



The Harridans

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Sidney stared at her reflection. She should have been proud. She was tall, blond, young and curvy without being in any way fat. She was also wearing a tailored business suit that was further showing off her gym-honed figure. She was 28, she had finished her studies in record time while still volunteering for charitable work at a homeless shelter and doing several internships at major investment companies. She was a far cry from the dumpy, insecure teenager with the thick glasses she had once been. She had turned her lanky, clumsy figure into elegance and she was angry.

The young woman had worked hard. She had suffered. She had managed to do all this without major debt and she was perfectly in control of her work. And now that she had found a job as director of asset management at WhiteFlame, one of the world's major investment companies, she still found herself being ignored by the bosses.

How could this be? They didn't make fun of her. Of course not. They enjoyed her work and they loved looking at her ass and her implanted tits. Those had certainly been a factor in getting her hired. But whenever she tried to suggest something, they would nod and ignore her until another one of the silverbacks grunted exactly the same words and ... they'd love it.

And it wasn't just the board: Her own subordinates were just as rebellious. She tried every trick in the book, but they just couldn't take her seriously. And her department had outperformed all the others! The bonuses she managed to earn them all were big enough to be felt and they ... laughed.

She sighed. This was all unfair!

Why did they do that? Couldn't they just take her for who she was? She was brilliant, wasn't she? Her ideas worked! She frowned at her image. This was so frustrating.

Her assistant knocked on the bathroom door.

"Ms. Garcia, it's time."

"I know, Marlene. I know. I'm coming."

She checked her look one last time. The boss of the major holding company above WhiteFlame, Momus, was coming for a visit. This was a first and everybody was afraid. What if he was unhappy about something? Not that she had anything to be afraid of, but she didn't want to end up in trouble anyway.

With a deep breath, she stepped outside. Maybe she could impress the guy.

They all filed into the conference room and waited. She saw Hudson grin at her tits. Because of course he did. She scowled at him, but he only

smirked. Getting into a sexual harassment lawsuit was not exactly going to get her ahead, but sometimes, she wanted to do it. Just to burn everything.

The CEO opened the door now and let the Momus boss in.

They were all surprised. The boss of bosses was a woman. An ugly one, yes, but a woman. Sidney was a little disgusted. The woman was old. She had pearl white hair, tough leathery skin covered in wrinkles and her body was broad and heavyset. She was certainly no beauty, although she maybe had been one decades ago. Maybe even centuries.

The woman marched in, shook hands with the CEO. Eric flinched as she crushed his hand. Then she looked around, stomped over to the head of the table and sat down. The other people all sat down too and waited for her to say something.

Her voice was a deep growl. It was a little terrifying.

"Good afternoon. I am Paula Michaels and I thank you for the welcome. Let's get to the point. There are a few things I'd like to discuss."

The room was quiet. Everybody was holding their breath. Then, the woman took a look at her notes and drove through the agenda like a bull charging at a rival. As she progressed along her schedule, the various managers got smaller and smaller. The CEO was shrinking in front of their eyes.

Sidney was starting to get nervous. Then she heard her name:

"Garcia. Well done. Your department is exemplary. Continue like this."

This was the greatest compliment she had dished out. Sidney was relieved. She looked around. The others seemed jealous and frustrated, her boss was just relaxing. He had needed this.

The rest of the meeting went smoothly. Ms. Michaels went through her list quickly, without much distraction, had the members offer solutions

for the various challenges, then picked what she wanted and ended the debate.

"Thank you. I think this will improve the situation of the company. Send the reports as requested."

And it was over.

Afterwards, there was a bit of a party. Sidney dreaded these events. Usually, the management would either get drunk or coked up or both and then they would get insulting and start harassing the female employees. She usually tried to evade those occasions. They left her alone, but she hated the stares and the comments.

This time, it started the same, but it soon escalated. That woman took the center of everyone's attention and drank, ate and joked as hard as the others. And they all shut up and laughed. They played along and Sidney could tell that they were secretly terrified. Not bad.

When a few of the executives suggested a bit of arm-wrestling, Ms. Michaels accepted the challenge and crushed them. They couldn't even budge her hand, not even Muriano, who was pumping himself so full of steroids that she wondered how he could still fit in his suit.

Sidney was impressed. Once the party had dispersed a little, she walked over to Ms. Michaels and asked:

"Ma'am, do you have a moment?"

The woman looked at her and smiled. She heard her deep, growling voice:

"Ms. Garcia, isn't it? Yes, of course. I'm very impressed by your work. Let's take a quick walk. The air is a bit stuffy."

They ended up in the building's roof garden. Sidney liked it up there. It was nice and quiet and the view was breathtaking. The older woman nodded:

"This is good. I like it. So, Ms. Garcia, what is it I can do for you?"

Sidney took a deep breath. She was suddenly feeling very nervous.

"Ma'am, I'm impressed by the way you handled those people. You were in charge and you just never let them start with their ridiculous games. So ... I wanted to ask you whether you could mentor me. I want to get better at what I do and I need help to manage this."

The wrinkled woman looked at her and smiled. This was rather disturbing. Suddenly, Sidney realized that this woman had perfectly white teeth. It was a weird thing to notice. Ms. Michaels nodded slowly:

"Yes, I think you might be a good candidate for that. I think I know your problem. I used to have the same difficulties back when I started."

Sidney tried to say something witty, so she said:

"It must have been hard to break in this business in the eighties."

The older woman blinked, then asked:

"The eighties. Yes. Tell me, Ms. Garcia, how old do you think I am?"

Was this a trap? Sidney started to panic.

"I don't know. I didn't mean to offend you ..." The wrinkled face seemed encouraging. "I'm not sure ... Maybe fifty?"

The bulky woman laughed. It was a loud, earth-shaking thunder. It took her a moment to calm down, then she said:

"You're going to love this. I will send you an invitation. I think you're a perfect candidate."

With these words, she left. Sidney stayed on the roof, completely

confused.

A few days later, she was chilling on her couch with her boyfriend Nick. He had been with her since high school, back when they both had been ugly nerds. For him, watching his girl turn into an amazing erotic goddess, putting the bikini models of the world to shame, had been crazy. Still she stayed with him, loving him for his brains and their common hobbies. Also, he was just generally good to have around, supporting her and being on her side.

Sidney sighed:

"I don't want to start again about all this, but I'm so impressed by that woman. She really had them under control. I loved that! God, I wish I could do that too."

Nick shrugged:

"Maybe it's the age? I don't know. My mom always said that people have to look the part ..."

She scowled:

"I don't want to wait. Seriously."

That's when the doorbell rang. Nick got up.

"Expecting a delivery?"

"Not really. Maybe ..."

He answered the door and said:

"It's a guy with an invitation. It's for you."

"Okay ... Cool! Amazing! She was for real."

She got up. The delivery guy stared at the casual goddess and grinned stupidly before remembering where he was. She took the invitation, signed on his tablet and opened the envelope. It was an invitation alright: The paper was thick and of excellent quality and there was a stylized "H" on top. The text itself was as vague as it could be.

"Dear Ms. Garcia. We request your presence at our quarters tonight at 8 pm. Do not bring other people. Evening wear is expected. H"

She showed the letter to Nick.

"Okay, I got nothing. That sounds as if you're going to be invited to join the Freemasons. Or the Illuminati. Or a cult."

"I still would like to try. Maybe this will help me and fix all those things."

"Let's hope so. Just call me if there is any trouble. I'll be around and pick you up."

"Thank you. That's great!"

She embraced him. They kissed.

That evening, Sidney got out of the cab and straightened her dress. It was a beautiful blue cocktail dress that hugged her figure. She liked it a lot. It made her feel sexy, but classy.

