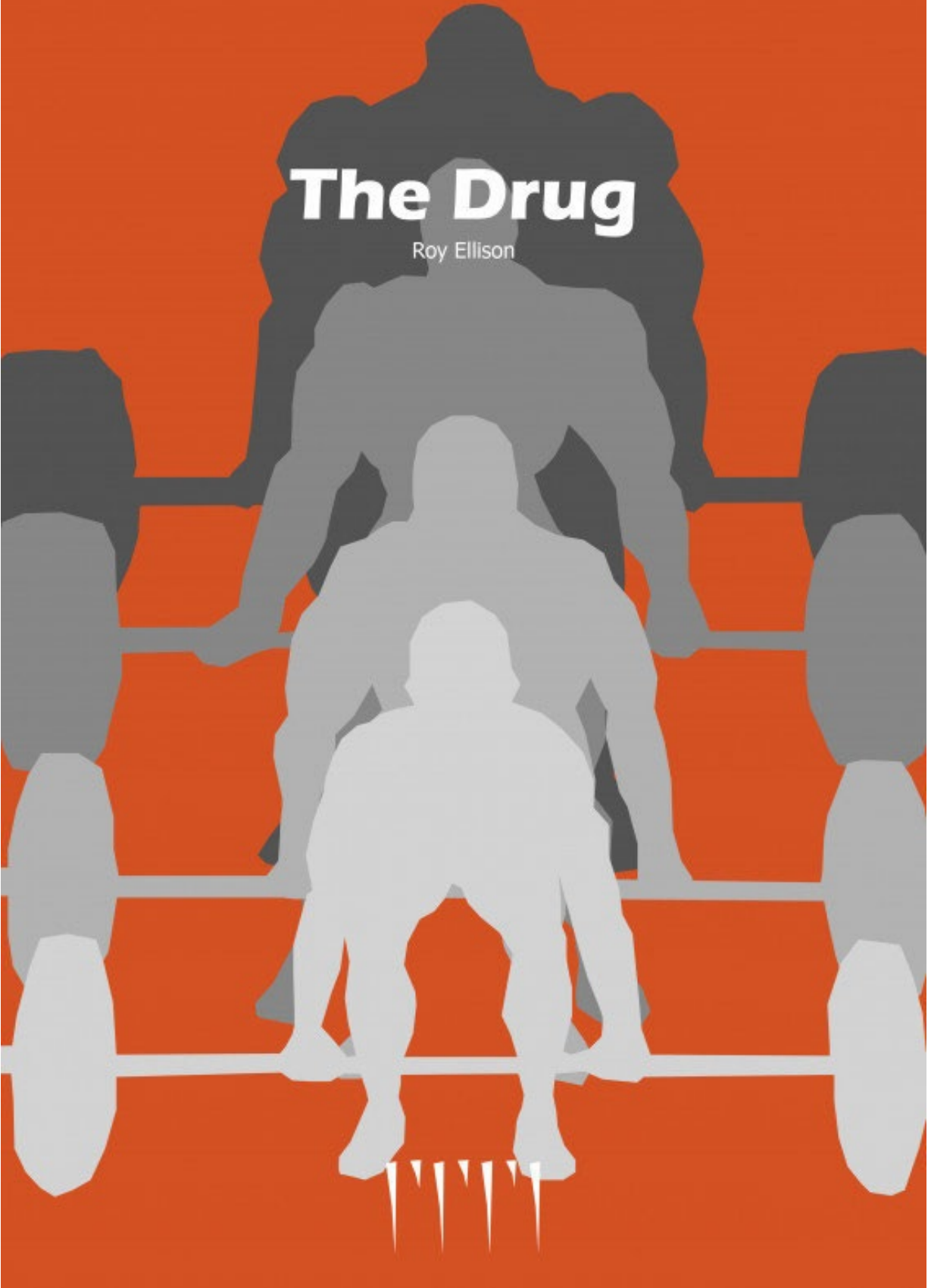


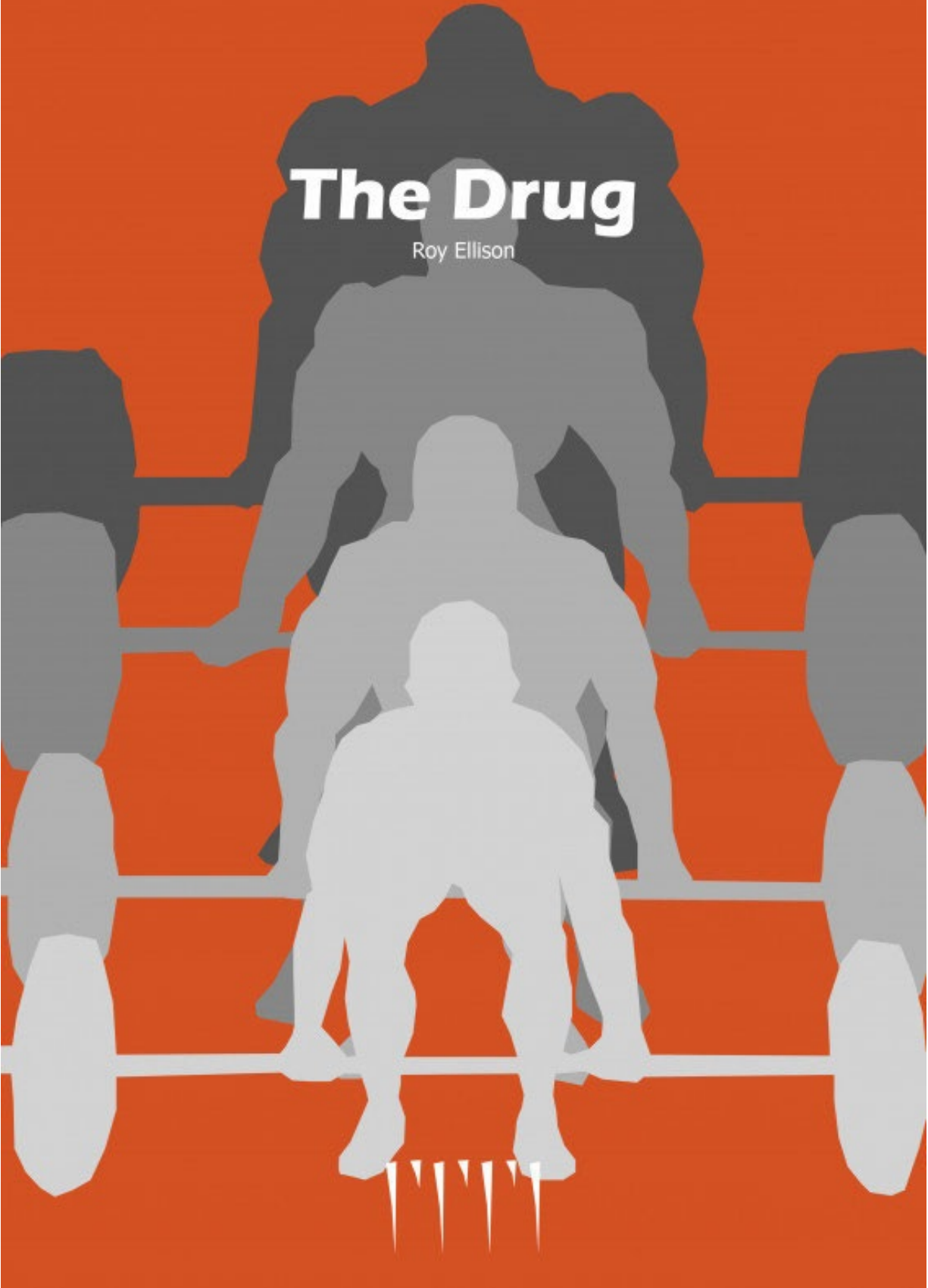
The Drug

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Ali looked both sides, careful not to attract any attention. It was just before noon at the gym, so the place was basically deserted, but she still didn't want any trouble. Once it was clear she was safe to do what she wanted, she unzipped her gym bag and took out the vial. It was innocuous, just the usual clear little bottle that everyone who used, well, used. However, that stuff was incredible, or so she heard.

