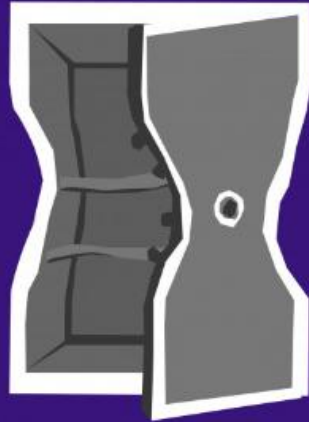


The Break-In

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Tonight was a new moon. It was perfect for the heist. Danielle surveyed the area. The place was mostly abandoned. Only a few guys patrolled the surroundings, trying to look inconspicuous. It was clear they were trying to blend in, after all, the stuff they were guarding was illegal. Danielle knew that it was extremely risky to rob the Cartel, but her lust for muscle was getting the better of her. If those tales about the fantastic experimental steroids they were creating there were true, this was the perfect opportunity. As far as she could tell, the Cartel people were all in church right now, leaving only a skeleton crew.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Nate's voice.

"So, are we doing this?"

She rolled her eyes:

"Let me take a good look first. We don't need any surprises."

Nate was one of her "little guys", as she called them. They were bodybuilders just like her, but men, and actually a bit bigger and taller than her. However, she had somehow managed to push these guys down so hard they had literally turned into servants for her. She was still impressed how she had managed to do this.

The little guys went out of their way to please her and each one was bringing his special skills into their relationship. Nate was the dumbest of the lot, but he had a big cock and fucked like a young god. The others were Emilio, who was her personal computer whiz and took care of her social media and online accounts, earning her a lot of her money, and Marcel, who was very wealthy and willing to support her every whim. The final one was Richie, who made her outfits and took care of her looks. This guy's help was priceless.

Right now, she was wearing a camouflage suit of his design, which clung to her muscular physique and made her look like a secret agent from a video game. Or a fetish comic, for that matter. Her blazing red hair was concealed under a hood and she was just checking the entrances with her binoculars. Actually, they were Marcel's, but what was his was hers.

"Okay, it's time! Let's go! Emilio, you know what to do!"

With these words, she climbed down the ladder on the side of the building, immediately followed by the boys. Emilio stayed back and activated the software to knock out the cameras and alarms.

They ran towards the compound's fence with out being seen, then she put her back against it. Marcel showed up, the big mat in his hands. She boosted him up easily and he threw the mat over the barbed wire. Then he climbed over it as she pushed him up. Next was Nate, and then Richie. Once they were inside, they tossed her a line, she caught it and pulled herself up in one smooth movement.

Before she got into hardcore bodybuilding, Danielle had been an award-winning gymnast, and she still kept the flexibility and the skills.

She got on the other side and did a perfect landing. Then they all clambered into hiding. There, they waited. Nothing happened, no one had noticed them.

Very well.

Danielle pointed towards the main building. It was rather nondescript, but if the rumors were true, it contained one of the most impressive drug labs for steroids in the country. It was worth a try. She said:

"Okay, guys. It's time for you to distract the guards. Do your thing as I told you and it will be incredible. I will be very satisfied. Got it?"

There were nods all around. They ran off and she headed for the big house.

She looked at it. There was the main door, which was secured by a massive lock and a thick bar made of steel. It was probably beyond her. She actually thought of something else: One floor up, there was a barred window which she could access easily. She'd try this one.

Suddenly, Richie shouted:

"Hey you fuckers! We're here! Come and catch us!"

She sighed. God, those guys were so stupid! She just hoped they wouldn't get killed.

Well, there was a lot to do now. As the guards left to look for her idiots, she ran to the side of the building, jumped, caught the top ridge and pulled herself up in a fluid motion, her well-trained muscles working as perfectly as ever. Up there, she immediately headed for the window and found the bars. She looked through them. The window was open, so at least she wouldn't have to smash it. The bars, on the other hand ...

Stretching her muscles for a moment, she found a good grip on them. She took a deep breath and pulled. Of course, at first, nothing moved. Each bar was a little thicker than her fingers, so these were quite resistant. She tried again. Fuck. This was hard.

Again!

She pulled and pulled. She had trained her grip strength for years, she had worked on her muscles, she should be able to bend those bars!

Danielle took a quick break. She shook her fingers to ease the pain.

Okay. Let's try it again.

She grabbed the bars, took a breath and ... pulled with all her strength. She felt the pain hit her, but she bit through it, forcing more and more of her power into this. She felt the steel cut into her fingers and her muscles strain and stretch, but she had to do this. She didn't have much time, too. The boys were only distracting the guards for so long ...

Then, at last, the metal gave way a little. She smiled through the pain and forced herself to pull harder. This would work!

Inch by inch, the metal surrendered to her strength. She did her best to ignore the pain that hit her and thought of the amazing body she'd build ... This was hard, but it was worth it. That was what bodybuilding was all about. Greatness through suffering.

She bent the bars away and managed to produce an opening that was big enough for her to slip in.

Sighing in relief, she paused for a moment, then climbed inside.

The building was dark, the corridors were rather unkempt. The place was dusty and the paint had started to crumble. Danielle looked around. No one was there. Very well. She called her boys:

"Okay, I'm in. You're doing fine. Let's see what I can find."

The replies were rather out of breath. Apparently, the gangers were still looking for them. Danielle couldn't think about this now. She had to press on.

With a few quick looks, she checked out the corridor. The rooms up here had once been offices, but were since abandoned. She'd have to head down to find the lab itself. It didn't take long for her to find the stairs. As far as she could tell, the cameras and the other surveillance equipment was still knocked out, so she could move freely. She walked down the linoleum-covered stairwell and suddenly stood in front of a very heavy steel door. It was locked from the other side and had obviously been installed recently. She examined it. Okay, it was solid. However, the lock was surprisingly cheap. A former boyfriend had worked for a locksmith and had taught her a few tricks of the trade. Obviously, she didn't have any tools with her, he did take them with him when they broke up, but he had shown her a way to get doors open if needed.

Danielle put her ear against it. There was some machinery beeping and humming, but no people talking. Very well. This could work.

She laid down in front of the door. It opened to the inside of the building, so she could try this. Danielle placed her hands against the lowest step of the stairwell, then set her feet against the middle of the door. Raymond, her ex, would have laughed at the way this door had been installed.

Okay. Now it was time to get busy.