She clicked over to the building on her three-inch heels and soon saw a massive block of what looked like marble, without any windows. It was downright intimidating. Above the door, there was a carving of a scowling hag. She wondered what that meant. The whole place was quite intimidating. There was only a very small light over the doorbell and even that one had just been switched on as she came closer.

Slightly afraid, she pushed the buzzer. Nothing happened at first. She had expected some acoustic signal, maybe someone answering the door.

Nothing.

Then, slowly, the door opened. She peeked inside. It was dark. What a strange place!

She was getting nervous now. Still, she braced herself and stepped inside. She had her hand on her phone though, ready to dial Nick's number.

There was a faint light inside, leading her through a corridor and to a big and heavy curtain. She pushed it aside and entered a round chamber. Standing in a semicircle, there was maybe a dozen hooded figures waiting for her. The cloaks hid their bodies and faces.

This was slowly turning into an occult thriller.

She was about to hit the phone when she heard a familiar voice:

"Who seeks out our guidance?"

It was Ms. Michaels. In this situation, her voice was even more terrifying. Sidney did her best not to show her fear and said:

"I am Sidney Garcia and I am looking for a mentor."

There was rumbling agreement among the hooded people.

"Do you swear to keep what you see and hear in this place an absolute secret?"

"I swear."

The words just came out of her mouth. She wondered what she just did. Was this a good idea?

"Do you swear to support your sisters and help them whatever their request?"

"I swear."

An authentic secret society! Incredible. If she had known ...

"Then sign with your blood!"

A male servant wearing a butler's outfit brought a small table, a knife and an ancient quill. He helped her sign a parchment. The words repeated the oaths in a very fancy script. Her fear was falling away, replaced by excitement.

Once she was done, Ms. Michaels declared:

"Very well. You are accepted as a sister for now. Prove yourself over the next year and you will become a full member of our society."

The other women applauded and hooted. Sidney looked around. The other members pulled back their hoods and revealed aged, harsh faces. They had white, grey or silver hair and seemed brutal and tough.

Ms. Michaels removed her hood too and approached her.

"You did well. Welcome to the Harridans! Come along, we have to celebrate!"

The women led her to another room which housed a large table. It was already set and she was assigned a seat. The butler brought drinks and Ms. Michaels got up. She looked Sidney in the eyes and declared:

"Sisters, let us welcome our new member. Let us give her a name!"

The other women immediately started shouting. To Sidney's surprise, most of the names were really old-fashioned. After a bit of debate, they settled on Eleanor. It wasn't what she would have picked, but she got up, thanked them and raised her glass.

The old women answered her toast. Then the food was brought. Sidney was surprised. It was just protein and steamed vegetables, food she was more used from her weight-loss and training days. Still, it tasted amazing.

After dinner, Ms. Michaels got up and said:

"Let's take a little break and talk. Later on, we continue."

The other women nodded and got up too, soon disappearing into the neighboring rooms. Ms. Michaels walked over to Sidney and said:

"You probably have a lot of questions right now. Why not walk with me and I'll answer them?"

The young woman nodded and they disappeared into a courtyard. There was only some faint light, but it looked quite pretty. She asked:

"Okay ... So what is all this?"

"It's a secret club. We help each other and support our careers."

"So you're all in different businesses?"

"Yes, something like that. Margaret is the owner of a biotech company, Elizabeth manages a major shipment company, things like that."

"Wow. That's amazing. And the place ... It's beautiful. Strange, but I like it."

"You're always welcome here."

They walked in silence for a moment, then Sidney asked:

"So, Ms. Michaels ..."

"Paula."

"I'm sorry. Paula. When you asked how old I thought you were, what did you mean?"

"Normally, I'd take some time before I told you this, but I think you will be with us. I'm 35."

"What? How is that possible?"

Paula smiled.

"I had the same problem you had. I was too young and too feminine. The men would appreciate my company and look at my body, but they would only listen to what I had to say to steal it and pass my ideas on as theirs. I thought about this, talked to Margaret and we came up with this. I changed myself ten years ago and I never looked back."

"But how?"

"It's a series of special chemicals we developed. They made us tougher, stronger and more dominant. Want to see a picture of what I looked like before?"

Sidney blushed, then nodded.

"Yes. Very much."

The woman reached under her cloak and pulled out her wallet.

"I keep it with me to motivate myself. If people ask, it's my daughter."

She handed Sidney the picture. The young woman looked at a cute, friendly woman, almost a girl, with red hair and freckles. Her face was round and soft. She seemed a little embarrassed. If she squinted, Sidney could see the resemblance. But Paula looked brutish and hard.

"That's incredible. And it worked?"

"Oh yes. And it worked for all the other women here too. None of us is over forty. And we are all in charge."

"And I could have this too ...?"

"Exactly. But we've developed a kind of progression for this. You need to get used to the changes. I did it all in one go. It wasn't a pleasant experience. But if you want to ... We can bring out the best from you."

"I guess I'll have to think about it ... Maybe ask my boyfriend?"

"You can't. You swore."

"But ..."

"We'll help you, but if you become one of us, you have to leave your previous life behind. You have to become Eleanor."

Suddenly, Sidney was afraid. Was this a weird joke? Was it a cult?

Paula just grinned. Her face looked all weird and terrifying.

"Don't worry. Just get acquainted at first. If you enjoy spending time with us, it will all be easier."

Another woman interrupted them:

"We're going to the pool. Are you coming?"

Sidney asked:

"There's a pool?"

"Of course. We brought a swimsuit for you, if you want one."

She entered the underground natatorium moments later. It was quite fancy, with mosaic decorations and indirect lighting. There was a jacuzzi and a very large swimming pool, perfect for training. The other women were already there, getting undressed and jumping in the water. Sidney was shocked. They had looked plump, but that had been an illusion. Every single one of them was built like a brick shithouse. They had heavyweight bodybuilder physiques, with powerful arms, heavy pecs and rows of abs. Their thighs were Olympian, and their butts ... Sidney loved what she saw.

She had only ever seen bodies like those in action movies, and even there, they tended to be smaller. Most of them also had huge fake tits, fitting their massive frames. The combination of those hyper-feminine breasts, the masculine blocks of muscle and their old, brutal faces was confusing.

Paula dropped her robe and revealed an equally huge body. She grinned:

"You need the strength to feel the power. You'll love it!"

She handed Sidney a simple black one-piece swimsuit and lowered herself in the water, using only her hands. Her arm muscles swelled in all directions, growing huge.

"Come on in, the water is perfect!"

Reluctantly, Sidney slipped out of her dress, folded it neatly over one of the deck chairs and put on the suit. Then she climbed down in the water carefully.

She could see the other women having fun. They were play-wrestling in the water, chasing after each other and just snuggling and kissing. The young woman stared. This was a strange display of incredible strength and softness she had never even imagined.

Paula submerged herself for a moment, then got back up and let the water flow from her soccer ball-sized shoulders and her watermelon tits.

"I love this. It's amazing!"

She grinned and said:

"You'll enjoy it too, I'm sure."

In the background, a kind of fight broke out. Sidney heard the women's deep voices growl and shout. The play-wrestling had turned real. No one batted an eye. Sidney asked:

"What is going on?"

"Oh, it's just Georgia and Emily ... They're on a major cycle, and that really shortens their fuses. But don't worry, they'll probably just fuck their brains out later on. Make-up sex is the best sex."

Sidney stared at the colliding amazons. Just watching them push their huge bodies against each other was both terrifying and amazing. She

wondered what it felt like to be so strong.

