

# The Absorbing Girl

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by Roy Ellison

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Selena walked over to her friend Ashley:

“Girl, I don’t know about you, but this party is shit. There’s literally not a single cool guy here! They’re all nerds and skinnyfat weirdos. Can we go somewhere else?”

Ashley shrugged. She was happy around here. The people here were normal, at least for her. She was the definition of normal. Not fit, not too fat, a bit of pudge in the right places, and a decent sense of fashion, without too much glamor. Next to Selena, she felt ugly, of course. But then again, this was a problem for most people. Selena was some 5'10" tall, with long legs, wonderfully silky black hair, dark skin and a slim waist as well as both boobs and hips ... And she never hesitated showing off.

Right now, she was wearing a cute navy blue minidress and her heels that pushed her up beyond the six feet. No wonder everybody here was intimidated.

The whole situation was Ashley's fault, of course. Selena had asked her what she was doing that evening because she was a little tired of the same three clubs she frequented. It had been one of these unexpected questions that Selena occasionally came up with. So Ashley told her she was going to this party and Selena had joined her.

Maybe, just maybe, Ashley may have suggested that the guys here were a little more handsome than they really were. Not that Selena had believed her. Ashley sighed:

"It feels alright for now. Can we stay for a bit? Please?"

"Gah. Yeah. Okay." She paused for a second and looked over to a big guy who had just come in. He was fit and tall. His face wasn't half-ugly either. "Maybe we can stay a moment ..."

“You’re not going to hit on Shawn, are you? He’s Inez’ boyfriend.”

Selena rolled her eyes.

“Whatever. Listen, I’m going to get me a drink, a real one this time, and I’m going to have fun. If that’s okay for you.”

Ashley didn’t know what to say, but that wasn’t necessary anyway since Selena disappeared to the kitchen.

She opened the fridge, but there was only this weird beer in it. She turned to one of the guys who maybe lived here.

“You got any other stuff to drink?”

“Sure. Basement.”

Selena waited for a moment to see if the guy would offer to get it for her, but when he didn’t, she harrumphed and headed for the basement door. She carefully descended the stairs, her steps already a bit wobbly from the drinks. This place was part storage space, part workshop. She headed for what looked like a fridge, opened it, and found a bottle with a clear liquid in it.

“Seriously? What is this? Moonshine?”

She opened the bottle and took a sniff. It smelt nice. Fruity. And alcoholic. Maybe a bit of extra booze would allow her to enjoy this shitshow while Ashley finished whatever she was doing. Selena poured a generous shot into her plastic cup and put the bottle back. Then she headed back up, trying a sip as she stumbled up the stairs. Next time, no heels for parties this shitty.

Selena returned upstairs, taking another sip from her drink. Still nice. It didn't feel very alcoholic, but then again, maybe she was just getting too much in the mood for stupid things anyway. She walked over to Shawn, swinging her hips and smiling. He looked at her and her enthusiasm did spread to him.

“Hi! I'm Selena and I got a new drink in my hand, so, while I drink it, tell me everything that's interesting about you.”

Most people who lacked confidence backed away from an advance like that. Tonight, Selena didn't care. If the big guy turned out to be a weakling, so be it. She'd just drop him and leave. To her relief, he caught himself quickly and replied:

“I'm Shawn, but you probably already know that. As for the interesting stuff: I'm a chemistry major, I do cooking shows on the internet and I can walk on my hands.”

Selena almost spat out her drink. If this was true, that guy was pure gold! She laughed:

“You’ll have to show me one of those tricks!”

“If you would follow me to the kitchen ...”

With a quick movement, he was standing on his hands and walked off, moving through the amused crowd. Selena grinned when she saw the bulge in his pants. Fuck. This guy was incredible!

After tasting an excellent kind of tiny crêpe with fruit and fudge filling, Selena had to admit that he was too incredible. To her complete disappointment, Shawn turned out to be in love with his girlfriend and also quite faithful. He told her some amazingly funny stories, laughed at her own anecdotes and made another delicious little thingy, but he definitely wouldn’t answer her flirting!

By now, she had emptied her glass and she was disappointed. Selena was having a good time, but somehow, that was it. Also, now that she was up close, he didn’t seem as fit as before. Actually, he was more or less as skinny as the other people here. It must have been a trick of the light.

She was rather relieved when Ashley showed up and suggested they go.

“I’m sorry, but I’m tired and I don’t want to go home alone when I’m drunk.”

“You’re not drunk, you’re just a little ...”

Ashley threw up. Selena groaned, helped her clean up the mess and they left. What an evening!

As they headed home, Ashley's mind cleared up. Selena was happy for the sudden calm of the streets. The party's background noise had stressed her. Maybe the music hadn't been loud enough. Anyway, as they closed in on the bus station, a guy walked up on them and started making lewd suggestions.

