracted, pushing out her biceps. The whole arm detonated into a mass of sinuous muscle.

"Get the tape measure."

Rich almost flew to pick it up. His hands shaking, he slung the tape around her engorged arm and proclaimed:

"36 inches. I know people whose chest is smaller than this."

She grinned and said:

"Oh yes. Now watch this!"

With a shrug, she went into a most-muscular pose. Shockingly, her muscles expanded even further. She felt her chest and arms almost interlock and squealed with delight as her body formed a mountain of muscle.

By this moment, Rich had all but forgotten this person's gender. All he could think of was muscles, muscles and more muscles. He grunted weirdly and just started caressing her, tracing the lines of her enormous body and salivating like a mad dog. Cleo was surprised at first, but then just realised that the muscularity and power of her new self just made her as horny. She grabbed him, lifted the muscle-man and just carried him to her bed, stripping him of his clothes as she walked.

She put the naked man down on the mattress and grinned mischievously as he stared at her in deep lust. He tried to get back up and touch her, but she locked his wrist in her steel-like grip and said:

"Wait a second, big man."

She threw his arm down, climbed on the bed and stood there, legs apart like a colossus. She bent down, grabbed him and pulled him up, lifting his crotch effortlessly to her mouth.

"Close your eyes."

Rich did as ordered, trying hard not to fall down and maintaining his balance. While he struggled not to drop back down on the mattress, he could feel her tongue on his cock. Her lips closed around his shaft, she licked and swirled around it. He gasped and tried to keep calm, desperate not to fail her. Suddenly, she switched her hands and held him up with one, stroking his balls with the other one. Just how strong was this titaness?

Cleo worked Rich's cock. She still couldn't believe what she was doing. She never even would have dared doing something as insane as this. She held him up like a muscly puppet, wondering how she even did that. Touching his genitals was another novelty. She had done this before, of course, but not like this. Never like this. And yet there she was, squeezing his balls and making him squeal. Then, with a sudden stroke of inspiration, she pushed her finger up his ass. It felt wrong, but somehow also right. Instantly, Rich exploded into her mouth. She couldn't even take him out of her mouth in time and even once she did, he still continued unloading his cum all over her. Then, with a surprising heaviness, he dropped back, bouncing off comically on the mattress. He lay there, mumbling incoherently, only occasionally opening his eyes to sneak a peek at his ravisher.

Cleo was about to ask him what was going on when the door of the flat opened.

"Cleo? Are you there? Is my stuff ready?"

Alice.

Cleo tried to answer, but the cum was still running down her nose, lips and chin, so she awkwardly managed a "wadafukayoudoinere?", then Alice switched on the light. She looked at Rich, looked at Cleo and said:

"So, when did you decide you would call me later? What kind of a friend are you?"

Cleo almost wanted to reply that she was no friend at all, but kept quiet and wiped her face with a hastily found cleanex. She looked at Rich, who was crestfallen and turned to Alice.

"I was busy. I wanted to test it and it did work. Only the best for you."

Alice gave her a long look, only now realising how outrageously built her former puny student was. As Cleo got up, she realised that the girl was also taller than her now. Alice kept her cool and said:

"That stuff must be awesome. I want some. Now."

"Now?"

"Now. I'm really looking forward to it."

Cleo looked down on her. It felt odd, but she somehow enjoyed it.

"Well, I've got news for you. I'm still busy. I'll call you when it's ready."

Alice almost choked for a second, but instead, she just did a step forward and pushed Cleo away. Normally, she might as well have hit a brick wall, but Alice knew deep down that Cleo was just a little girl in a Hulk body. She posed no threat. Indeed, Cleo stumbled back for maybe half a step. Alice grinned:

"Now would be fine. And don't waste your time on Gaylord over there."

Rich squirmed. Cleo asked:

"His name's Rich. Why Gaylord?"

"Well, because he's gay. Didn't you notice?"

Cleo was confused.

"What do you mean? But we were ..." She turned to Rich who tried to shrink away. "You're gay?"

He hesitated:

"Well ... yes ... Is that a problem?"

"It's just because I'm a woman. What just happened, then?"

Rich shrugged:

"I'm gay, yes, but I like muscles more than anything. Men, women ... muscles are king."