She breathed in sharply and stretched her arms and legs. The tension spread in her body and she poured her strength into her limbs. The door gave way a little, but still held fast. Fine, this was to be expected. She paused for a moment, adjusted her stance, then hit it again. Her body

turned into a kind of human jack, extending itself against the steel of the door. Again, it moved a little, but then, she sensed the resistance. She stopped. By now, she was sweating. Raymond had let her try this once and it had worked perfectly. Maybe this door was more solid? She took a deep breath and pressed once more. The tension increased, her muscles tightened and she felt it give way a little.

Yes!

She pushed harder. And harder. The strain was quite hard, but on the other hand, she did spend hours every week pushing up things with her legs, so she should be able to take care of one little door, shouldn't she?

Her arms were starting to feel a little numb. This was hardly a comfortable position. She relaxed for a moment, then explosively pushed out. It would make a little noise, but it was probably ...

There was a crash on the other side of the door.

Danielle froze. What just happened?

She heard some footsteps approach. A harsh voice was heard.

"What was that?"

Someone answered:

"Yeah, I don't know either. The shelves fell over."

"Seriously? Just like that?"

"This building is a bunch of crap. No wonder things just break down."

There was a chuckle:

"I mean, honestly? What kind of an idiot just puts a cupboard in front of a door?"

"Should we check what's behind it?"

"Nah. Who gives a shit about this? We just finish our stuff here and we skip town. Besides, those idiots outside have been making way too much fuss. We should check that none have come back."

"Maybe that was one of them?"

"Stop it right there. I'm not going to crawl around in that dusty shithole up there. The windows are barred, that should be enough. Let's go and check the lot. That's way more useful."

"Your call, Frankie."

They left. Only now did Danielle dare take another breath. The push had been enough to break open the door's lock. She waited for the guards' footsteps to fade, then snuck inside. It was obviously a lab. There were big tables, technical equipment and several boxes, half-filled with vials. She looked around and found a printed-out sheet of labels. She called Emilio:

"Okay, I'm in. I found some stuff that might be interesting."

"Very well. Send me a picture of the labels."

She did. A moment later, she heard him draw a breath through his teeth.

"Whoa."

"What's up? What is that stuff?"

"Tentivone-B. It's a special short-term booster invented by the military. I didn't know anybody outside of them could synthesize it."

"Okay ... I'm interested. What does it do?"

"It's basically meant to give soldiers a quick extra burst of strength and energy, while also increasing speed and improving reactions."

"So it's a combat drug?"

"The guys on the net say it's also amazing for sex."

"Cool! I'll tell you how it feels!"

"What? No! Wait!"

She took one of the vials, extracted a syringe and needle from its packaging and sank the dose into her ass. It felt ... strange. At first, nothing ... but then, there was this weird sensation crawling through her body. She grinned. Yes. This stuff was nice and potent and ...

Suddenly, she felt as if she were on fire. She looked down on her arms and saw them grow tighter and more defined under the skintight outfit. Wow. That stuff was incredible!

Imagine using this right before a show! She could see herself blast her muscles once more before getting on stage and she'd look incredible ...

She lifted the top of her suit and watched her abs tighten. Fuck yeah! This was the kind of definition the judges talked about! Danielle ran her fingers over the now deeply-cut bumps.

With a sudden burst of speed, she grabbed a whole box of the vials and dashed back upstairs to hide it close to the window. She would pick it up later. But now, she needed to know more!

She returned downstairs, still brimming with energy. It was strange for her to feel this way. Before she had entered the place, she had been nervous, but now, she was ecstatic. To Danielle, it felt as if she could be certain that everything would be well. She looked around, realized that the guards or whoever was supposed to be here still wasn't and decided to continue her exploration.

Whenever she stopped, she would happily do a few hops, her calves tensing. She didn't just feel young, she felt extremely light and confident. That stuff, whatever it really was, was incredible. Even if it didn't help her build her strength, it definitely made her glad to be here.

Danielle walked around the lab, but didn't find a thing. She scowled.

"Emilio, what am I missing here? This place is nice, but there must be more!"

She heard him type, then he said:

"Okay, I just gave the police files on that place a look and guess what?"

"Please, just tell me already!"

"The guys here got complaints for massive noise problems and dumping broken concrete bits in the neighborhood. The person that filed the complaints later retracted them, but ..."

"Fine, but what does it mean?"

"Well, my guess would be that they were digging something. They probably added a basement."

"Okay ... That sounds promising. Where is the entrance?"

"I don't know. Just look around. I guess there will be a kind of trapdoor somewhere."

She sighed. The feeling of happiness and energy was still persisting, but she was also a little annoyed. The musclewoman did another lap around the tables, finding nothing. To herself, she whispered:

"Come on! You gotta be somewhere!"

She headed for the door of the lab. Maybe the trapdoor was on the corridor. She listened at the door to find out where the guards were right now. Fuck! They were coming back! Instead of panicking, she pushed herself against the wall behind the door as it swung open. The guys groaned and passed her slowly, not even noticing her. One of them grumbled:

"Yeah, that was for nothing. Just some assholes making noise. God, I'm so glad when we finally get to leave."

"Tomorrow, José. Tomorrow."

They started walking between the tables. Danielle had to act quickly to get out of here. If they turned around, they would certainly see her. She reached into her pocket, took out the cap of one of the vials and threw it to the far side of the room. To her surprise, it went really far and clattered among the boxes in the back. The men reacted instantly and shouted at each other.

Danielle squeezed past the door and stepped into the corridor. She walked briskly, yet carefully as she heard the men search the place. Just as she put down her foot, she heard a deep sound under her step. She looked and saw it. She was standing on a heavy steel trapdoor, easily seven feet long and as wide as the corridor. If she hadn't been on the lookout for it, she would not have noticed it. There was a thin line along the concrete. That was the edge of the door.

She took a deep breath. Okay. That was something else. She checked for a way to open it, but only found a hidden keyhole. If there had been some kind of remote control, she could have asked Emilio to try and unlock it, but with this ...

It had to work anyway. She crouched down and sank her fingers into the ridge. Nah. That could work, but it would be noisy as hell. The guards would notice. Maybe another trick?

The musclewoman heard the men relax inside.

"Yeah, I don't know what that was."

"Probably a rat."

"Seriously? Fuck, I hate this place so much!"

Danielle made up her mind. She needed to lock those guys inside. If she made any noise, they wouldn't be able to do much. Quickly, she moved along the corridor, when she found a small courtyard within the building. It seemed to be there mostly to hold the trash cans, but there was also a couple of rather massive concrete blocks into which someone

had cast in a length of steel rod, forming a ring. It was probably meant to ease lifting them. She found a length of chain in a box nearby and went to work.

