



The Jockettes

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Copyright 2015 Roy Ellison

"You're one sweet muscle bitch, Christina!"

"You're one massive beast, Renée!"

It was a typical morning in Cornesto superior school. The Jockettes, as they called themselves, were just greeting each other in the entry hall. They were in their second to last year, 18 to 20 years and way over-the-top. It had started a few months after school started. The girls had been pretty normal then, but then, Gwen had arrived. She had changed everything. And there they were now. As the other students walked by as calmly as possible, Renée and Christina were checking out their bodies. Renée was rather short, but very muscular. She had been the first to talk to Gwen after the other girls had tried to bully her. Gwen had

just laughed and told them that she'd just twist their stupid necks if they didn't leave her alone. She had proven her point by grabbing one of the passing jocks and putting him into a headlock. He had choked and struggled, but the others understood. Renée had approached her a little later and asked for help. At the time, she had been a short, scrawny, pale girl with a miserable expression. Now, she was just as short, but her posture had much improved. She had built up a powerful body full of strong, rounded muscles and had completed her look with a deep tan and clothes to match her style. Today, she wore a short, white, backless dress that showed off her well-muscled back. It closed in her neck, covering her muscular chest. She didn't wear a bra, she didn't need one. She had let her blonde hair grow out, had it bleached and wore it open. She completed the look with some white heels she'd never even have tried on before her transformation.

Christina was caressing her friend's swollen lats, licking her thick lips. Her family was quite wealthy and didn't really care about her. At least that's what she felt. She had joined Gwen and Renée a few weeks later, when the short girl had begun showing her new-found confidence. Always competitive, she had quickly caught up with the other girl. She was taller, her black hair was long and well-groomed. She was a little more tanned than Renée, having started as a popular girl. She wore some ice-blue capri pants that showed off her toned calves and thighs. Also, her tight ass showed through the fabric. However, her best part were her abs. She showed them off with a white belly-top. She had a six-pack that was slowly progressing to an eight-pack.

Renée laid her hands on her friend's stomach and said:

"Come on, grab me, grab me, hold me!"

Christina obliged. As she tried to pinch Renée's fingers with her abs, they were interrupted by Aurelie. The third musclegirl called them:

"Where are my Jockettes?"

They turned around and greeted her with a smile. Aurelie was the tallest of the three and had only recently joined them. She had taken on the new lifestyle quite well and was currently putting on mass. She wore a grey tracksuit that camouflaged her growing bulk. She was still a bit unsure about it all and preferred not to commit fully. The other girls gave her a quick kiss.

The other students looked at the trio with a combination of disgust, envy and horniness.

The bell rang.

Minutes later, they were in class. The teacher, Ms. Danilow, was talking about history, but the girls' attention was somewhere else. Renée was looking out of the window, waiting for Gwen. Christina was doing crunches on her chair. The rummaging was clearly disturbing their teacher, since she turned around and said:

"Ms. Ginnardi, would you stop doing whatever it is you are doing?"

"But Ms. Manilow, I'm working out. For my health. That's very important."

"So is history. Stop fidgeting and listen. And it's Danilow."

"Yes, Ms. Manilow. I'm listening." She looked her right in the face with a smug expression of superiority. "You're not exactly in shape, are you?"

"This is hardly the topic at hand. And, as I said, it's Danilow."

"Sure. It's just that you're always lecturing us about history and wars and everything. And about empowerment. And here I am, empowering myself and you're oppressing me. You're the MAN, Ms. MANilow!"

The other students sniggered. The teacher looked down to the floor and was clearly counting to ten.

"Fine. So I'm oppressing you. As long as you are quiet, you can feel as oppressed as you want. Let's continue."

"The man is pushing me down low, Ms. Danilow. Damn the man."

The older woman turned around and said calmly:

"Ms. Ginnardi, you will report for..."

She was interrupted by the door opening. Gwen. She strode in briskly, her overmuscled body swinging from the swagger of her gait. If the other three girls were fit, Gwen was fitter. Despite her young age, she had built a muscular body that gave all the boys in this school a run for their money. She had a true bodybuilder physique, complete with handball-sized shoulders, long muscular arms with powerful biceps and triceps and a tight six-pack stomach. Her thighs were big enough to stretch her pants wide enough to make the fabric shine. Her ebon skin made the separations between her muscles even more impressive. She looked at the teacher and said:

"I'm sorry I'm late. I had to finish the set. Wanna see?"

Before anybody could say anything, she pulled off her t-shirt, revealed a bright yellow bikini top and went into a most muscular pose that killed any conversation.

"Do you like it?"

Ms. Danilow stared at the monstrous young woman and was at loss for words. Gwen put her shirt back on and sat down next to Renée. She gave her a long, intense kiss and caressed her muscular back.

"I missed you, dear. You should have stayed."

"I missed you too, Gwen. Tonight?"

"Sure. I'll lick you deep."

Ten minutes of screaming Danilow later, they were in the principal's office. It took them half an hour to apologise for their behaviour. When they were back in the hallway, Gwen said:

"Do we really have to stay here? This is so annoying."

Christina shook her head and replied:

"Honestly, I don't give a shit about any of this. I got my car outside. Let's ride."

Renée nodded and added:

"We should get Aurelie. She should come with us."

"Send her a message."

"Sure."

Minutes later, Aurelie came out of the class room and walked over to them.

"What's up?"

Gwen explained:

"We're going. I don't have time for this shit."

"But class is still continuing."

"So what. I got more important things to do. Anything they might teach us, I can read on the internet in half the time."

Renée added:

"Not even that."

Gwen said:

"So, are you with us?"

Aurelie hesitated. Finally, she shook her head.

"I'm sorry, I don't want trouble."

"You don't need to be afraid of trouble. We are trouble."

"Yeah, I know, but, well, it's all too fast, you know."

"Fine. Then stay. Your loss."

She was clearly about to change her mind, but returned to class.

Once she was gone, Gwen said:

"Still needs some work, huh?"

The other two nodded.

"Let's go!"

As they walked out, they ran into a group of sweaty guys from the other class. They returned from physical education and were all pumped. One of them pointed at the trio and said:

"Look at those dykes. Hey, what's up with you? Need some real men?"

The three girls looked at each other. Christina raised an eyebrow.

"What are you trying to do, impress us?"

She walked closer on her clicking heels and touched the young man's chin.

"Let me take a look. Show me what you got."

He grinned, gave his friends a smug grin and pulled up his shirt. He was built alright, but Christina just smirked and clenched her abs. Within seconds, her stomach crumpled into a veritable washboard of muscle. She twisted her waist to show off her obliques. The guy gaped, releasing his tension. She added a sarcastic "That all you got?" and walked by, shaking her hips.

Renée flipped them a bird and followed her. Just as the guys turned around, aggression filling the air, Gwen walked by, swaying her tight ass and giving them a good look of her bloated biceps. They stopped in their tracks.

Once the girls were outside, they climbed into Christina's convertible. It was a brilliant silver sports car which her father had given her for her

18th birthday. He had also given her a credit card for her own enjoyment. This had come as a godsend. Until she met the two others, Gwen had extorted the money she needed for supplements and nutrition from other students. This had been the reason why she had had to change schools. Renée had financed her growth by blowing some of her college savings, but with Christina's near unlimited funds, they had it easier. Christina sat in the driver's seat, Gwen climbed in beside her and Renée squeezed in in the back. Christina said:

"Okay, my muscle sisters, let's go shopping!"

The other two replied with a loud "Yay!" and they drove off.

They crossed the border an hour later and drove to the supplement shop. It was just out of country, making any legal troubles moot. Buying stuff here was surely much easier, cheaper and safer than at the gym where they worked out. They stopped the car and got out. When they entered the shop, the clerk gave them a puzzled look. Those weren't his regular customers. Gwen went to the counter and said:

"Hi! We need some stuff." The clerk gave them a skeptical look.

"What kind of stuff?"

"Roids mostly. Some growth hormone. Serious stuff."

He blinked.

"Go away."

Gwen stared at him.

"What's your problem?"

"You're kids. You're women. You're shitting me."

"Are those shitting you?"

Gwen flexed her arms. The clerk's eyes went wide.

"Wow."

"Exactly. Me and my girls have some serious growing to do. So give us some serious stuff."

"Do your parents know you're here?"

Gwen grinned:

"I'm 18. Fuck the parents."

"Okay."

"Here's the list."

The clerk checked it and said:

"You are serious. Are you aware that this stuff can fuck you up for good?"

Christina had enough. She walked to the counter and said:

"Do you want our money or do you want to chat? Get the stuff now!"

He nodded and disappeared into the back. Christina rolled her eyes.

"It's hard for a girl to get what she wants."

Renée grinned and replied:

"Depends on who you ask."

She kissed the taller girl, licking her tongue across her friend's swollen lips. She took a deep breath and said:

"I love your lips. They're gorgeous."

"Thank you. If you want some like those, you just have to tell."

"I couldn't say I wouldn't."

"Then I know where we're going later this afternoon."

The clerk returned with several boxes, put them on the counter and took Christina's credit card. She signed the bill and they started packing the stuff into the car's tiny trunk. They were all giddy with anticipation. As they drove back, Christina said:

"When I get home, I'm so going to get shot up and I'm going to blast my abs. You won't believe it!"

Gwen nodded:

"Me too. Can we use your gym?"

"Absolutely. I had it set up last week. My parents probably haven't even noticed. It's all really professional. None of the puny stuff my mom uses. Real weights."

"Cool. I can't wait."

"Yeah. We can even use my mom's masseur. I called him yesterday. We're going to be huge."

On the backseat, Renée grinned:

"We're going to blow them all away. Jockettes forever!"

"Jockettes forever!"

When they reached Christina's family's mansion, the other girls were still impressed. It was rather huge in every way. They each grabbed a few boxes and carried the stuff to Christina's room. The place was quite girly in a way. It was a perfect example of the transition between cuteness and sexiness. Christina showed them the new weight room. It had been her personal living room, but she had moved her sofa and table and had the exercise equipment set up instead. They put down the boxes. Christina said:

"Let's get it on!"

She tore open the box and took out a set of syringes.

"Who's first?"

Renée shouted:

"Me! Me!"

"Show me your ass!"

Renée pulled up her dress and revealed her taut buttocks. Christina rubbed the place with disinfectant and injected her. Renée squirmed a little.

"It burns. Do the other cheek too. I wanna be huge."

"Fine by me, we got plenty."

Ten minutes later, they were all shot up and started pumping iron. Gwen was by far the strongest, sweating and grunting as she lifted the barbells Christina had bought. The others tried to keep up, feeling their muscles harden from the strain. When Gwen had come to the school she had been very muscular already. She had been bitten by the muscle-building bug after high school and had soon mixed with the wrong crowd, working on her ever larger body since then. However, since she had met Renée, she had really exploded. Renée's admiration and devotion had fuelled both her lust for larger muscles and her pride to keep the quickly expanding girl in her wake. Gwen lived at her grandmother's house, an older woman that loved her deeply but clearly couldn't connect with her anymore. She had difficulties understanding her granddaughter's ambition, but was willing to provide her with a sheer endless supply of chicken breast.

Since Christina joined them, however, everything had changed: Christina's money bought them a way out of the seedy gym they trained at and provided them with a masseur and even professional workout gear.

By the time they were done, they felt ridiculously pumped. Gwen wiped the sweat of her face and turned to her friends:

"Look at this. I'm so huge. Watch this!"

She flexed her pecs and let them dance, her shrinking breasts bobbing up and down. Christina got up and replied:

"That's nice, but..." She let her breasts jump alternately. "Can you beat this?"

"Sure, just watch me!"

Gwen moved her tits sideways with pure muscle strength, then went into a pose that brought out her traps. Christina followed suit. The two musclegirls stood in front of each other, sweaty, swollen, their bodies glistening. Renée sat up from the bench and said:

"You look so crazy, both of you. I could just fuck you right now."

At this moment, the masseur came in. The girls snapped back and turned to him. He asked:

"Am I too early?"

Christina licked her lips.

"No, you're perfect. I'm going to need you big strong hands. Now."

She grinned at the other girls.

"But first, I want you to help me relax." She walked closer, swaying her hips. She laid her hand on his waist and pushed herself against him. "Nervous?"

"Not at all."

"Fine then."

She lowered her hand to his crotch. With a few gentle caresses, she had him rock hard. She opened his pants and sank her hand inside, playing with his balls.

"I'm quite hot now." She began stroking his cock. "How about you?"

His eyes told her everything. His hands went for her ass. She slapped them.

"Not so fast. What about a little foreplay?"

She pulled him on the bench that Renée had cleared by now. She flexed her abs until her muscles formed twin rows of boulders around her navel.

"Lick me."

He instantly bent down. She grabbed his head and led him along, making him work on her clitoris. After a few seconds, she was gasping. She smiled and said:

"Good work. Time to go on." She got on all fours and added:

"Fuck me now! I want your cock in my ass!" The masseur hesitated. "My dad wants me to stay a virgin, so quit stalling and give it to me. Now!"

"But..."

"Now! Yes. Yes. Go on! Harder! Harder!"

Meanwhile, Renée and Gwen were fingering themselves, enjoying the show. This was the perfect morning.

Later on, they had lunch in Christina's living room. They watched TV and had her maid bring them steamed chicken breast and vegetables. Gwen said:

"At that rate, Aurelie isn't going to be big soon."

Christina nodded:

"Sucks to be her. She could be with us right now. If she thinks her stuff is more important, it's her problem."

Renée grabbed another plate and replied:

"Don't be so hard on her. It's all new on her. Just wait until we get her on the cycle and she sees the growth. She'll love it!"

Gwen grinned:

"Just you wait. I'm going to be bigger than anyone. You'll see. My arms are going to be this huge." She made a circular movement around her already large biceps, suggesting something football-sized.

Christina whistled:

"Awesome. It sucks all this takes so long. I really want to be super big for summer."

"We still got some time."

"Sure, but I also want my tits to be big. You know, porn star big."

Renée gasped:

"Wow. For real?"

"No, for fake. I want big, round tits, like the celebrities on TV. Like the porn girls. I'm getting the lips done again this afternoon and you are going with me, Ren!"

Gwen raised her eyebrow.

"What are you heading for?"

"I want to be a supermuscular sex goddess. Don't you?"

Gwen shook her head:

"Nope. I just want to be a huge muscle goddess. Big, powerful, awesome."

Christina nodded:

"Fine by me. How about you, Ren? What kind of goddess do you want to be?"

"Honestly, I haven't thought about it. I just like training and being strong."

"You'll find out. Also, I've got something for you all. Wait a second."

She got up and went back to her room. She returned seconds later with a big box and put it on the cleared table.

"I thought about us being the Jockettes. The boy jocks have their own special stuff, so we need some too. Take a look."

She opened the box and held it out to her friends. Gwen looked inside and said:

"Sweet!" She pulled out a yellow, white and blue bikini with a big "J" emblazoned on it. "Wow, Christina, this is so cool!"

Renée took out some very short shorts and looked at the big "JOCKETTES" written across the butt-cheeks.

"I've got to try these on right away."

Christina interrupted her and said:

"Wait. There's also this." She pulled out a large varsity jacket for each of the girls. "You'll get a bigger one if you outgrow it."

Meanwhile, Sarah Danilow was steaming. She was in the teachers' mess and was still purple with anger. She was used to a lot of stupid things, but today's events had been a bit much. Her thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice.

"What's up, Sarah? Students were hard on you?"

"You can't imagine, Liz."

"Tell me everything."

Liz was a senior teacher who had been around for years. She had a short black bob, green eyes and a full figure. She was always calm and in

control. Sarah blurted out all that had happened. Liz listened attentively, then she said:

"This is bad."

"Absolutely. The druggees were bad enough. Adding the male jocks made everything worse. If the girls start pumping themselves full of steroids too now, I guess it will become impossible to teach them anything."

"Absolutely. Can I help you in any way?"

"Well, it's nice that you took the time to listen." She hesitated. "I mean, could you talk to them? You've got way more experience, maybe you can make them understand."

Liz grinned:

"I've got a lot more experience."

"What?"

"Just wait. I'll talk to them tomorrow. Do you mind if I come to your class?"

"No problem, thank you."

Evening came. The girls were getting ready for a night of partying. Renée was making squirming noises. Christina asked her:

"What's up, Ren?"

"My lips are stinging."

"Mine too, but who's complaining? I mean, look at these!"

Christina licked her tongue over her plump lips. They were swollen to the extreme, giving her a kind of duck face. She continued:

"Come on, kiss me!"

Renée hesitated, but eventually went ahead with it. She couldn't refuse Christina anyway, since the taller girl had wrapped her sinewy arms around her back and just laid her lips on hers. Renée winced, but then locked her tongue with her friend's.

Gwen came in and frowned at the pair.

"What is this? I thought I was going to be the first one to test those puffies?"

Christina moved back from Renée, keeping a trail of saliva hanging in the air for a second.

"Sorry, Gwen."

Gwen had declined Christina's offer for some lip injections and had just watched the girls through their procedure. She pulled down her "J"-panties and showed off her shaved sex. The years of steroid abuse had given her a rather large one-inch-clit.

"Christina, since you have those big ones now, I think I got something for you to suck."

Seconds later, Christina was between her legs, lapping and licking at her cunt. Gwen motioned for Renée to come over and kissed her swollen lips. She said:

"The boys are going to be so crazy."

Christina lifted her head:

"And the girls are going to be jealous like hell."

A few hours later, they arrived at their favourite nightclub. It was way out of Renée's league, but Christina just told her that all drinks were on her. As the three musclebound girls arrived at the door, the bouncer stared at them in disbelief. He was of course still bigger than any of them, but Gwen was catching up fast. He said:

"Hi girls. How are you doing?"

Christina grinned at him, her big lips bending weirdly.

"Excellent! We're so pumped. I mean, look at this!" She flexed her muscular arm and let her biceps pop. "Do you like what you see?"

He grinned and said:

"Nice. But look at this!" He rolled up his sleeve and flexed his own huge arm.

Christina smiled:

"Just you wait, we'll catch up on you."

Gwen nodded and lifted her arm.

"Hey, Josh, watch this."

She pumped her arm a few times, then flexed hard. It wasn't too far away from his size. She added:

"A few inches maybe."

Josh's eyes had gone wide when he saw the young woman's hard biceps.