"So you only care about these?"

She flexed her enormous arm. Her soccer ball-sized biceps collided with her traffic-cone forearm. Alice's jaw dropped. Rich's erection returned.

Cleo wanted to say something, but she only managed:

"But I thought ... I thought ... I believed you ... but I really ..."

Rich got up and tried to soothe her:

"I really like you. You're cool and you're nice and you're funny."

"But?"

"But, it's just, can't we be friends?"

Alice grinned. Just as planned. All these weaklings. They never realised that strength came from within. With a couple of well-chosen words, she sent Rich away and put her arm against, not around Cleo's enormous shoulders. She comforted her, made her calm down and eventually got her to say yes.

The now shorter muscle-woman complimented herself. Somehow, it was sad she wasted her time on this. She could have been president with her

skill. Hell, she could make herself into the dictator of some backwater country. Maybe ...

After Cleo had calmed down, the pair found itself in her kitchen. The room, which might once have been spacious enough for half a dozen people, now seemed crowded. Alice made Cleo a cup of coffee. As the more muscular girl sipped it, her manipulator said:

"I tried to warn you, but you were so busy we hardly could talk."

"I hate him. Why did he do this to me?"

"I don't know. Men. They don't understand feelings that don't come from their cocks."

"I guess you're right. I should have trusted you."

What was she doing? Cleo was annoyed. The revelation about Rich had come as a shock, but he had been honest. Alice, on the other hand ...

Her 'friend' took her own cup and asked:

"Say, do you have more of the stuff?"

"The coffee?"

"No, silly, the product. You look like a monster. I'm really impressed and want some too. Also, you're really tall now. What did you do?"

"I improved the formula and added some features. Want a show?"

"Sure."

"Come over."

Cleo motioned Alice to come over. She led her to her enormous breastless pectorals and said:

"Listen."

Alice put her ear against the girl's massive chest. She blinked. What was going on? She could hear two hearts beating. She looked up at Cleo and asked:

"What's going on?"

"I call it 'Klingonification'. It makes me a better fighter and a much tougher person. Want to see?"

The fact that Cleo hesitated and telegraphed her moves due to her inexperience gave Alice the edge she needed to survive. The taller woman had to make up her mind and decided to show her acquaintance what she thought of her tricks. However, when she tried to grab her, Alice ruthlessly dodged her, tumbled around her and attacked herself. She slammed her fist into Cleo's side, but merely realised that her opponent's body was hard as steel. Still, the bigger they come, the harder they fall.

Cleo was now quicker, indeed, and her blows came at literal break-neck speed, but she was still no trained fighter. Years of wrestling experience, on the other hand, turned out to be useful. Suddenly, Alice grabbed Cleo's wrist and twisted her arm. She was surprised to see her opponent to quickly move her arm in an unnatural way and free herself. Cleo grinned:

"Sorry. Not this time."

Alice nodded and said:

"Fine, then."

With a sudden burst of energy, Alice evaded her attacker and, using the cramped environment, forced her against the kitchen sink. She grabbed Cleo by the neck and started choking her. Once again, she was surprised

by her former friend's resistance. She squeezed and squeezed, trying to overcome her powerful neck muscles. Cleo just stood up, lifting her assailant and reaching behind her to tear her off. However, Alice added to her attack and wrapped her legs around her opponent's waist. With a sudden jerk, she forced the air from her lungs and locked her head. Cleo was alarmed. She tried to react, but there was no point. She felt everything go black. Then, finally, she collapsed.

Alice got up and recovered her breath. She decided against tying her foe up, it was pointless anyway, and looked for the muscle growth serum. She found it in the fridge, next to the Klingonification serum. She grinned. Quickly, she put all the chemicals in a freeze-bag and walked out, eager to try the stuff at home. When she walked down the stairs, she bumped into Rich, who was just walking in circles outside.

She grinned triumphantly at him and added:

"Thank you for your help. You've been perfect. You should have been an actor."

He gave her a gloomy look. She continued:

"Don't worry. I'll leave you alone from now on. Will you come and watch my next show? I hope you will. I'm ready to be the champion of champions. Forever!"