The amazon squatted down next to the block, wrapped her hands around the steel and tried to get up. She instantly felt the resistance. The block was obviously heavy, but she didn't expect it to be so ... immovable. Normally, she might have given up in that moment and tried to find another way, but this time, she didn't. That drug still pumping through her veins wouldn't let her just give it a rest. Instead, she tried again. Gritting her teeth, she planted her feet firmly on the ground and tensed her muscles. Her entire body felt more powerful now, and she really needed that boost, simply because the concrete was just way too heavy.

She let out a suppressed grunt. It felt as if her muscles were going to explode from the strain, but she knew she could make it. She had tried some strongman tricks before, this wasn't much different. So, she focused, doing her best to ignore the pain of the steel bar biting into her skin. She could do it. She just had to bear a little more of the pain! It was just a matter of ...

Danielle managed to control herself as the block rose a fraction of an inch. This could work ... This ...

She dropped it.

Taking a few deep breaths, she looked at her bruised hands. She shook them to clear the pain away, then said to herself:

"Come on, girl. You're buff, you're tough, you can do this!"

The musclewoman tried once more. The sinews on her neck emerged brutally from under her skin, she gritted her teeth like a madwoman, her eyes almost popping out of their orbits.

But now, the block rose, swinging imperceptibly from her hands.

Good. Good. Now she had to move quickly!

Feeling the massive load pull brutally on her back, she staggered back, one step at a time. She didn't dare put her feet anywhere underneath that mass of concrete. If anything went wrong, they would surely be crushed into a pulp. Not alerting the guards would be the least of her problems.

Danielle walked along relentlessly. The longer the corridor went, the worse the pain got. She felt her arms getting pulled longer and longer, her legs shaking, her fingers slipping. This was amazingly bad. She struggled, closing her eyes and trying to ignore the brutal pain the weight inflicted on her.

One step, another one, a third one ...

For a moment, she felt that this was going to work. Easy business. Just soldier on, don't look back, don't give up, don't ...

She couldn't bear it anymore. Despite herself, she dropped the weight. To her relief, it hit the ground from a very low altitude. There was a kind of soft thud, nothing too bad.

Breathing heavily, but urging herself to stay quiet, she listened for a reaction. Nothing. Okay. She counted to ten in her mind, the pain in her fingers acting up. At the same time, her arms went up like wings, now that the weight was off her shoulders. She had to control herself so as not to move into a ridiculous pose.

When Danielle understood that the coast was clear, she wiped her palms and grabbed the steel once more. This had to work.

Somehow, this time was easier. Still hard, but she realized that she could manage.

This illusion lasted for a dozen steps, then the agony hit her with full force. She barely managed to stop herself from screaming. Now, she was just internally praying to any god who would listen to make this work. She groaned as quietly as possible, but ...

Fuck. The block was slipping now, so close to the door! Her reaction wasn't planned or thought out. It was instinctive, but that was all she could do. She was just relieved that she managed not to push her toes under it. Instead, she pushed her arms in and caught the block with her forearms. Her eyes went wide as the pain hit her. She could feel it tie off her circulation. Shitshitshit. She had to get rid of this now!

Stumbling forward with tears streaming from her eyes, she barely managed to plant it in front of the door. Then she took a long, long break, massaging some life back into her fingers. She did her best to stay quiet. So far, no reaction.

After an eternity, she felt good enough to continue and returned to the yard. There, she picked up the chains and carefully carried them back. No sense in ruining everything with a casual rattle. There, she slowly wrapped one of the chains around the door handles and looped it through the block. The door might open into the lab, but like this, the guys had no chance.

Now, she could try the trapdoor.

Before she started, she said to Emilio:

"Get ready to shut off the guys' phones. I don't want them to call any alarms!"

"What? Now? But ..."

"Now! Do it!"

Time to do some more lifting!

She squatted down, her body still pulsating with the energy from the injection. Danielle sank her fingers into the slit, found a grip and tried to stand up. Whatever kept the thing closed was quite robust, but she managed to lift it for maybe an inch. There was a thin stream of cool air

coming from below. She did her best to force it open, but she definitely wasn't strong enough for this now.

The musclewoman dropped the cover again. It produced a clang, alerting the guys inside. She heard one of them ask:

"What was that?"

There was a reply:

"Fuck! We gotta check this out!"

"Nah, it's probably just some other critter."

"That was the trapdoor. No critter would get in there."

"Man, whatever. Okay. Let's take a look."

The door clanged.

"Shit. What's going on? Why isn't the fucking door opening?"

"Wait, let me try."

Another clang.

"Yeah. I don't know. Maybe it's stuck."

There was a bang as one of them kicked it. The other guy chuckled and told him he was an idiot. Kicking the door wouldn't help. Danielle decided to let them at it. She still needed to open the trapdoor, and fast too.

She got back up and went to look for a bar to maybe use to pry it open. She wandered about, but didn't find anything promising. She ended up in the courtyard again. The voices of the guards were audible through the aeration system. They were complaining about their phones not working. She grinned and called Emilio:

"It's working! Cool. Thank you!"

"No problem. So, about that trapdoor?"

"I don't know. I'm not strong enough and I can't seem to find a crowbar or anything."

"Maybe there's one in the toolshed."

"Toolshed?"

"Yeah. It should be in the courtyard."

"Emilio, there's no toolshed here."

"Okay ... That's odd. It is on my satellite pictures. Well, maybe they're a little odd. I'll try a drone."

Danielle had walked around the courtyard and found another aeration grill that was blowing out quite a bit of steam.

"Wait. Just a thing: How big is that yard supposed to be?"

He told her the dimension while she checked the size by taking big steps. It didn't work out.

"The courtyard is smaller than it should be."

Emilio breathed out sharply.

"Okay. I got nothing."

Marcel suddenly called in:

"There's a hidden bit. My dad used to have a fake wall in his office to hide his real documents from the tax services."

Emilio agreed:

"That sounds like a thing."

Danielle knocked against some of the walls and suddenly heard a hollow sound.

"Okay, that's a door."

She put her ear against it, heard nothing but the hum of machinery, took up position and kicked it. With a crash, the door's lock gave in and Danielle found herself in a tiny room full of strongboxes. She stared. Wow. That was interesting.

"I may have found the Cartel's money."

Emilio chuckled:

"Amazing. Just don't get killed, okay?"

"Yeah. I think it'll be best to leave that alone for now. However ..."

Her voice trailed off as she found a cooling box connected to the exhaust. She opened it and said:

"Boys, I think I may have found another nice thing!"

Emilio and Marcel asked:

"What is it?"

She sent them the labels. Emilio drew a sharp breath and Marcel sighed: "Bordel."