"Wow."

Behind them, the other guests who were waiting started muttering. One of the guys said:

"Hey, butchies, could you just get on with it? We'd like to get in tonight."

The trio turned around as one. The man was rather tall and wiry, but no match for them. Gwen looked at him and asked:

"Do you really want trouble?"

He hesitated for a second, then he replied:

"I don't want trouble, but I think you should go on now. You're holding up everything."

Gwen cocked her head.

"You don't want trouble? Well, why do you insult us? Isn't that a tad stupid?"

The guy was getting angry.

"Lady, I don't know what you're on, but you can't just call me stupid."

"Why not? You're a condescending insulting prick. Calling you stupid is a compliment."

Josh cleared his throat.

"And we'll leave it at that. Chris, why don't you take your friends inside and enjoy a nice evening." He turned to the young man. "And you, sir, I'm very sorry for what just happened. Why don't you all come in now and enjoy these free drinks." He gave them some vouchers.

The guy took a deep breath and said:

"Thank you. I'm fine."

Gwen looked back at him as she walked in and said:

"Saved by the bell, huh?"

Josh shot her an angry look, but she just grinned.

Once inside, Christina led them to the VIP-area and had one of the waitresses fetch them some Long Island Ice Teas. After getting their drinks and lounging for a while, Christina said:

"I'm going to dance. Are you coming?"

Gwen smiled at her and said:

"Sure."

Renée nodded, but said:

"I'm going to take a look around."

"Okay, see you later."

Renée smoothed her tight and short orange dress and gave them a girly wave.

"See you."

Gwen took Christina by the hand and they went down to the dance floor. The music was loud and alive and they instantly fell into the rhythm. After a few seconds, Christina was accosted by a man in his forties who was clearly very impressed by the way she swayed her hips and moved her sensuous muscles. He adjusted his shirt and joined her for some very close dancing. However, she kept him firmly under control, directing his hands where she wanted them. He was impressed. Meanwhile, Gwen had found a pair of rather good-looking boys who were clearly competing on who would be able to impress her more. A bit of gesturing got Christina and her gentleman to the chill-out area after building up a sweat. Once they were there, he managed to tell her that his name was Grant. Christina smiled cheekily:

"Let's hope it's not the only thing that's grand about you."

"You can trust me on that. Drinks?"

"Sure, why not?"

She got a Martini and took a nip at it. The chemical cocktail inside her was making her dizzy. The steroids, the growth hormone, the painkillers from the plastic surgery and the alcohol were having an effect now. She turned over to him and laid her muscular arm on his chest. She asked:

"Do you work out?"

"Not as much as you clearly." She grinned and flexed her arm. His eyes widened:

"Wow."

"Yes, wow."

She slowly lowered her hand to his crotch.

"Do you mind me being a bit straightforward? It's been hours since I had sex."

The man was as confused as he was excited. She could feel his cock grow hard in his pants.

"You know what would be awesome, Grant? I'd like to try something. I heard there's nothing better than fucking a guy whose cock has been rubbed with cocaine. Got some on you?"

He nodded.

"I'll meet you in ten minutes in the backstage area. Tell the doorman Christina's waiting for you."

She got up and walked off, swaying her hips and shooting him a red-hot look.

As she walked, she felt her phone vibrate in her handbag. She fumbled for it and picked it up.

"Yes? Dad? No, I'm sorry, I'm out dancing. I'll be coming home late. No, no, everything is fine. To church? On Sunday? Of course. Look, I've got to go, I love you!"

Meanwhile, Gwen was done choosing and had laid her massive arms on the young man's shoulders. Ashton was in heaven. This huge muscular amazon was shaking her booty to the thundering bass and occasionally closing in on him to nibble his ear or grind her crotch against him. He laid his hand on her hips and let her lead him through the dance. She turned around and began rubbing her tight buttocks against his ever-hardening cock. Ashton smiled blissfully. She bent back and whispered in his ear:

"I'm hot. How about you?"

He nodded. As the music's volume increased again, she turned back to him and said:

"Let's go somewhere quiet."

He led her away as the crowd rushed back on the dance-floor.

At the same time, Christina had Grant pushed into a recliner and had torn off his shirt. She took the small cocaine bag and emptied on his taut stomach. She bent forward and snorted some of it. Blinking, she gave him a lusty grin and asked:

"You ready?"

He nodded.

She licked her hand and drew it over the white dust. Then, she grabbed his cock and massaged the stuff into his ever-hardening throbbing hard-on. Instantly, his eyes went wide. She said:

"Okay, chico, it's hammer time."

She relaxed her core and lowered her asshole on his powdered dick, howling as the cocaine blasted her brain. Her muscles tensed and she began to pump him, screaming and growling as his rock-hard penis hammered her ass.

She bit her overinflated lips and massaged his cock using her sphincter.

Gwen and Ashton came in, saw the pair locked in insane passion and stared at each other. Ashton asked:

"Friend of yours?"

"Sure. Let's join them!"

"What?"

"Trust me."

She grabbed him, tore off his tight pants and freed his cock from his underwear. He was surprised by the brusqueness and even more when she just lifted him up with her huge arms and started licking and sucking him. Over on the recliner, the pair had shifted positions, Grant now pounding Christina's ass doggy style. She gasped as he hammered away, fingering her clit and squeezing his balls alternately. Gwen stepped over, still holding him up and placed her now dripping crotch in front of her face. Instantly, she laid her pillowy lips on her friend's swollen clitoris. Gwen's arms shivered as she held the squirming young man above herself.

Meanwhile, Renée was sitting in the VIP-area and sipped on her drink. She still felt uneasy in this place. Her confidence had grown with her muscles, but when she was on her own, she was her old self. The other girls were bursting with confidence and dragged her along, but she rarely mustered the strength for herself. Her phone vibrated. She took a look at the display, Aurelie had written her a message, asking where they were.

"We're at the club. How about you?"

"I'm home. You sort of disappeared in the middle of class."

"Sure. We went shopping and pumped up. How about you?"

"I stayed back. Are you coming tomorrow?"

"Probably not. I'm going to be quite busted."

"Too bad. I'm going to see you after class then."

"Can you just take the notes and let me copy them."

"Sure. Where are Gwen and Christina?"

"I don't know. Dancing? I haven't seen them."

"Give them a big slobbering kiss from me."

"Sure. See you tomorrow."

"See you."

A big slobbering kiss. Renée touched her lips. It felt odd. She checked them again in her mirror. She puckered them. They were quite large and sexy. She licked them, feeling the sting. She finished her drink and decided to go home. She sent the others a message and left. The day had been way too much for her. Renée grabbed her bag and pushed through the dancing masses. Suddenly, she felt somebody grab her ass. Instinctively, she slapped at her attacker. She felt her fist connect with a jaw. Somebody yelped and she pushed away from the person. The crowd was still going crazy around her, it was sweaty and tight and she felt curses and threats behind her. The guy she had slapped was following her. When she reached the end of the crowd, she stumbled, unaccustomed to the heels. The guy emerged from the partying mass himself and came at her, red-faced and angry.

She could hear his shouts as he approached and tried to get away, but he soon caught up with her. His nose was bleeding and he was howling and cursing at her. She tried to push him away. Unaware of her strength, she sent him down to the floor, bumping his head against a table. She ran, leaving the club as quick as she could. Outside, she took a cab and rode home as fast as she could.

She arrived at her parents' house after midnight. They were fast asleep and she went to take a shower. As she got rid of her dress and stripped out of her underwear, she looked at her tanned face. Christina had done her make-up and she looked awesome. The bigger lips and the bleached hair gave her a look that wouldn't have been amiss at the Playboy mansion. It felt odd, but she swayed her hips and flexed her aching muscles. Wow. She had come a long way.

As she dropped to her bed dead tired, she dreamed of what she would be like. Finally, she felt asleep.

"Okay! Here's to day two of our cycle! Let's load up and blast it hard!"

The girls guzzled their protein shakes and started pumping iron. Christina and Gwen had turned up at the mansion in the morning, had swallowed some aspirin and some pills to wake them up and had called Renée. She had arrived an hour later, skipping school together with them. Instead, they were hard at work on their bodies. Between sets, Gwen and Christina recounted their nightly adventures. Renée was a little jealous.

"I wish I could have been there."

"Why weren't you?" the dark-skinned amazon asked. "There was enough room for three."

"I didn't know where you had gone and I didn't feel so good."

"Must have been the lips. I had that the first time too." Christina suggested.

Renée said:

"Maybe. Also, Aurelie is going to come after school."

"Finally. She's been a bit shy lately."

"Maybe she's just afraid."

"She'd better be." Gwen flexed her arm. "Look at this. I'm getting so big!"

Christina touched her friend's arm and said:

"Just imagine what you're going to be like when we're through the cycle."

"I should just up the hormones right away. I mean, look at what happens at that dosage. Imagine doubling it."

Renée cautioned:

"You shouldn't do that. We should keep it under control."

"Control? Why?"

"You might get hurt."

"Listen, girl, I've been doing this for years, I know my limits. There's room for more."

"But..."

Christina interrupted:

"I'm sorry, Gwen, but Renée is right. We should test this stuff first, before we up the ante. It's much better and purer than what we had before. Also, break's over, let's get back to work."

In the afternoon, Christina and Renée had a tanning session while Gwen went to the pool to swim. It was a professional sport's pool that Christina's father had had built for her mother who had been a professional swimmer. Gwen was ploughing through the water, her large muscles emerging and submerging with every stroke. The cardio had given her enough stamina to keep up the butterfly stroke all over the length. She was still fumbling it occasionally and cursed as she had to start again. She had wanted to ask Christina's mother to teach her, but Christina forbade it. She didn't want her parents to realise what they were doing. She seemed to be afraid of their reaction.

As she was finishing her laps, she realised that the pool-boy was watching her intently. She stopped and looked back.

"What are you looking at?"

"You're big for a girl."

"That would suggest that you are looking at me."

"Well, yes. You got big muscles."

"Duh. It's a wonder you're able to pick out the leaves from the pool without needing a guide."

"Hey!"

"What?" She climbed out, her Jockettes-bikini dripping. "Never seen a woman with muscles before?"

"Not really."

"That's bad then." She stood in front of him. Gwen was quite tall and was almost the same height. "Want me to show you?"

"How? What?"

"Boy, you really are stupid. Sit down and watch!"

He dropped down on the deck-chair as she shook her body to limber up. He blinked. She gave him a seductive look and rolled her stomach muscles to lock her abs. She could see his surprise as she swayed her hips and flexed her legs. His jaw dropped. She lifted her arms and flexed them. He stared at her swollen biceps and gasped. She could see his erection growing in his shorts. Who would have believed that this guy was into muscle. She had half expected him to be disgusted, but maybe he had chosen his job just for that. Cleaning pools meant watching girls in their swimsuits. Athletic girls. Strong ones, yes, but not as muscular as her. She dropped her arms and flexed her triceps.

"You like what you see, don't you?"

"Absolutely."

"Nice. You seem to be quite hard. Mind if I take a look?"

"Not at all." He looked around, wondering whether there was a hidden camera somewhere. Was this a candid camera show? He didn't notice anything unusual. While he was hesitating, she just grabbed his shorts and pulled them down. His cock stood to attention and he could see the pre-cum glistening on its tip. He blushed.

Gwen smirked.

"You do like muscle girls. I'm impressed."

"Well, they are awesome. I like it when the muscles move under the skin. When they're all big and strong."

"Like that?"

She flexed slowly and sensuously. His cock was now deep red and very hard. His hand went to his crotch. She frowned:

"Just what do you think you are doing?"

"I was just..."

"My little friend..." She grabbed the base of his dick and constricted it. "You'll come when I say so. No freebies."

"Okay..."

She saw that his erection calmed down a little.

"That's better. I am horny right now and I won't let you just blow your load before you satisfy me."

"I'll do what you want."

"Good boy." She shifted her stance and stood legs apart. She pulled down her panties and revealed her large clit. "Lick me. Now!"

When Aurelie finally arrived at the door of Christina's living room, she could hear the girls shouting.

"Make it bigger! Come on!"

"It looks bad. I can't make it bigger. Look, it's all distorted."

"Screw this, let me."

"No. It's my computer, I do what I do."

"But Christina, I'm sure I can make it better. Look, just let me try for a second."

"Gwen, no. You can get your own here and do what you want, but this is mine."

Aurelie knocked. Christina asked:

"Who is it?"

"It's me."

"Come in."

The shy, tall girl stepped inside. She wore another one of her tracksuits, but had zipped it open to reveal a T-shirt that said "Pump it!". She asked:

"Hi, Jockettes, what are you doing?" As she took a good look at her friends, she added: "Holy shit, what happened to you?"

Christina grinned and answered:

"We got some gear to make us big and strong and this is day two!" She flexed her arm. "But don't worry, we brought some for you too. You'll catch up."

Gwen tried to grab the mouse Christina was using and added:

"Also, we're trying to morph us on the computer into how we'd like to be. But Christina doesn't let me fix this."

"Yeah. Because it's my computer and I'm working on it."

Renée gave Aurelie a little wave. She was quite relaxed from the time on the tanning bed and her skin was glowing. She was already quite bronzed and her tan was getting deeper and deeper. No more pale weak girl.

Christina said:

"So, do you want to take a look at it? I think it looks quite good."

Aurelie stepped over and looked at the screen. It was a nude photograph of Gwen, open in photoshop. Christina had used the liquify-tool to swell

her friend's muscles to a ridiculous level. Aurelie was amazed:

"Wow. Is this even possible?"

Gwen shrugged:

"I don't know, but we'll know when I get there. Also, this is all distorted. Look, the pixels are all wrong. It doesn't look realistic."

Renée took a sip of her protein-shake and said:

"No, it doesn't. But not from the pixels. Are you sure you want to look this way? I don't think you'd be able to scratch yourself anymore if you itch."

"Absolutely. I'll just get someone to scratch me. People are so weak. While you were on the tanning bed, I had this pool-boy lick me. He just did what I said."

Christina rolled her eyes.

"Gwen, you are such a slut."

The more muscular woman shot her an angry look.

"Slut? Who are you calling a slut?"

"You. You can't just have this guy lick you."

"Why not? I was horny and I gave him no choice. If a guy does this, nobody calls him a slut."

Renée nodded:

"That's true, Christina. And I really doubt any guy in town is even half the man Gwen is."

"Hey! Just because I have big muscles doesn't mean I'm a man."

"Sorry. That's not what I meant to say ..."

"Okay. Fine."

Gwen returned to the computer and calmed down.

"Can you just send me the picture and the file by e-mail? I'll work it myself at home."

Christina nodded, then she turned to Aurelie:

"So, how was school?"

"Boring. Miss Danilow seemed a little sad that you didn't turn up. The others didn't care much. I can give you the assignments for the next week."

Renée asked:

"Don't we have next week off?"

"Of course, but they still gave us plenty of work."

Gwen interrupted:

"Most of the work is going to be working out! Aurelie, you look like you could use a good set of repetitions. Have you been shirking?"

"I was really swamped. I'm sorry. But I'll pick up where I stopped."

"About that ... There's been a change of plans. There's the gear now and we sort of stepped up the level. Are you in?"

"I'm not sure ..."

"What, are you chicken? Afraid of needles? Afraid to be big and strong?"

Gwen walked over to Aurelie and pumped herself up in front of her.

"Afraid of changes?"

"No ... It's just that this is so ... much."

"Of course! That's the whole point. We're the Jockettes! We're big and we're hard and we're proud!"

"But..."

"Look at your shirt. What does it say?"

"It says 'pump it'."

"Exactly. So pump it!"

"Okay."

Aurelie shrunk before the muscular girl's onslaught.

"Also, we got you new outfits. These should get you in the mood!"

She tossed her the "Jockettes"-clothes.

"Put these on and get ready to work it. Time for you to get shot up."

"Okay."

"I'm going to get some more food."

Gwen marched out, leaving the dazed Aurelie to look at the remaining pair.

"What's with her?"

"She's a bit short-tempered now. Must be the 'roids."

"Do you think it's a good idea?"

"We've been on them for two days and it really works. Doesn't it, Renée?"

"Sure. It's another level really."

"Okay. Also, what happened to your lips?"

"I got them injected again. Looks sexy, huh?" Christina licked them.  
"Want a kiss?"

She turned around and kissed Renée on the mouth. They frenched for a while, moaning and fumbling at each other's muscle body.

Aurelie looked at the display for a while. It was hot, she had to admit. She stepped into the bathroom when Christina pushed Renée down and started to lick her friend's clit. She put on the bikini and the shorts. They were a little loose. She looked at herself in the mirror and did a few tentative flexes. Maybe the others were right. She had liked the additional strength and the tightness of the first trainings. She'd just try it for a while and stop it when it got too much. Before it got too much. Outside, she could hear the horny pair moan in passion. Somehow she envied them for their easiness. When she met Renée, the girl had been a thin, nerdy and, well, boring. Watching her move confidently through the school floors was impressive. Somehow, she wanted this confidence too.

She walked back in to see them 69 on the couch. She stared at them in disbelief. Confidence was one thing, but this was ridiculous. She could hear them mumble and moan. Suddenly, she realised that Gwen was standing next to her. Her arms were loaded with Tupperware boxes full of food. She put it down and took Aurelie's arm.

"Horny?"

"Not really. Surprised."

"Fine." Gwen let her and cleared her throat. "Girls? Food!"

Christina mumbled back:

"Not now. I'm not ... ah ... finished yet. Go on! Go on!"

Renée replied:

"Why don't you go and shoot Aurelie up while I give this sweet muscle bitch what she deserves."

"Yes, do that. Lick me, my sexy beast. Lick me!"

Gwen shrugged and asked:

"Are you coming?"

Aurelie hesitated. She looked at the muscular girls working each other into a sexual frenzy, she looked at Gwen's muscular body. She took a deep breath and said:

"Okay."