When Cleo came back to, she was really frustrated. All her work had been for nothing. Worse than that, the situation had actually become even more catastrophic. Instead of freeing herself of Alice's control, she had provided her with means to make herself even more domineering. If only she had gone through with her original plan of actually poisoning the drug she had invented, but she just didn't dare. Also, this was deeply criminal and an utterly heinous act. She would do something like this. Never.

Still, she had to find a way to regain her freedom. First, she had to clear her head. She went into the shower and washed. As she returned, she dried herself and looked down to the street. She could see this liar and traitor, Rich, still fussing about. No chance. This guy was dead to her. She sneered and finished drying herself. She had to use a towel on a stick for her back, but she still enjoyed it. Being a muscle-monster had its drawbacks and very few advantages. This was when she realised she had nothing to wear. Not that she thought that covering such a godlike body was actually necessary, but it might be useful.

She thought about her options. In the end, the only way was to order stuff on the internet. She eventually found a website that sold bodybuilder outfits. She looked around, checking for someone her size. This was no small task, in the truest sense of the word. She soon abandoned the female section and checked the male models.

Suddenly, she recognised someone. Cleo cocked her head. Was this one of the guys who had attacked her, months ago. She looked more closely. She squinted.

YES. It was him. She sent a quick message to the company, while also ordering some of the large-size clothes.

Time to clear things up.

As soon as she was home, Alice tore her clothes off and fetched the rubbing alcohol from her bathroom. She quickly moved the furniture away and sauntered back into the kitchen to get her protein. Then, she checked the medication she had taken from Cleo. She had no idea how this was supposed to work, but she thought it couldn't be very complicated. Up until now, Cleo had always done things efficiently. She decided to take the risk and just ride the Klingonifier. She wondered what would happen.

She rubbed her injection site with alcohol, checked the syringe and shot herself up. The idea of growing a few inches like her 'friend' had, made her all giddy. Alice sat down slowly to enjoy the effect. She carefully arranged her legs so she could sit down and waited.

All of a sudden, she cramped all over. She could feel something happening and it wasn't good. Her chest felt tight and really bad. She shivered as she felt that her skin seemed to crawl. Was this how it was supposed to work? She hoped that she hadn't done something wrong.

Then, finally, she could feel her body stretch and burn. She lost consciousness.

Rob came home in the evening. He took off his jacket, threw his suitcase and keys into the cupboard he had built for this purpose years ago, shook off his shoes and found his Birkenstocks. He walked inside the living room, found the furniture all over the place and his unconscious wife in the middle of it. Rob's eyes went wide, he jumped over the sofa blocking the doorway and ran to her. He dropped down and checked whether she was breathing. She was. Good. Next, he tried to wake her. He pinched her, but found it hard to even move her skin. Something odd was going on. Should he call an ambulance?

Best not. He didn't want any more trouble with the police. She had a history of abuse of performance enhancing drugs, so getting the law involved would only make everything worse. Seeing no other possibility, he just decided to slap her. Maybe this would wake her up. Carefully taking aim, he pulled back his hand to give her a big jolt. Something was odd with her, something had changed. Maybe she had once again involved that Cleo kid. He wondered whether this was more of the outrageous stuff that had made her so muscular. For a second, he hesitated, thinking about what changes she might have gone through. He snapped out of it and gave her a powerful slap.

At least he tried to. Before his hand even connected, her arm shot up and grabbed it in a vice. He tried to move it, but her enormous muscles didn't even move. Groggily, she opened her eyes.

"What happened?"

Once she saw his pose, she asked:

"What were you trying to do, Rob?"

"I ... You were out cold, so I thought I could just wake you up. How are you?"

Alice listened to her breathing for a while, then said:

"I'm fine. Thank you. Do I have a surprise for you."

"What surprise?"

"Wait."

She slowly got up, still shaky from the changes she had gone through. Suddenly, Rob realised that she was now taller than him. She looked down on him, roughly an inch above him. It wasn't much, but it was enough for him to become seriously horny. She smiled:

"This isn't even my final form."

A couple of days later, Cleo finally managed to track down her target. Oddly enough, he was a regular at the gym Alice went to. She had worked out there with her too, but she had never met the guy. She walked in, her new workout clothes tight on her enormous form. The stares of the regulars were unsurprising. She could hear the women whisper behind her back and the men give her half-admiring, half-

disgusted looks. The muscle-woman walked across the gym floor to find the man benching what looked like a warm-up weight to her. She waited until he had racked the barbell and asked:

"Are you Mike?"