Selena told him to piss off. He didn't. Ashley begged:

“Can we just go now?”

“This asshole is following us. What do you want me to do?”

“Ladies, I can show you my cock. It's big and hard and ...”

Selena had turned around and pushed the guy. Maybe it was just the frustration of a wasted evening, maybe it was the anger at being rejected, but she somehow had the power to make that idiot stumble and fall. He landed on the sidewalk and held his head.

They could hear him cursing, but just then the bus arrived and took them home.

By the time Selena was in bed, she was very, very thankful for her warm bedsheets.

The next morning, Selena found herself completely wrapped in her blanket. It was quite uncomfortable and very warm. She must have spent the entire night rolling around, but couldn't remember dreaming anything. Grumbling, she extricated herself from the cover and noticed that her nightshirt was really tight.

“Am I still lying on a bit?”

She sat up, almost tearing it up. As she looked down, she noticed that the shirt clung to her body like saran wrap. Had it shrunk overnight? Was this even possible?

Still a little confused, she got up and wandered to her mirror. She was surprised to find a certain spring to her step. Nice, but unexpected. As she looked at her reflection, she gasped in shock: Out of nowhere, her body had become quite fit. As in, actually muscular.

Selena was somehow naturally gifted and maintained her slim figure without exercise or diets, so she had never seriously worked out or even joined a gym. She wouldn't need to now either. Her cute nightshirt with the little blue birds was stretched over a pair of well-rounded shoulders, her breasts were being held up by a set of pecs that were visible through the fabric and as she pulled the shirt up, she noticed not only an unexpected mass of muscle on her thighs, but also a sixpack sculpted into her slim belly.

She breathed out sharply. This was new, it was hard to explain and it was ... amazing.

The young woman grinned. She knew she was gifted, but she had never expected the universe to be so generous. She carefully pulled the shirt over her head and stood there in her underpants. Damn. She was amazingly sexy. Even more than before. Grinning, she lifted an arm and flexed the biceps. A small, round, fist-sized bump rose under her skin. Wow.

“I don’t know where that came from, but I’m buff!”

She hit another pose she had picked up on social media and made her triceps pop out on her arm. Selena spent the next few minutes admiring her new muscles. They were the perfect size: good definition, not too bulky, elegant and jacked. As she slapped her now rock-hard butt, she decided to call Ashley. She knew the other girl would be annoyed and probably jealous, but maybe she would know how that happened.

That’s when her phone rang.

She picked it up. It was Ashley.

“Selena, how are you?”

“Never better. What’s up? You sound worried.”

“I just heard that Shawn got sick, so I decided to check on you. After all, you ate the food he made.”

Selena was worried now:

“What’s his problem? What happened?”

“Apparently, he lost all his muscles.”

Selena dropped her phone. It took her a moment to pick up. She was stunned. Once she was back, she said:

“That explains ...”

“That explains what?”

“Would you mind coming over? There’s something I need to show you.”

“Whoa.”

Ashley was shocked when she looked at Selena. The other young woman had dressed in a previously big and flabby shirt which now clung tightly to her muscles and a pair of yoga pants that seemed to be on the verge of bursting.

“How did that happen?”

“Yeah, I don’t know. But I kinda have Shawn’s muscles now.” She did a double-biceps flex, making the seams of the shirt creak. “And then some.”

“Okay ... Yes, well, maybe. But that’s impossible, isn’t it?”

“Actually, yes, but apparently it did work.”

“And what do you do now? Can you give him his muscles back?”

“I didn’t even know I took them or how I did it, so no. Not unless I figure out how it works.”

Ashley nodded slowly. The whole situation was absurd. At the same time, a tiny voice at the back of her head said:

“You should get this too. This is what you ever wanted. Getting buff without hard work.”

She asked:

“So, what’s the plan?”

“Well, if I absorbed Shawn’s muscles, then I want to see whether I can do it again. I’d like you to come with me if I run into any trouble.”

“Alright. But first, you should get some stretchy clothes you won’t explode out of if you keep growing.”

Selena giggled. The idea was too weird.

They hit the beach, figuring that this was the best way to find some muscle guys on their own without too much attention. Also, Selena wanted to show off.

And show off she did. Ashley wore her one-piece swimsuit that did its best to conceal her full figure, adding a sarong around her hips. Next to her, Selena was incredible. She was wearing a tiny triangle bikini that covered what had to be covered and not much more.

Most of all, it showed off her ripped six-pack and her long, powerful legs. As they strode through the sand, people all around them stared. Of course, they mostly ignored Ashley, but that muscle goddess took their complete attention.

