

Coming in from the summer heat, Heidi kicked off her sneakers and peeled off her damp socks before walking across the living room to her open kitchen. While she wanted nothing more than to take a shower, she dug deep to find the energy to move around and get everything together in a hurry. This was her best chance to put things back on track for the day.

The forecast had called for rain this morning, so she had planned on a leisurely few hours with her husband warming him up to the idea of them trying something her sister bought. Instead it was a blistering, humid day and he had started the front yard early. She had just finished cleaning up the clippings so they were not in the street or on the sidewalk, as the township was very particular about that kind of stuff. Carson would probably be in soon when he wrapped up in the back yard. She had to get this shake made.

Her bright athletic shorts and XS-sized sports bra were stuck to her tanned, lean body like they had been painted on. While no stranger to the feeling of being hot and sticky, it was just an additional aggravation today. It was not even that they had done yard work that was irritating, but how she had to do it. Normally she used the leaf blower, but they had lent it to her parents last week. Which meant she had raked two sides of their three-quarter acre corner lot by hand. Her whole body ached nearly as much as it did after going climbing.

Putting that frustration aside with a long, deep breath, she pulled her soaking wet hair back into a loose ponytail that laid flat against her neck like seaweed. While scooping ice out of the freezer and into the blender, an auburn spiral swung back into her face, followed by a couple more twisting locks. She puffed at them and opened the jar of protein powder that her younger sister had sent along with a few other things in a package that had arrived yesterday. The smell was so rich she almost believed the taste could be as decadent as it claimed to be. Scoop after scoop of the chocolate flavored dust went in over the ice.

Turning back to the fridge she pulled out the milk and her secret ingredient which was in a used butter tub. She poured enough milk out to cover the ice and powder then pulled the lid off the tub. Which is just when Carson came in.

“Bunny? You done up front?” Carson asked as he stooped through the sliding back door, smelling of sweat and cut grass. He paused when he realized she was standing in the kitchen working around the island. “Is that what I think it is?”

“If you are thinking a refreshing protein shake, you might be right.”

“Is that the stuff Maria sent you?”

“Yup. I just need to add one last thing,” Heidi gently shook the small tub before knocking it on the side of the blender and dumping out a thick, creamy fluid.

Her towering, gym-loving, former Marine husband looked at the tub’s contents with a perplexed look on his handsome, square-jawed face. “That’s not yogurt, is it?”

“What else would it be?” She grinned at him, just enough to show the dimples which she knew were one of his few weaknesses. She felt a shudder of anticipation as her hulking stud of a husband glanced between the glass pitcher, the container, and her. Finally he sighed before laughing.

“I’m too bushed to care, really. I’m sure whatever it is will be a great addition.”

“You’re gonna love it!” The blender snapped on and began to fold the absurd, protein-rich shake mix together. The sound of ice being crushed filled the room and she turned back to find her husband reaching into the fridge to retrieve a liter bottle of water. His thick fingers reached around it like it was simply a normal sized beverage. His vast grasp closed around the plastic with a soft crunch as he twisted the top off and began to guzzle the contents.

Not that it was any surprise he was thirsty. He was so soaked with sweat that his damp muscle shirt and mesh shorts fit his tall, broad body like a second skin, leaving little of his two

hundred and eighty pounds to the imagination. Especially his wonderfully thick eight inch cock. It was half hard from all the stimulation brought on by mowing the lawn and doing the edging. Both the crest of his glans and thick vein that wound up his shaft like a river were visible through the lightly strained material. She licked her lips reflexively. She loved Carson dearly and for all kinds of reasons, but his physique definitely topped the list.

To many, linebackers, bodybuilders and powerlifters were the epitome of masculine power. To her though, they all paled next to Carson's twenty-six inch biceps, which were each as big around as she was. Unlike many men with such exaggerated measurements, the rest of his body was just as developed. His tight thirty-eight inch waist and twenty-five inch quads were each as physically impressive as his massive arms.

Carson had always been larger than average, but being a mechanic in the Marines for many years had elevated him to a size where many in his squad referred to him as Paul Bunyan's little brother. He had been strong enough to regularly carry not only his sixty pounds of normal gear, but another sixty, or more, of tools and parts while out on patrol. The whole time they had dated, she could always find him at the gym near the base when he was not on duty. That dedication to his body had not waned since his retirement either. He worked full time in a heavy machine shop across town and had also bought into one of Donnie's gym franchises, thanks in part to her sister, to ensure there was a place which could still challenge him.

He had drained half the bottle before he stopped drinking with a satisfied gasp. He put the dented bottle on the counter and picked up the package the powder had come in. It's nondescript brown cardboard faces were stamped with customs emblems of several islands in the Bahamas. The shipping label was topped by the logo for the island health resort who had hired her for a marketing gig six months ago. "The Blossoming Oasis, huh?"

“Yeah... Maria says the owners picked the name, not her.” She turned off the blender, opened the lid, sniffed, and then added more powder before turning it back on.

Carson took another long swig of water with a raised eyebrow. “What’d she send anyway?”