"Who's asking?"

She bent down above him:

"Me. So, are you Mike?"

"What do you want?"

"Just a little question: Have you aggressed a young woman a couple of months ago? And don't lie to me, I can smell if someone does."

He stared at her. Cleo could sense that he was about to make a break for it, so she shot out her arm and grabbed him as he tried to get away. He struggled, but it was futile.

"I take that as a 'yes'. Thank you. Any words before I call the cops?"

"It wasn't my idea."

"It wasn't? Interesting. Whose was it?"

In this moment, the other thug turned up. He called her out, then went very quiet once he realised how enormous she was.

"I'll repeat my question." She lifted Mike off his feet with one hand. Her biceps strained a little, but nothing to write home about. "Whose wonderful idea was mugging me?"

"You?"

"Yes, me. Bad idea. Very bad idea."

"You've changed."

Cleo was now really getting annoyed by this idiot.

"Whose idea was it? Tell me, or else ..."

"It was Alice Brewer's. Don't hurt me, please."

Cleo's face went stern. Somehow, things made a lot more sense now. Maybe she should call Rich and ask him for details.

Rich was lying on his bed, enjoying Jamal's tongue on his cock. He closed his eyes and thought about Cleo. Somehow, the girl had spoiled him. He sighed. Jamal stopped for a second and asked:

"Say, what's up? You're not really there, are you?"

More sighing.

"Is there anything on your mind, dear?"

With a big sigh, Rich shrugged and said:

"I'm sorry. It's just that there's been so much trouble lately. You know, Alice."

Jamal gave him a knowing nod. Alice was the bane of anybody near her. Sometimes he wondered how Rob managed to stay with her. He was straight, so his cock did most of the thinking for him, sure, but her ambition was truly annoying.

"What happened?"

The muscular dark man moved up and lay down next to his mate. He began stroking Rich's dick, once again grinning at the stupid pun.

"Well, she forced me into something. I hate it when this happens."

"I know. Remember when she made me smuggle the Chinese 'roids in my butt."

Rich snorted:

"She has her way with people. Why are we still spending time with her, again?"

"Well, she knows a lot of stuff about us we'd rather not have spilled in the open. Remember the Eid-party? If she hadn't found two girls to come with us, my mom would have killed me."

"Ah, yes, I remember."

"And when she's not being a jerk, she's cool."

"She also has these huge muscles. I like that in a woman."

Jamal frowned:

"There you are again, being all bisexual. Fucker."

"I'm sorry. It's just that ... I just like muscles. And women with muscles ... They're nice, aren't they?"

"I don't see the point. But tastes differ." Jamal thought for a while, then asked: "You're not fantasising about Alice while I'm trying to blow you, are you?"

"Me? No ..."

"Sure?"

"Not about Alice. I'd never."

Just as Rich was about to relax again, the doorbell rang. Jamal mumbled:

"What is it? Can't a man do his thing?"

The bell rang again. And again. Then it just continued ringing. Jamal cursed:

"Fuck! What is this shit?"

Rich sighed and said:

"I'll get it. Relax and make yourself comfortable."

He got up, slipped his robe on and walked to the door, the bell still buzzing at full power. Why did people have to be so annoying? He looked through the peephole. Shit. Cleo. Her face came into full view as she squinted at the spyhole.

"Are you in there, Rich?"

He hesitated. Then he asked:

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk. Now."

"Now's bad. I'm busy."

"So am I. Open up or I'll bust the door in."

Rich tried to come up with an excuse when he suddenly saw the elderly Mrs. Diaz walk by. She asked Cleo:

"Young man, why do you have to make such a noise?"

"I want to talk to Rich. And I'm a woman."

"Oh, you are? Fine, then. What problem is there? Did Rich not call you back?"

"In a way, yes."

"Young men these days. They have no honour."

She knocked on the door.

"Rich, dear, could you open? There is a young woman in distress because of your despicable behaviour."

Rich breathed in deeply. Not this. Not now. He grudgingly opened the door and let her in. Mrs. Diaz frowned at him and shook her head.