Danielle heard her guys read the description.

"So that stuff is called Ulcontrax. It was developed as an experimental serum for firemen. Nobody bought it, because it has weird side-effects on men, but it boosts your strength and hardens your bones. That stuff is great. It might also make your muscles a little bigger. However, it basically pings every doping test ever, including substances that don't even do what it does. So it's a no-go for contests."

"I don't care about contests right now. So, how do I use it?"

"It says here to inject it into your muscle. Then it should work within a couple of minutes."

"Sounds good. About those side-effects?"

"The men reported that it made their skin smoother and changed their fat distribution."

"And nobody thought about marketing this to women?"

"It doesn't like the pill. Like at all. Like heart attack not at all."

"Hah. Sounds good to me. I haven't had my period in years."

"Enjoy, then!"

"I will."

She took the serum, fixed one of the single use needles to it and shot herself up. Suddenly, she heard Emilio say:

"Wait ... There's another thing ..."

"A little late ..."

"It makes you really sensible to noise. You should find a quiet place ..."

"Well, shit. I gotta go back in now."

That's when the effect hit her. She suddenly had a terrible headache, stumbling out of the secret room. She almost fell over, staggered to a quiet bit of the courtyard and sat down. Her mind was spinning, but she could feel something happening in her. She heard Marcel ask:

"Did anybody ever try and mix the two substances?"

Emilio's answer was rather matter of fact:

"No. And I don't think you should. Oh shit. Danielle, are you okay?"

The musclewoman smiled. She was still not feeling too well, but there was certainly something amazing going on. She looked at her arms, which were twitching. It didn't feel too good, but she could swear that with every twitch, her muscles got harder and bigger. She gasped:

"This is ... really strange. But I think I like it."

"We should have given you a camera."

"Yeah ... That's definitely something that should have been recorded ..."

Danielle saw the twitching go faster. With every pulse, her muscles swelled. The malaise was getting better, and it was making way for something much nicer. She grinned now. This was incredible! Her muscles were getting quite amazingly buff now.

She whispered:

"Wow ... I can hit the heavyweights next time ..."

Emilio asked:

"Are you alright?"

"Never felt better. Damn. I'm ... I don't know where it's coming from, but I'm getting bigger. All over. Fuck ..."

She looked at her pecs that were rising up under her skin. This was a sight to behold. She could see her breasts swell and expand as they were being pushed up, her implants getting wrapped by extra layers of fat as it melted away everywhere else.

Danielle was now all grins.

"That stuff is the best! I fucking gained a cup size in a minute! And an inch on my arms!"

The boys on the other side of the line were shaking. This was not something for them, but the idea of seeing their friend turn into an Amazonian superhero ... That was something they longed to see.

Marcel asked:

"Could you take a photo, please?"

She nodded to herself, got up with a stumble and looked down on herself. Her body was ripped now! It had been wonderfully buff before, but now, she looked like a comic book character. One of those that punched through walls. She lifted the phone and shot a picture. As she sent it to them, she heard them breathe in sharply.

"Hot damn ..."

"Putain ..."

She looked at the picture herself. Her outfit was stretched over her body like a second skin. Her muscles were now hard and bulging, the veins easily visible, even through the fabric. Her bust was heavy now, each breast round and easily the size of her head. The too small sports bra made them look even more gigantic. She licked her lips. Fuck! That stuff was amazing.

And there would be even better things down there ...

She returned to the trapdoor with a few quick strides. The guys inside had resigned themselves to occasionally pounding against the door, but they obviously couldn't do anything more. She grinned, thinking for a moment that she could probably open the door, get inside and beat them up. Then again, she was incredibly strong and amazingly energetic, but she wasn't bulletproof!

Better to stay focused and continue her exploration.

She massaged her hands, cracked her knuckles and sank her fingers into the trapdoor's edge.

"Okay ... Let's do this!"

Danielle pushed her fingertips against the metal, locked her legs and straightened her back as good as she could.

"Fuck!"

She immediately slipped out of it, almost falling on her ass.

"Shit! This is ... Yeah, I don't know ..."

The men inside stopped whatever they were doing and shouted:

"Who are you? What are you doing out there? Let us out, for fuck's sake!"

She ignored them and got into position again.

"Okay, you stupid piece of shit ... Open!"

She sank her fingers into the groove and forced her muscles to obey her. She knew she could do this. But it was damn hard ... She pushed her fingertips deep inside, flexed the muscles of her back and let her thighs swell. It was hard, but it was an incredible feeling. She was struggling, she was breathing heavily, but at the same time, the energy and power that was flowing through her was intensifying. Danielle could feel herself getting stronger. She had to stop for a moment and change her position to accommodate her big tits. This made her grin. She always liked the superheroine ideal, something which had gotten her into bodybuilding in the first place, but seeing herself turned into such an awesome example of the trope made her very happy. And horny. Fuck. She just wanted someone to admire her right now.

Well, just a little more breaking in, and then, she would get back and enjoy her prize.

The growing pain in her muscles brought her back to reality. She had to focus! If she kept drifting off, she'd get nowhere.

Okay, let's do this again. She got in position once more, grunted and sent all her strength into that stupid-ass trapdoor. Sweat erupted from her skin, her muscles seemed to mutate and swell like crazy. The veins all over her body felt as if they were transporting lava. She could feel her heart pump hard, the air in her lungs burning.

"Gaah!"

The guys in the room had probably found something heavy to use as a battering ram and were pounding against the door. She didn't care. She just did her best to ignore everything around her. All that counted was that stupid door, and it hadn't moved an inch.

She was about to despair when she told herself:

"I can't give up now. This is it. I am the best, I am strong, I can do this."

With an almighty grunt, she pushed once again, the muscles on her body exploding in a shower of pain, but then, suddenly, the machine that held the trapdoor closed gave in. In a moment, her fingers slipped inside and now, at last, she had a grip.

"Yes! Yes! Fucking yes!"

She stood up. The machinery produced a groan, then a whine. Then it broke with a crack. Danielle felt it try to resist, but she had defeated it. Whatever had held this thing shut had been overwhelmed and now, the stupid thing just rose easily.

She stood there, legs wide, her mighty arms pushing up the trapdoor and she looked inside.

The motherlode.

Another bang of the gangsters tore her from her reverie and she quickly stepped inside, descending the flight of stairs while lowering the trapdoor above her. With a little luck, they wouldn't be able to follow her even if they managed to break down the door.

Danielle reached the lower end of the stairs and found herself in a corridor with several doors. None were marked. She checked whether she could still reach her associates.

"You guys still there?"