"Bless me father, for I have sinned. It has been two weeks since my last confession." Christina knelt down in the confession booth and waited for the priest to react. Her mind wasn't really on this, but she knew she had to. Going to the mass without confessing first was out of question for her father and so it was the same for her. She wore a demure grey dress and a large white shawl that hid her neck muscles and her massive shoulders. She had spent the morning training and was feeling very clean, now that she had showered. The gear was doing wonders and she was happy to see that her muscles were growing steadily. The others were just as happy. Gwen had spent most of Saturday arguing why she should be allowed to use more than the others, but she had forbidden it. Of course, she was concerned about her friend's health, but she also wanted to catch up. She had been playing with the idea of using more gear herself. After all, she had paid for it. Also, she wondered whether she should get one of the girls to move in with her. She was horny all the time and would really have preferred to be licked whenever she wanted it. Getting the masseur to fuck her was nice, but the more, the merrier.

There was also the matter with Aurelie. She was really unsure about her. On one hand, she was cute and she seemed to be into muscle growth just like the others, on the other hand, she was always fussing, always afraid. Even when they had injected her and made her pump iron, she had taken forever to appreciate it. Also, while the original trio kept to their diet religiously, Aurelie usually ate too little. It was weird to watch. Gwen was basically gorging herself on protein and devouring one chicken breast after the other. Even Renée, which had seemed so boring

at first, was eating like a horse. Aurelie would just stop after a while. Sometimes she wondered why she bothered at all.

"What do you wish to confess, my child."

Christina took a deep breath:

"Father, I have slept with men and women, even though I am not married. I have skipped school and I have bought steroids and hormones and drugs and used them to build my body. I have been vain and I enjoyed watching my body grow more muscular and sexy. I have insulted my teacher and lied to my parents. I have helped force a friend of mine into the same life as mine. I have blackmailed my mother's masseur into having sex with me."

The priest listened and then asked:

"Do you feel remorse?"

She was unsure. It did feel good and she felt liberated. Who was she lying to? Of course she loved it. There was no remorse, not even a little. They owed her what she did. It was her parents' fault for not caring about her. It was her teacher's fault for being boring and obnoxious. And finally, it felt way too good to be strong and powerful. She loved the strength, she loved the constant horniness, the changes inside her.

"I do. I'll try to make it good again."

The priest hesitated. He couldn't really see her, but he knew Christina since she was a little babe. Was this really the same girl? He felt he should say something. Was she telling the truth? Normally, he would have recognised the sound of a lie, but her voice had changed and she seemed to be sure of herself. He decided to give her a chance. Also, he felt a little curious about what she was like. Just some morbid curiosity.

"I recommend you to release the masseur and leave him alone. I also suggest you try to find out what you actually want to achieve and think about whether this is the correct way to do it. Finally, don't skip class.

You risk repeating the whole year and that would be a waste of your own time."

"I'll try to do that."

"Do it. Please. For your own sake."

"Okay."

He shrugged and absolved her and waited for her to get out. He was sure to keep an eye on her during mass, just to see what she had done to herself. It felt strange, but then, it always did.

"Have you confessed your sins?"

"Of course, dad. Everything went well." Christina sat next to her parents in one of the front rows. Her mother wore a demure dress that concealed her curves while her father wore his best suit. At first, she had expected him to say something about her lips, but he hadn't even looked at her. Her mother had smiled at her the same way she always did and had told her of her trip. She didn't seem to notice any changes either. Christina was both relieved and disappointed at the same time. She was glad that they hadn't decided to stress her about it, but she would have loved them to be a little shocked about her transformation. But no, nothing. It was as if they didn't care or didn't notice. Well, she'd make them notice eventually.

The mass went on and on. Soon, she was bored as she went through the motions. She couldn't help noticing that the priest eyed her occasionally, so she flashed him a demure smile, but he didn't react either. It was weird. When the procedure was through, she got out of the church and skipped on her parents. Eating at a restaurant with them was both boring and stupid, since it would mess up her diet. Instead, she got into her car and went to her tailor to pick up her new clothes. She had finally outgrown her previous wardrobe and had decided to get a new one quickly. As she was trying it on, she got a message from Dan. He was one of the moderately popular guys in school and invited her to a party to celebrate the fact that there was no school the next week. No big

occasion, but with a few days to prepare, the girls would make a show that no one would ever forget. She checked whether the others were invited too and scheduled their training for the next days. She decided that they would have to look their best.

Once she was home, she swallowed some more protein and went back to training. There was still a lot to do.

Meanwhile, Renée was wasting away at her family's home, waiting to be excused. Her parents were quite liberal, but they had their problems accepting their daughter's new lifestyle. Her father distributed the food and said:

"Here's your chicken breast, Ren."

"Thank you, dad."

They sat down and started eating. While her father and mother enjoyed their meal, she just stuffed the meat into her mouth and finished quickly.

"Can I go now?"

Her mother shook her head:

"Wait, please."

"What is it?"

"We need to talk."

She sighed:

"Fine. What is it?"

"It's about your new look."

"What about it?"

"Well, you are an adult and you can do what you like, but maybe you should listen to our advice."

"I am. Be quick about it. I have things to do."

"We know. Renée, you are young and it's okay that you try things. It's important. But you should refrain from doing anything that cannot be undone and that will be there all your life unless you think about it."

"Is it about the lips? That's temporary and Christina paid for it. It was a certified surgeon."

"Well, the lips are part of it. It's also ..."

"The muscles, right?"

"Well, yes ..."

"So what? I like the look, I feel good, I'm stronger than either of you. I feel awesome, I feel assertive. You always wanted me to have a strong personality and to stand up for myself."

"We did, but this is unhealthy."

"So is smoking and meatloaf. So is working too much. But I get a benefit from it, while you're just doing things without thinking."

Her mother turned to her father:

"Darling, say something."

"What your mother wants to say is that we don't think it's good to disown yourself. You changed, but it's not how you were supposed to."

"Are you sure you know what I'm supposed to be like? I like the look. I like the feeling. But it's okay. You can't understand. You haven't tried it and I know you wouldn't. Let's agree on this: I don't tell you how you're supposed to live your life and you leave me to mine."

He closed his eyes and said:

"It's my house and my rules."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No."

"Then don't make me. Give me a chance, you'll grow into it. Mom, dad, keep cool, I've got it under control. Also, I'm going to see Christina. See you tonight. And dad, don't work too much. It's Sunday."

After she left, her mother said:

"Well, that went well, don't you think?"

"I know. I'm sorry, but she is convincing."

"You'll see: When she grows out of this stupidity, she'll become a lawyer."

When she arrived at Christina's home, she was told by her servants that she was upstairs. Renée knew the way, yet she still found it odd to be in such a luxurious environment. She went upstairs and knocked at her friend's door.

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Renée."

"Come in." Christina was there in her underwear, sitting at her desk and filling some tights with rice.

"Hi. What's going on? How was church?"

"Church was boring, as always. Do you ever go to there?"

"Nah. My parents are atheists. Never had much to do with religion. So, what are you doing?"

"I'm filling rice in tights."

"I can see that. But why?"

"I read that on the internet. The rice gives you a rough feeling of the size, weight and feel of breast implants."

"So you're going to get them?"

"Sure. And soon too. Wanna help?"

"Okay."

Renée sat down next to her friend and stretched the tights while Christina poured the rice into a cup and filled it into the fabric.

"How many are you going to do?"

"I know I could just fill one up and add more as I go, but I think it's cooler if I prepare several sizes. Besides, these tights were real cheap."

Once they had five pairs of bags in front of them, Christina took off her bra and showed her breasts. She said:

"They really shrank, don't you think?"

Renée shrugged:

"I don't know. I have to admit I didn't really care back then."

"Breasts are not that interesting to you, are they?"

"Probably because I never had any to talk about."

Christina smirked:

"That's right. Maybe we can fix that. Now where are my bras?"

Christina emptied the bag of clothes and pulled out a set of tailor-made bras. She explained:

"I don't have your kind of back, but I still need mine to be wide enough. Buying off the shelf is no longer an option."

Renée nodded. She usually didn't wear a bra anyway. There was no point. She smiled as Christina struggled to get hers on. Once she was ready, she turned around. The bra left a lot of room in front. Christina

took the smallest bag, which still held two cups of rice and stuffed it in. She flopped her breasts on top of it and shimmied until it felt right.

"Pass me the shirt."

Renée gave her the Jockettes-shirt that laid there and Christina slipped it on. She got up. Her rice tits bounced.

"What do you think?"

"They're a bit small, don't you think?"

Christina walked over to her full-length mirror.

"Yep. Next bra!"

She pulled the shirt off, switched the bra and took the next biggest pair. Four cups of rice. More squeezing and fumbling followed.

"They're nice. I think they're reasonable, a little small perhaps."

Renée gave her a dirty grin:

"Didn't you say pornstar boobs?"

Christina replied:

"Give me the biggest you got."

Renée grabbed the big bags of rice that sat on the desk and threw them at Christina. She caught them awkwardly, then stuffed them inside her bra. The T-shirt strained and Christina cursed.

"It's too tight. Fuck."

With a sudden flex, she tore up the seams of her shirt, blowing off the front. The bra was way too small and looked ridiculous. She stared at the torn shirt and ripped the rest off.

"Wow. That was impressive."

Renée nodded:

"Absolutely. Let's try it again, but with the right bra this time."

Once she had it on, Renée stuffed the bags into the cups and arranged her friend's tiny looking breasts on top of them. Then, she helped her fit inside the largest T-shirt she had. There was abit of panting, but finally, she was ready.

She turned to the mirror and checked her reflection.

"Wow! These look about right. Look at the size of them. How much was that?"

"Ten cups. That's about two litres. A little more."

"They're huge. I love them."

Christina shimmed her fake breasts and squeezed them. There was a slight crackling. Renée grinned:

"Let's hope your real fakes won't make that kind of noise."

Christina jumped up and was surprised by their motion.

"Whoa. Gotta be careful making jumping jacks with those. So, what do you think? Big enough for you?"

Renée swallowed:

"They're nice and they're in proportion with your muscles. But I don't think you could hide them."

"Why would I want to?"

"Well, your parents, for example."

"Honestly, screw my parents. They didn't even notice my lips, so why should they notice these boobs?"

"If you say so ..."

Christina bounded across the room and said:

"They are big, I'll give you that. Want to try yourself?"

"Me?"

"Of course. Let's see what you look like with big ones!"

"I don't know ..."

"It's just rice!"

Ten minutes later, the two girls were mashing their oversized rice boobs into each others'. Christina said:

"You so have to get these! This is so sexy!"

"It's a bit awkward for kissing, though."

"We'll manage. We'll just take off our bras. And I'm so going to motorboat you when you have them."

"Hey!"

"Why not? You're gorgeous!"

They cuddled a little closer until Christina said:

"You're going to have to lick me now, Renée!"

The other girl grinned and dived.

"One orgasm, coming up!"

After she was done, Christina returned the favour. They laid on her queen-sized bed, sweaty and glowing.

"That was awesome!"

Renée was exhilarated. Christina smiled:

"You're getting better and better. Your tongue is a true master's instrument."

"Mistresses'."

"That."

"Have you been invited to Dan's party too?"

"Of course. You coming?"

"If we're all going."

"I guess we are. It's pretty soon, so I'm going to pump harder, make myself bigger. We're going to make one hell of an impression. Watch these!"

She flexed her abs. The huge rice-tits shaded them, but it was clear they were getting harder and more defined.

"Cool, huh?"

"They're bigger already. That was quick."

"Yes. You know what, I thought about something."

"What is it?"

"You know how Gwen is always going on about how long she's being doing this and how big she wants to be?"

"Hard to miss."

"Exactly. So I decided that we're going to catch up."

"How so?"

"I've hired a personal trainer just for us two. I want to get huge too. Bigger than her."

"But what about being a muscular sex goddess?"

"I don't think there's a limit to the muscular thing. Also, I think she's injecting some stuff on the side."

"But where would she get it? Also, it's dangerous to overdo it."

"I don't know. She has her channels. And you know her. If it can be done, she'll overdo it."

"That's right."

Christina nodded and said:

"There's another thing ..."

"What is it?"

"I couldn't help noticing that you still keep your little bush down there. I really like to lick you, but I'll pay for a waxing."

"Okay ..."

"Thank you. You make my life better!"

Renée shrugged. That was quick. She found it strange how easy she accepted whatever Christina came up with. It felt odd since the popular girl had joined their group after her. What was going on?

The day of Dan's party came and the four young women were getting ready for their entrance. They met at Christina's to finish their preparations. Aurelie was quite surprised by her friends' evolving physique. She had missed a few workouts and skipped several of the injections, so she was still lightly toned and in shape. The others, however, had improved tremendously. She couldn't believe her eyes.

Renée and Christina were just doing very specific exercises which neither of them had ever seen before. They were sweating like crazy and grunted and howled with the effort. Their muscles were bulging, their veins engorged. She was astonished by their shape. Once they finished their sets, they stopped and emptied some more protein shakes. As they got up, Aurelie was surprised by their muscularity. They were rock hard. She asked:

"Wow! What happened to you?"

Christina replied sassily:

"Something that isn't going to happen to you anytime soon if you keep on skipping your workouts, puny girl."

She walked over to the tall girl and swayed her hips and her bulky shoulders. She had definitely added a few pounds of muscles in no time. Christina pushed her back with her chest and continued:

"What's up with you? Are you chicken? Want to be a wimp again?"

"Hey, Christina, calm down. I just asked what you were doing?"

"What I'm doing is, I'm training. A lot. Look at these!"

She flexed her exposed abdominals. They bunched into a solid brick wall.

"And these!"

She rolled her shoulders and presented her biceps and triceps.

"What do you think?"

"You are getting huge. What about Gwen?"

"Gwen's in the shower. If you think I'm huge, just you wait."

"Okay ... How about you, Renée?"

Renée dried off a bit of sweat and said:

"I'm fine. Christina got us a pers ..."

Christina gave her a searing look and made a cutting motion with her hand.

"She got us personalised workout outfits."

"Really ..."

"Sure."

Before they could continue, the door of the bathroom opened and a dark-skinned goddess stepped inside the room. Gwen held her towel lightly and said:

"Chris, your shower is awesome. The water comes from all around! I love that!"

She noticed Aurelie and added:

"Hi, Aurelie. You look ... normal. Nice."

The last word came out like an insult.

"Gwen, why don't you leave me alone?"

"Why should I? Look at this."

She dropped the towel and revealed her body. Aurelie was used to weird things and watching Christina and Renée had prepared her, or so she thought. Watching Gwen's overtrained body, still glistening from the shower's spray, she felt sick and elated at the same time. Her body was so huge that she was easily more muscular than any guy from school. Actually, she looked more like a professional bodybuilder and a male one to that. Aurelie liked muscular guys, but she had to admit that Gwen fulfilled her desires too. What amazed her even more was that Gwen's clitoris had grown to fit her massive body. It was large and swollen and was more than an inch long. She had never seen one as big as that. Gwen went through a series of flexes and posed in front of her.

Aurelie gasped and stared at the female hulk in front of her.

"Impressed? I thought so."

Christina frowned. She said:

"Can we shower now?"

"It's free. Enjoy." Gwen turned to Aurelie and said:

"So, what are you going to do? Are you going to be serious now or are you going to leave?"

The two women disappeared into the bath as Gwen went over to the taller girl and said:

"You like the muscles, don't you?"

She nodded.

"I thought as much. Want to touch them?"

She nodded again.

"I'm sorry, but no touching for weaklings. Get your own first!"

The limousine pulled up in front of Dan's family's house. The girls inside were already quite excited and had enjoyed a bottle of champagne to get in the mood. They would bring some much needed glamour to this rather bland party. The chauffeur opened the door and held it as the quartet got out. Christina checked them one last time and nodded. They wore matching short black and white dresses that had the Jockettes colours as little details. Each one had been tailor-made to complement their physiques. Renée's was a backless affair that left little to imagination and showcased her shoulders. Christina had opted for a skirt and shirt combo that exposed her ridiculously muscled midriff, while Gwen wore a strapless piece that literally showed off her herculean body. Aurelie's dress was the most conventional and displayed her cleavage to divert from her otherwise rather generic body. Renée put on her heels and checked her make-up. Christina had taken her time to make each one look gorgeous.

As a final touch, they pulled their jackets on and made for the door. Christina rang. They could hear music and laughter from the inside. There were lights in the garden at the back of the house. It took a while for someone to open. Finally, Dan opened the door and looked outside, staring in disbelief at his guests.

"Whoa. Hi, girls. How do you do?"

Christina smiled:

"We're fine, thank you."

He hesitated:

"Come in. Everybody is outside, in the back."

"Cool."

The group walked in, assessing the house. It was nicely kept, but rather traditional. Christina handed Dan two fancy paper bags.

"A little gift for our host."

"Thank you."

Dan was surprised by the bags' weight. He looked inside. There were several bottles of champagne and some top-class snacks.

"That's awesome. I'll just put them in the fridge, okay? Just go outside and enjoy yourself."

The other girls nodded, but Christina followed him to the kitchen and waited until he was done. He finished and asked:

"Want a drink? I make a nice Mojito."

"Sure."

He prepared it and gave it to her.

"Nice. I like the taste. Want to try?"

"Why not?"

He came closer, but she kept her lips on the straw. He waited for her to leave it to him, but instead, she took another sip and kissed him on the lips, letting the drink flow into his mouth. He backed off.

"Wait ... My girlfriend is outside, waiting for me."

"Just keep her waiting then."

She put the drink down and kissed him again. He hesitated, but she forced her tongue gently into his mouth and asked:

"I waited all day for this. Do you have any idea how horny I am?"

"Listen ..."

"Why should I?"

She kissed him again and began caressing his crotch. With a few forceful strokes, she had him rock-hard in his trousers.

"Does she keep you waiting too?"

"I ... I ... Please ..."

"Okay, if you ask me ..."

She unbuttoned his fly and began squeezing his balls and working his dick.

"You're a big one. That's good. Have you ever fucked a big girl?"

"No, stop. That's a bad idea, we shouldn't ..."

"Oh, we should. Is there a place where we can be alone for a minute?"

"There's the pantry."

"The pantry? Why not."

Seconds later, she had wrapped his cock in a condom and pulled up her skirt. He was behind her and worked her asshole while she rubbed her clitoris in abandon. Whenever he was about to come, she grabbed his dick and calmed him down. He was very nervous, constantly afraid that someone might walk in and wanted to finish quickly, but she just wouldn't let him. In the end, he pleaded for her to let him come, but she

was merciless. Only when she came did she squeeze and massage him so hard that he came, filling her ass with his cum. She grinned and pulled him out and said:

"Nice. A bit quick, though." She pulled her skirt back down and went out. "Clean up the mess, will you?"