"Rich, why can't you treat women with respect? All this macho posturing isn't good."

"I'll try, Mrs. Diaz."

"Don't try. Do."

"I will."

"Good then."

He shut the door behind Cleo and asked:

"What do you want?"

"Nice old lady, isn't she? Doesn't know either."

"I don't put it on my doormat, yes."

Jamal walked in. He looked at Cleo and whistled.

"Whoa. You really grew, girl."

Cleo's expression turned deadpan.

Rich asked:

"Coffee for everyone?"

"It's funny how the world is made for people who are much smaller than we are, isn't it?"

Jamal was just pouring his third cup and returned to the kitchen table. The poor thing felt ridiculously small amidst the huge people that sat around it. Oddly enough, Cleo's body was almost half as big again as the others, putting her way beyond heavy-weight bodybuilder level. She nodded:

"I'm going to get custom furniture when all this is over. I know a nice carpenter who does things just like you want them."

"So you're done growing?" Rich asked, a little disappointed. Jamal sneered at his tone. Cleo answered:

"I'm not sure. Maybe ..."

She could see a glimmer of hope in his eyes. Men. On the other hand, she had to admit that sitting in a small kitchen with two massive hunks had its perks. Too bad they were gay. Or at least bisexual. Maybe she should try one of these threesomes people always talked about on TV. After all, now that her reputation was seriously ruined, she could at least enjoy it.

Clearing up the thing with Alice had helped too. Understanding how she had manipulated everybody to get what she wanted had really resolved a lot of tension. Somehow, she had to pay her back for all the chaos and pain she had caused. Something that really would make her think. She leaned forward, the table groaning from the weight she unloaded on it.

"So, do you guys have any idea how to get back at Alice?"

Laura was in the backstage room, getting her luscious muscles covered in that smelly brown paint that was one of the few downsides of the job. This and the scorching thirst. And the fact that the female heavyweights had been moved to the start of the show so as not to scare off the spectators. She sadly remembered the nineties, back when they had moved up from weight class to weight class, just like the guys. She had truly dominated the stage then. All the other "heavyweights" had just been either tall or just overweight. It had changed over time and so had she. She urged her coach to work faster. She still wanted to get another pump before the stage time. Not that her competition actually warranted it. Laura looked around. It was the same old, only Alice was missing. Poor Alice. Always losing out against her eighteen-inchers. You

couldn't blame the kid for not trying, but it was not only about training, there was also a bit of luck in the genetic lottery. Alice had been lucky, but not as lucky as her.

Nia, the coach, patted her ripped pecs with her rubber-gloved hands.

"There you are. Dark as night and hot as coffee."

"Do you have any idea when Alice is going to show up? I want to crush her."

"I don't know. I haven't seen her yet. From what I heard, she really fucked up her conditioning. I guess she won't be there tonight."

"That's sad. I wanted to see her face when I show her these."

She flexed her biceps. With a horrible amount of training and some of the most precise drugs she had ever seen, she had managed to add a final inch to her arms. She was absolutely bulging with power now. She walked over stiffly to the exercise bands and started pumping up when she heard somebody come in.

Alice.

Alice indeed.

Laura and the other competitors stared at the entering hulk. Laura was tall, Alice was taller. The huge woman stepped in. She looked down on her former humiliator and asked:

"Ready for a little competition?"

Laura stared at her and wondered how this could have happened. Alice had turned herself into a true mountain of muscle. She was dry as a desert, every fibre of her outrageous muscles visible. She had already put on her tan, her skin the colour of black beans. She had her hair styled into a glamorous wavy mane and wore a dark red posing suit that

covered her crotch and her breastless, armour-plate-like pectorals. She added:

"I see you've worked out. Nice. Now your arms don't look all that skinny. Too bad I did my part too."

She lifted her enormous arm and flexed her left biceps. As she contracted it, the handball-sized muscle exploded into a sphere of veins and meat.

"Not bad, huh? I wonder whether they'll need a posedown this time."

Laura was speechless. Actually, her jaw was still hanging open and so were those of her fellow competitors. Just as she was about to say something, the stage manager popped in, ignoring the confused looks and said:

"Let's get going. On stage!"

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, let us begin with the titans of strength, the queens of power, the majestic ladies of muscle! Competing in the heavyweight division are these six elite women. Please put your hands together and greet them as the goddesses they are!"