Brian, a crazy dude she had met online and very briefly dated, had sent it to her. They had been chatting about exotic, efficient gear lately and he told her that the hottest new shit was this. “Hongsujoojang”, he said. It was some insane Chinese thing that was being sold underhand by the most fucked-up gearheads in the country. No one knew how it worked or how to dose it correctly and there were numerous stories about people having gone insane from the stuff. Some people had died and apparently, the deaths had been messy.

It was also thought to be extremely potent. Like, really potent. The best stuff you could get.

Hong, as they called it, was some kind of wonder drug for the most dedicated mass freaks. This was not something for lovers of symmetry and people who wanted to win contests. This was for the people who just wanted to be huge for hugeness' sake.

People like Ali.

The bodybuilder looked at her reflection in the mirror. She was solidly built, with broad shoulders, strong arms and hard, big legs. She had a vague six-pack since she was currently bulking, and she weighed a good 180 pounds of robust muscle. It had taken her two years to get here, one of them on the gear. And now, she was going to take it to the next level. Brian had told her that she needed to load up with protein and carbs before hitting the stuff. She was done there. She felt rightfully stuffed. Then, she should inject a good load of the roid and hit the weights. The effects would come really quick.

She wondered what that meant. A day? A week? A month?

He hadn't answered and just showed her a picture of his arm. Yeah. That was a lot of meat. The moment she saw it, she knew she wanted that stuff.

So now, it was time.

She unpacked the syringe, pulled up some of the roid through the membrane of the vial and flicked it to make sure there was no air left in. Good. She untensed her hard, built ass, swabbed it with alcohol and took a deep breath. Then she sank the needle into her glute and pushed the plunger down.

Ali sighed. Okay, so far, so good. She massaged her muscle, then put away the stuff and got up.

Cable flies. Those would be nice.

The musclemethod walked over to the machine, picked an appropriate weight, enough to provide a good challenge, and got ready.

“Alright ... Let's see what this stuff can do.”

She flexed her muscles and started pumping.

“One ... two ... three ... four ... fiii ...”

She almost had to stop. Suddenly, there was something of an incredible tension building up in her body. Wow. She stuck to the reps, but somehow, that really hurt. The pain was spreading quickly through her body, starting from her butt. Okay. So that stuff really did do something.

She gritted her teeth and continued pumping. Seriously, as a reasonably hardcore bodybuilder, she was used to dealing with pain.

“Nine ... ten ... eleven ... and ...”

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed that something was happening to her shoulders. Something surprising but welcome. She had to stop herself from just fumbling through the last few reps of the first set to check it out immediately.

“And ... fifteen! Oof!”

She carefully released the grips and looked at her reflection. Okay, so ... did she just get bigger? In so little time? She ran her fingers over her shoulder. It had its usual rounded, strong mass, but somehow, the individual parts of the muscle had grown. The increase was significant enough so she could actually see it just like that.

“Fuuuck ...”

She grinned. That stuff not only worked, it worked marvelously! So all she had

to do was pump?

Ali shook out the tension from her fingers, then increased the weight a little and went to work again. Set number two was going to really bring that mass to her body!

“One ... two ...”

She pumped again, careful to do the exercise with utmost precision. Moments later, the tension built up again. She could handle it, no problem. Slowly, the pain increased, but that was all okay as long as it made her bigger. Now the effect was spreading through her body, reaching her chest and her biceps and triceps too.

“Fourteen ... fifteen ... and ...”

She eagerly released the grips now and examined her body.

Fuck. There was an incredible tension in her pecs now and it was feeling ... good.