Meanwhile, the other girls had caused quite a stir. The guests stared at the two muscle-bound amazons in total confusion. Gwen just smiled and grabbed a beer, then walked over to the jocks, who were just flirting with a few girls, followed by Renée. Mike, the biggest of the guys gave her a strange look. She grinned and said:

"Hey, small fry!"

He blinked.

"What? What did you call me?"

"Small fry. You're puny."

The guys turned to her, focusing their attention on the muscular woman. The other girls crowded around to look at the confrontation. Mike was quite a bit taller than Gwen. He towered over her, but only in height. He had broad shoulders, a big neck and a muscular chest that was easily visible through his shirt. He wore a varsity jacket too and pointed at hers:

"Do you want a fight?"

"Got one?"

"Watch it, girl. I like spunk, but don't overdo it."

She grinned and dropped her jacket, revealing her supercharged physique:

"I always overdo what I do, squirt."

There were gasps of surprise all around. People stared at her huge muscles, pointed and whispered. Gwen revelled in their attention. She gave Mike a push. He frowned.

Renée took her shoulder and asked:

"Gwen, what's wrong with you, just leave him alone."

"Why should I. Let's give this loudmouth something to squeak about."

Mike shivered with anger.

"This is my last warning. Piss off or I'll make you!"

"Give me your best shot!"

He roared and pushed her, but she just stood and took his hands. They locked in a struggle. Gwen felt the strain, but smirked:

"Whoa, big boy, don't overexert yourself. You're going to tear something."

"Screw you, bitch."

They pushed and shoved through the garden, the other jocks rooting for Mike. Finally, they reached the pool and Gwen twisted around, forcing Mike over the edge. He tumbled and fell, landing in the water with a splash. Gwen roared with laughter. Mike emerged and spat out a fountain of water. She jeered at him:

"Didn't know you were a swimmer too, Mike!"

"Fuck you!"

"You wouldn't even come close, weakling!"

She went into a most muscular pose, her dress creaking from the strain. The other jocks stared at her in disbelief. She turned to them and said:

"Any of you guys get me another beer?"

Suddenly, Renée shouted a warning:

"Behind you!"

Gwen only had time enough to look back to see Mike jump out of the water behind her and grab her by the waist, throwing her overhead into the water. She got back to the surface and saw Mike grinning stupidly. Her dress had slipped, revealing her nipples.

"Not so hot now, are you?"

Instead of the calmed reaction he was expecting, she screamed and immediately flung herself at him:

"You asshole! My hair! Do you have any idea how much time I spend on that! You fucked up asshole!"

He held her back, she was swinging her fist at him, he grabbed her and they ended up locked in a strange embrace. The onlookers weren't sure whether they were about to kiss or kill each other. However, the jocks immediately started chanting.

"Kiss her! Kiss her!"

So he did. It was a little awkward at first, but their forceful embrace quickly changed to a more passionate one. The watchers hollered and cheered. Amid the noise, Gwen whispered:

"I may be bigger than you, but you got some strong arms. I like that."

He smiled, kissed her again and said:

"Me too."

They climbed out of the pool. One of the jocks threw them a towel. Gwen rearranged her dress and looked at Renée sheepishly, but the girl had gone to meet other guests. She couldn't help noticing that one of the girls that had flirted with Mike before stared at her in utter hatred. Gwen gave her a contemptuous look and led her prize away.

She whispered into Mike's ear:

"All this fighting made me horny. Do you know where we could fuck?"

She couldn't help grinning when she noticed him blushing.

Renée had spotted some of her friends from last year. She had transferred to the next form and was switched to another class. They had lost contact over the summer and she had been way too busy training to contact them. She felt a little guilty for abandoning them and wondered what they would say. She walked over to them, smiling at the group of nerds sulking in the shadows. It felt a little odd to see them as they were now. They didn't recognise her at first. Connor, a pale young man with black hair and a Blind Guardian-shirt, stared at her. He managed to speak first:

"Hi. Who are you?"

She blinked. Didn't he recognise her?

"It's me. Renée. How are you, Connor?" She turned to the others.  
"Amelia, Courtney, Fred. Are you getting along?"

Connor frowned.

"Renée? I'm sorry, but ... No."

"Sure. It's me, stupid. Do I have to beat you some more at Halo to prove it?"

"For real? Renée? What happened to you? You're all ... muscly and ..."

Fred finished his sentence:

"Hot?"

Renée blushed. She hadn't expected this. Actually, she had imagined the situation, but not like this. She had thought they would just treat her like before. At the same time, she had known they wouldn't. The girls were still in shock.

"Okay, you got me. I'm hot."

She shook her hips and brushed through her hair.

"But I'm still the same nerdette."

Courtney slowly recovered and walked over to her.

"How did you do it?"

Renée smiled and replied:

"Well, I train for an hour every day and I tan. I go to the hairdresser and I get manicure and pedicure. Also, Christina pays for my wardrobe and stuff."

"Christina?"

Renée looked around and noticed that her friend was nowhere to be found.

"She was here a moment ago. Anyway. She's like a girlfriend for me. Like a partner."

Amelia clarified:

"You're a lesbian?"

"A little, I guess."

The boys' faces went scarlet. Amelia was satisfied and nodded:

"Okay then."

Courtney, however, still had a few questions:

"Why the muscles, Renée? And what happened to your lips?"

"You know Gwen? The girl that just chugged Mike into the pool?"

"Yes."

"She got me hooked. I really liked how confident and how powerful she was. So I asked her how she did it and she explained. It's a lot of work and takes a lot of discipline, but it pays off." She flexed her arm, letting her biceps pop out. The others were surprised to say the least.

"The lips are another thing. Christina likes to be sexy and got hers done, she liked it, so she got me some too. It felt odd in the beginning, but now I really like them."

"Okay ..." Courtney seemed unsure about what to think. Renée could read her easily:

"You can touch them, if you want."

"I can?"

"Sure."

The boys hesitated.

"You too, but one at a time."

Instantly, she felt their hands over her muscles. They were mesmerised.

"It feels so unreal, but also true."

"Awesome!"

"Incredible."

"Oh my God!"

Renée smiled as she basked in their adulation.

At the same time, Aurelie was having a hard time. The people she had normally spent her time with had caught up with her and were now haranguing her on her lifestyle choice.

"Hey, Aurelie, seriously, this thing, it's not even too much. It's just, you know, awful."

Lana was gesticulating as she explained what was wrong with her friend. Aurelie couldn't help thinking that she was over-stretching the word 'friendship' by now. Still, she went on, the others nodding their approval.

"I mean, it's okay if a woman is fit, you know, like a cheerleader or a gymnast." Nods all around. "But this? What are you trying to achieve? You'll be a freak, just like the other of you muscle people. I mean, look at Gwen! Is there any point to this?"

Aurelie had to admit that Gwen's behaviour was erratic at best and that she really seemed to lose it, recently. Also, neither Renée nor Christina seemed particularly sane. Still, she hated it when people attacked her on principle. Especially people like Lana, who would handle a whole stable of nerds to get her stuff done and just spend her time slacking and wasting her time. She was also losing her magic, apparently taking everything for granted.

After Lana was finally done with her tirade, she shrugged and said:

"Hey, if you don't like it, don't look. You're the one who's spending all her time checking out my arms. And guess what?" She flexed her right arm, making her hard biceps appear. "You seem to like it." She turned to the rest of the crowd:

"If you absolutely have to make me feel bad, go ahead. But if you are real friends, you could try being supportive."

The group looked at her in badly concealed revulsion. She smirked and prepared to get more beer, when she felt Christina grab her butt.

"Whoa, Aurelie, entertaining the losers?"

Lana frowned:

"Screw you, Christina. You're just a vapid rich girl. Go away and spend your money to buy you some friends. Your pose is just ridiculous."

Lana was a little taller than her, but Christina just went closer and closer, forcing her to take a step back.

"Wow. That was really adult. Honestly, you're every bit as shitty as Aurelie told me. You stupid bitch never even had the balls to do anything for serious."

"At least I won't grow any from all the 'roids."

Aurelie tried to grab Christina, but the shorter girl was too quick and sank her fist into Lana's stomach. The other girl gasped, retched and threw up. Christina screamed as Lana's vomit hit her dress.

"You piece of shit! I'm going to tear you in half! My dress! You ruined it! You asshole!"

She launched herself at the stumbling woman and began raining uncoordinated punches on her. Aurelie grabbed her and tried to pull her away. There was more screaming and pulling until the opponents were successfully separated, the situation exacerbated by the fact that the jocks started chanting "Bitch fight! Bitch fight!" every time Christina attacked again.

Aurelie led the crying Christina to the bathroom to clean her up while the others went to the kitchen to get some ice for Lana's black eye.

As she calmed down, Christina complained:

"Why does this girl have to be such a bitch? Why can't she just leave us alone?"

Aurelie knew better than to insist that it was actually Christina herself who had caused the commotion and instead helped her out of her dress to clean up the stains.

While Aurelie scrubbed at the spots, she heard grunts and shouts next door. She turned to Christina who was sitting on the toilet naked.

"What's going on?"

"I don't know. Sounds like people having a fight." She listened for a second. "Nah. Probably people fucking. And I think I can guess who."

"Gwen?"

"Sure. She's quite the slut, you know?"

"Hey! Christina, why are you talking about your friend like this?"

"Friend is a big word, Aurelie. Friends don't try to upstage you all the time. Friends don't sneak in additional drugs into their regime to show everybody how much bigger and stronger they are."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm pretty sure Gwen has talked to her old friends from the gym to get her more drugs. The bitch is really crazy. I wouldn't be surprised if she used twice the amount we use, just to screw with us."

"So what? Let her."

"Why should I? Before I joined this little group, this was just a pair of puny girls fucking themselves up in a seedy gym. But look at us now! We're stylish, we're sexy, we're strong."

"Sure. But ..."

"No but. Why is she trying to do things behind my back? I'm really working my ass off to make everything as cool as possible and all I get is her contempt. Screw her!"

Aurelie shrugged:

"You know, Christina, you're over-thinking this. I'm sure Gwen doesn't even care about this. She just wants to be big and have fun."

"Yeah, sure. But you know what, I'm going to show her. She's not going to fuck with me. I'll beat her at her own game."

"Err ..."

"Whatever. Is my dress clean?"

"I hope so."

"Good. Give it to me, I'm so going to take this bitch out!"

Christina strode out and walked to the bedroom door. Behind it, Gwen was working loudly at building up an orgasm. Christina checked her dress, then turned the doorknob and pushed against the door. It was locked from inside. Of course. She gave it a slam. Inside, she heard Gwen shout:

"Go away, we're in the middle of..." Her voice trailed off as Mike hit the right spot. Christina slammed the closed door against its hinges again. Gwen grunted and gasped as Mike pounded on. Christina took a deep breath and pushed the door open. There was a loud crack as the door flew open and the latch broke. Gwen came with a howl. Mike joined in a second later. Christina stared at the pair of muscle-bound teenagers and gritted her teeth. Then she walked back out and told Aurelie:

"Fetch Renée. We're leaving."

Aurelie nodded and went outside to get her.

Meanwhile, the pair recovered. Mike asked:

"That was awesome. You're so sexy! But, what was that? Why did Christina break the door?"

Gwen lay under him, mussed his hair and answered:

"I don't have the slightest idea, but I think we should go now. I'm pretty sure Dan's parents won't like that people break their bedroom doors."

He scratched his chin.

"We're in their bedroom?"

"Yep."

"Cool." He got up and pulled off the rubber. "Would you like to go out and watch a movie next week?"

"You're quick. And no. Sorry. But I'm good for now. But see you in class and keep training if you don't want to be owned by a big girl like me." She went into a most muscular pose and gritted her teeth, then grabbed her dress and headed out, leaving him standing there in his socks.

When she got home, Gwen slipped inside, trying not to wake her grandmother. Although she usually went to sleep early, she would wake up in the night and watch TV while Gwen slept. Tonight, however, everything was quiet. The muscular girl sneaked past her bedroom and disappeared inside the bathroom. She showered quickly, wiped off her make-up and put on her pyjamas. She had tried sleeping in the nude or wearing a nightie, but her grandmother had popped in once and had berated her for her lack of decency and her strange body-shape, so she preferred this. As a final act before going to sleep, she took a few pills from the bottles on top of the cupboard, out of reach of her grandmother. She was taking twice the dosage of the others and she was going to be huge. A true muscle beast.

She went to sleep, dreaming of her soon to be oversized muscle body.

The next day, she got up early, full of energy. Gwen quickly swallowed her pills and took her jabs. She devoured the chicken breast her grandmother had lovingly prepared for her, swallowed a protein shake, put on her sweat suit and sprinted to the gym. When she was there, the place was still deserted, so she just started pumping herself up. She preferred the quiet of the morning to the bustle and the stares of the other members. Females were few and far between, but they still managed to make her feel inappropriate.

She hit the weights, starting with a circle of exercises to get warmed up. Once she was up and running, she switched to this day's focus: arms. She loved working on her biceps and triceps, stopping occasionally to flex a little and enjoy her engorged muscles. By the time she hit the last set, she was sweating profusely and her body was aching. Her arms were shivering from the effort and she lifted the weights one final time with a grunt before racking them. She got up and shook her arms to loosen the

tightness and looked at herself in the mirror. She was getting quite bulky by now. Doubling the dosage had been a magnificent idea.

"Whoa! Is that you, Gwen?"

She looked around and saw Charlie standing behind her.

"Sure. Impressed?"

Charlie was her former trainer and supplier.

"Quite. How much have you been training?"

"Six days a week, two hours a day. And look at this!" She did a double biceps, then presented her overblown triceps.

"Awesome. Are you going to compete?"

"No. Why should I? That is, yes, I am competing. But not like this. I just have to show a few girls what real muscle is about. I'm sort of competing against myself."

"So are we all." He flexed his muscles. Gwen couldn't help noticing that he was quite huge and still way bigger than her. She'd have to do something about that.

"By the way, I'm almost out of gear. Can you help me?"

"Sure. If you have the money."

She hesitated. She was short on cash. Up until now, Christina had paid for everything, but since they bought the stuff together, she no longer gave her any money to get some gear at Charlie's.

"Well ... I don't have any money, but do you think I could make it up to you somehow?"

He gave her an amused look.

"Are you serious?"

She dropped back her shoulders and presented her bare and muscular abs.

"Don't you find me attractive?"

"Quite. But girl, I don't have the cash to blow it on you."

"Fuck. But do you know anyone who would sponsor me?"

"What are you talking about exactly?"

"I'm looking for someone who likes to look at me, I'm even in for photographs, in exchange for some money to help me get bigger."

"Like a sugar daddy?"

"If you will."

"You are quite sick, you know that?"

"I'm going to be quite huge. Bigger than you. And you are going to watch me grow."

Renée was just finishing her set, when Christina returned from the bathroom. Her ass was hurting from the syringes and her muscles were aching. Christina was just drying herself off, showing her superior muscular body. She had decided to upstage Gwen and had increased her intake. Renée had resisted at first, but whatever Christina wanted, she got. As a result, she was just as juiced up as her friend. It felt odd. Christina dropped on the sofa with a grin and said:

"Hello, my pretty. How does it feel?"

Renée tried to ease the strain on her muscles:

"Feels good. How about you?"

"Awesome. I'm going to be so huge."

She made a motion to show how big her arms were going to be.

"Also, I got us the appointment."

"What appointment?"

"The appointment, silly. Bigger boobs. Remember?"

"What, now? Didn't you say you wanted them for summer?"

"Yeah. But so what? If we want to do some real muscular growing, we shouldn't interrupt it by some surgery, shouldn't we?"

"Okay, but, don't you think it's a bit rushed?"

"No. I want it now. The doctor said he can do the operation without cutting the muscle and only with a minimal scar, so the recovery is going to be real quick. Plus, the boobs get inflated afterwards, so we can choose the size we want. Think about it! We'll have big-ass porn star boobs in no time."

"But Christina ..."

"I thought we had an agreement. I really would love you to have them, you'll look so sexy with them. Just imagine."

"But my parents ..."

"Screw them. We can do what we want. Don't disappoint me now. I really need you to do this with me."

"Christina, really ... I don't think that I should."

"And I think you should. Remember your friends. They were really amazed by your new look. They really loved it. Imagine what they would feel if you actually turned yourself into the woman you really want to be."

With these words, she laid her lips on hers and kissed her deeply. Renée kissed her back.

"You'll be so sexy. We'll both be the sexiest girls in school. Fuck, we'll be

the sexiest girls in the world ..."

The next day, they were at the plastic surgeon's office again. Christina had sent in all the paperwork and held Renée's hand as the doctor explained the procedure. She was quite sure her friend would get cold feet, but she held her tight. When everything was said, they were prepped for the surgery. The nurses were quite impressed by their toned bodies and couldn't help staring at them as they put on their gowns. When they were ready, they looked quite stupid, their muscular physiques set in the most ridiculous outfits known to man. As they lay in their beds next to each other, getting ready for anaesthesia, Christina took Renée's hand, squeezed it firmly and whispered:

"I love you. Stay with me!"

Renée, who was quite nervous and honestly terrified, just nodded. Then, the anesthesia kicked in and she lost consciousness.

When school started again, Aurelie was alone in class. The other students were there, of course, but Gwen, Christina and Renée were nowhere to be seen. After the scandal at Dan's party, she had had no contact with either of them and she wasn't sure whether this was a bad thing. Ms. Danilow was explaining something about a war and Aurelie tried to concentrate and take notes. It was hard. She was thinking about the others all the time, wondering about what they had done or where they were. She had tried calling them, but none of them would answer. Sending them instant messages had also yielded no response. She was slowly becoming aware of the fact that she had been expelled from their group.

Suddenly, she realised that class had ended and Ms. Danilow was standing in front of her.

"Aurelie, how are you? How was the break?"

"It was nice, Ms. Danilow. We had a bit of stress, but all in all, it was quite restful."

"That's good. What about your friends, where are they?"

"I don't know. Didn't they call in sick?"

"Well, Christina Ginnardi called and sent a doctor's information for her and Renée Schroeder. As for Gwen Miller, I got nothing. Do you have any idea what might be going on?"

"No idea. Sorry. They're not answering my calls either."