The applause that followed was rather lukewarm. Most people came here to see the bikini and fitness competitors or the men. Of course, there were a few oddballs that cheered loudly, but you always had those. However, Laura was focused on going down fighting. Of course, she had no chance to defeat Alice on mass, or even on definition, but maybe her posing skills would save her. Who was she kidding? She was out. Unless the organisers came up with a new weight class for Alice alone, she stood no chance. Still, she put on a brave face. Years of experience as a gymnast kicked in and she smiled, smiled brightly against the pain and the hopelessness.

When Alice came on stage, the crowd went silent. Alice walked in, towering over the competition in every possible weight. Her smile was sincere and absolutely confident. As the athletes took up their positions, she could vaguely see the judges in the crowd. They were just as stunned as the rest of the spectators. After what seemed like an eternity, there came the first command.

"Face front, please."

They did as they were told. The programme went through quickly, Alice basking in the confused admiration of the crowd. She did her quarter turns, then did the mandatory poses. She vaguely remembered this working differently last time, but she didn't care. She just felt elated at her absolute dominance. Watching these weak creatures struggle with even coping with her tremendous power almost made her laugh out loud. She calmed herself and presented her enormous abdominals. The klingonifier had somehow allowed her to starve and dry herself to a level she had never even thought possible and she was as ripped as humanly possible. Eight-pack? More like ten-pack. After this, she'd have to ask the judges whether she could also compete against the guys. These runts wouldn't stand a chance either.

By the time she showed her double-biceps, the crowd was mesmerised and Alice was grinning widely. At the same time, her competitors' smiles had died.

She heard the judges talk amongst themselves, the mike still on:

"Should we even do a posedown?"

"Against whom?"

There was a bustle in the pit. The head judge asked:

"What's going on there? Security?"

"Quick, get the robe off!"

Cleo tried to get her arm out of the robe's sleeve, but instead got stuck with her bulging muscles. Rich mumbled:

"We should have just used a cape. Whose stupid idea was this anyway?"

Jamal was struggling with Cleo's wide back and said:

"Well, I'm sorry it didn't work out the way you wanted, but I didn't have a cape and you should be happy we even got this robe. After all, your girlfriend is just a little over standard, if I may say so."

Cleo tried her best to help them, but the dark and the stickiness of the artificial tan made it all the more difficult. Also, jumping around in a bikini in front of so many people didn't sound too enticing either.

Above them, the judges called out for security. Cleo asked:

"Can't you just rip it off, then?"

"And what are you going to wear on your way back?"

"I don't know, just tear it. Who cares?"

The head judge asked:

"What are you up to?"

By now, the confusion had spread to the ranks and people were straining to see what the commotion was about. People took out their cell-phones and tried to shine some light on the happenings. Finally, Cleo said:

"Wait. I'll hold it this way and you just pull."

Jamal did as told and managed to free her. Rich took the other side and she was free.

Still a bit confused, Cleo clambered onstage. The spectators gasped. Clearly, this otherwise trivial competition was just getting spiced up. The

challenger stood up, adjusted her super-brief bikini and stood in the bright light for a few confusing seconds. Alice stared at her.

"Cleo!"

She turned to her and said:

"Alice! You look good."

"What the fucking hell are you doing here?"

"Language. Rich told me there was a competition, so I thought I'd give you a challenge."

Alice suddenly realised that Cleo was, well, gigantic. Now easily surpassing the 6'4" mark, her body was easily bulkier than any perverted piece of art the internet would have come up with. Next to her, Alice somehow looked as if she was competing in bikini class herself.

The judges saw the opportunity and said:

"Posedown. Whatever. Just do a posedown."

The following scuffle was astonishing to say the least. Rich and Jamal cheered for her, urging their pal Shawn to applaud and howl. Their enthusiasm somehow managed to infect the crowd which was rather overwhelmed by the sheer amount of muscle on stage.

Alice fought bravely against all odds. Using her experience, she switched poses quickly, pushing the bigger but more insecure opponent in the back and showing off her abs and her now gargantuan biceps. For a moment, she thought she had the crowd's admiration, but then she realised that Cleo was standing right behind her, echoing her pose and literally overshadowing her with her unbelievable arms.