She put her hands on them and felt that something was stirring within them. It felt as if the muscles were twitching, swelling, getting harder and bigger.

She gasped. Oh God! This was it. This stuff was the fucking holy grail of muscle

building.

Ali ran back to the bag and pulled out another syringe. In no time, she dosed her other butt cheek. If that stuff was making her grow like this, then she wouldn't hold back!

The musclemethod put everything away and raced back to the machine.

“Okay, one more set. Let's see how much I can get out of this!”

She increased the weight once more, somehow feeling that the usual progression was no longer enough. Then she got ready, took hold of the handles and started pulling. The hong cursed through her body now, causing her skin to tingle. She worked through the third set, careful to focus and not go too crazy on the movements. She had to be precise. The last thing she wanted was getting hurt just as she was having a shot at her fantasies ...

The moment she finished the set, she stormed to the mirror and watched her body change. It was making her horny just seeing this. It was gross too, but it was astonishing. Her muscles were swelling right under her skin. She noticed how the growth was spreading down to her fingers, making the muscles of her arms twitch. She was ecstatic now, feeling as if some live wire was running through her.

“Gaaah ...”

She had to shake her hands to deal with the sensation, and as she did, she realized that her arms had increased in size. She raced to her bag, pulled out a tape measure and wrapped it around her upper arm. Did she really just put on half an inch in a few minutes? Just how strong was that stuff? Was there a limit to this?

She looked at her reflection. With just a little more pumping, she'd have a shot at being a heavyweight bodybuilder. She nodded slowly.

“Yeah. That'd be awesome. Fuck, I'm gonna do it!”

She tossed the tape measure on the ground, stepped over to the leg press and overloaded it way beyond her usual. If those muscles responded to a challenge like that, she'd martyr them now!

She got on the machine and started pumping. Now this was intense. She gritted her teeth so as not to scream as she struggled to push the plate up. As she extended her legs, her muscles already started growing and she could see them swell and expand with every pump. She felt as if she was going to throw up. Ali had to close her eyes from the sweat that was running down her forehead. She growled as she forced the plate up again and again. It was bad, but it was worth it.

As the set ended, she dropped back against the backrest and waited for her mind to recover. At last, she managed to open her eyes. She grinned at what she saw.

Her muscles had gone from blobby off-season shape to carved mass, but they were the same size. She had somehow managed to turn all that fluff into beef.

She suppressed a lustful moan and slapped her thighs. Nice. Hard. Perfect.

Time to increase the weight.

She started again, gripping the seat hard as she pushed the weights up again. She would be massive! She would be incredible!

“Move, dammit!”

“Six, seven ... eight ... niiine ...”

This was really hard, but it felt amazing. It was as if she had injected pure nitro into her body, putting her muscles on overdrive. She managed to open her eyes for a moment, and she saw that her muscles were mutating right as she watched. It looked gross and horrifying, but ... in a good way. She gritted her teeth and finished her set. Then she racked the weight and slapped her thick, overstrained muscles. As her hand hit it, her thigh tensed and seemed to grasp for her fingers. This was completely crazy.

She chuckled. Wow. She needed more.

“Let’s fucking do this!”

She started on her second set, her already exhausted muscles protesting. If making them suffer made them grow, she had to brutalize them relentlessly.

“Eight ... nine ... ten ... fuuuck ... eleven ... Oh my God ... This is ... twelve ... thirteen ...”

She wanted to scream. She barely managed to finish the set, her thighs twitching and shaking. She watched them transform. By now, they were cut to an incredible degree, every little shred of muscle perfectly carved. She got off the machine and walked to the mirror, her legs still wobbly from the strain. Also, they had grown, making her walk awkwardly. She stared at them. The growth hadn't stopped yet and she was still getting bigger.

“I need more. I need it all!”

She waddled over to her locker, pulled out the whole pack of protein, and mixed it into a literal bucket. Then she started drinking it all down, gulping it down as fast as she could. The vanilla taste was getting bad after the first mouthful, but now that her body was ready to grow, she couldn't stop herself now, right?