"That's bad. Well, if you hear of them, just tell me. I really need to talk to them."

"About what?"

"Mostly about their behaviour in class. But ..." She sat down next to Aurelie: "It also concerns you. I'm pretty sure that you're not fully into this, but I am quite certain that Gwen, Christina and Renée are abusing drugs to make themselves more muscular. Am I right?"

Aurelie remained silent.

"No problem. I'm not accusing anyone of anything, I just want them to be safe and not hurt themselves out of pride and misguided vanity. If you see them, just tell them we need to talk."

"Okay."

"Also, if you want to talk, you can call me anytime."

"Fine. Ms. Danilow, thank you for your concern, but I have to go to the next class."

Aurelie got up and walked out. The talk had made her think. Ms. Danilow was her teacher. She was harmless and her concern was probably genuine. On the other hand, the others had a point too. They were stronger and more assertive than anyone she knew. They were proud and seemed to be happy. They loved their sexuality. Aurelie, on the other hand, felt weak and useless. She wanted to be respected, but she only ever did things half-way. When Christina put her mind to

something, she'd just follow through, no compromises. Renée was the same. She was a nerd and she did a lot of things to impress Christina, but she was also thorough to a fault. She never backed down or stopped at anything.

And then, there was Gwen. She was probably insane, but she had her point. No one ever opposed her without finding himself beaten down within moments. Aurelie couldn't help but admiring her strength of character. And her physical power. Aurelie was no lesbian, but she still couldn't help thinking about her friend's hypermuscular body. She was aware that Gwen would never allow her to touch her as long as she was still weak, but she really wanted to. Maybe she would have to join them for good and not just squirm on the edges.

As she went to the next class, she was afraid.

That afternoon, Gwen was sitting in a café downtown. She wore a nice dress that she had bought that day, which happily was made of a stretchy material. It was deep blue and fitted very snugly to her muscular curves. She had spent the day preparing for this evening, had her hair straightened and fixed, her fingernails and toenails done, had her waxing renewed and spent an hour on her make-up. She had also blasted her muscles with the hardest, most intense workout in days. She was waiting calmly, enjoying a latte and basking in the expressions of wonder and disgust of the passers-by and the other guests.

She was interrupted in her musings by a man in his forties who stood in front of her and said:

"I'm Ross. I guess you're Gwen."

"Absolutely. Have a seat."

"I couldn't help noticing you the moment I came in. You're even more impressive than Charlie said."

"Thank you. I always knew that Charlie was too modest."

"Indeed."

He ordered a cup of coffee and said:

"Charlie said you needed a sponsor."

"A sponsor, yes. I need a sponsor too. But I may also need a partner."  
She put her hand on his. He blushed.

"Wow. I hadn't expected you to be so straightforward."

"That's just the way I am. I take it you're interested?"

"I am. I really am."

She leaned forward and whispered:

"I really want to be big. Huge. A massive, superhuman musclewoman.  
Like the hulk. Only bigger."

His ears turned red.

"I want to be the biggest woman on the planet. Like in the most insane  
internet fiction."

"Oh my God ..."

"I want to be so big that this will be the only thought going through  
anybody's head who sees me."

"For real?"

"For real. Right now, I'm working out like crazy and I'm juicing like a  
maniac. The trouble is, that's really expensive, so I need help."

"Ok."

"I need a lot of money. If you got it, I'll be able to do it. To grow. For  
you."

He bit his lip and whispered:

"I almost creamed my pants, girl."

"Woman."

"Woman, then. You're so ridiculously hot."

"I'm all you'll ever need to get off, Ross. So, are you in?"

"I'm in."

"Excellent. Then let's celebrate. Fuck the coffee and fuck me."

"Right now?"

"No, silly. Let's go to a hotel. You want to watch my huge muscles in  
private, don't you?"

She flexed her arm, provoking an echo of gasps around her.

"I'm bored!"

Christina lay in her bed and fumbled with the remote. She switched the  
channel again, zapping through the various TV-chains without finding  
anything interesting.

Renée lay next to her and said:

"We could try watching a sitcom. I have a new season ready."

She pointed to her laptop that stood on the mattress next to her.

Christina grumbled:

"It's going to be more of your nerdy stuff, isn't it?"

"Well, I like it."

"Yeah, but it's so intellectual. All insider jokes and computer game puns."

"You're exaggerating."

"Not at all. Could we watch some porn then?"

"Do we have to?"

"I'd really watch something to make me horny."

"But the doc said to take it easy until we're fully healed."

"It's been a week now. Can't this go quicker?"

"He said two weeks, minimum."

"I hate him. I hate that my boobs are so small. I hate that yours are so small too. What a cheat."

Renée shrugged. It stung. She looked down at the bandages. The doctor had sent them home the next day, but she had preferred to stay with Christina. She didn't want her parents to see her like that. Also, she didn't think her breasts were small. They were bigger now than they had ever been before, although Christina was right. They both had been disappointed when they had woken and the doctor had only added 500 cubic centimetres to the implants. He had said that more could be added later, when they were healed.

She had touched them and flinched. Bigger? She wasn't sure. Christina had almost made a scene and had only barely calmed down. She had then decided to take the week off to heal and only return to school later.

She had also decided to only wear baggy clothes from then on until her breasts were the size she wanted.

There was also another thing that irritated her. Apparently, Christina had had a few additional procedures done to them without telling her before. When she awoke, she had been all drowsy from the anaesthesia, but once her head had cleared, she had felt a strange itching in her crotch. When she had asked Christina, the other young muscle girl had replied:

"Do you like it?"

"What? What did you do to me?"

"Me? Nothing. But I had the doctor bleach your cute little anus. I want it to be perfect. Also, I had your G-spot pumped. You should feel it soon."

"But you didn't even ask me."

"Would you have said yes?"

"I don't know."

"Exactly."

"Listen, Christina, you can't just do this to me without asking."

The other woman smiled innocently:

"You're right. I was out of line. But you'll see, you'll come to love it. I got it myself. With the G-spot, it's a bit tricky, because I have to stay a virgin, but I guess the doctor managed. I'm saving this for later."

Renée had been outraged by her friend's behaviour. She wasn't quite sure she should still call her her friend anyway. After a while, her anger had faded, especially since Christina smiled unrelentingly, without a hint of malice. Only when the local anaesthetic finally wore off did she understand the true effect of the procedure. Without any reason, she suddenly felt an orgasm building up. It felt odd. She realised it was due to her posture and tried shifting it, causing her to have another build up right away. She lay there, trying not to move as Christina grinned:

"Feeling it too now, are you?"

"Yeees! Wow!"

"Exactly. I've been doing this for half an hour now and it's awesome. Just you wait until we get home and I'll blow you to ... I don't know where, but you're going to be blown."

The next week came and Ms. Danilow sighed. She had enjoyed the calm of this week and was looking forward to another productive week without any interruptions by crazy students. However, she was quite sure it wouldn't last. She turned to face the music and saw Christina and

Renée sitting quietly at their desks. They wore large, matching sweaters with Js embroidered on them and were noticeably made under. What was going on? Aurelie was there too and was also looking normal. She shrugged. Maybe they had a sudden spasm of normalcy. Sarah Danilow decided to take her chance and wanted to start roll call when the door flew open and ... well, it was hard to describe.

It was Gwen Miller, probably. It looked like her, but also didn't. She had definitely changed. The other students stared at her. There were gasps and sounds of confusion. The woman wore a very tight T-shirt that clung to her thick, muscular body. Her muscles were swollen and veiny. Her chest was large and broad, with huge pectoral muscles that gave her breasts of sorts. Below these, two rows of abdominals and the framing obliques could be seen. She also wore very tight shorts that showed off her strong legs and her tight ass as she strode by and walked to her seat, ignoring her former companions.

As Ms. Danilow watched her, she couldn't help noticing that her face had changed. It had become broader, her jawline more pronounced. It looked ... odd.

The teacher started roll call. When she reached the Ms, Gwen just shouted:

"I'm here. You probably saw me!"

Her voice had dropped a little. It sounded much deeper than before. Was this the effect of the drugs she was taking?

She finished the preparations and started teaching. It went well, the students listened, asked intelligent questions and even did the exercises she had prepared. It was a lesson as it should be. Towards the end, there was an interruption, however.

She just explained the correct answer to one of the questions when she heard Gwen hiss something at Christina. The growl was unmistakable.

She turned around and looked at them. The students instantly froze and sat straight again. Something was going on. Better ask Liz to talk to Gwen.

"Miss Miller, I would be very glad if you could spare a little time and join a colleague and me for a talk after classe. Is that okay for you?"

Gwen nodded and rumbled:

"No problem, Ms. Danilow."

"Thank you. Wait for me after class."

Incredible. The girl was actually courteous. Sarah Danilow finished her explanation and let them take notes before dismissing class. She had a mutant schoolgirl in her class, but she was okay. Maybe it wasn't so bad after all.

A few minutes later, Gwen walked into the teachers' room, followed by Ms. Danilow. The room was empty at this time of the day, the other teachers on their way to class. Liz sat there alone, working on some copybooks. She looked up and nodded:

"Hi. You must be Gwen Miller."

The young muscle-woman smiled:

"Sure. What do you want?"

Ms. Danilow sighed. So much for courtesy. Liz explained:

"Nothing much. I just want to talk. And I wanted to see you in person."

"Fine. So, are you impressed?"

"Quite. You're quite big for your age."

"Absolutely."

"Got a lot of stretch marks?"

Gwen hesitated. It was true. Her muscles had grown so quickly that her skin had hardly had the time to adjust and she did have marks all over her body. Why should this pudgy woman know anything about this?

"Yes. Quite a few."

"Too quick, huh?"

Gwen was starting to be annoyed. She grunted her disapproval. The woman continued:

"Why don't you sit down and have a cup of coffee with us? Tell us something about your routine."

The young woman was surprised. She hadn't expected this kind of question.

"What do you want?"

"I just want to know how you did it. It's interesting. Must have been a lot of work."

"It was, but what do you care?"

"I care about the health of our students. It's my job."

"Fine, but I do what I do. What do you know about strength anyway?"

The woman shrugged and replied:

"I don't know. Coffee?"

Gwen was intrigued.

"Yeah, okay."

Liz turned to her colleague.

"Sarah, would you mind?"

Ms. Danilow nodded and got them three cups. Once Gwen had her cup, she took a few sips and said:

"That's nice."

"It's a brand we get for ourselves. The coffee-maker is crap."

"So, anything you want to know?"

"Just your schedule, the supplements, the gear. I'm interested, that's all. I won't call the cops."

Gwen was flabbergasted.

"I don't see ..."

"Look, I know someone who is on a mission when I see her. What do you do?"

"Hey, listen, lady. I don't know what you're on about, but you can't understand what this is about. You don't get the strength. You're just pudgy and flabby. You don't ..."

She was interrupted by the teacher:

"Let's arm-wrestle."

"What?"

Liz set her arm up:

"Arm-wrestle. I just want to see whether there's any real strength or whether this is all just for show."

"Lady ..."

"Is this muscle for real or is this just pumped up?"

Gwen pushed the coffee aside and said:

"Bring it."

The moment their hands locked, Gwen realised there was something wrong. She had half expected her opponent to get her hand slammed against the table the moment she pushed, but no. Instead, she found

herself struggling to even move it an inch. The older woman was very calm, very concentrated and just held her. Gwen gritted her teeth, pushing against the resistance she was being offered. Nothing. She pushed and pushed, spending herself against the unmovable object. There wasn't a sign of strain on her opponent's face, just of extreme concentration. She relaxed for a second to shift her grip and push more, but this almost proved to be her undoing as the other woman instantly increased the pressure and forced her down. She caught up in time, but was now in an even worse situation. Her veins came out, her arm started shaking, but she had no chance against the steel vice she was caught in. She gasped:

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Instead of an answer, the teacher just took a short breath and slammed her hand down, splatting her against the desktop. Gwen screamed in surprise.

"Shit!"

Liz relaxed her grip and moved her fingers as the door opened and Aurelie looked in. The group stared at her. The girl tried to explain:

"I was waiting for Gwen. Sorry for interrupting, but I heard a scream."

Gwen growled:

"It's nothing. I'm fine."

She turned to Liz:

"How did you do that?"

The older woman smiled:

"You tell me."

"I don't know. Is there a trick?"

"Not really. Guess."

Sarah Danilow looked at the pair. She was honestly surprised. Watching Gwen intimidated her, but to see the muscular woman humiliated by her friend was impressive. She had never expected anything like this. Gwen struggled and finally asked:

"Who are you?"

"I'm Liz Stanford. I'm a math teacher."

"A math teacher. Don't make me laugh! What's your trick?"

"There's none. It's just a matter of technique and patience."

"Patience? What do you mean?"

Liz leaned forward and explained:

"Patience is essential. You're doing fast what you should be doing slowly. I can understand that, I was the same at your age. But I understood what I'm telling you now. You're rushing things and you're not going to achieve what you want."

"My age? What do you know?"

She did a most muscular pose and added:

"What do you know about this?"

Liz nodded:

"Impressive. But that's just the juice."

She poked Gwen's overblown pectoral.

"No real strength there."

"Shut it. Watch this!"

The young woman made her pectorals quiver and jump.

Liz sighed and stood up. She said to Aurelie:

"You're one of Gwen's girls, aren't you? Come in and shut the door behind you."

Aurelie did as she was asked. She wondered what was going on.

Liz stood up and removed the scarf she was wearing. Then, she unbuttoned her blouse, leading to incredulous stares. Sarah tried to interrupt her:

"Liz ... What?"

The older woman pulled open the shirt, revealing a large and very full sports bra as well as a rather rotund belly. She said:

"Girl, if you continue juicing like this, you're going to kill your liver and that's all. But if you do it nice and slow, you can have some real strength."

With these words, she took a breath and flexed her belly, her chest and her arms and made large, heavy muscles pop out through the layers of fat. The muscle was far from the dryness Gwen exhibited, but it was clear this was the real deal. The teacher did a double biceps pose and said:

"Gwen, I've been weightlifting for thirty years now. I was a state champion in my weight class and I did a few bodybuilding shows in the '90ies. I even dabbled into some wrestling. I'm not ripped right now, but I'm still able to lift you easy. I know what you're feeling, but you've got to build a solid foundation before you set up your house. If you want, I can help you on your chosen path."

Gwen swallowed and shook, then she recovered.

"Screw you. You're just envious, because I'm already further than you'll ever be. Leave me alone and don't try to stop me."

With these words, she grabbed her bag and stormed out.

Liz stood there for a few seconds, then put her blouse back on and said to the astonished Ms. Danilow:

"Well, it was worth a try. Maybe she'll think about it."

Sarah stared at her and said:

"What just happened?"

Liz smirked:

"Every time this happens, I understand girls like her. Let's grab some lunch and see what happens."

As she took her bag, she was interrupted by Aurelie:

"How did you do that? Will you show me? Please!"

Meanwhile, Renée and Christina were squirming with horniness. They had managed to skip physical education class and were now hiding in one of the booths in the ladies' room. Renée had sunk her hands under Christina's oversized sweater and was now fumbling with her friend's enlarged tits. She twisted and squeezed her nipples, making them hard. At the same time, Christina was working Renée's tongue and her pussy, making the shorter girl squeal with delight. She whispered:

"Hey, be quiet, they'll find us."

"Then don't make me, will you?"

"You want me to stop, then?" She asked cheekily.

"No, don't please, just ..." Renée gasped.

"What if I do this?"

Renée bit her lip and tried not to scream in ecstasy.

Just as she was about to come, there was a crash outside. The pair stopped and listened. Someone was outside and she was clearly angry. It took them a while to recognise Gwen's voice.

"What does she even think?" There was another crash as the door slammed shut. "How can this little fat slob dare to challenge me?"

Renée and Christina exchanged glances. They both had barely recognised their colleague's voice, but it was clear that someone had offended her deeply. Was Ms. Danilow behind this?

"Well, she's going to get what she deserves. I'm going to destroy her. Until now, this has all been just for show, but from now on, she's going to get it!"

She took out her phone and called someone. Christina made a gesture at Renée to boost her up. The shorter woman gave her a boost up so that she could look over the stall.

"Ross? It's me, Gwen. I've just decided I'll go all out. Whatever you got, I'm in for it." She listened to an answer and then said: "Yes, of course. Book me for all you got. No, it's got nothing to do with you. There's just someone I want to show up. Yes, you can watch. That was the deal. Sure. See you tonight."

She hung up and said to herself:

"You brought this upon yourself, woman. You're going to be destroyed."

Gwen walked out.

Renée let Christina back down and asked:

"What does that mean?"

Christina smirked, lifted her arm and flexed:

"It means we need to get bigger guns. BIG FUCKING GUNS!"

"What?"

"Forget it. Let's skip and train."

Summer had come. The Jockettes had hardly seen each other during the last months of the school year. Gwen had sort of dropped out and

usually only sent in her assignments, preferring to take a more complex final exam. This option had been established for people who had to work full-time and she had eagerly taken it up. Ms. Danilow had been quite happy for the added calm, on the other hand, she was quite worried about what had happened to the girl after she had run out on them. She had called her several times, but she only reached Gwen's grandmother, who always told her her granddaughter was doing fine. It felt a little forced, but there was nothing much she could do. She had offered to establish a connection with the school psychologist, but no.

On the other hand, there were Christina and Renée. They were there all right, but they were also quite strange. They had started wearing baggy, unflattering clothes after the break, but it had lately become absurd. Both girls must have put on some weight and had also taken to wearing scarves that covered their necks. Later in the term, it became more extreme: They had started to wear veils and only speak in hushed voices. "Everything in moderation, even moderation", as the Buddha said. So much humility was suspicious. She had addressed the issue and had wanted them to explain. Instead, the girls had only smiled and explained in a whisper that they preferred not to make too much of a hassle. They did not seem honest to say the least.

Finally, there was Aurelie. Ever since their talk with Liz, the pair spent a lot of time together. Aurelie was still there in class and worked hard, but she also always seemed tired and exhausted. Quite frequently, she went on class trips with the athletics club and was away for a week. Still, she seemed by far the most normal of the group. She seemed to be quite healthy, having developed a rather tight and athletic physique. She didn't show off, though, and instead focused on her studies.