Meanwhile, the other competitors shirked away. This was a battle of titans none of them wanted to become collateral damages in. Laura

somehow realised that Alice's challenger had arms larger than her chest and simply wanted to give up. However, she saw Gail, one of the traditional fifth places just scramble to the front. With a "It's not about winning", the woman whose conditioning was always off and whose glutes could definitely stand a bit more work fell into a most-muscular pose, desperate to even try to make a difference.

Laura shrugged and threw herself into the competition, almost getting squished as the two hulks faced each other.

The crowd screamed and hollered, cheering the competitors. They probably ignored the finer points of the sport, but they liked to watch a good fight.

The whole bustle came to a head when Cleo and Alice stood face to face, both locked in most-muscular poses and flexing like there was no tomorrow. Alice's biceps, now fully pumped and ripped to shreds finally broke the forty-inch-limit, but Cleo just rolled her wrist and popped her arms to enormous, basket-ball-like proportions.

Pushing front to front, Alice growled through gritted teeth:

"You have no chance. I dominate you."

Cleo grinned and shot back:

"Oh no, you don't. I know all your lies and tricks. I know how you manipulated everybody around you. I'm not afraid of you anymore and I don't care about your petty intrigues."

"Really? Well, guess what, you've gone this far and now, look where it has brought you. You're a freak. You've done this to yourself over some pointless revenge. You threw away your life for nothing."

Cleo snorted with contempt.

"Whatever, woman." She turned to the judges and went through a wave of flexes until she stopped in a perfect pose.

"I want this and I only have to thank you for showing me what I actually wanted to be." She beamed at the bench and added: "And I'm better than you."

This was the moment when Alice snapped.

She was tired, she was hungry, she was thirsty and she was annoyed.

What followed was a stream of profanities followed by the desperate attempt to attack her challenger. While she was screaming and clawing at her bigger opponent, she somehow lost her footing and the pair came crashing down on the stage floor. As she was tearing at Cleo, she screamed and howled, trying to beat her down. Somewhere along her bout, something escaped her. "And I'll make you make more of that muscle drug stuff! I'm going to be the hulkiest monster on this fucking planet. I'm going to inject myself with all you got and then, I'm going to fucking tear you apart!"

When she realised what she just said, she went very quiet.

Mercilessly, the judges disqualified her.

As Rob helped her into the car, Alice sobbed, snivelled and was a true picture of misery.

Cleo almost felt sorry for her. She turned to the other competitors who were enjoying their after-show snacks and looking blissfully at the long awaited food. Laura had the trophy tucked underneath her arm. First place from third position was quite okay. Gail smiled at the second place she had won by sheer ballsiness. Cleo sighed:

"Time to leave. I'm sorry for disrupting your contest, girls."

The group shook their heads. Laura said:

"Don't worry. It's all okay. Thank you for your intervention." She lowered her voice. "About the muscle drug Alice mentioned ... Could we have some?"

Cleo sighed. Why?

That evening, Jamal overcame his scepticism. Devil's Threesome. He grinned stupidly as Rich licked his balls. He smiled oddly as he boned his ass. He frowned a little as Cleo's enormous back shaded his cock as she blew him. Finally, they took her in the middle, gently working her until she relaxed enough to take his cock up her ass. Touching her back was like kneading the steely wings of the biggest guy he had ever seen. It was a weird thing to do, but he liked it nonetheless. Maybe this bisexual thing was more something about fucking people you liked to look at than just being strictly homo. On the other hand, kissing Rich was way more fun.

Cleo, on the other hand, was surprised by the sheer size the two guys brought and their funny little way of caressing each other and her. It wasn't strictly fifth wheel for her, but nice nonetheless. Also, finally ridding herself of Alice made her so much more relaxed.

Rich was in heaven, pure and simple.

The next morning, a broad-shouldered woman registered at the local university.

"So, what do you want to study?"

"A friend of mine, her name is Cleo, did some molecular biology. I'd like to do the same."

"Cleo? A short, nice girl, a little chubby? I know her."

"Well, maybe not too short, but yes. That's her. I'd like to take the same courses as her."

"You're a fan?"

"In a way. My name is Alice, Alice Brewer."

###

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

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