Selena grinned. This was even better than normal. Being fit like this was just the little extra that made it perfect. On the other hand, maybe just a little bit more would be ideal. An eight-pack ... She licked her lips.

Ashley pointed at a few big musclemen playing volleyball. She whispered:

“Let’s try those.”

She was obviously excited at the prospect of this absurd way of dealing with her figure problems. If it didn’t work, nothing was lost, but if it did ... oh boy!

Selena approached the players, a sun-kissed apparition that was all smiles and seduction. The men stopped their game, their jaws hanging down. She casually pushed a strand of hair from her face, not too pointlessly flexing her biceps in the process. The guys just stared. Before one of them could say a thing, she said:

“Don’t mind me. I just like to watch.”

They returned to their game, but the two women immediately realized that they were losing focus. Both teams started missing obvious shots and failed to do more than the bare minimum to win. Instead, they constantly ogled her. Ashley, who was mostly getting ignored as usual had ample opportunity to spot their growing hard-ons. She sighed. As the game progressed, she also noticed another thing: The men’s jumps got less impressive, their serves were less energetic and their blocks less effective. Not only were they obviously mesmerized by Selena, who casually cheered them along, but they were also losing muscle tone.

Selena, on the other hand, was firming up. Before the game was over, her muscles had grown harder and thicker. It was a subtle change, but one that made her look even better and tighter. When the first guys stumbled and fell, Ashley walked over to her friend and said:

“Let’s better leave. I’ve seen what we wanted to see, and I think you might hurt those guys.”

The musclegirl shrugged, a little disappointed, and got up. As she walked with Ashley, she remarked:

“It works. So ... What happened that this is a thing now?”

“Did you do anything odd at that party?”

Selena nodded, then grinned.

The two young women giggled as they sneaked into the house’s backyard. Selena helped Ashley climb over the fence, supporting the chubby woman as she struggled to get on the other side. Then, using her majestic muscles, she cleared it with a quick leap. Ashley raced across the lawn, trying to look stealthy. Selena followed her, still nervous about the whole thing.

The backdoor was locked. Ashley pulled at it, but it didn’t budge. She cursed under her breath:

“Shit. I mean, it was to be expected but ...”

Selena grabbed the doorknob and said:

“Allow me ...”

She gave it a quick pull, breaking the latch from the frame.

“Whoa. This is illegal on so many levels!”

“Stop talking and get moving. The last thing I want is to end up in jail because of this.”

“Yeah. Sorry.”

Ashley slipped inside, followed by her muscular friend. They found the stairs to the basement and went down quickly. There, Selena pointed at the fridge.

“This is it. Faster.”

Ashley sprinted across the floor, the excitement mounting. She opened the fridge as Selena went back upstairs to keep an eye out for any people coming back. Her hands shaking, Ashley found the bottle and took a good swig. Not quite as nice as expected, but tastes could differ.

She put the rest back and ran back up.

Just in that moment, someone unlocked the door. Selena hushed her.

“Be quiet. Somebody just came home.”

“Okay. What do we do now?”

“I don’t know. Wait until they go away?”

To their growing panic, the person wasn’t just going to pop in and leave again. Instead, they heard the couch groan, then they heard the grunts and gasps of porn.

Ashley growled:

“Seriously? I get my shot at being fit and we’re stuck in the basement because some guy needs to jerk off? Fuck this!”

“Will you keep quiet? We need to find a way out of here!”

“Maybe we could just sneak out again? That guy sure is distracted now.”

They heard the person approach now. So much for that plan.

Suddenly, Ashley said:

“What if you take his muscles? Then we could get away without problems.”

“I don’t know how it works!”

“Doesn’t it work intuitively?”

“Well, it ain’t working now, otherwise, you’d be already lying on the ground.”

“Maybe you need to be turned on ... Just a little ...”

“This is stupid. Besides, I am so not horny right now. Fuck! He’s coming!”

They closed the door and hid as good as they could. Ashley hesitated for a moment, then she looked through the keyhole. She saw the guy walk to the fridge and grab a can of soda. He didn’t look like much, but the idea of taking his muscles did turn her on. She licked her lips and imagined what it would be like to be big and strong. Better than being thin, being buff felt outrageous and sexy.

She felt a tension in her body, as if something was trying to get out. Her skin felt tingly and tight.

The guy walked back to the living room when he suddenly collapsed.

Ashley bit her lip and whispered:

“Let’s get out of here.”

They ran all the way to the town center, giggling stupidly and feeling completely overexcited. Ashley somehow used the energy burst she had taken from her victim and felt as if she could run and run forever.

When they stopped, they were sweaty and a little tired, but also absurdly happy. Ashley said:

“That was amazing! Also incredibly dangerous and dumb, but fuck yeah! We did it! Thank you, Selena. You ... you’re the best!”