Emilio's voice was a little distorted:

"Yeah, but you're rather choppy now."

"Okay. Just warn me if anything goes wrong up there."

"Will do. So, where are you now?"

"I don't know. Looks like a special extra lab. Or some secret stash. I'll look around."

She tried the first door. Listening at it yielded just a few beeps and boops. She opened it and peeked inside. There were several chemical machines that mixed and distilled liquids. Since the place was unoccupied, she crept inside and turned on the light. There was a large whiteboard on the wall with a rather complex diagram on it. She took a picture and sent it home.

Minutes later, Emilio called her:

"Whoa. Whoa, Danielle!"

"What does it mean?"

"That stuff ... I'm not one hundred percent sure, but ... You know how regeneration after training is the most important bit?"

She nodded, then realized he couldn't see her and said:

"Sure."

"Okay. Now this stuff, if I understand it correctly, it improves your regeneration."

"So what? So I can train sooner? Big deal!"

"Well, under normal circumstances, this would indeed not be impressive. But that formula, it instantly replaces damaged tissue and adds some extra. And it only affects your muscles."

Danielle pondered his words for a moment.

"So if I train to exhaustion, my muscles get really damaged and that stuff repairs them and makes them bigger?"

"Yep. That is what it does."

"Holy ..."

"Actually, any kind of damage should be enough to trigger the effect."

"You can't see it, but I am grinning right now."

"I thought as much."

"Okay, so that stuff on the board, is it here?"

"Look around ..."

She did and soon, Emilio said:

"It is. Look at the capsules over there. I don't know the dosage, maybe try one pill and see what it does."

Danielle eagerly grabbed one of them and said:

"Here goes nothing!"

Danielle popped out a pill and swallowed it. She waited for a moment.

"So that did nothing."

"Maybe you'll just have to wait. Also, I guess it needs to be activated."

"Let's just hope they have a weight-set down here then."

She opened the door of the lab again and checked the corridor. Still nothing. There was no sound from above either. Okay. This could just work. She checked the next door. Inside, there were just massive

amounts of packages, containing ingredients of some sort, as well as several big plastic barrels. She lifted one for size.

That thing was heavy.

Cool.

This just might work. She closed the door behind her, then said:

"Okay, boys, I just found a heavy barrel, and I'm going to give it a pump. Let's see what that drug can do."

She grabbed the barrel with both hands, finding purchase on the plastic rings that encircled it.

And ... Go!

With a grunt, she lifted it up, standing straight. The barrel was heavy, but she could manage it. It must have weighed some 100 pounds, maybe a bit more. If it were a barbell, it would have been easy. She'd just load it on her back and probably find it way too light. But like this, it just might give her ass and her thighs a good workout. With an expectant grin, she squatted down.

Once, twice, thrice ...

It was still easy. No real problem. She went on, deciding on a set of twenty as she went along. She would definitely have to get something heavier soon.

Ten, eleven, twelve ...

Alright, there was a kind of strain on her now. Nothing bad, but at least she felt it. By the way, there was a strange warmth in her ass and legs now. She chuckled. Okay. That was the drug working, probably. That was great!

Eighteen, nineteen, and ... twenty.

Very well. She set the barrel down. That was easy. Too easy. She sighed. That's when she saw the packing straps lying in a nearby cupboard. She nodded to herself. Then Danielle took the straps and slung them around two more barrels, constructing a kind of makeshift harness. That would be uncomfortable, but it would at least challenge her. Quickly, she slipped under the strap, clung to the starting barrel and got up again.

This time, it was way harder. She licked her lips.

Let's do this!

With a slow and controlled movement, she lowered herself down, executing a perfect squat. Then up again. She started counting out the reps in her mind.

Four, five ...

The musclewoman could feel the straps bite into her skin. This was quite uncomfortable. At the same time, she could sense the warmth spread in her muscles. Amazing ... She closed her eyes. She had to focus on her movements. The last thing she needed was having a stupid accident in a secret gangster lab ...

Nine, ten, eleven ...

This was getting really hard. Her muscles were now well swollen and engorged with blood. She could hear her heart thump inside her chest. She was sweaty and starting to feel exhausted. That drug better work!

Seventeen ... eighteen ... nine ... teen ...

She was slowing down and starting to struggle with the weight. Just one more ... rep ...

Twen ... ty.

Fucking twenty.

She lowered herself down once more and got out. The bodybuilder could feel the wide, patterned impression of the straps all over her

shoulders. She had to sit down. Then she dropped on her back. She was trying to catch her breath, the cold concrete feeling crappy against her skin.

Danielle knew she probably should be doing another set, but she felt so exhausted ... Way more than before. This was odd, to say the least. Well, maybe she had taken too much of the drug? But why would they package them as single pills if ...

She was overthinking this and she knew it.

With a sigh, she rolled on the side and got back up. Let's just do one more set and ...

She could suddenly feel her thighs heat up. This was ... uncomfortable.

Okay. So this was working. Let's get going! Once more!

She got under the straps, loaded the weights upon her back and groaned as the fabric of the strap bit into her skin again. It felt raw and chafed and she hated it right now. Still, this was the thing she had come for, so she had to push through, hadn't she?

Danielle got to her feet, stumbling a little as the load bore down on her. She heard Emilio on the earpiece:

"What's going on? Are you alright?"

She struggled to get upright:

"I am. Well, mostly. I just decided to give my muscles a good pump and see whether that thing works, but that turned out to be ... fuck!"

"What? What is it?"

"Nothing. I almost fell over. Listen, I've got to go through with this. Give me a bit of radio silence, will you?"

"Sure, but there's a thing: The boys upstairs are looking for you and they've been getting reinforcements. I don't know how good this will work, but you'll need to hurry up."

"Can't you keep them busy?"

"We're doing everything we can."

"I won't be long!"

She squatted down. Now this, this was really uncomfortable. It was terrible, really. Her muscles got incredibly hot all of a sudden, and it felt as if they were going to explode. She shouted out in pain.

"Holy shit!"

"Are you sure we can't help you?"

"No! Fuck off!" After a moment, she added, sheepishly: "Please?"

"Yeah, alright. We're keeping those guys off your back. Just be careful, okay?"

"Yes, Mom!"

She could almost hear his eyes rolling. Then she squatted down again. She had to do this!

Thing had been bad before, but now, they were downright terrible. Her skin hurt, her muscles throbbed with pain, everything was agony.

Five ... Six ... Ow ...

She forced herself back upwards, desperate to keep her form the way it should be. She couldn't afford to hesitate or even drop anything. Not now!

Nine ... Ten ... She breathed in sharply ... Ele ... ven ...