She kept returning to the strange building over the next weeks. The other women introduced her to their rituals, she got involved in their debates and she slowly made up her mind.

She wanted this. Maybe she would go slowly, but ... After every stupid remark, after every dumb look, her desire to be a harridan grew. She started wondering how to tell Nick. Was there a good way to put something like that?

In the end, she got up during dinner with the other harridans and said:

"I'm very thankful for you having me here and I just wanted to say: I want to be with you and I want to be like you!"

They cheered and applauded. She was embraced, had her hair mussed and was covered in little kisses. It was amazing.

Later that evening, Paula said:

"Okay. To get you started, we're going to make you train. The buffness is the first part. You have to earn a bit, then you get a bit. This way, you can still chicken out if you end up being afraid."

She handed Sidney a plan.

"This is what you should eat and do. Just come here every day to pick up your food and train. I'll promise you, in a month, you'll feel amazing!"

"Wow. That's a lot!"

"And it works. You'll see!"

It did. Sidney started the training regimen the next day. Although she was terribly sore two days later, she could immediately feel that this was boosting her confidence. During her weight-loss journey, she had grown

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It did. Sidney started the training regimen the next day. Although she was terribly sore two days later, she could immediately feel that this was boosting her confidence. During her weight-loss journey, she had grown

accustomed to diets and training, but now, she had to eat instead. The food wasn't too tasty, but it worked. She started getting buffer soon. The new fitness gave her a little boost on her assertiveness and she was surprised just how quickly her ego seemed to adapt.

Within a month, she had put on three pounds of muscle, which was quite extraordinary for her, and she was starting to get all those old men to listen. They still weren't doing what she was telling them to, but they were getting used to taking her seriously.

This only reinforced her decision to do this.

Nick was happy with it for now. The growing confidence was making their relationship more interesting and it certainly spiced up their sex life.

Then, one day, she was at the gym, working on her back. Paula came in, loaded a bar with an incredible amount of weight and started pumping out reps like a madwoman. Watching the grunting, bellowing beast of a woman make her body swell and burn was both horrifying and sexy.

As she reached the end of her set, she walked over to watch. Paula noticed it, but kept quiet, instead focusing on her pump. Her muscles were swelling and growing and she was glinting with sweat.

At last, she was done. She put down the incredibly heavy weight and asked:

"Like what you see?"

"Oh God yes. I want to be this."

Paula was wearing little more than some tiny shorts and her huge tits were covered in sweat. Her tough, leathery skin was glistening. She wiped her brow and did a crab pose. Her lats seemed to explode out of her body, making her already enormous back grow almost twice its size.

In a way, Sidney was getting jealous. She asked:

"When can I start this? Am I ready?"

Paula relaxed a little, then ran her heavy, gnarled hand over her soft cheek.

"I think we can start. It's a tough therapy and it works in bursts, but I'm sure you'll love it!"

Paula took out several vials and pots from a nearby fridge.

"So, these are our little secrets." She held up the first one. A clear liquid in several prepackaged syringes. "This is a highly effective steroid. It floods your body and makes your training amazingly effective. It's not very healthy and it shows up on almost every doping test, but it turns you into a muscular beast in no time. You train hard, you grow big."

Sidney nodded. She wanted that thing. But there was more:

"This" The ancient musclewoman took a pot and unscrewed it, revealing a greenish cream. "This makes your skin tough. Tough as leather. It also becomes very stretchable." To prove her point, she pinched the skin on her huge tits and pulled. It gave way, but immediately returned once she released it. "It also makes you mostly stab-proof. I cut my finger once while cooking, but the knife barely went through my skin. And it healed in seconds. I love that. Also it gives you that old, dignified look."

"Awesome. But how does it work with the syringes?"

"They're made from a special alloy. Very hard." Paula showed her the next one. It was a liquid in a bottle that looked a lot like shampoo. "I use this to bleach my hair. It's permanent and makes your hair quite bouncy. It makes me look dignified."

Sidney nodded. Paula proceeded to the next one:

"I have two more things. These pills transform your inner organs. They make them more resilient and they protect against the more dangerous side-effects of the others. They also give you a height boost if you use a big dosage. And this ..." She held up a bottle: "This is the best bit. Use this mouthwash and your voice gets all tough and dominant. It's an incredible feeling."

"Wow. I'm impressed. And I get all that?"

"Certainly. Although I would recommend deciding whether you want the breasts too. We have very good surgeons and excellent implants, but you don't have to. Georgia preferred to keep her pecs au naturel."

"Nah. I want to upgrade mine. If I join you, I want it all."

"Very well. We'll schedule a date. I like the way you think!"

"Nick? I want to ask you something ..."

They lay in bed, relaxing. He was smiling.

"Yes? Ask away."

"Would you mind if I ... changed?"

A shade of panic passed over his face.

"What do you mean? Is anything wrong?"

"Yes, but it's not you. It's my job."

"Do you want to quit?"

"No. I've had an offer to join a program that would make it easier. But it's really tough and it would change my life."

He thought for a while, then said:

"I'm your man. We're not married, but I think you are the one. So if you have to go through this, I'm in. I'll help you if you want."

She was honestly surprised. She hadn't expected such a no-questions-asked answer. Smiling, she ran her fingers over his chest and whispered:

"Thank you. I won't forget that."

He kissed her and replied:

"I love you."

"I love you too."

She slid her hand into his boxers.

A week later, Sidney was getting prepped for surgery. She was nervous, but also curious. This was one crazy trip. She had started taking the steroids recently and she could feel her aggression grow and her caution fade. After two days of training, she had pushed her max up by twenty percent on pretty much all her exercises. She loved the bite of the weights now.

The doctor explained the surgery again and asked once more whether she was the right person. She agreed and they started the anesthesia. She drifted off, wondering where she'd awake.

She slowly opened her eyes. Her mind felt as if wrapped in cotton. She looked around. It was a simple patient's room. As the place came into focus, she noticed Paula standing there. She said:

"Everything went well. You're doing great."

Sidney made a vague gesture and was rewarded with a plastic cup of weak tea. Paula mussed her hair and added:

"Now rest. I'll bring your stuff tomorrow and we can start your treatment."

The young woman nodded and drifted back into her dreams.

To her surprise, she was feeling pretty good the next day. Paula came in early and had her get up. Then she said:

"Okay, let's apply the first dose of the cream. It'll only make your skin more flexible and allow you to heal quicker. This way, you can be out of here and back in the gym in three days."

"Wow. Okay, let's do this!"

Paula put on some rubber gloves and had her get up. Sidney was only wearing the hospital nightshirt. The musclewoman had her stand on a plastic mat and declared:

"It might sting a little as it gets into the skin. That should pass in a moment."

"Don't worry. I'm sure I can take it!"

Paula went to work, starting with her feet. Watching the enormous back of her mentor move below her made Sidney both nervous and, surprisingly, horny. Soon she would be just as huge. The cream did hurt, and quite a lot. It was really uncomfortable.

"Ow ..."

"I know, but it'll pass."

"Okay ..."

Paula's strong hand reached her thighs and then her butt-cheeks. She said:

"When you're used to it, I'm going to do your ass and your vulva too. You're going to love that one. No more chafing. You can go on for hours ..."

The musclewoman sighed. Sidney was a little embarrassed. She felt her teacher's hands on her waist and her tummy now. Her strength was unbelievable. She reached her chest above the bandages, then went to her shoulders and arms. Paula grinned:

"You're getting strong already. I like that."

"Thank you. Oh ..."

Paula had started working on her neck. Sidney stretched. She could feel the horniness rise in her. This felt great ...