When she had finally managed to empty the bucket, her midsection was swollen and full. She was surprised she had gotten it all down. Ali wiped her face of the remaining protein, then returned to the pump room.

As she walked past the mirror, she stared at her waist. The protein had distended it and she grinned. Ali ran her fingers over it and gave it a little caress. That was weird. Up until now, she had always had a rather slim waist, but like that ... She kinda liked the look.

She shook her head. No time to waste.

As she passed her gym bag, she saw the vial still lying there. She hesitated. Then she smiled to herself. Why not? Why shouldn't she have it all? It wasn't as if she didn't deserve it, right?

She quickly drew up another syringe and stabbed her already overgrown thigh. As she sank the plunger, she felt a delicious, incredibly powerful pain spread through her body. That stuff ... it was amazing.

Sooo ... what exercise to do next?

Normally, she would very carefully split her training by days to give her muscles time to recuperate, but obviously, this was no longer necessary. She grinned. Squats! Those were always nice and she wondered just how big her ass would get!

She loaded up the bar, 250 pounds, as usual. Then she got under it and lifted it up. It felt strangely light. She smiled. Oh yeah. Now that was a nice surprise. She got back out, packed on twenty-five pounds on each side and returned under it. Yesss!

Ali went down, feeling the drug race through her body, transforming it, making it swell with power. She pushed back up, the weight digging into her thick neck and her heavy shoulders. She was getting bigger as she watched! It was amazing. She did her best to maintain her form, but it was getting more and more difficult for her to maintain her composure. The sheer amount of protein and hong in her metabolism was making her ache all over. And yet, she could see her muscles

swell bigger and bigger.

“Oh God ... Oh God yes ... Yes!”

She was getting very wet down there. Her body was slick with sweat and she realized her workout outfit was starting to get seriously stretched. It felt tight and uncomfortable now. She wondered whether she should stop and take it off, but somehow, the idea of pausing now annoyed her.

Whatever.

She would continue pumping, and she'd see what would happen!

The musclemoan continued squatting and reached the end of her set, but she didn't want to stop. She growled and just went on with it, the tension in her body only increasing.

There was a faint ripping sound that got louder quickly. She just straightened again, the bar pushing her down brutally. That's when she spotted the deep tear in her workout top. She had stopped wearing sports bras a year ago, there wasn't enough breast tissue left on her uber-pecs, but she still wore a stretchy crop top to comply with gym regulations.

Well, that thing had been stretchy enough for a while, but now, it was giving way. She grinned, went down again, then up once more and watched the tear spread. She continued, watching attentively as the tension on the fabric increased

more and more. The sight of the ever more failing top was turning her on incredibly. She was getting huge!

She went down once more, then she racked the bar, walked over to the mirror, and took a deep breath, spreading her mighty chest.

There was a snap.

The poor top exploded off her pecs and slapped against the mirror pane. Her heavy pecs dropped ever so slightly, having developed an inertia of their own. That's when she noticed that her overexpanded butt-cheeks had ruined her bottoms too. With a sigh, she tore them off, her shaved, muscle-framed crotch coming into sight. She grunted happily as the cool air passed over her clit.

Ali looked at her reflection and was astonished.

She had been big for a woman before, now she was big for a man. The drug had done wonders on her. Her neck was monstrous now, growing out of a yoked collar of muscle formed by massive pecs and brutal traps. Everything was perfectly carved, every vein and striation on display. Her shoulders were round and wide now, her arms rested on her major lats and her six-pack had turned into an eight-pack. Still, her waist looked deceptively small next to her overblown glutes and quads. She grunted. She needed more!

She emptied the remaining protein powder from her locker into the bucket and mixed it all, swallowing it eagerly. Then she scraped the last bits of hong from the vial, grunted and shot it into her abs. Maybe it would make them grow even bigger.

She stared at her reflection. There was more than just a spark of madness in her eyes, but fuck, she needed this! She needed to be huge!