She wanted to cry now. How did this happen? When did lifting weights like this get so painful? This wasn't normal. If that pill did it, and she was

sure of it, then maybe it wasn't worth it. She never should have taken it!

Fifteen. She paused for a second. She had to focus so her legs wouldn't buckle under her. Crap. She didn't want to go back down again. Couldn't she just call it a day? After all, this was just some self-inflicted stupidity. Surely, the pill would either work with less or not at all. She could literally just drop everything right now, besides, she was in danger. She didn't have to do this ...

Exactly. Exactly.

She didn't have to do this. It was her choice. Yes, it hurt, yes, it was probably stupid and dangerous and everything.

But she wanted this. She wanted big muscles, she wanted a championship body, she wanted to be huge. She fucking loved her physique, the mass, the heaviness, the incredible power. The jealous looks in the street, the people who wanted to ask questions but didn't dare. The disgust in their eyes.

She loved this. She adored their double takes. She relished this perfect moment when her body was pumped up like crazy, feeling as if it would explode and knowing that she had wanted this.

What if it hurt? What if it was uncomfortable? What if it was hard to get fitting clothes?

It was her personal happiness and if it took a bit of pain, then so be it!

Gritting her teeth, she hit rep number twelve.

Howling and screaming like a wild animal, she tore through the missing repetitions. She grunted and roared, and then, finally, she reached number twenty.

She spat out, dropped the stupid fucking weights from her shoulder, stumbled forward, let the barrel fall to the floor and keeled over, landing on the concrete like a wet bag.

As she lay there wheezing, she felt the heat increase to a level she hadn't imagined possible. Somehow, it seemed as if her muscles were going to boil.

She gasped for air, cursing her vanity. But then, suddenly, she saw what was happening and a pained smile spread over her face.

Her muscles were reknitting themselves after that devastation, and they were getting big. Huge, even. She licked her lips. Hot damn! Right in front of her, she could see her quads stretch the fabric of her suit. Those were some serious fuckers in there.

Had she really just added an inch of circumference in a minute? She felt herself get wet. And this wasn't fat or anything. Where would it come from, anyway. No. Her body was adding some grade A muscle there, and it was ripped as fuck!

"Oh God, boys, boys, it's working! It's working! That stuff ... It's amazing!"

The reply was a little worried, though:

"They're coming down, Danielle! Be careful!"

The musclewoman didn't know what to do. The guys were coming after her now, and she was stuck in a dead end. Also, they were armed and dangerous, experienced fighters and probably drugged-up sadists. In short, she was fucked.

She had a self-defense class once, and a couple of people had insisted on play-wrestling her. That did not mean that she had any idea on how to fight. Especially not people like these.

Actually, she didn't even know what she could do. Hide? They would only find her knowing this place better than her. Run away? Again, how?

Danielle felt her heart race. She was stuck. She was helpless.

This annoyed her incredibly. She had planned everything so well, and she had succeeded on so many levels. Her muscles were amazing now, and she had the opportunity to make them so much bigger and better soon. Sadly, this was all for nothing. No one would ever admire her. No one would ever look at her and wonder how this was even possible ... She hated the universe right now.

The gangers came down, shouting and pointing their guns.

Suddenly, she made up her mind. Enough panicking. If she couldn't lick them ...

One of the gangsters went on point, pistol at the ready. The other one followed, covering him. Despite their lack of military training, they did their best to be quiet and organized. They were also rather drugged up, so their minds were always close to drifting off.

They entered the subterranean vault, expecting ... Well, actually not knowing what to expect. Things had happened and now they were trying to figure them out. Also, something odd was going on since they couldn't reach anybody by phone. Just as they entered the main corridor, their flashlights out, they saw a figure. Majestic. Statuesque. Powerful.

They stopped and hesitated.

"Hey! Hands up!"

Their lights pointed at the silhouette and they could feel their minds slow as they took in what they saw.

There was a woman. In her underwear. But she wasn't looking weak or helpless or confused. No. She was looking incredible. Strong and indestructible.

Danielle looked into the twin lights. She couldn't make out the figures behind the flashlights, but she knew they were watching.

"Put up my hands? Why, sure!"

She slowly lifted her arms, smiling as she felt their heaviness. They were incredibly swollen with muscles now and it was a pleasure to just sense their weight. She grinned seductively:

"Like this? You happy now?"

The young men were clearly shocked by this brutal display of power. They lowered their guns for a moment and hesitated.

"Who are you?"

Danielle pushed her hair from her face casually, using the opportunity to sneak a flex and make them shiver. With mock innocence, she said:

"Me? Oh, I'm just a little intruder."

One of the guys chuckled:

"Little ... Yeah, right."

"Oh yes. So, boys, are you going to let me leave or do you want to fight me?"

She could see that the question confused them, so she piled on some more, licking her lips. The men gasped and somehow forgot about their weapons. They came closer. Danielle purred:

"Wonderful. I've been waiting for you."

Just as the first one came close, her arm shot forward and she caught his wrist and squeezed it. The man dropped his gun instantly, screaming in

shock as she closed the vise that was her hand. Her muscles hardened and he panicked.

The other guy took a second to realize what was happening. Before he could bring his weapon back up, she pushed her victim at him. The two men collided, stunned.

Danielle hesitated. That was nice. She could probably just run right now. That would be the end of it. Then she looked at the rest of the basement and at the slowly recovering men. She looked at her hard muscles and at the pathetic creatures that tried to figure out what was happening.

Then she decided she would have some more fun.

She quickly picked up the two guns, removed the ammunition and unhooked the slides, rendering the weapons useless for now.

She waited for the men to be clear enough again, then she said:

"Okay, just hit me. Try and land a blow that might hurt me!"

The gangsters hesitated. She growled:

"Do it! Come on!"

They charged at her.

Although Danielle didn't have much experience in fighting other than the occasional sexy wrestling, she immediately reacted as correctly as she could and caught the first attacker's blow with her hand. The strike made her shudder, going through her arm like a ripple. She gasped, the man followed up with another blow and she held this hand too. Now they stood there, confused for a second. The gangster had expected his punch to knock her over, and honestly, so did she.

When that didn't happen, they both took a moment to focus again. That's when the second guy came at her and struck at her side. Danielle couldn't do much other than awkwardly jerking the other man in the way of the blow. That didn't help, but it certainly showed her that she was easily as strong as that jerk.

The second man's fist hit her side. She flexed her obliques and somehow managed to catch the attack without any harm. Instead, she felt a kind of energy flow through her muscles. She maneuvered the first man between her and the second one, then started forcing him down. Her enemy reacted as fast as he could, stood up straight and tried to push her down. He was taller than her and had longer arms, even though hers were amazingly packed with muscle.