"I'll leave the face alone for now. But soon ..."

"Oh yes ..."

When she was done, the hulking woman took off the gloves and said:

"Let it rest for a moment. When the tingling stops, you can get back to bed. I'll be back tomorrow to do it again."

Sidney smiled blissfully. She loved it already.

Two days later, the doctor took off the bandages. Her breasts were healed. He was impressed, but probably already knew about the cream. He asked:

"So, how big do you want them?"

"I had 650 ccs until now. Could you fill them up to 1,200?"

"Certainly. Just lie down, I'll get the equipment."

Moments later, she watched her breasts swell. This was incredible. Those special implants were huge. He pushed down the plunger, squeezing a strange yellow substance into them. He explained:

"This is a new liquid that can be resorbed easily by your body in the unlikely event that the implant should be damaged. It also stays in one place. So if it's impossible to take a ruptured implant out right away, the content would simply be absorbed and digested. Also, it gives your breasts a natural feel while still allowing for that taut, bouncy look."

"Cool!"

She saw her right tit swell to a huge size. Next to her empty one on the left, the contrast was shocking.

"Wow ..."

The doctor smiled and said:

"Let's do the other one and even them out, shall we?"

"My boyfriend is going to love them!"

"I love them!"

Nick was happy. He watched her twirl and had to stop himself from clapping. She grinned. Pushing him on the bed, she extracted his cock and started riding him immediately. Her upcoming transformation turned her on incredibly.

She dressed her new tits down at work for now. The men hardly noticed her anyway. The longer the wait, the more frustrated she grew with their attitude. Well, that would change soon enough.

That evening, she went to see the Harridans. They agreed to let her begin the treatment and flocked around her. Paula said:

"So, let's get you started. You're going to love this, I assure you."

"I'm ready!"

"The first rush is the hardest. It'll get less ... brutal eventually, but just go through with it. We know you're worth it."

The others cheered.

"Now get undressed. We don't want your outfit to get damaged."

Georgia laughed:

"Also, we need to get to your skin, don't we?"

Sidney did feel strange stripping in front of these bulky uber-women, but she played along for now. Besides, they weren't too dressed either. Under their cult robes, most of them were either naked or wearing stretchy black leotards.

Paula said:

"Let's begin with the first dose of the steroid. This will sting and burn a little."

The other women chuckled.

When the needle pricked her skin, she wanted to scream. As the plunger went down, her body felt as if it were on fire. She had to clench her teeth to stay in control. The others watched her with a certain admiration.

At last, the pain died down. She was still shaking.

"Wow. That was ... though."

There was a round of applause. Paula offered her the pills.

"Those aren't bad. Just swallow them whole."

"Okay. You said something about boosting the height ..."

"No problem." She added two more pills to the stack. "It'll work soon enough."

She was handed a glass of water and proceeded to swallow one pill after the other. Paula added:

"You'll have to take one every six to ten hours to maintain the effect. This is really important. We'll give you enough to last two months each time. Also, never let anybody else eat them. Okay?"

"Sure."

"Good. Then it's cream time!"

There were cheers all around.

Sidney found herself touched by all those women and now, she understood just how incredibly strong they were. Those muscles weren't just for showing off at the gym or intimidating people. It was obvious that they had to concentrate on staying gentle with her. She was a little shocked by the intensity, but soon enough, she relaxed. The women finished and she was shiny from the cream.

She looked at herself and asked:

"So, what about the face?"

"You should do it yourself."

She was presented with a pot. Plunging her fingers in, she started rubbing the cream into her cheeks, her front, her neck. It felt strange. She liked the sensation, even though it made her skin feel tight.

With a wicked grin, she took another lump and smeared it into her vulva. She gasped. The other women did the same and exchanged glances.

"Wow! She really wants it!"

"Oh yes! Do it, Eleanor!"

"Damn straight!"

She sighed as the cream started to work. Then she took another blob and said:

"One more thing ..."

The spectators went wild. She rubbed the stuff into her buttocks.

With a grin, she added:

"I want it all!"

Paula nodded admiringly. She was impressed by the young woman's drive. Sidney wasn't done yet.

"Now the mouthwash!"

She was handed a cup. One of the women commented:

"We should finally get a grail or something."

There was laughter. Sidney, no, Eleanor started moving the liquid around in her cheeks. Then she gargled. Finally, she spat it back out. Her throat was itching. The taste was rather bad.

"Yuck ..."

Paula said:

"Just wait a bit. You'll love it."

Just then, the other women shouted:

"Pump her up!"

She was pulled to the gym and they loaded a bar with massive weights. Eleanor laid down on the bench, staring at the heavy load above her. She had to do this!

Eleanor locked her fingers around the bar. With a deep breath, she pushed the weight up. She removed it from the rack and felt the load

bear down on her. Then she lowered it to her inflated chest. The elderly women with their broad, brutish faces grinned. She breathed in, waited and pushed the weight up as she forced the air from her lungs. The weight rose and she gasped as she realized just how heavy it was. Back down it went. A minimal pause, then she pushed again. There was something going on ...

The spectators were clearly excited. She let the mass back down. They started counting out her reps.

There was a kind of energy in her. The weight was heavy, but somehow, she could feel something that was pulsating within her.

Up again. The women breathed "four".

Back down. And five.

Six.

Seven.

At eight, she noticed that her body was tightening. The women were now staring intensely at her. She gasped:

"I need to see this ..."

Paula laughed:

"I thought you'd never ask!"

She took a remote control from her cloak and hit the button. Above her, a panel slid aside, revealing a large ceiling mirror. Eleanor grinned. This was incredible. She pushed the weights up again. And again. And again!

Every time the load went up, a shiver seemed to go through her body. She grunted happily and unleashed her strength. It took a few more reps to notice the change, but then, it was undeniable. Her body was transforming. In maybe a dozen pumps, her pecs had begun their expansion, pushing up her implants. Her shoulders had grown thicker and rounder and her arms had packed on quite a bit of meat. What

surprised her was that the growth was hurting, her muscles getting destroyed and rebuilt in moments, but her mind seemed to blank this. The sheer lust was enough to silence her pain.

She wouldn't stop. This was too good. She gasped.

"Oh damn ..."

The other women grinned. She was enjoying this and she was becoming one of them. At last, Paula said:

"Enough for now. Stop."

"But ... It feels so good ..."

"I know. Stop. You still have the rest of your body to train."

Eleanor racked the bar and sighed:

"Wow."

She got up and looked at her reflection. She definitely had transformed. Her upper body was looking big and thick now, appropriate for a bodybuilding contest. She had turned into a lightweight contestant in no time. It felt great. She lifted her arm and flexed it. A thick, orange-sized lump rose under her skin. She tightened her grip and twisted her wrist. The effect was astonishing. Her biceps seemed to grow even more.

"Fuck."

That's when she noticed that her voice had dropped.

"Oh. Wow. Testing, one, two, three?"

The other women laughed. Eleanor voice had tumbled down the pitches and gone alto. She listened to herself talk. It was astonishing.

"I can't believe it."

Paula replied, her own voice gravely and thunderous:

"You better. You wouldn't believe just how powerful that voice will make you."

"Incredible."

She looked at her body and suddenly felt her skin tighten. It hurt and it was getting worse fast. She panicked:

"What is going on?"

"Relax. This is just your skin transforming. It will be over soon ..."

"It feels so ... strange. There's something in ... me ..."

Her voice trailed off and she sighed lustfully. She could feel her insides grow hard and rigid. What ...

She stared at her vulva and saw it grow ... harder? It was a strange sight. Then the same happened to her buttohole. She was confused, but somehow it did turn her on.