“Yes! I’m gonna fucking get enormous!”

She growled at herself, then set up the barbell for her most intense training yet. She thought for a moment, wondering about just how strong she was now, then loaded up the bar with 600 pounds. Sure, it was crazy. This was twice as much as her previous maximum. But then again, she was now easily twice as huge as she had been hours ago.

She got in position, then squatted down to grip the bar. Her sweaty, overfilled body radiated warmth and energy. She was quaking with expectation. She would be huge. She would be gigantic. She would eclipse even the biggest guys at the studio. She would be a fucking monster!

The mere thought made her wet. She clenched the bar hard and tensed her muscles. Slowly, she stood up, lifting the incredible weight. She growled with lust as she raised it higher and higher and her muscles eagerly started to grow. She could watch them swell as the drug triggered some strange processes in her cells, transforming every bit of protein she had downed before into precious, wonderful muscle.

“One.”

She lowered the bar back down and looked at her reflection. Fuck. She was

bigger already. More. More!

“Two.”

The second rep was more intense than the first. She felt dizzy from the effort and the horniness. Ali could feel the blood pound against her temples.

“Three.”

She growled the word between her teeth. Her muscles tensed, her jaw was clenched shut, her body expanded.

“Four!”

Her skin felt tight. There was this terrifying energy within her that only increased with each rep.

“Five!”

She was giddy with the power that she wielded now. She wiped the sweat from her face and opened her eyes. Her whole body seemed to be throbbing with power, the veins were pulsating and her skin was stretched taut over her brutal muscles.

“Six!”

Ali was only vaguely aware of the intense pain that roared through her muscles. It was worth it. It was amazing.

“Seven!”

Her skin was now stretched paper-thin over the masses of her muscles. She was dripping with sweat, her whole body was swelling. She had to adjust her stance to make room for her absurdly big thighs and calves. She released the bar for a moment to wipe the sweat off her glistening belly. Somehow, it had begun to swell. It was no longer slim and muscular. Instead, it had turned into a distended, swollen gut. The muscles were just too big to fit comfortably. She growled lustfully, grabbed the bar again and ...

“Eight!”

Her movement was awkward with her ever bigger muscles making it hard to move the bar up. She itched all over as her body built muscle on top of muscle. A little voice at the back of her head told her to stop. This was getting dangerous. She already had everything she ever wanted ...

“NINE!”

Ali was screaming now, her deep, broad chest giving her voice the volume to sound downright terrifying. The little voice was no longer as little. It insisted:

“Be careful! You’re getting too close to the sun!”

“TEN!”

The musclemethod couldn’t care less. If she overdid it, if she pushed her body beyond its limits, if she literally exploded from too much muscle ... Did she really care? Wasn’t it better to be the biggest and go as the biggest, than to be a weakling for the rest of her life?

“ELEVEN!”

She growled, her face distended from the effort. Her skin was creaking now with every movement. The gigantic masses of muscle under it were stretching and growing, spreading her might and turning her into an abomination. She felt the incredible heaviness of her divine body rest upon her legs. She was getting truly gigantic. Her skin seemed to shine from being spread so thin.

“TWELVE!!!”

The tension in her body was unbearable now. The enormous masses of ripped beef that moved under her shrink-wrap skin were struggling to break out. She had to adjust her stance once more, simply because she could no longer reach the bar with both hands. She saw her reflection now, and she shivered. Her head looked lost in the middle of slabs and slabs of pure, perfectly defined muscle. Her whole body was twitching and pulsating, basketball shoulders pushed her absurd frame even further out.

She wanted more. She craved to push it even further. The voice in her head was howling for attention, desperate to bring her back to some kind of sanity.

Ali realized she was at her limit. Rationally, she knew she had to stop. Rationally, she never should have gone so far ...

One more. One last rep. Just a little bit ...

She grabbed the bar, stared at her reflection once more, and gripped it hard.

###

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

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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