They did a weird little dance for a few seconds. As the man used his strength and the length of his arms to control her, she could feel her muscles transform. It was a strange feeling. She hissed:

"Fff ... What's happening?"

That's when the second man jumped her. He had managed to get around her and to wrap his arms around her neck, now trying to pull her backwards to the ground. She was panicking now. The big guy in front of her was still bearing down on her and the other gangster was clinging to her, unbalancing her.

Danielle screamed:

"Aah! Get off me, you assholes!"

The man in front of her tried to give her one more push and to finally get her to the ground, but instead, he noticed that he found it quite difficult to budge her. Danielle was surprised, but when she caught a glimpse of her arms, she stared.

They had grown thicker and more ripped in a matter of seconds. Okay. So that drug worked like this too ... She looked down for a flicker of an eye and saw that her obliques had turned even thicker and harder now.

They gave her waist a column-like, powerful shape. One she only knew from heavyweight male bodybuilders. This was amazing!

Fine. Now she was going to have fun!

The musclewoman grinned and started pushing back against the guy in front of her, ignoring the asshole hanging from her neck. He tried to form a lock around it, but she flexed her traps and held him at bay.

The gangster in front of her gritted his teeth. She did that too, but there was a superior grin strewn in the mix. She pushed and pushed, making the idiot give way.

"Ooh ... Yes! Come on! Is that all you got!"

The man hesitated. In a matter of moments, the older woman in front of him had gone from victim to aggressive and mocking destroyer. He tried to let go, but her grip was unbreakable. He started to panic.

Danielle pushed and pushed, forcing him down. As she focused her strength more and more, she could feel that energy swell in her muscles. She was getting stronger and harder as she watched. This started to turn her on. She felt her panties get wet. Oh yes ... This feeling of strength was unbelievable.

She moaned lustfully and licked her lips. The guy in front of her just stared. What the hell was going on?

The gangster on her back was finding it harder and harder to keep his grip. He was about to slide off her ever-growing back when she hissed:

"You stay right there! Focus, little man!"

"What?"

"Do it, while I destroy this fucker!"

She stared down on the now-terrified young man in front of her and grinned. Yes. The more power she needed, the stronger she got! She pushed against him, making him scream in pain. He did his best to resist,

but that only increased the strain on her expanding muscles. She licked her lips and gasped.

Her knuckles turned white as she pushed him to the ground. The poor guy was squatting deeply now, and then, suddenly, she got him on the ground. With a grunt, she landed on top of him, the other guy still clinging to her but unable to do anything.

The man below her was struggling to breathe, his chest constricted by the mass of her pecs. She flexed even harder, crushing him into the floor. Danielle could sense his panic and his arousal. His erection poked against her. The smell of his pre-cum rose around them.

She laughed evilly:

"Ha! I got you, don't I?"

He whimpered:

"Please don't kill me!"

Just then, the other guy managed to get a grip and to stand on the floor at the same time. He pulled her head back, trying to get Danielle off his friend. She grunted.

"Hrk. Ow."

"Let him go, you freak!"

"Aaah ... Take your hands off, you fucker!"

"No! Let him go!"

His voice didn't sound so tough anymore. For Danielle, this was just an excellent way of improving herself further. She let him pull, but she tightened her posture and held against him. The man growled, she produced a drawn-out whine, they both struggled.

"Hhhha ..."

She could feel her muscles react. The strain was making them grow and the more the poor twerp tried to get her off, the worse the situation got for him.

"Aaah! Oh yes! Oh, oooh ..."

The musclewoman could feel her body warm up and grow. This was an amazing experience ... Her breathing quickened. She was about to cum ...

"Fuck ... Yeah ... Yeah ... Oh my God ... Aah ..."

With an almighty roar, she whipped her head forward, the guy clinging to her neck getting tossed over her and crashing into the opposite wall. He slipped down pathetically as she got up. The two gangsters stared at the huge creature that rose in front of them. Her muscles were pumped to the max, deep grooves tearing through their heavy mass. She was covered in sweat, her soaked underwear looking tiny as it was stretched over her bulging physique. Danielle looked at her enormous pecs and gave them a good squeeze, flexing them tight to feel their power. She pulled off the bra, her fingers sinking into the muscles' striations.

"Look at this ..."

With a lusty grin, she slowly spread her arms until they were fully extended, the masses of her biceps and triceps growing absurdly from her long limbs. The two men stared at her, mesmerized. Danielle lifted her hands up and up until she could feel the tension in her body rise. With a sigh, she flexed.

It felt like an explosion.

The muscle woman looked at her arms and admired the swollen mass of her biceps. They each rivaled a grapefruit for size, and they were terrifyingly cut. Somehow, her bodyfat had melted away, leaving her

with the most brutally intense definition she had ever seen. Even in this shitty light, without any real tan, she looked incredible.

She imagined herself on stage at this mass ...

The mere thought made her grunt with horniness.

The men in front of her exchanged glances. They were both horny and afraid. Also, they did their best not to move. They didn't want to alert this alpha-predator of their presence. With her muscles, she could probably rip them apart without much effort.

She said, her voice smooth as silk:

"I love this. This strength ... It's incredible. You can't imagine how good this feels ..." She took a deep breath, her mighty chest rising, then slowly descending, the momentum making her shiver.

Licking her lips, she added:

"Now, let's see if flexing those muscles hard will make me grow some more ..."

The men's eyes opened wide. What was going to happen?

Danielle took a deep breath, her chest widening. Then, with a mighty grunt, she went into a crab pose. Her muscles seemed to explode. It was downright horrifying to watch. The strain of her flex tore into her already overcharged muscle fibers. She screamed in pain as her own power destroyed her body, only to kick in the regeneration.

"Aaah! Fuck! That hurts! That hurts ... But ... it feels so ... good!"

She relaxed for a moment and her muscles immediately began knitting themselves together again. One more deep breath and ... bam!

She hit another flex, this one even more extreme than the first one. For a second, it seemed as if her skin would split, her muscles detonating out of her body. However, her already recuperating body caught the devastation.

She howled in agony as she flexed again and again, every movement brutalizing her muscles even worse.

"Gaah ... Oh yes! Oh yes ... Oh ... Hell yeah! This is ... Ow ... Aaah!"

She breathed in sharply as her tortured muscles recovered. Her body was black and blue now, large bruises spreading under her skin. At the same time, the already ultra-defined fibers swelled and expanded as they re-knit themselves.