Then she noticed that her skin had grown thicker and more rugged. She looked at her face and stared as it turned older and, well, grittier. In a few moments, she had gone from a youthful twentysomething to someone more likely to have two kids, no husband and a mortgage. And yet, her face didn't look tired. Grizzled, maybe. Tough. Unbreakable.

"Wow. This is me now?"

"This is you, Eleanor. Now get those legs and abs pumped, will you?"

Hours later, she came home. She was feeling exhausted and pumped at the same time. Her body had grown in no time and if the other women hadn't provided her with a replacement outfit, she'd have had to walk home naked. Not that she wouldn't have done it! She was incredibly tough and strong. She could handle that. Nothing could stop her!

Nick was still up. She slipped out of her shoes and walked over to the bedroom. From the twilight, she saw him. He was looking cute.

"I'm home, love."

He hadn't heard her and looked up in surprise.

"What happened to your voice?"

"I told you I would change ..."

She stepped into the light. He was shocked. She was wearing a tracksuit that covered her new bulk, but it was still obvious.

"But ..."

She slowly pulled down the zipper, revealing her thick chest and the bumps of her newly developed eight-pack.

"Damn ... You look ... incredible."

"And I feel incredible, too."

She dropped the jacket and undid the bandeau bra that mostly covered her nipples. Her tits jutted out from her chest, supported by thick slabs of pec.

"And ... your face ..."

"Do you like it?"

"It looks more ... mature."

"That was the plan."

She climbed on the bed, stepping out of her pants.

"I'm so horny right now."

Nick grinned:

"I still can't believe it ..."

"Me neither, but I ..."

She pulled down his boxers. His cock was rigid.

"Nice!" She ran her fingers along his shaft. "Oh look, it's been waiting for me!"

Eleanor got on top of him. Nick was impressed by her muscles. Her breasts had already made him smile, but those arms ... They were a little intimidating.

She slipped his cock inside her. The young man was surprised. She felt powerful. In control. She slowly began gyrating, holding and squeezing his dick. For her, it was strange. The feeling was both more intense and more controlled. It probably was that cream ...

He gasped:

"Ooh ... That feels ... different."

"Oh yes ... It's great ..."

She held him tighter, her muscles swelling. For a moment, he was intimidated, but he managed to smile and trust her. She kissed him.

"Sidney ..."

"Call me Eleanor from now on ..."

He was surprised, then whispered:

"Eleanor ..."

She grinned.

"I love you."

She increased the intensity and started working him harder. And harder. Nick was shocked. His partner had changed. She was the same person, but somehow, she seemed ... unleashed? Was that the way to put it?

Soon, Eleanor was riding him hard. Her legs were pumping and she was pumping his cock like crazy. He was confused. Fucking with her had always been nice, but she never liked it rough. That was gone now. A little later, she had him take her from behind and as he hammered away at her cunt, her fake tits swinging and bouncing, she grabbed his balls and started giving them a good squeeze. This only turned him on more.

When she came, her voice all deep and powerful, he was starting to have his doubts. However, he decided to stay on and see what was going to happen next.

At work, she was surprised just how quick people adjusted to her new look. It was as if they didn't even care. Sure, she heard a few of them sigh wistfully when they realized that she had stopped making herself look younger, or whatever they came up with to explain her changed looks. However, her voice was having an effect. People listened to her now. She talked, they shut up. She enjoyed that quite a bit. During a discussion, she suddenly lost her temper. Normally, Sidney would have accepted the tediousness, but Eleanor wouldn't. She thumped her fist on the table, making the men jump. They stared at her, but she just said:

"I see your point. But my position stands."

They wanted a compromise, but she wouldn't give in. At last, they submitted. The moment this happened, she felt a rush of happiness flow over her. This was what it felt like ... She fell in love with her new demeanor.

When she told the other Harridans of her experience, they cheered and applauded. Paula grinned:

"I told you. This is incredible, isn't it?"

"Oh yes. And now, I want more. Much more!"

"Let it settle for a moment. In a month or so, we can apply the next dosage."

Eleanor was a little disappointed.

The next weeks were strange. Eleanor, as she now tried to call herself even internally, worked hard on all fronts. She trained, she learned and she lobbied, pushing her agenda. She longed for a position of power in her company, and if that meant dominating the other males, then she would do it. The initial transformation had released something within her that had been sleeping so long. Up until now, she had always seen herself as a plucky fighter for her ideals, working hard and getting well-deserved rewards.

Now, she began to see the world differently. She had power and she used it to get more of it. In a way, she had lost her innocence. But she definitely enjoyed this.

With Nick, their fucking was getting even more relentless. She had him fuck her ass now, its tougher skin making this enjoyable. As he pounded her, she would fuck herself with a dildo, grunting lustfully. Life was great.

When Paula told her she was ready for the second stage, she was elated. Nick was curious:

"What's going on? Any new plans?"

"Oh yes! I'm going back for the next dosage."

"You mean for the changes?"

"Mhm. This is going to be incredible!"

He hesitated, then he smiled:

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

She embraced him, her strong body leaning against his.

"Thank you, Nick. I love you."

"I love you too. Be safe!"

"I will. Don't worry. And when I come back ..."

He grinned.

At last, she arrived at the Harridan's home. She had been horribly nervous, but also incredibly excited. The taxi driver had kept staring at her muscles and her boobs. Despite her wearing her business attire, there was little to hide. She wondered whether he would still ogle her when she'd come back ...

Then again, screw him.

She paid the fare, took her bag with the new, vastly bigger outfit with her and got out. With a few quick steps, she reached the door. A quick knock and she was greeted by the butler.

"Madam Eleanor? How nice to have you here. Mistress Paula has told me you would come."

"Thank you, Andrew. It's my big day!"

"I know. Everything is ready."

Sidney, still hidden in Eleanor's powerful body, was giddy like a schoolgirl. She walked into the hall and found the others training with massive weights. They were naked, grunting lustfully as they pumped absurd masses of steel. Georgia and Emily had only gotten even bigger, their muscles colliding with each other on every movement. They were gigantic now, their chests broader than a door frame. Their voices thundered with every repetition.

Eleanor watched this strange ballet and longed to join it.

Paula turned up and said:

"Let's make you better."

Eleanor was led back to the weight-room and the women stripped her of her clothes. They were having fun, touching her tough little body, fondling her tits and pinching her tight muscular butt. The young woman got more and more excited as the women grew more intense.

Paula got the pills out first this time.

"We'll have to put you on a six-a-day dose now. It'll take a while, but you'll notice that your tummy is going to grow."

Georgia rubbed her huge abs, her roid gut shockingly obvious. She exclaimed:

"You'll love it! It makes you feel so much bigger and stronger!"

Paula handed her six at once:

"Let's get your organism flooded right away."

Eleanor nodded, took the pills and swallowed them. She was handed a big glass of water and washed them down. To her surprise, she instantly felt a wonderful kind of warmth rise within her. She grinned. Paula nodded and said:

"Okay, I see they're already working. Let's boost your roids now!"

She brought several syringes, handed one to Emily and disinfected Eleanor's butt cheeks. Then she said:

"This is going to sting badly. Also, from now on, you're getting another shot a week. You'll love it!"

And in it went. The musclewomen went through four syringes of the stuff. Eleanor winced as the chemicals entered her body. It burnt, but she could feel her body tighten. Just how potent was this stuff?

The other women exchanged a few glances, then went to take something from a big box. Eleanor asked:

"What are you up to?"

"Oh, we're going to do the cream next, and we have a little tradition that we like to do when we get to this part."

Paula took a glossy black bodysuit from the box.