All in all, the final months of this school year were much calmer than before. Sarah Danilow looked forward to a straight and efficient finish without any craziness. She hoped she wouldn't be surprised by any of her pupils' antics.

"At last! I'm so glad we're home!"

Christina pulled off the veil and scarf, unbuttoned and dropped the coat she wore and stretched. Her voice had dropped a little, but that was far from the only transformation she had gone through. She sauntered over to her bed, stripping off her clothes until she was finally naked. If anyone had known her from a year before and had seen her now, he wouldn't have recognised her. She had put the last months to good use and had trained hard and juiced heavily, turning her former athletic physique into a true bodybuilder's. Her abdominals, which had always been her best body part, were now rock hard and formed a massive brick wall that gave her centre an intense power. However, just because her abs were impressive, it didn't mean that the rest of her body was in any way second to them. Instead, she had built up her physique by gruelling, highly specialised exercises that had turned her body into a well-defined, tight and extremely muscular work of art. Next to the muscles, there were other equally intense changes. The long cycles she had been on had given her a large clitoris that was now a far cry from the minuscule nub she had once sported. The changes had also affected her face, broadening her jaw a bit and making her face harsher. The fact that she was also at a low level of body fat further increased the effect. There was also the plastic surgery.

The young woman had turned herself into a true sex object. Her skin was deeply tanned. Her lips were luscious and swollen, her breasts were big, full and clearly fake. Over the last months, she had regularly visited the plastic surgeon with Renée and had her tits pumped up further. They were now about to reach the maximum volume her implants were able to contain and she was deeply in love with them. She would squeeze them, get the licked by her friend and admire them in her mirror. Today would be the final step: The last fill-up would give her the porn-star style she had cultivated so long.

Renée slipped out of her clothes and hung her scarf, coat and veil on a hook on the wall. She grinned and said:

"It's getting hot under all these clothes. I could kill the guy who declined to get an air condition set up in school."

"Yeah! I like you sweaty and hot, but not in that kind of way." Christina made a beckoning gesture. "Come on, get on the bed. I want you to fuck me before we train!"

Renée nodded and pulled off the remaining layers of clothing. While Christina's body had been tuned to be as raunchy and sexy as possible, she had opted for a much cleaner look. Her body was just as strongly muscled, with a clear focus on her rock-hard ass and her deeply cut back, but she had decided to seem more natural. Of course, this was just an illusion: her tan was lighter, but still quite impressive, her lips were full and soft and her breasts were just as big as Christina's. However, the surgeon had chosen a different, more authentic implant shape and had worked true wonders on them. They hung heavily from her muscled chest, still allowing a glimpse at her proud pectorals and giving her just the amount of sag they needed to look good. The drugs had taken their toll on her too. Her jaw was more pronounced, her clit was swollen and her voice had dropped. Still both of them still sounded feminine enough to make any guy get an instant hard-on if they as much as spoke. Christina had really mastered the art of oozing sex behind her veil, causing quite a few people at school to excuse herself after a short conversation.

Renée climbed on the bed and said:

"I'm so horny, I could die."

"I'm so horny, I could kill."

"Don't, please."

"Then lick me and I'll let you live."

Renée plunged into the depths. Seconds later, Christina was panting. Renée licked and circled her friend's clit, making her groan and howl. She sank her finger into her asshole, working her as hard as she could. With gasps and grunts, her friend came. Renée climbed on top of her and continued to finger her clit. She squeezed Christina's tit with her other hand and said:

"We're finally going to be ready. I really long to be myself again!"

Christina smiled blissfully and replied:

"We're going to be so much more. Kiss me, my muscle bitch!"

As they kissed, Renée made her friend come once more. It felt great to make her orgasm. The shorter girl really enjoying pleasuring her. Christina was always thankful and usually returned the favour. Their relationship had really deepened over the last months. Christina had convinced her parents that she needed her own apartment and they had both moved in together. It was a superbly stylish three-piece place, with a large balcony and high ceilings. Christina had hired a housekeeper that did all the cleaning and cooking, so all they had to do was study, procrastinate, train and fuck. They did that in spades. One of the rooms was a well-equipped gym and Christina had hired a personal trainer to come and help them. He was a nice guy, always cheerful and quite impressed by his clients' motivation. He did his best to help them achieve their goals, setting up menus, preparing routines and massaging them after training. Christina had refrained from making him fuck them, preferring to hire discrete professionals to do that. They were both aware that they could have any guy they wanted, but neither of them wanted to expose their growing bodies to any people they knew. It was to be the big hit, the smashing surprise to Gwen and the others.

Lately, Renée had finally managed to articulate what she really wanted. She loved how Christina took charge in her life. During their sex games, she had insisted on her friend to tie her up, to make her do things for her, to make her surrender to her. Christina seemed to enjoy her given role even though Renée was afraid at first. Regardless of their games, they still lived as equals. Renée kissed her again and said:

"So it's for today?"

"Absolutely. We train, then we go to the doctor and get the final boost. Summer opening is going to be the best ever! All the boys will cream their pants!"

"Sure. What about Gwen?"

"I don't know. I hope she shows up. I really want to rub it in her face!"

"I wonder what she looks like now?"

"I guess she'll have lost a bit of size by now. After all, she doesn't get any of the gear we got."

Christina snipped her fingers and added:

"By the way, time to get shot up, Philip is coming in a few minutes."

Philip was the personal trainer. He didn't like it when the girls took their drugs when he was there. It struck Renée as quite hypocrite.

Christina walked over to the second, smaller fridge and took out a set of vials with fitted needles.

"Show me your ass, darling bitch!"

Minutes later, Philip was there to oversee them as they worked their bodies. Normally, he set them up with a new set of exercises every week, to keep them on their toes, but this time, he just made them circle a combination of various smaller exercises. After the third tour, the girls were sweating profusely. Philip spurred them on.

"Come on! Don't give up now! I want to have you do five circles!"

The two girls were out of breath and gasped for air. Contrary to the usual exercises that just worked their strength and made their muscles bulge, these ones were designed to make them work strength and endurance at the same time. They barely managed to last through the five circles and collapsed on the training mat.

"I'm proud of you. I'm sorry for this, but I really wanted to see how much usable power you actually have."

Christina gasped:

"Why?"

"I couldn't help noticing that you've been juicing again over the last weeks and I wanted to make you understand that this is just quick gains. You need more structure to seriously improve your fitness."

"Listen, Philip, we've been juicing hardcore since you started training us. We upped the dosage, yes, but I told you, fitness is fine, but I want us to be sexual muscle goddesses. We're not going to compete in the Olympics, we're not going to run a marathon. This is just vanity. I want us to be as muscular as possible so no one could resist us."

"For real? I thought you ..."

"I don't care what you think. You're doing an excellent job, but you have to consider our goals and help us reach them."

"Of course. Yes."

"So we want bigger muscles and you've been doing fine, but please, don't fuck it all up by switching the plan mid-game. Got it?"

"Sure."

"I'm glad we cleared that up."

Christina got back up and took off her top, revealing her big, round breasts in their custom sports bra. She squeezed them and said:

"Look at them. These don't make me stronger, they don't make me tougher. They just make me sexier, because I chose to get them just to show the world that I am willing to do everything to be sexy."

Philip swallowed. He preferred not to get involved with his clients, which wasn't hard normally, because he usually worked with older women who tried to maintain their figure or with professional athletes who only had themselves on their minds. This girl was something else, though.

"I'm sorry. Ms. Ginnardi, I'm going to return to our normal schedule tomorrow and would like to go now."

Christina stepped in front of the door and said:

"But what about the massage? First you let us sweat like pigs and now, you won't even knead us?"

"I have to go. I'm sorry."

"You are going to be sorry. Absolutely."

Christina stepped forward and tried to grab him. She took his wrist and tried to hold him. He stared at her with deadly sincerity.

"Leave me alone. Now."

"Yes, sure. Listen, big guy, if you don't do what you're told, you're going to lose big time. Walk out now and you're screwed. I'm going to destroy you. You can kiss your career goodbye."

"Lady, do you even listen to yourself? You should really juice less. I hope these are just the 'roids talking, but you are not all-powerful. So for the last time, let go of me."

Christina held him tight and said:

"You can't just do this."

With a few quick movements, he sent her flying. She landed on her back, yelping. She stared at him in absolute hatred and screamed:

"Piss off! You're fired! I'm going to make you pay for this!"

He shrugged and said to Renée:

"I'm sorry about this, but consider the contract terminated. Bye."

He walked out as Christina continued screaming obscenities. After a few minutes, her voice collapsed and she started sobbing. Renée took her awkwardly into her arms, the dried sweat on their skins feeling bad between them. Christina mumbled:

"Why?"

"I couldn't help noticing that you've been juicing again over the last weeks and I wanted to make you understand that this is just quick gains. You need more structure to seriously improve your fitness."

"Listen, Philip, we've been juicing hardcore since you started training us. We upped the dosage, yes, but I told you, fitness is fine, but I want us to be sexual muscle goddesses. We're not going to compete in the Olympics, we're not going to run a marathon. This is just vanity. I want us to be as muscular as possible so no one could resist us."

"For real? I thought you ..."

"I don't care what you think. You're doing an excellent job, but you have to consider our goals and help us reach them."

"Of course. Yes."

"So we want bigger muscles and you've been doing fine, but please, don't fuck it all up by switching the plan mid-game. Got it?"

"Sure."

"I'm glad we cleared that up."

Christina got back up and took off her top, revealing her big, round breasts in their custom sports bra. She squeezed them and said:

"Look at them. These don't make me stronger, they don't make me tougher. They just make me sexier, because I chose to get them just to show the world that I am willing to do everything to be sexy."

Philip swallowed. He preferred not to get involved with his clients, which wasn't hard normally, because he usually worked with older women who tried to maintain their figure or with professional athletes who only had themselves on their minds. This girl was something else, though.

"I'm sorry. Ms. Ginnardi, I'm going to return to our normal schedule tomorrow and would like to go now."

Christina stepped in front of the door and said:

"But what about the massage? First you let us sweat like pigs and now, you won't even knead us?"

"I have to go. I'm sorry."

"You are going to be sorry. Absolutely."

Christina stepped forward and tried to grab him. She took his wrist and tried to hold him. He stared at her with deadly sincerity.

"Leave me alone. Now."

"Yes, sure. Listen, big guy, if you don't do what you're told, you're going to lose big time. Walk out now and you're screwed. I'm going to destroy you. You can kiss your career goodbye."

"Lady, do you even listen to yourself? You should really juice less. I hope these are just the 'roids talking, but you are not all-powerful. So for the last time, let go of me."

Christina held him tight and said:

"You can't just do this."

With a few quick movements, he sent her flying. She landed on her back, yelping. She stared at him in absolute hatred and screamed:

"Piss off! You're fired! I'm going to make you pay for this!"

He shrugged and said to Renée:

"I'm sorry about this, but consider the contract terminated. Bye."

He walked out as Christina continued screaming obscenities. After a few minutes, her voice collapsed and she started sobbing. Renée took her awkwardly into her arms, the dried sweat on their skins feeling bad between them. Christina mumbled:

"Why did he do that? Why didn't he do what I told him? He was supposed to obey me! I'm a goddess. I thought I was a goddess. Please, Renée, tell me it's true."

Renée was unsure of what to do. Her friend was horribly upset and crying, she shivered and wailed. In the end, she just caressed her and said:

"Calm down, it's just some guy. He doesn't understand. For me, you are a goddess. You are the best of us. Please stop crying. We still have an appointment tonight, you wouldn't want to miss that, would you?"

Christina frowned as she tried to calm down. She replied:

"I hate this guy. How did he even do that? You know what? We can only be real goddesses if we can make people like him obey."

"Why should we?"

"Because we have to. This guy is weak. He only did that because he was afraid. You know what? We're going to have to learn how to fight. You'll see. They'll respect us."

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

"It's a good idea. We have to make them obey!"

"Christina, I don't think I'm cut out for this. I'd rather want you to be with me and, you know, make me love you."

"Fine. I'll do that. But I'll need a sparring partner, so you'll have to help me anyway." She grinned. "And if you do well, I might tie you up. I bought some new stuff you'll love."

Christina wiped the tears from her face, got up and added:

"I'm going to shower, then we get our tits done. It's high time."

Renée nodded, happy that her friend had recovered. It still left an awkward feeling.

Thirty minutes later, the girls were all veiled and walking down the street together. Christina had decided that they should walk, since she wanted to cool down. As they passed a group of teenagers, one of them spat on Christina. She looked at him in total surprise. Then she asked him:

"Why did you do that?"

"Piss off."

Renée could feel her friend heating up to explode:

"Come on, we should go."

"No. We're not going. First, this cockface will apologise!"

The young man stared at her.

"What did you just call me?"

"Cockface. Dickhead, if you prefer. Shitty slimebag. Total fuckass."

"Hey, lady, listen up, you can't ..."

Christina grabbed his face and squeezed it. Philipp was right, she was no fighter, but neither was this piece of shit. The other teenagers stared at them, trying to find out what to do, but the muscular woman just continued and suddenly made his mouth explode into a bloody tear. It had happened so quick that the guy couldn't even scream. The others did, though. Christina had dug her fingernails through his cheeks and torn them. The young man was bleeding like a pig.

Christina spat on him and added:

"Die, asshole."

Renée pulled her away and called an ambulance. The other witnesses were still stunned as the victim gurgled blood.

As soon as they were out of sight, Renée stopped Christina and looked at her covered face. She asked:

"What was that? Have you gone insane?"

"Shitbag had it coming. Didn't his mom teach him not to spit on people?"

"Yeah, but you really hurt him. How can you do this?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Go ahead."

"I wanted to hurt someone badly. So I did. Thank God it didn't hit anyone who didn't deserve it. You have to admit, the prick had it coming."

"Well ... You're right, but I think you overdid it."

"Nah. Taught him some respect. It also felt really good, I have to admit."

Renée sighed. What was happening to her friend?

They arrived at the surgeon's office and Christina quickly skipped to the bathroom to wash her hands. She returned smiling and greeted the surgeon.

"Good evening, doctor."

"Good evening, Miss Ginnardi." He turned to Renée "Miss Schroeder. How are you?"

"I'm fine. Thank you."

The girls removed their veils and went to the surgery with him. He asked:

"So, what can I do for you tonight?"

Christina smiled and replied:

"But doctor, you should know." She opened her coat and revealed her humongous breasts. "We want some more."

He nodded and said:

"Fine, but you should know that they will be at their limit. Any more and they'll become hard and probably quite uncomfortable."

"We know." The girls nodded. Christina explained:

"I just want us to finally have these huge breasts to fit our physiques."

She got up and dropped her clothes and showed off her super-powered abdominals. The doctor was impressed. He had no previous experience with bodybuilders other than those two and he was fascinated by the pair's progress. He was a little disappointed that they would probably not return after this. Still, most people like them ended up being addicted anyway, so he was quite sure they'd find something else to see him for eventually.

"Well, then let's get to it, shall we."

He asked Christina to lie down, took the syringe with new saline solution and put on his gloves. He sterilised the injection site, looked for the valve and unwrapped the needle. Christina interrupted him:

"Could I have a mirror to watch it?"

"Sure."

He moved the suspended mirror over her naked body and adjusted it so she could see. Then, he sank the needle into the valve and pushed down the plunger. Slowly, the young woman's round breast began to swell, becoming even more spherical in the process. Once he had added the saline, he switched sides and evened them out. Christina was about to come when he was done.

Meanwhile, the young, naked man was screaming in pain as his arms and legs were put into a double nelson. He struggled, but he had no chance. His tormentress lay under him and arched her back, transforming her ridiculously over-muscled body into a living rack. She

held the pose, forcing her victim to howl and wail as she forced him apart.

"Cut! Excellent!"

The hulking woman released the young man and grinned behind her skintight latex mask. She got up and straightened her SS-uniform, then said:

"Awesome. How are you, Oliver?"

The young man grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his privates. He seemed quite busted.

"I'm fine. I guess. Wow. Are you sure you're holding back?"

"Absolutely. If I didn't, you'd be dead."

He swallowed. She removed the mask and added:

"Don't test me."

Hunter, the director walked on the set and said:

"Good shot. Gwen, you're doing fine. We're almost done."

"Thank you."

"We'll do the interrogation scene with Miss America next. Get pumped up."

"I'm always pumped up, Hunter."

She went into a most muscular pose, making the seams of her costume ache.

"Be careful with that, we only have one more of these."

"Sorry."

The monstrously bulky woman relaxed and walked over to her space. Ross was there and helped her out of the uniform jacket.

"You were awesome, Gwen."

"So they tell me. But, hey, could you explain to me what this shit is supposed to mean?"

He sniggered:

"Actually, you are on the set of the very relevant movie 'Queen Konga, Sadist Killer of the SS'. Oscar material."

She grinned. Ever since that phone call, her life had turned into an endless parade of fetishistic insanity. She was earning ridiculous amounts of money for increasingly bizarre services. This movie was the current highlight. However, it allowed her to pay for her addiction. She had long since realised that this was just what it was. She couldn't go for a day without training. She had to have her supplements, she had to feel the sting of the needle, the burning pain in her tearing muscles. Without this, she would be grumpy at first, then angry and finally violent. She had once slapped Ross in the face when he had prevented her from doing her thing for a few days because he couldn't find an appropriately equipped gym at this place. He had stared her through his busted eye and decided to order the equipment, hoping she wouldn't continue.

Gwen sat down on the bench and grabbed the barbell, starting to pump out repetitions. The next scene would show her 'interrogate' Jaclyn, a skinny fetish model the director had chosen to contrast with her. She had Jaclyn suck her clit on the first day and had found her to be quite satisfying. The woman had been surprised by the size of her 'member', but had risen to the challenge. Gwen smiled as she remembered her tongue. Nice.

When she was ready, she racked the weight and got up, stretching and flexing to limber up for the show. Her body had changed quite a bit over the last months. Her already muscular physique had absolutely ballooned into every direction, each of her muscles had grown into a swollen clump of hard, striated flesh. She had Ross clean her back every evening since she couldn't reach it anymore. Most heavyweight male

bodybuilders would have accepted her as a peer. The most prominent change was in her face, though. She had built a ridiculous bull-neck during spring and the amount of steroids she was shooting had caused her face to distort into a surreal caricature of her former visage. Her jaw had grown, her nose had become wider and even her front had become more pronounced. All in all, she had turned herself into a muscular beast.