The tall woman nodded:

“This could have gone horribly wrong. I just hope that guy is well ...”

“Screw him! Now, I want to get big. Where do we start?”

“I’d say we go to a gym. One full of muscleheads. There should be more than

enough for the both of us.”

Ashley almost took off again instantly.

In the end, they took the time to get some exercise outfits to at least look the part. While Selena’s outfit was her usual skimpy fare, Ashley picked two sets. One was her usual big tracksuit, the other one was super-stretchy and more sexy than Selena would have chosen. The tall woman rolled her eyes.

“You’re really going all in, aren’t you?”

“Sure! I’ve been waiting for this all my life!”

At the gym, it was like heaven. So many muscles! So many big, hunky dudes showing off their physiques! And soon, they would be theirs!

Selena at least pretended to train, peeking at some of the guys and feeling her muscles tighten and grow as she worked out. Ashley didn’t even hide her intentions. She strolled through the gym and she felt her body absorb everything it could. It was incredible!

She could feel her muscles, which she only remembered as being sore in phys ed, swell and bloom. She was giddy with lust as she tore down those guys’ bulk for her own. It was an incredible feeling to sense her muscles grow under the tracksuit. The outfit was getting tighter and tighter, she was getting harder and harder and she could feel the mass of her muscles absorb her fat, reshaping her

body. In no time, her body lost its flabby shape and transformed into a powerful hourglass.

That's when it happened.

With a faint crack that was almost drowned out by the clanks and grunts of the athletes around her, the seams at her shoulders broke.

It was time. She stared hard at the men and their bodies started to shrink while she could feel herself getting stronger and stronger.

There was another crack, then a rip and finally, her shoulders broke through her tracksuit's top. She almost came as she felt the sudden cool. One of the guys noticed what was happening. He couldn't understand it, but she smiled at him and focused herself on him.

Then, with a lustful grin, she tore off the arms of her suit, revealing a bulky, ripped arm, crisscrossed by veins and striations.

The guy still tried to understand what was going on, having stopped in mid-curl. Then his strength left him and his arm dropped. Ashley stepped over to him and asked:

“Too heavy for you?”

The man was dumbstruck. She ripped open the tracksuit, revealing the tiny gym top under it, as well as a pair of large, thick pecs that were even bigger than her boobs had been before. She rearranged the top to cover her nipples, blushing a little, then picked up the dumbbell. Still staying focused on the poor guy, she started pumping out super-slow reps, enjoying the bite of the weight.

As she worked out, she felt stronger and stronger as the guy in front of her started to fade. When he slunk over, she shrugged her mighty shoulders and went to the next one.

Selena hadn't heard of Ashley for a while now, so she decided to look for her friend. She had shaped her body to what felt like perfection, now sporting a brutally sculpted eight-pack and a pair of linebacker shoulders, as well as the most outrageously peaked biceps she had ever seen, even on men. Every step had an almost weightless spring to it, yet she swaggered like a hypermasculine muscleman. Just looking at her reflection turned her on.

She found Ashley in the hardcore section, and while she had gone for style and elegance, her friend had not. Instead, the shorter woman sported the most absurdly massive physique she had ever seen, monstrously surpassing any heavyweight male competitor. She was curling for reps what others benched for max and she was enjoying herself.

Around her, there were passed out, rather shrunk former musclemen.

As she noticed Selena, she said:

“Nice! That’s a good look on you!”

“You’re not too shabby either.”

“Well, I just might have overdone it. But it was hard to stop. It always is for me.”

Ashley lowered the weights and stood straight. She was a little shorter than Selena, but she was absolutely humungous. Grinning, she said:

“I think we should be going. If we both get horny around here, we might kill a few of those dudes.”

Selena nodded. As they packed up, she looked at Ashley’s wide back. Those muscles were wonderful. She really wasn’t a lesbian, and she definitely wasn’t into Ashley, but maybe, she was ... muscle-sexual. She walked over to her and caressed her, following the deep cuts that covered her back. As she did, she felt her own muscles harden.

Ashley grinned and said:

“I noticed something when I binged back there ...”

Slightly out of breath, Selena asked:

“What?”

“I don’t know how it works, but I could swear that my muscles grew bigger than what I took from those guys.”

“You mean ...”

“Yes. There is a feedback loop hidden in this.”

She turned around and put her tiny hands on Selena’s muscle-packed waist.

“I think we can be enough for ourselves. And we’re going to be huge ...”

Selena almost came when she heard that.

###

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

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at [El\\_Roy\\_1999@gmx.de](mailto:El_Roy_1999@gmx.de). Rates upon request.