"It's a bit difficult to put on, but ..."

Emily cut her off, her voice the rumble of two rocks in a concrete mixer:

"Show, don't tell."

"Okay, okay."

Eleanor watched the hulking women slip into the skintight suits, helping each other stretch them over their enormous bodies. The sight alone was a massive turn-on. Meanwhile, Andrew walked in and set down several tubs of the cream. The musclewomen thanked him as he retreated. Once they were dressed, they admired each other. Somehow, being shrink-wrapped in the shiny plastic suits made them appear even more extreme. They grinned, putting on some gloves next, then cracking open the tubs.

Paula made a sign for Eleanor to spread her legs and lift her arms. Then the women went to work. The young woman found herself caught between the masses of their bodies, the cream soon splashing all over her. The monstrous amazons rubbed their muscles against her, covering her over and over in the cream. It was intoxicating. The heavy muscles, the taut, swollen physiques ... She was on the verge of cumming.

The women saw what was going on and slipped their cream-covered hands between her legs. She felt her skin shiver. Strong fingers spread her labia, ran over her clit and entered her cunt. She was groaning with lust. Paula took her against her chest, rubbing her enormous fake tits against Eleanor's face. The cream was all over her now. She could feel her skin tighten and thicken.

Lustfully, Paula sank her fingers into her mouth, the bitter taste of the cream hitting her tongue. The other women rubbed her nethers, making her gasp. It was too much. She had to cum. Eleanor grunted:

"Please ... Please, give me my dildo! It's in my bag!"

Emily obliged, extracting the rubber rod with slippery hands. Eleanor ran it over her body, solidly covering it with the cream. She said:

"Shove it in me!"

Emily nodded and pushed it in. Eleanor came with a drawn-out wail, her body tensing. The women continued rubbing and squeezing her body, massaging the cream deep inside her skin. She squealed as her body started to change and whispered:

"Do the butt too ..."

The other women grinned, plopped generous amounts of the cream on the dildo and pushed it right in.

At last, they released her. Eleanor was lying in a puddle of cream, sweat and juices and she was feeling very happy. Paula walked up to her and said:

"One last thing."

And she put down a glass of the mouthwash next to her. Eleanor sat up, her body still glowing, and took a generous swig. Then she gargled and

splashed the liquid around in her mouth generously. When she spat it out, she could feel her entire body tingle. She got to her feet and shouted:

"Quick! I gotta pump!"

Laughing thunderously, the other women directed her to the bar they had already loaded and shouted:

"Do some squats! We want you to get huge now!"

She did as she was told. The moment she started to pump, her body went into overdrive. It was incredible! She felt light as a feather and strong as an ox. Every time she went down, her thighs seemed to grow bigger. No. They grew bigger. Every time. As she pumped on and on, her muscles stretched her skin. Her vascularity started getting more and more apparent and her skin toughened and grew thicker and tougher. Soon, it had acquired a brutal, leathery texture. At the same time, her constantly swelling muscles billowed against it. She felt incredible.

Her body felt so tight, she thought she was about to explode. She went down again and again, her hamstrings soon pushing against her calves as she squatted on. Her ass was turning into an x-shaped network of gigantic, shrink-wrapped muscles, her quads were growing beyond sanity. She had to adjust her stance just to continue the exercise. With every pump, she could feel her cunt throb and tighten. This was amazing.

Nick had been pacing their apartment nervously. He had been waiting for her for hours, desperately longing for her to come back. He had tried to watch a movie, but he constantly lost track of it. He tried working out, but that was also pointless. In the end, he had taken to just walking up and down, itching to see her. Her transformation would be incredible, he assumed.

At last, he heard footsteps outside. He had to take deep breaths to calm down enough not to just storm to the door and pull it open. In this way, he had already terrified their neighbor who had just gone for a little evening walk.

But this time, it was her.

He opened the door and stared.

She was enormous. His jaw dropped. Somehow, Eleanor, as he managed to call her mentally now, had grown wider. Her shoulders were gigantic, each one the size of a soccer ball. Her neck was so enormous that it looked as if a separate, smaller person was growing out of her shoulders. She was also wearing a skintight black catsuit and the outfit was leaving absolutely nothing to imagination.

However, his eyes were instantly drawn to her face.

It looked strange, different and yet, familiar. She looked older now, way older. Maybe it was just the light, but her skin was tighter, harder and tougher. Her eyes had sunken a little and her lips had deflated. There were small lines all over her face, suggesting a lifetime of laughter and happiness. It was odd. If he had to guess, he would have put her at fifty, maybe even sixty. Her hair was silvery and done up into a thick braid. It framed a broad, massive face. Sidney was still in there somewhere, but that terrifying power was covering her old being.

"Is that you ... Eleanor?"

She laughed. It sounded like an avalanche. Her voice was powerful, loud and deep. And still, there was a faint femininity to it.

"It's me, yes."

She took a deep breath. Her huge tits swelled as her pecs rose. After the bleaching of her hair, Paula had suggested filling her tits a little more, bringing each implant up to 3,000 ccs. They seemed more fitting to her broad chest now.

"You look incredible."

"I know."

She stepped inside, her wide shoulders barely fitting through the door. He closed the door and she embraced him. Nick found himself caught in her enormous arms. The material of the catsuit touched his skin. It felt strange. Her muscles were so hard, it was as if he was getting caressed by a steel wrecking ball covered in rubber. She kissed him. Nick gasped for air. The hulking musclewoman lifted him up easily and carried him to the bedroom. She threw him on the mattress, chuckling at her strength. Nick was instantly hard.

Eleanor climbed on top of him, her absurd muscles weighing down on him. With a lustful grin, she grabbed the suit's collar and gave it a hard pull. The stretchy material yielded at first, exposing her toughened skin and those gigantic tits' "natural" cleavage. She tightened her grip and then, with a snap, it split. Her enormous breasts spilled out, her rock-hard cobblestone abs were exposed and her aching cunt came into view.

She tore off the sleeves with a certain nonchalance and ran her fingers over her thick, gigantic biceps. Finger-thick veins ran over her muscles, their fibers and striations perfectly carved from her enormous flesh.

She gasped:

"You can't believe how incredible this feels ... I'm so big now ..."

She cupped her humungous, ultra-fake tits and squeezed them together. Her body seemed to only get wider. Her voice was deep and lustful now and she licked her thin lips.

Nick sighed:

"It's amazing. I don't know how, but it turns me on."

She leaned forward, the weight of her spherical plastic tits resting on his chest. Her muscles just got bigger and bigger.

"I know how. It's power. I wanted this and I got it."

She slowly started to grind her crotch against his cock. Nick was shocked to feel her cunt's steel grip on his dick. It was a little terrifying, wasn't it?

"Be gentle!"

"Of course. I love you and I will never hurt you. Unless you want me to, of course."

"I'm good."

He put his hands on her arms. Nick tried to squeeze them, but her skin wouldn't yield. It was a strange texture. Unbreakable and leathery, yet also somewhat soft ... And so strong.

Her gyrations got faster and rougher. She grinned:

"Nice ..."

He did his best to just stay hard and match her rhythm. Neither was difficult: She was like a machine. Nick gasped for air as she squeezed him tighter. Her muscles were unstoppable. As she got faster and faster, her muscles pumping, he felt a little worried.

That didn't stop her.

She awoke the next morning. Eleanor was lying spread-eagled on the bed, her massive arm on Nick's chest. He was still fast asleep and she could see why. They had just fucked on and on till late into the night. When Nick's cock had gone sore, they had switched first to his tongue, then to his fingers, then to his hand and arm. She was insatiable. In the end, a very exhausted Nick had to use the strap-on she had bought a year ago during a brief experimental phase, his real cock just too raw by then.