She stopped for a moment, watching her muscles grow even larger ...

Danielle was on the verge of cumming. This was amazing. And she could do so much more!

The men were bobbing their heads now, losing their minds. They couldn't handle what she was doing to herself.

She grunted as her arms were getting pushed away by her spreading lats. She was growing like a weed now. Her shoulders grew and grew. She loved it.

With a lustful sigh, she ran her fingers over her midsection and decided to give her abs the same treatment. Bracing herself for the coming pain, she stretched back, breathing in and then, crunching them with brutal intensity.

"Fuck!"

It was a scream of absolute pain as her over-pumped upper body struck, forcing her abs into an ultra-intense mash. She rose again, then slammed them once more with an extreme flex. And again. And again ...

"Shit! This hurts so much ... I ... Oh God ... Yes!"

She could feel the regeneration kick in. Her muscles grew, fighting for space. She clung tight to them, although they were invisible to her, hidden by her gargantuan pecs. Feeling her abs grow and force her fingers apart finally pushed her over the edge.

As she came, she could hear the men blow their loads.

When she was done, she opened her eyes and saw them, their expressions blank, thin lines of blood running from their noses. She shrugged.

"I guess that was too much for them ... Now what about my legs ..."

"Danielle? Are you alright?"

Emilio was worried. Only when he heard her voice did he relax.

"I'm fine! You can come now, bring the truck. We've got a lot of stuff to bring home with us!"

"It worked? Awesome! We're coming!"

"By the way, tell Richie to bring me a new outfit. A very stretchy one. The biggest he got, actually."

"Okay ... Sure!"

Danielle grinned. That had suitably impressed him. And he wasn't the only one. Some of the gangsters had shown up, but she had managed to blow their minds just the same. The problem was, she was still horny and it would take some time for the boys to arrive ...

She looked around. There had to be something interesting the gangsters were keeping down there. Maybe another incredible piece of chemistry?

The musclewoman checked out the other rooms and found a safe. Okay, that was interesting. She looked at it. Okay, it was locked and no

combination in sight. Hm. Well, maybe she could do something about that.

First, she tried to get a grip on the door, but that didn't work. The edge was just too fine for her fingers. However, as she checked it out, she noticed an interesting detail. The safe was well-constructed, but it was not bolted to the floor. Of course, it was incredibly heavy, so there was little chance of it getting stolen, but ...

With a lick of her lips, she squatted down and wrapped her arms around it. Okay, this was crazy. But if it worked ...

She took a deep breath and stood up. She could feel the muscles in her legs strain and swell. This was a lot of weight. She focused on the lifting, careful to support herself. To her, well, not surprise, but let's say, amusement, the thing actually rose a bit.

"Gaah ..."

She went up and up and up, one inch at a time, until she had it a good two feet off the ground. She was very sweaty now, her naked body soaked and slippery, but her grip was strong enough to hold the safe. She felt the edges of the safe cut into her skin, but that only made it harder and tougher.

"Oooh ..."

It was strangely arousing to feel her body adapt to the strain. She was getting stronger and more powerful as the weight pulled her down. Gasping for air, her muscles mashed against the steel plate, she hissed:

"Okay ..."

Finally, she stood up straight. She had the safe under control. Now, to get it open.

"Haa ... Gah!"

With a mighty grunt, she flexed her upper body, her muscles engulfing the safe. She could feel the pressure rise, her own musculature suffering under the intensity of its force. The safe didn't budge. She kept it where it was, her legs shaking a little.

She knew she could do it!

Once more, she got ready and hit the metal at full intensity.

"Oh ... Oh ... Oooh! Hun!"

The muscles felt as if they were going to tear apart and explode. She opened her mouth and screamed, the underground vault echoing with the ear-splitting noise.

There was a faint crinkle on the safe. Danielle had to concentrate to not drop it. It was getting terribly heavy now and she was covered with a thick film of sweat. She had to finish this, and fast!

"Gneee ... Hrk. Hoooh ... Aaaaah!"

A long, drawn-out howl filled the air. Her muscles were torn apart, her body overcharging itself to finally vanquish the metal.

It was agony. Tears were running down her cheek and there was a smell of blood in the air.

And then, the metal crumbled and the door of the safe popped open, the bolts twisted out of their holes.

Danielle lowered it back down as gently as she could, fighting against unconsciousness. Her head was swimming and she was very, very dizzy. She had to sit down for a moment. As she landed on the safe, she noticed that this last boost had made her muscles even bigger, putting her easily ahead of most championship males.

Oh yes. This would be great. And once her mind was clear again, she would look and see what was inside that safe!

The boys arrived at the compound, nervous, but excited. Danielle had sounded very happy, so they couldn't wait for her to show them their loot. They stopped when they saw the gangsters lying around, still slobbering and groaning.

Nate asked:

"What happened here? Is this normal?"

Emilio shook his head:

"No, it isn't. This is incredible! Their minds were blown by something. I can think of what did that?"

"What did?"

Marcel smiled:

"Not what. Who."

"Who? Guys, what is this about?"

Richie held up the suit he had picked for Danielle. It was very sheer and although it should cover her full body, it was translucent enough to show off every bit of her body. Nate still didn't get it.

"The suit?"

The designer rolled his eyes:

"No, not the suit."

"No. Me."

They turned around and saw her. Their jaws hit the floor. It was Danielle, but it was more. She was standing there, naked, muscular and incredible. Once they managed to take in the sheer absurd mass of her body, they noticed there was something different about her face. It

looked incredible, beautiful and strangely ageless. None of them could pinpoint it, but she looked both young and mature at the same time. Her skin was soft and glowing, her lips were full and inviting and her eyes had that alluring sparkle to them. At the same time, she radiated experience and knowledge. She was astonishing.

It also seemed as if her entire bodyfat had concentrated in her breasts, which looked amazingly perky despite their size.

About her size ...

Danielle's ultra-ripped muscles were gigantic, yet somehow balanced. She didn't look like a lump of muscle. No. Instead, she seemed more like a dancer or a model, her proportions not distorted, but enhanced by her massive physique.

The guys were horny in an instant. She smiled:

"Boys, I would give you a flex right now, but I'll need you to carry the stuff from below up here and I don't want you to get knocked out like the others."

She took the suit from Richie's hands, ran her elegant fingers along Nate's growing erection and shot Marcel that million-dollar smile.

"Emilio, be sure to document everything. This is the best thing that ever happened to us. And, boys ..." They clung to her lips. "I'm going to need all four of you tonight. So get hard."

They exchanged glances and grinned. Then they went to work. The faster they packed up, the sooner they would get to be with her.

###

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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