She stepped over to the wardrobe as she towelled herself off and asked the girl responsible for the costumes:

"What's next?"

The girl stared at the hyper-muscled woman in front of her with continuing amazement and replied:

"Wife-beater, leather trousers and boots. And suspenders. You also get this cap."

"For real?"

"Sure. Enjoy."

"Whatever."

She slipped into the costume, fastening the suspenders with Ross' help.

"How do I look?"

"Like a crazy nazi torturer."

"Does it turn you on?"

"A little."

The costume woman called her:

"Sorry. I forgot the mask."

Gwen sighed. The mask wasn't very comfortable. For reasons unknown, the director insisted on her wearing the thing. It was a skintight black

latex mask with a red swastika on the face. This stuff was so stupid, she didn't even know where to start. She walked over to the set, the make-up artist gave her body the last finishing touches, she put on the mask and set the cap on top of it. The director grinned his insane grin full of teeth and said:

"Places, everyone. Time to have some interrogations!"

"Thirteen! Fourteen! Fifteen! Sixteen! Seventeen! Eighteen!" The rest of the team was counting as Aurelie sweat, struggling to do her overhead push-ups. She was standing on her hands, her feet against the gym wall and finally managed to do the twenty-fifth. She slowly went back down and shook herself. The boys and girls applauded and shouted their support. She got back up, her face a deep red. She gave Royce a slap and said:

"You're next!"

The group began cheering him as he worked his way through the challenge. Aurelie stretched and helped the others spurring him on. She liked the training sessions and was here every second day. They did a variety of exercises, lifting, running, pushing things. They worked on rings, bars and whatever their coach came up with. Lorraine was a friend of Liz. The teacher had suggested that Aurelie should train there to get a wide variety of experience. Purely focusing on strength and muscularity was pointless, she said, as long as you're unable to apply them correctly. As a result, Lorraine made the climb, jump and fight, mixing all kinds of activities in their workouts. She had told Aurelie on her first day that she doubted that the girl would ever be hugely muscular, simply because she was too tall. She would, however, make an excellent athlete and a very good climber. Aurelie was disappointed at first, but now didn't mind anymore.

By the time she had calmed down, Lorraine told them to start running and rolling. It was another of those seemingly trivial exercises that turned out to be horribly exhausting. She nodded to herself and started running.

After training, she showered together with the other girls of the group and they met with the others to enjoy the evening. School finals were fast approaching, but she was doing fine. Her grades were quite alright and she felt she was ready to finish the year in the best possible way. Aurelie joined them for a few drinks at the bar next to the campus and they celebrated Tarah's birthday. As they sang loudly and quite out of tune, she smiled at her friends and realised that she was quite happy with the way it had turned out. Distancing herself from Gwen and Christina had certainly helped her confidence, although she missed Renée who had always been a nice person. She only saw them in class, but the pair usually stayed among themselves and ignored her.

Justin smiled at her and offered her another beer. She nodded and made a sign to talk to him outside. It was way too loud to talk. Once outside, the warm spring night made them feel relaxed. He handed her the glass and said:

"Nice party, huh?"

"Sure. Our singing is pretty bad though."

"We've been working on other things. But you know what? When the finals are over, we could start a choir."

"That would be awesome. Art and sports. The ultimate combination. But I don't think it's a good idea. My singing voice is horrible."

"I think it's okay."

"You're only saying that because you're drunk."

"I'm not drunk. I had two beers and that's all."

"Whatever."

"No, really, your voice is fine."

"Okay, so you're not drunk. That means that you either have bad taste or that you want to flatter me."

"Is it working?"

"A little."

"Should I continue?"

"Go on."

He grinned and said:

"You look fine too."

"Wow. You're a real master of compliments."

"I know, it's not much, but at least, it's honest."

"Okay ..."

"So what do you say: Let's have dinner on the day after the finals. Just to calm down."

"Good idea. We should do that. Where do we go?"

"Well, if it's not too quick, I'd invite you to my place. I do health food, so you can be sure there'll be no chemical stuff in it."

"Sounds fine. I'll give you a call when I'm done."

"Awesome."

She smiled at him. He was a decent guy, not too bright, but funny and quite relaxed. She liked him. Most of all, he was no asshole. Thinking back of her relationship with the Jockettes, she couldn't help realising how abusive they were. It was really bad. She wondered how they were doing. Maybe she'd see them again at the year's end party. She was unsure whether she really wanted that.

After the final exams, everybody was very excited about the parties. Most students worked during the summer, a few could afford to go on trips, but it was clear that the following festivities were the final moment of celebration for them all. The main event was set to take place at a

beach hotel, the weather was excellent and the excitement was palpable.

Aurelie arrived early with her gang, bringing ridiculous amounts of drinks with them. Since the hotel was owned by one of Justin's uncles, they could bring their own stuff and enjoy the virtues of cheap booze. The weightlifting and fitness team grabbed bottles and kegs and began loading it into the depths of the refrigeration room. The hotel was quite small, only a few rooms, but it fit the party perfectly and it was really close to the beach. Once the unloading was done, some of the sports people disappeared to fix decorations, set up the electronics for the music and to check the location. Aurelie and Justin stayed together and he said:

"Let's go to the beach before they're all out there."

She smiled and walked with him. The sand was hot and she was surprised as it rose between her toes. She laughed. Justin asked:

"What's up?"

"It tickles a little."

"Really? Let me take care of that."

He picked her up and lifted her, cradling her in his arms. She snorted.

"No, it's okay. Let me down."

"No. Say please!"

"Never."

She struggled, he grinned, within seconds, they landed in the sand. She rolled away, getting to her feet.

He jumped forward and tried to pin her, but she jumped off to the left, cartwheeling away. It was a little awkward, but still quite impressive. He laughed and shouted:

"I'm going to get you!"

"Catch me!"

She ran off, the sand spraying wildly as she tried to distance him. He lounged at her, she grabbed him and they both landed in the sand, smiling stupidly and saying awkward and romantic things.

"I love you."

"Me too."

"I totally love you more."

"I love you the most. I got you superlativised!"

"What?"

"You can't beat this. I'm the lovingest."

"You're the stupidest, that's what you are!"

"That's not even a word."

"Neither is 'lovingest'."

"Kiss me!"

They locked their lips until Tarah shouted:

"Didn't your uncle give you the keys to your room?"

They blushed and grinned. Justin answered:

"Go away! We're on important business right now."

"Yeah, sure! But there's also the business of hot dogs and hamburgers. We don't know how to set up the grill."

"Fine. I'm coming. Give us a few more moments, so I'll ..."

He tried to continue, but Aurelie silenced him with a kiss.

Meanwhile, more and more students turned up at the party. The music was playing, beers were being opened and people were celebrating. The weightlifters forced the regular athletes into ridiculous competitions, there was a lot of shouting, running and laughing. When Aurelie returned from the beach, the party was well on the way. They had somehow managed to get the grill to work without her and the smell of hamburger and sausages was filling the air. Some of the students were fussing to prevent the tofu from touching the meat and there was a lot of shouting. Aurelie grabbed a beer for her and Justin and walked over to the grill to put up some food for them. She tossed the beer at him and sat down on a deck chair.

They opened their cans and started drinking. Before they could even start to talk, four people appeared next to her.

"Hi!" They were Amelia, Courtney, Connor and Fred. Renée's friends and fellow nerds. Or were they? Nerds was still true, but their relationship with Renée? She had no idea.

Connor answered:

"Hi. Have you seen Renée?"

"Nope. Have you? She's one of you, isn't she?"

"Not really." The others shook their heads. "We haven't talked to her in months. I thought she was with you. You know, training?"

"Hey, I don't know. Christina and her sort of did their own thing. They stay amongst themselves and I'm quite happy they do. They're not the nicest people anymore."

"Do you know whether they'll be there tonight?"

"Don't know. Don't care. I'm through with them. They don't talk to me, they ignore me, fine. I prefer the company." She turned around and kissed Justin.

Connor looked away and said:

"Whatever. If you see her, tell us. I want to talk to her."

"Fine."

They wandered off. Aurelie shrugged. She was unsure about Renée, the girl had always been friendly. But Christina and Gwen were quite awful in their own ways. She really hoped they wouldn't turn up tonight. Justin asked:

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing much. Let's just hope this evening ends less crazy than the last time we had such a big party."

They both nodded and took another sip.

Christina and Renée were fashionably late, though not out of fashion. They arrived by the time the sun had set, pulling up in front of the hotel in Christina's convertible. They had finally given up their modest clothing and were ready for a night of real hardcore partying. They were fit, having continued their workout regime and finished their various cycles. They also had dieted over the last weeks to be more ripped and had perfect make-up, manicure and pedicure and excellent haircuts. Christina had opted for long, black locks, Renée wore her red hair short and pixyish. Their clothes fit the whole style perfectly: Christina had opted for rather short shorts and rather high heels, a wide shirt and impressive jewellery. Once again, she had chosen a blue, yellow and white combination. She smiled wickedly and said:

"Let's blow them away for good. I hope Aurelie and Gwen show up. I really have to put them back into their places."

Renée got out. She wore a white net shirt that showed her rather small bikini and a very short skirt. She too had chosen the Jockettes-colours.

"Christina, are you sure this is a good idea? Remember what happened last time."

"Exactly. This time, we're going to be the best, no compromise. We worked hard for this, so there's no point in holding back."

She flexed her massive arm and showed off her large biceps.

"These bitches have nothing on us."

"If you say so."

"Besides, we're the biggest and the best."

She grabbed her spherical hyper-tits and squeezed them. It felt so good to know that she had it all under control. This was her night and no one was going to spoil it.

Renée hesitated for a second, then Christina grabbed her hand and said:

"Come on! Stop mucking about."

She embraced her friend, putting her arms around her well-defined shoulders and squeezing her tits against hers. She smiled as Renée's equally huge breasts gave way to her massive balloons. This had been a good idea. Renée had the better back and the perkier butt you could imagine. Getting her the super porn star breasts she had chosen for herself would have outclassed her. There was really no point in doing that. Christina had decided to keep her best body-part under cover for now, after all she wanted to use her abs as the coup de grâce of the whole setup. She looked deep into her partner's eyes and said:

"Don't screw this up. I love you, but I want you to be perfect. I want these bitches to pay and I want them in their place. Got it?"

"I got it."

"Wonderful. Now kiss me."

She laid her swollen lips on Renée's. It had been a good idea to get a final boost a week ago, they felt so deliciously puffy and full. She thrust her tongue into her mouth and swirled it around.

As Christina pulled back out, she nodded:

"Let's do this."

As the music got louder, the two women entered the hotel garden. The smell of grilled meat was in the air, up-tempo music was playing, people were dancing, talking and having a good time. As the girls' heels clicked on the tiled floor, they felt the eyes of the crowd on them. Murmurs filled the air. Some people stared, others pointed, there was excitement all around. Renée and Christina walked into the light and stood there side by side. The crowd was silent, the DJ even turned down the music. They looked down on a mass of gaping mouths. Christina waited a few seconds to let them take in the sight, then asked:

"Missed us?"

She pulled Renée over, kissed her on the mouth and flexed her muscular arm. Renée smiled and kissed her back coyly. Christina led her to her side and said:

"You could have called."

The pair went through a series of poses, then Christina grabbed one of the boys and set him up between them. She could see that his pants were tented fully and smiled wickedly. She squeezed his butt and said:

"Hi, Dave. What were you up to? We spent a lot of time getting ready for this. So, are you ready?"

With a quick movement, she pulled off the shirt and revealed her glorious, hyper-toned stomach. She had spent weeks working it to perfection and she now sported a super-strong, massively tight eight-pack. The diet had worked perfectly, chiselling the lines deeply into her rock-hard flesh. However, she knew that quite a few eyes were on her tits. She wore a triangle bikini top that revealed the lower part of her surgical monster breasts and definitely exposed more than it hid. She turned to Dave and said:

"Want to touch?"

He gasped and stammered something incoherent. She turned sideways and made a sign for Renée to do likewise. They forced him down on his knees and mashed their tits against his head. He grunted and creamed his trousers, squealing blissfully. Christina gave Renée a deprecatory look. Men.

They pushed him down and Christina said:

"We're back. And we're here to stay."

"Christina, what the fuck are you doing?"

The two uber-girls turned to face the woman that just walked to them. Christina recognised her vaguely. Her name was Claire or Clarisse or something. She was part of the second circle of posh girls that had originally tried to compete with Christina's friends before she had turned to bodybuilding. Christina had never even acknowledged these people. They were well below her dignity, even before. Now, they couldn't have mattered less.

The woman was wearing a fancy bikini, some shorts and flip-flops. Her long blonde hair was streaming in the sea breeze and she was quite nice, Christina had to admit. She even had a pair of nice boobs, though nowhere near her own size. The young woman pointed at Christina and continued:

"You can't just stroll in here and act as if you owned the place!"

Christina smirked:

"And why not, my dear ..." She snapped her fingers trying to remember.

"It's Charlene."

"Ah, yes, I forgot. Too irrelevant."

"Hey!"

"Well, you were saying, Charlene?"

The young woman was trying to recover her posture, she was losing control of the whole situation.

"I was saying that you can't just barge in here and just tell everybody what to do."

"I'm not. Why should I? Most people are happy to do what I ask them for. I don't usually have to tell anybody anything."

"But, hey!"

"I heard you the first time. I also can't stop noticing that you're constantly ogling my boobs. They are big, aren't they?"

"I never ..."

Christina grinned wickedly and just embraced her, squishing her enormous tits against her 'assailant's'. Charlene was trying to catch her breath, but the muscular woman just gave her a smoking gaze and kissed her deeply on the lips.

"You never."

"I never."

"Excellent. I never you too."

Minutes later, everything was settled: Christina and Renée were at the centre of everybody's attention and enjoyed every kind of perfect care. Christina was just talking about her training routine and the awesomeness of her muscles as every guy and quite a few girls tried to win her favour. It was ridiculous. She had three people beating each other up to be the first to get her a cosmopolitan, she even had a few guys turn their pockets inside out to fetch her some coke for later on.

Right now, she was blowing away a few football players by outflexing them and showing them who was the boss. Whenever someone tried to keep her down, she just aggressively forced him or her to back down.

She either stared them down or just flexed her muscular pecs and let her breast implants jump up, making them lose their train of thought. When Samantha, one of the former divas, tried to make her back down, Christina just picked her up and dumped her into the pool. Then, she stripped off her clothes, keeping just the bikini on and dove in right after her, pulling her back up, but stealing her top in the process.

Samantha screamed:

"Hey, stop it, give it back!"

"Nah. Get it back!"

She fumbled for her, her own ample breasts bouncing through the waters. Christina just pushed her away and said:

"I'll give it back, but you have to ask me to squeeze your boobs."

"My boobs? Why?"

"Will you let me? If you don't, I'll just do it anyway!"

"But ..."

Meanwhile, Renée was equally enjoying the attention she was getting. She was far from being as excited as her partner, but her super-fit body and her big boobs made the people around her go crazy. She had already managed to get a drink and was now enjoying the view of her friend humiliating Samantha in the pool. Somehow, she found it wrong, on the other hand, she imagined being in her place. As Christina lunged forward, she shouted:

"Get them! Squeeze those puppies!"

The boys around her howled in delight and cheered Christina as she grabbed the other girl and sank her fingers into her breast flesh. Christina shouted:

"Look at them, Renée! They're all soft!"

Samantha was extremely uncomfortable now. Christina grinned and said:

"Want to see some real tits, Sam? Some really expensive ones?"

She pulled off her top, exposing her huge globes and daring her victim to squeeze them.

"Come on. I know you want to!"

"Renée? Is that you?"

The young amazon turned away from the spectacle and saw the four nerds standing in front of her. She nodded:

"Sure. How are you? We haven't talked in a while."

Connor smiled and replied:

"You were hardly ever online and didn't have much time at school. So, yes, we didn't have the occasion to talk."

Renée noticed some slight changes: He wore his black hair short now and although he was still as tall and skinny as ever, he also sported some quite muscular calves growing from his shorts. He also wore a Metallica-shirt, so he was clearly back to basics.

"I'm really sorry, but Christina had me really working overtime, so to say."

"It definitely paid off."

The muscle-woman couldn't help noticing that the boys were practically drooling and the girls, well, they were drooling. She grinned cheekily.

"Absolutely. Look at these!"

She flexed her midsection and made her abdominals swell.

"Impressive, huh?"

There were nods all around. She realised that Amelia was aching to ask a question. She felt a little like a professor at the university:

"Yes, Amelia?"

"Your boobs. How, why?"

She grinned and replied:

"That's an excellent question."

She led them away from the main event. Christina had just stolen Samantha's bikini bottom and was parading her naked ass all over the pool. Renée's uneasiness increased.

Once they were there, she said:

"About my boobs ... Christina wanted me to get them and I sort of wanted them too. I mean, look at them!"

"Christina?"

"Sure, I really love her. She's cool and strong. Just like me, only stronger." She grinned.

Amelia was sceptical:

"So you only got them because she told you so?"

"Yeah, why not? She paid for them. I even got to choose the shape. They look less artificial than hers, don't they?"

"I see, but why do you let her decide about your life? I mean, that's a real operation! It's dangerous."

"Nah. We got them at the same time. She wants us to be sexy powerful amazons."

Amelia hesitated. She was turned on by her friend's looks. So were the others. However, her personality was all weird. Renée had never been a very strong person, at least not too openly, but this was different.

"What has she done to you? What happened to the Renée from before?"

Renée stared at her blankly.

"What do you mean? I'm still me. I mean, yes, my body is much better now, but I'm still the same person."

"Not really. No. You've been turned into some kind of weird sex slave."

Renée shook her head:

"Not at all."

However, she felt that Amelia was right. It did turn her on. Being Christina's slave? It sounded extremely kinky, but it was right. Getting bound and gagged by her girlfriend was a huge turn on. Being a real slave? Why not? She imagined herself, wearing kinky clothes. Even kinkier ones than now. She bit her lip.

Amelia continued:

"So, does she let you decide on your time or your wardrobe?"

Renée grinned and licked her lips:

"We spend so much time training and fucking, I don't have any time for myself anyway. It's so awesome."

She bent forward and gave them a good look of her huge breasts.