The hulking woman looked down on herself, admiring her mountainous tits that stood proudly from her thick pecs. Her body was real. She had to remind herself of this. It wasn't a dream. She could feel the weight of her muscles, the massive volume of her new body. It felt strange, but in a way, it felt right. There was a faint disconnect, but as she breathed, it passed.

She sighed, lifting her arm from his chest. Nick rolled over and continued sleeping. She was amazed by the weight of her muscles. Sidney reappeared for a moment, wondering what she had done to herself. She had completely left any reminiscence of normalcy. And Eleanor loved it.

Her hand went to her cunt and she could feel her strong fingers on her clit. She felt a sting of ecstasy. Wow. Eleanor moaned. This was good ...

When Nick awoke, she was already up. He found her in the kitchen, producing a giant load of egg-whites and vegetables. He stared at her new, naked body. It was completely insane. Her shoulders were wide as a door, with a thick bull-neck framing her head. A long mane of silver-grey hair was flowing down her tight back, her lats flowing into a v-taper that made his eyes water. Her butt-cheeks were thick rolls of striated muscle, her hamstrings and calves were huge and swollen.

"Good morning."

She turned around. Her huge breasts were jutting out of her body. Her face was old now, but there was still some Sidney in it. In a way, it was both confusing and arousing.

"Hi. Did you sleep well, Nick?"

"Like a baby. Wow. Your voice ... It's so strange."

She shrugged her gigantic muscles.

"I like it."

"Me too. It's different. Strong."

She smiled and flipped the eggs. He asked:

"Don't you want an apron?"

She smiled:

"It wouldn't fit over my tits and I couldn't bind it around my waist. Also, I can't even feel the sizzle. I think my skin might be too tough for that."

"Wow ..."

"You could make some coffee for me now."

"I will. Right away."

She nodded and finished her cooking. As they sat down, she said:

"I will quit WhiteFlame. I don't think this is the best I can do."

He nodded:

"I don't think they would understand anyway."

"Besides, I want to take a little break and get used to my new body before going back to work."

"Sounds nice. Where are we going?"

"Oh, I thought about a nice trip to a sunny place, a little culture, a lot of good food, things like that."

"Just tell me when!"

They kissed.

A few weeks later, the pair enjoyed the beach of an island country. People here ogled them when they walked by. Of course, they stared,

but then they just shrugged and maybe wondered whether this was some kind of prank. Eleanor was just too much.

The view was impressive. As expected, Eleanor had started to grow, going from 5'7" to 5'10" in a short time. It was tough on her, but it made her look even more imposing. Her muscles had immediately adapted to her taller body, filling it out even more aggressively. She was surprised to watch her formerly tight midsection blow up and turn into a thick roid gut that supported her plastic tits. If anything, it only made her look more gigantic.

Next to her, Nick looked like a toyboy. Although he was taller than her, he didn't look like it. The height of her sandals' heels might also have been an issue. When she walked next to him, every ripped muscle on display, it was astonishing. Her outfits had turned outrageous. When at the beach, she would usually opt for a sling bikini, which was probably the only outfit that could still work with her insane physique. Normal swimsuits looked out of place on her and bikinis were just absurd since the amount of string necessary to tie everything together was getting out of hand.

When they visited the country, she opted for a poncho-like covering with an enormous hole for her head and her bombastic neck. Only in the evenings did she choose to wear a dress, an ultra-stretchy tailor-made thing in deep crimson, clinging to every fiber of her overmuscled body.

One morning, they were returning from a club, having danced like crazy and solidly drunk. As they headed back towards the hotel, the cool night air allowed them to relax again and to slowly clear their minds. Eleanor was wearing a black leather-style minidress, while Nick was less daring. The streetlights were few and far between and the place was abandoned. As they walked, he said:

"That was fun."

Her rumbling, deep voice replied:

"It was great. The bouncer's look was amazing."

"Almost as good as when you made room on the dancefloor."

She laughed. It sounded like thunder.

"Yes. That was incredible."

"Say ... Eleanor ..."

"Yes?"

"I know it might sound old-fashioned, but ..."

"Yes ..."

"Would you marry me?"

"Oh."

She didn't expect something like that. Immediately, her mind was racing, trying to understand the consequences. She didn't know what to say.

Before she could make up her mind, they were interrupted. A couple of men had appeared out of nowhere. They were all rather well-dressed, wearing hats that shaded their faces. One of them had a knife in his hand. He said:

"I'm sorry to interrupt you. I know it's late and you all probably want to go to bed, but since we're still up, we'd like to ask you for your money."

Nick stared at them, then asked:

"Is this a robbery?"

"I guess. So, would you kindly hand me your cash?"

Eleanor was surprised. She stepped into the soft cone of light. The man swallowed:

"What the fuck? What are you?"

She was used to uncomfortable reactions, but she was tired and she felt insulted. Instead of an answer, she slapped the man in the face. The

effect was astonishing. He was literally thrown into a ditch by the road, dropping his knife and one of his shoes. The other men were completely shocked, but two of them charged her.

Now, Sidney had once participated in one of these self-defense-assertiveness classes, but this was long ago. She really didn't know what to do.

But there was something inside her that knew. She was sleepy, she was angry and she was pissed off at the man's behavior. Very well. She let the steroids do the talking.

Nick watched as she attacked. It was clumsy and wild, but it was effective. Eleanor surged forward at the attackers. She grabbed the first one, pulled him irresistibly close and lifted him up, tossing him in the air as if he were light as a feather. The other man tried to evade her. She backhanded him, slapped him to the ground and stepped on his thigh with her heel. The man screamed in pain as the point was driven into his flesh.

The others tried to escape, but Eleanor stepped out of her heels, grabbed one of them by the neck of his shirt and lifted him up mercilessly. He flailed helplessly behind his back, trying to hit her. His legs were dangling and she brought him up higher and higher. Her second hand caught the waist of his pants and he rose above her head, suspended from her mighty muscles. She howled:

"How dare you threaten us? You fuckers!"

The man shrieked for mercy:

"Don't kill me! Please! I beg you!"

The others were already gone, running through the darkness. Out of a strange inspiration, Eleanor tossed her victim after them. The young man soared through the air and landed with a crash.

Nick could hear groans of pain. The other assailants were either knocked out or occupied with their wounds. Eleanor turned around, her

enormous, implant-filled chest heaving. Her dress had slipped down, exposing her gigantic tits and her inch-thick pecs. She stared at him, thick veins pumping all over her body. Her face was a strange mask of rage.

Then, suddenly, she was unleashed.

The young man didn't even know what to do or say. She ripped her clothes off and flipped him over. Hanging upside-down in front of her crotch, he heard her growl:

"Lick me now ... Now!"

Her wish was his command. As he started working her throbbing cunt and her hard clit, he could feel her licking his cock. He was confused, aroused and deeply afraid of getting his head crushed by her thighs.

"Fuck ... You're so tiny."

Eleanor brought him closer and closer, her hard body pushing against his frail form. He was now licking her for his dear life, her distended, explosively muscled gut rubbing his chest raw. He was starting to black out, but she did just the sweet little blowjob thing he had always loved and brought him back.

"I love your soft skin."

He felt enveloped by her bizarrely aged and ultra-buff body. That's when he realized that the transformation had been thorough. Was she still Sidney? Had she actually ever existed or had Sidney just been a front she had developed out of fear that people couldn't bear Eleanor?

"Oh God ... Lick harder!"

Such existential thoughts disappeared as she deep-throated him, her harsh muscles squeezing him from all sides.

She came. The thick ropes of muscle in front of his face contracted and turned rock-hard as her crotch seemed to transform into a completely

alien mass of veins and steel flesh. He struggled to soak up her juices and she just grunted, her throat still stuffed with his rigid cock. While he was cumming himself, he was deathly afraid that she would just destroy him and squeeze him into a pulp.

She was far from sated

Eventually, they returned to the hotel when the sun was already up. Eleanor went in first to get a change of clothes for him. She looked rather disheveled, but she didn't care. They washed themselves quickly and went to bed, Nick cuddling against her monstrous body.

Back home, she quickly found a post as CEO of a major investment company that had ended up in some trouble. The other Harridans had suggested her and she dove in head-first. Her thick skin proved to be useful. It took her a few weeks to whip the board into shape and make everything work according to her wishes, but soon enough, the results were more than appropriate.

In a few months, she had managed to turn the company around, pumping out profits and making sure that the whole structure was fit to stay stable for the future.

This time was hard on their relationship. She worked fourteen hours a day, every day, sometimes more. Eleanor had a full gym installed at her office and used her free time to pump her muscles. She mostly went home to sleep, if at all.

Still, Nick stayed by her side. He fixed her food and brought it to her office day by day. If they could fit in a kiss or even a quick embrace, that was great.

As the situation at the company settled down, he tried again.

He invited her to a fancy dinner, presenting her with a wonderful new dress he had made by one of the better designers. It fit like a glove,

somehow managing to charm her gigantic form. She was looking ravishing in black, the fabric sparkling with sequins. A large silver medallion adorned her enormous chest. She towered over him now in her five-inch heels and he loved it.

Her incredible strength made him feel safe.

They ate, enjoying an evening together, with a little small talk, innocent jokes and some clever observations. It was just like old times, only that her voice boomed as she laughed. He looked in her face. It was aged, tough and broad, radiating power. But she was the woman he had always loved and he knew it was right.

“Will you marry me?”

Eleanor had expected as much, but she still found it charming. With a smile, she answered:

“Of course.”

His heart felt light as a feather.

The Harridans were assembled in the backstage area. Eleanor had rented a nice location for the wedding, with a view of the rolling hills of the upper country. The other women had joined her there to help her with her preparations and for emotional support. It was a strange sight to have the entire room full of giganticly muscular uber women, all of them looking old and monstrosly powerful. They had all managed to put on the pastel bridesmaids' dresses, more or less looking their outwards age.

Georgia and Emily were going around pouring everybody more champagne and generally feeling excited. Paula said:

“Okay, are you sure about that?”

Eleanor grinned:

“Sure! I had the dress specifically made for this.”

“Very well then. Let's get you ready!”

They helped her out of her normal outfit and smiled at her bulky, ancient body. The last few months had really made her grow even thicker and larger, and her physique was incredibly thick and defined. She admired her reflection. Her training had only made her muscles stand out even more and she was amazingly strong.

Paula put on a plastic apron and some thick gloves.

“You're going to be incredible.”

The string quartet launched into a beautiful rendition of a classic wedding overture. Those relations that had managed to accept Nick and Eleanor's way of life had taken their seats and eagerly awaited her entrance.

Nick was waiting in front, looking dapper in his suit. The minister waited, a little anxious about what was going to happen. She was used to weird weddings, it was something of her specialty, but this thing sounded strange: Everything was absurdly normal, but the bridesmaids looked as if they had eaten bodybuilders for breakfast.

Then, Eleanor made her entrance. With slow, even steps, she advanced past the audience, with Paula leading her. Nick was impressed. The dress was white and made of a kind of glossy material, looking very modern and stylish. It clung to her muscles, carefully worked transparent panels showing off her aged, ripped muscles. The thing covered her cleavage, but it did leave nothing to imagination. The train slid behind her, hanging from her shoulders that were big enough for two linebackers. Her

perfectly white hair was worked into a thick braid decorated with flowers.

Nick smiled at her. Eleanor's face was old and wrinkled, with harsh lines and an incredible toughness radiating from it. Under it, however, her youth was still radiating. It was a strange overlay that was difficult for him to process.

She stood a good five inches taller than him and was easily twice as wide. She whispered:

"I love you."

"I love you too."

The minister smiled and said:

"We are here to join our friends, Eleanor and Nick, in marriage ..."

With a sigh, Eleanor realized that the treatment was starting to work. Paula had shot her up with another major dose of the steroid and covered her skin with a thick layer of the cream. She could feel her body starting to change. It was incredible. There was a kind of tension growing within her, like an approaching orgasm ... More than that, it was like a tsunami of arousal that was building up within her. She could feel her muscles tense and shake.

The minister was trying to go through her plans, but Eleanor's breath was getting faster and deeper. She was finding it harder and harder to suppress the energy that was building up inside her. Nick noticed that something was going on and bit his lip.

He whispered:

"You didn't ..."

"Oh, but of course ..."

"But our friends? And our family ..."

"Screw them ..."

"Oh God. We have to get you out of here!"

"Oooh ..."

Eleanor suddenly let out a drawn-out moan.

She took a deep breath and the audience gasped. Her muscles started to swell, abruptly expanding. The dress stretched, but the effect was still impressive. In mere moments, her shoulders went from soccer ball-size to larger than pumpkins. The bridesmaids hooted.

Eleanor raised her head as her neck muscles swelled up to the size of footballs to watermelons. She screamed with lust, her voice turning deeper and deeper. Deep lines dug into her face as she aged rapidly, transforming into a truly ancient, monstrously powerful uber woman.

Her muscle gut swelled outwards, her thighs grew unstopably, with masses of bizarrely defined beef turning her legs into tree trunks. She was hulking out in front of everybody, her arms becoming heavy and bulging. Deep cuts appeared on her already sliced biceps. Never before had one of the Harridans gone this far, but Eleanor loved every second of it.

She hoped it could go on forever.

Her enormous ten-pack, built of meat cinderblocks, swelled, tearing through her dress and almost forcing her gigantic fake tits aside. Her muscles were now so huge that she looked morbidly obese, but it was all powerful beef, with no trace of fat.

Her absurd physique seemed to radiate power.

With a lustful moan, she tore the shreds of her devastated dress from her hulking body and growled at the minister:

"Make it quick." Her voice was deep as the ocean. "I need to fuck!"

The woman obliged.

Hours later, Nick was lying on top of his hulking wife. His head was resting against her taut fake tits, her gargantuan abs supporting his chest. He was completely exhausted, but happy. She stroked his hair. He had been very brave.

They had fucked for an eternity, with her riding him until he was raw. Then he had switched to a thick dildo, ramming at her aged, ultra-tough cunt. When she had finally managed to even be halfway satisfied, she had taken the opportunity to lick his cock and suck him off. Seeing her mind-wrecking bulk hover above his crotch had been terrifying but also amazingly arousing.

"Nick, I love you. I'm so glad we did this."

"I love you too."

He slipped his hand gently between her colossal legs, running her fingers over her clit. She gasped:

"Oh God ... Don't you have enough yet?"

"Just listening to your voice makes me all horny again."

"You're such a pervert."

Nick chuckled:

"And yet you married me."

"I guess it takes one to know one."

He sank his fingers inside her, careful to detect any signs of her tightening her cunt. He didn't want to get his hand crushed. She moaned like thunder as he touched her g-spot.

She ran her amazingly strong hands over his lithe body. He was all pale, soft and cute.

"I promise I will always take care of you."

"Thank you. I love it when you hold me."

She kissed him, her body an indestructible fortress. He felt safe.

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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.

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