"We're going to improve for real soon: Christina wants us to learn to fight. We have to take care of ourselves."

Amelia took a step back. This was Stepford wives territory. Only with muscles. She said:

"Renée, I can't say I'm not turned on and I'm not even a lesbian. You definitely built an awesome body and you look like a superhero, but I'm not sure whether this is sane. If you ever want out, just give me a call."

Renée blinked:

"Are you saying I'm crazy?"

"No ... Well, actually, yes. I think you really turned yourself into someone which isn't you. Like those people you sometimes see in the movies. They're ugly at first, but then they turn up for the big high school reunion and they're totally gorgeous."

"So you're saying I was ugly, but now I'm hot? Thank you. Calling me crazy just spoils it, but you're doing fine."

"It's not what I meant. I mean, look, you really changed yourself and I think your personality has changed too."

"Of course. I just found out what I really like and who I want to be. You can accept me for what I am or you can just stay out."

Amelia hesitated. Renée was right, but at the same time, it was creepy. Her friend had clearly developed some kind of devotion to Christina and Christina wasn't exactly the nicest person in the world. In the background, she could see that several drooling young men had climbed into the pool and were being tempted to compete against each other in order to impress her. The fight was becoming increasingly brutal. She sighed and said:

"Okay. Listen, Renée. I see your point, but I want you to understand us: Christina was never our friend and she always made people like us hurt, both by insulting us and by physically hurting us. She isn't a nice person, which is probably why you're attracted to her. All I want you to do is to treat us with respect, even if she tries to turn you against us. We want to be your friends."

Renée gave her a bored look. She would have preferred to be with Christina right now. Actually, there wasn't anything to hold her back. She nodded, said yes vaguely and turned and left.

Amelia and the others stood there flabbergasted. They saw her super-

shapely butt swing as she walked over to the pool. Amelia asked:

"What was that?"

"What was what?"

They looked at the person that had spoken and saw Aurelie. She had returned from the beach and was just removing the sand from between her toes. She was happy, Justin was with her and she was pretty much oblivious to what had happened.

Amelia explained:

"Christina and Renée are here."

"How are they? Still all covered up?"

"Not really."

She pointed at the pool. Renée had jumped in, removed her top and squeezed several guys underwater to get to her love interest. The spectators were screaming and hooting.

"Whoa! What happened?"

"I'm not sure, but Christina has clearly turned Renée into her fucktoy. It's really odd and quite gross."

"Yeah."

"Also, they are really spoiling the party and annoying everybody. Christina has been bullying everybody for the last hour."

"That's really awful. Why can't she just leave people alone?"

"I don't know. Renée was really odd."

"Probably the juice talking."

"The juice?"

"You wouldn't believe the stuff they were shooting before. I can't even imagine what they must be taking now."

"So, what are you going to do?"

Aurelie hesitated. Her former friends were clearly going crazy and they were spoiling the party. She was quite sure she should do something, but she wasn't sure. Calling the police would really spoil the party for everyone and there were quite a few illicit drugs going around. Maybe she should just ask.

She said:

"I'm going to try to talk to them."

Amelia sneered:

"That's going to do a lot of good."

"I can try, can't I?"

"Whatever."

Aurelie walked to the pool just as Renée and Christina were getting out, their tops still missing. They were followed by a horde of still lusty but also quite beaten down young men who were dripping and sobbing. Quite a few of them seemed to be in very bad shape.

She said:

"Hi, girls. Enjoying the party?"

Christina grinned at her and said:

"Aurelie, is that you? You put on weight. But not in a good way. You're not really cut, if you know what I mean, meat girl."

Christina flexed her arms and let her breasts bounce. Aurelie shivered:

"Screw you. If all you can do is insult me, why don't you just leave?"

Amelia watched the scene from afar. So much for diplomacy.

"Why should I, I'm having fun. And I guess everybody is happy that there are now some hot and interesting people around."

"Christina, please. Stop doing this."

"What? Telling people the truth?" She turned to her audience: "Let's be honest. Before we turned up, this was just a sad excuse for eating sausages and hamburger. Which you've been overdoing, if you don't mind me saying."

Aurelie tried to control her rage. She gritted her teeth.

"Stop this now."

"You like quitters, don't you? You know what? I wanted you to be a Jockette. I wanted you to be part of our elite circle. But you just left. Never even spoke to us. Renée is loyal. You're just a frightened weakling shit."

The taller girl tried desperately to keep calm as her former friend hammered on her buttocks. Justin tried to make her drop it and just go away, but it was too late.

"Do you really want to feel sorry? I can make you feel sorry!"

Christina lifted an eyebrow and replied:

"For what? For not being an ugly duckling that sacrificed her chance to be a swan or for having serious muscles?"

With a scream, Aurelie stormed at her and grabbed her, lifting her from the ground and pulling her on her shoulders. It went so fast that Christina couldn't even react. Aurelie had practiced the fireman's carry for months now since the coach believed in not using any free weights as long as there were students available.

The tall girl lifted the struggling buxom muscle girl into the air and pressed her high. Christina screamed in turn:

"Let me down, bitch! Help! Guys, get this shit off me!"

While the other spectators still gaped at the insane display, Renée ran forward and slammed into Aurelie, launching the still howling Christina into a crowd of young men. They accepted the sudden muscle-projectile gratefully while the pair locked into a struggle. The fight was on. In her rage, Renée slapped Aurelie in the face, which led to a kick into the assailant's crotch. Renée struggled to remain standing, unclear on what to do next. Her fighting skills were as yet undeveloped and it was showing. Aurelie was just as new to this, but had at least learned a few things from her training partners.

The pair grappled, shrieking and trying to gain the upper hand. The spectators were screaming and encouraging them. Christina managed to get rid of her catchers and slammed into the pair, howling with a thirst for revenge. She rammed her fist into Aurelie's face. The now-outnumbered young woman retreated and grabbed a chair to defend herself. However, the attackers quickly cornered her and screamed obscenities at her. Justin tried to get them off his girlfriend, but Christina turned around and kicked him into the balls, following it with a knee to the face.

By now, the muscular sex-bombs were frothing from the mouth and felt the rage they had so strongly fuelled over the last months erupted. Renée managed to tear the chair away and went breast-to-breast with Aurelie. She tried to just hurt her and make her cry for mercy.

Just as the fighting was about to get dirty, a ripple of interest went through the spectators. Something else even more insane had happened.

Gwen had arrived.

The crowd stared at the figure that had just appeared and parted slowly to make way for the insane apparition they witnessed. Whatever had happened to Gwen had utterly transformed her. Her already impressive muscularity of before had given way to something so ridiculously

overblown that most spectators were unable to even bend their minds around it. Gwen moved towards her former colleagues and drove a massive wedge through the onlookers.

Her body was covered in bulging, enormous muscles. The clothes she wore did nothing to conceal her tremendous bulk. She had chosen to wear a simple blue tank-top and some skintight white shorts as well as some yellow sneakers, echoing the Jockettes' colours. Her hair was cut into a short Mohawk and her face had visibly changed. Her jaw had become hard and wide, her neck muscles were quite defined and gave her a bull-neck that would have given any bull a run for his money. Her shoulders had become pumpkin-sized striated globes of muscle and her chest was so overblown she clearly surpassed the two surgically enhanced muscle-girls in circumference and volume. Her muscle-cleavage was deep enough to intimidate even the most enthusiastic boob-lover.

She stood there, her column-like legs apart and said:

"So, what's going on? What's the fuss about?"

Her voice sounded different. It was deep and harsh. The stares doubled in intensity. As always, Christina recovered first:

"We had a little discussion. This weakling here thinks she can keep up with us."

"She does?" The hulking woman turned to Aurelie. The taller girl felt she was shrinking.

"I only wanted them to stop bossing everybody around."

"Whatever." She shrugged, her bulk shifting slowly. She turned to the others:

"You remember I had a little ... disagreement ... with Ms. Stanford. Well, the disagreement is settled. It turns out I'm stronger."

Aurelie's eyes went wide:

"What did you do?"

"I showed her her place. But don't worry. I brought her to the hospital afterwards. She'll be fine. It's only wounded pride. And broken arms."

She laughed.

Aurelie screamed and charged her.

Before she could even reach her, Gwen grabbed her and spun her around before smashing her into the ground. Aurelie struggled, but the female hulk lifted her up, put her in a full nelson and held her up. She said:

"Clam down, puny girl. I wouldn't want you to get hurt. Not yet."

Aurelie tried to free herself, but she found herself clenched in her former friend's vice-like grip. Gwen grinned and said:

"Stop struggling, you'll hurt yourself."

Eventually, she calmed down and Gwen put her down. The massive woman said:

"So, I heard there's a party going on. Get me a drink!"

After her fearsome display of power, several people scrambled to get it for her. She turned to Christina and Renée, ignoring the exhausted heap that Aurelie had become.

"So you girls have taken good care of yourself. Big tits look good on you. The muscles are nice too. A bit small, but nice."

Christina hesitated. She wanted to be in control, but this monster was so much bigger and stronger than her that she had no idea what to do. Renée, on the other hand, was confused. Gwen's perfect confidence, her huge muscles, her massive strength and her fighting power made her all hot. She still loved Christina, but Gwen was worthy of her lust. She smiled sheepishly.

"You look hot too."

"Thank you, Renée. It was a lot of work, but it was worthwhile."

Renée came closer, putting her hand on Gwen's massive arm.

"This is really impressive. You make us both look small."

Gwen grinned and put her hand on her friend's enlarged tit.

"Not at all."

She squeezed it, playing with Renée's rapidly hardening nipples.

"I like them. I wouldn't get any like those, but it sure feels awesome."

Meanwhile, Christina was staring at the pair and felt the searing heat of jealousy burn through her. Renée was hers. She swallowed and walked over to the titaness that was now working Renée's body, oblivious to the stares of the other guests. She said:

"Gwen, stop it. She's mine."

Gwen grinned and replied:

"Doesn't look like it."

Renée was caressing Gwen's enormous muscles. She seemed to be blissfully unaware of her surroundings.

"Renée! Stop it and come here."

Gwen said dismissively:

"She's not your dog." She narrowed her eyes. "She's mine."

What happened next was all kind of a blur. When the police turned up a few hours later, the accounts they got from the witnesses were hard to believe. Clearly, some kind of fight had broken out. If the statements were true, two muscular women had started fighting over a third one. The larger and bulkier one had tried to hit the smaller one, who had

instead tried to move around her and hit her in the sides. This hadn't brought any success, since the larger one had grabbed her and thrown her into one of the tables. She had landed there with a crash and had destroyed both the table and the plates and glasses that had been on it. The busty woman, which was now covered in cuts, had taken a bottle and thrown it at the larger, super-muscular one. The massive amazon had evaded it and tried to grab her opponent, which only gave her a few cuts and scratches. The woman identified as Christina Ginnardi had then picked up a chair and used it to stun her attacker. The fight had then spread all over the garden, quickly destroying the decoration and most of the party equipment. Also, several people were injured when the fighters had decided to chuck bottles and cutlery at each other.

Attempts to calm them or separate them were unsuccessful. Instead, some people tried to flee the premises and a few of them called the police. The fight reached its climax when the large fighter, Gwen Miller, had finally managed to get hold of Ms. Ginnardi and had put her into a bear hug. As she was trying to squeeze her, she had also threatened to, as she is quoted, "pop her ridiculous tits". Her opponent had reacted to this threat by biting her nose and giving her a head-butt. She then managed to topple her attacker and tried to choke her by wrapping her legs around the other's neck. This tactic proved to be not entirely unsuccessful, when a third fighter entered the chaos. The woman had been in a fight with Ms. Ginnardi before and tried to seize the opportunity and slam her in the face with a fire extinguisher. It should be noted that by this time, a small fire had been started by the barbecue's embers. Even though the third attacker succeeded in hitting her target, it wasn't enough to knock her out. Instead, Ms. Ginnardi managed to punch her in the stomach and send her to the ground.

The whole fight would have continued to escalate if the fourth muscular woman in this bizarre fight hadn't taken the fire extinguisher and just blasted them all until they calmed down.

The final report on the events of the evening came from Ms. Amelia Cho. She was the final witness before the four fighters left and gave her

account to the police and the firefighters by the time they arrived. After giving her testimony, Ms. Cho left for an unknown location. She explained that the three drenched women turned to their attacker and stared at her angrily as if they would attack her any second. However, Ms. Schroeder, the fourth woman explained a bit confusedly that she loved them all in their own way and that this environment wasn't made out for people like them. In the midst of fires and chaos, she asked them to join forces and to put their differences aside. Ms. Cho concluded that she must have been successful with her explanation since the group left immediately after this.

Further attempts to contact Ms. Cho were unsuccessful and the case was closed.

Ten years later.

Renée smiled as she adjusted the black leather collar she wore around her neck. It was a large, special design that fit her huge traps and her super-firm neck. It had a whole array of short spikes that protruded from it and a large ring in front of it. She liked the thing. It was a kind of talisman for her. Whenever she wore it, everything went well. She closed up the camouflage fatigues she wore and put her wool hat on. Touching her ear-piece, she answered:

"This is Romeo, I got you loud and clear."

On the other end of the line, she heard the raspy voice of Amelia Cho, their coordinator.

"The boat is floating. Golf and Alfa have deployed their nets."

"Got it. Let's catch the fish."

She released the safety of her shotgun and fired a round against the door-lock, then gave it a solid kick. She stormed in just as Gwen opened fire with her machine gun. She could hear the short bursts from the nearby forest. Once inside, she quickly advanced to the guard room and shot the first guardsman at point blank range. The other one fumbled for

his rifle, but she just slammed the weapon's butt into face and split his jaw with a crack. She fired another round into his face, then moved out sideways, blasting another fighter. With a few quick steps, she blew up the radio set and quickly moved to the cell-room. She unlocked the door and checked the area before moving in. The final guard was no challenge and was downed with another cloud of bullets. She stepped over his bleeding corpse, cut the unconscious guy free and quickly lifted him on her shoulders before heading out.

"Base, I'm coming back out. I've got the catch. Cover me!"

"Got it. Charlie is coming with the big hook."

She reached the door and could just see one of the soldier fall, struck down by Aurelie's bullet. The sniper worked with murderous precision. She waited for a few seconds, but there were no others, so she ran to the extraction point.

Above her, she could hear the helicopter come. Minutes later, she was aboard and watched the woods fly by below them. She turned to her friends and said:

"That went well."

Gwen sat there, still catching her breath. She had had to sprint to the rope ladder with the machine gun and the remaining ammunition and still had to recover. Over the years, Gwen had turned her bloat into true, massive muscular strength. She had built a rock-hard, hulking physique that put any heavyweight male bodybuilder to shame. It gave her a look of horrible ferocity. The impression was reinforced by the mohawk she still sported and the maori tattoos on her face. She grinned and said:

"It went really well. I can't wait to get a drink, though. How about you, Aurelie?"

Aurelie sat on the other side, next to Renée. Her physique was less massive but still very impressive. Contrary to the other four, she had chosen the hard path and eschewed the drugs they used to fuel their

superhuman physiques. Instead, she had worked slowly and had finally reached her apex of a surprisingly wiry body. She nodded:

"I'll need a big drink of water and then, in the evening, I'd like some cocktails."

She turned to Renée:

"You'll make them, got it?"

Renée nodded willingly and eager to please. The idea of an evening of relaxation turned her on. The last weeks had been hard on them all, but the liberation had worked well. From the front, Christina informed them that they were about to reach the border. The group let out sighs of relief.

Once on the ground, they quickly delivered the prisoner and left for their home base.

Christina set the helicopter down next to the main building and switched off the engines. She got up and climbed out of the machine as the others got out. She took off her helmet and let her blonde hair down. She stretched and said:

"Time for a bath. I'll go first. Renée, you come with me."

The other muscle girl nodded and followed her. The others left to just relax on the veranda. On the way to the bath, they met Amelia, who was just between sets. Over the last decade, the nerd girl had acquired a very large and muscular physique that was unlike any of the other women. Aurelie was tall and wiry, Gwen was huge and broad with a massive build and Christina and Renée sported strong, brawny bodies that were completed by their enormous breasts. Amelia, on the other hand, had just piled on pounds after pounds of muscular bloat until she had turned her body into a veritable mountain of muscle. She wasn't too athletic in the strict sense of the word but definitely carried the most mass of them all, especially compared to her relatively short height. Field operations were hardly her thing, but she enjoyed coordinating the

others and was clearly the most fetishistic of the group. She stopped the pair and said:

"Good work. The money is already there. Everybody is happy. We also got a delivery of new supplements."

Christina grinned and patted her friend's over-muscled belly:

"And you've been trying them out while we were away?"

Amelia frowned:

"I've been testing them, yes. And they work fine."

"Well, that's excellent then. Save us some."

"I will, tit girl."

Christina smiled and said:

"Thanks a lot, bulky."

"Piss off and take your shower, will you? I have another set to do."

"Sure, you still look puny, you should fix that."

The pair finally reached the bathroom and quickly undressed. Renée was so happy to be out of her fatigues. She helped Christina out of her underwear, taking a second to admire her friend's powerful physique and her fantastic, spherical tits. They were quite enormous now and would put any stripper to shame. She had them inflated a little more recently, while also getting a nipple enlargement. Christina smiled and ordered Renée to wash her. The shorter muscle-girl took the shower head and quickly washed off the sweat and dirt from her lover's body. Then, she prepared the bathtub and let her slip in. Christina relaxed in the warm water, then said:

"Come in now."

Renée took off her underwear and revealed the various piercings that adorned her buff body. After she showered, she slipped in the warm

water and began massaging the other woman. She was a little annoyed by her breasts' buoyancy, but Christina had forbidden her from getting them reduced, so she had complied. Christina played with her nipple rings and finally ordered her to lick her. Renée nodded and disappeared underwater. Soon, Christina was moaning and splashing with arousal.

Later in the evening, the five muscle women relaxed on the veranda, looking out into the sea. Aurelie was finishing her drink while Renée was licking Amelia's over-large clit and Gwen was eating. Christina was playing a game on her mobile. Suddenly, the game was interrupted by a message. Christina checked it and turned to the others:

"That's an interesting one, girls: They're doing a ten-year-reunion and we're invited. What do you say, do we pay them a visit?"

###

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

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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