“Just the powder and this,” she said, holding up a translucent white bottle. She shook it and four liquid filled capsules rattled inside. “She said they were supplements from the island that are supposed to help you with post-workout recovery.”

It was not the complete truth, but Maria’s letter had been very explicit that she keep what the pills actually did to herself. Confidentiality and what not. Besides, there was no way they really did what her sister insisted they did. Maria claimed the pills had changed her, but Heidi knew her sister’s instagram-ready fitness hottie appearance were the results from months of training with a full staff of experts plus her new breast implants and not some science-fiction medicine which promised to alter her body chemistry. Nevertheless, she had followed the instructions, even going so far as to add a little, well... a lot, of Carson’s spunk to the shake.

Were these pills really going to transform her body? Would it make her... like Maria had been? She agonized over taking them before seeing what the powder could do, but the truth was... she did not want Carson to outgrow her even more. These pills, if they worked, would level that playing field and let her catch up to him. She felt herself blush as she thought about how hot he would be when she became his physical equal.

“You going to make another attempt to bulk up a bit, then?” His question brought her back to reality. He put the box down and picked up the jar, his eyes moving back and forth as he read. “You coming to the gym then?”

“Yup,” she said with a smile. Her husband had a thing for women who were built and although she was anything but, he was generally supportive of her trying to gain some more muscle. “I got a membership from your partner yesterday.”

“Excellent! Maybe we can head over there in a bit,” he said, glancing up from the jar and looking directly at her. “So... why’re you trying this time?”

“Oh! The wedding, honestly. Donnie and Anna are getting married at the beach and after seeing Maria... well, I figured I should get in shape so I can hold my own...”

To say that, at twenty-six, Heidi was not in the the best shape of her life would be a gross lie. An avid walker and hiker, she was sculpted and bronzed from hours upon hours of being outside. She was probably the embodiment of Women’s Fitness, if the praise from friends and her own Instagram feed were any indication, and yet... she still felt small, tiny even, especially in relation to Carson and now her sister, too.

After all, she was barely below five feet tall and only weighed a hundred pounds give or take despite her best efforts to bulk up. During high school and into college, getting bigger had always been on her mind. Although she had tried everything, nothing she tried was capable of changing her from the scrawny teenager who got left behind by puberty. When she started dating Carson in her junior year of college, that want transformed into an ever growing fetish. Having him all to her lonesome was almost as good as getting that big herself, but she had never given up on miraculously getting huge and helping his to satisfy his appetites for once.

Carson abruptly put the jar down hard on the counter. “What a load of... Can you beleive they claim this is capable of gains just like that? As if this protein is going to, poof, turn right into muscle... You know that’s not possible, right? Tell me you’re not getting your hopes up based on your sister’s kitchy spa junk...”

She was surprised by his sudden shift in attitude. "Whether it works like that or not, I am going to believe my sister is trying to help. Same with these," she said shaking the bottle again.

"Oh yeah? What are they filled with? Wonder Woman's magic sweat?"

Her brows pulled together as they sank towards her eyes and she pursed her lips. She had expected some joshing, sure, but this was so... belligerent. "No. They optimize the body's processing apparently, increasing the amount of protein the body can extract from food... among other things."

"So..." he said after a moment's pause as his gaze floated back to the butter tub. "Is that why you went down on me three times last night? Did you use my cum for that shake?"

"Yeah, just for a little something... extra," she said with a short laugh as his smug expression softened a little. "Semen has all kinds of nutrients in it and the pill's effect will amplify that."

"Sure. Have you... ?"

"Done this before? Quite a bit, there was a theoretical diet I tried for a while where a few ounces of semen a day was a key component, not that you complained then. Besides, I can promise that you won't even taste it with all the chocolate."

He looked at her askance and then laughed before he picked up an empty bottle and walked past. "Well, I guess won't be the first time I'm eating something that weirds me out and besides..."

She felt his hands engulf her hips as he leaned down to nibble her ear. One hand went down, wrapping around most of her thigh as the other went up, his fingers teasing the hem of her bra. "If my little fuck bunny needs my cum that bad, she can have all she wants. I'll pump you full, just ask. Wouldn't want to spoil your diet, after all."

"Mmm... that's good to know, but I don't want to affect my appetite before lunch."

Her husband laughed at that and just barely swatted her on the butt. The comparatively gentle tap still knocked the wind out of her when it sent her sprawling into the island. These things happened a lot and they had never bothered her before, she had even found it kind of cute. Now, for the first time ever, she was mad he was so much bigger. No, more than that. She was livid that he was nearly three times as massive. Her want to be bigger had always been a vague 'what if?', but she had a goal in her sights now. She wanted to be bigger than her husband. Not just a little bit either. She wanted to be so fucking huge that he had to look up at her instead. Well, depending on the effectiveness of Maria's crazy supplements, that was as much a possibility as winning the lottery.

Laughing like she was forgiving him for the accident, Heidi switched off the blender and pulled down two tall glasses. When she picked up the pitcher to pour out a cup it occurred to her that she had never asked Carson if he wanted to get bigger. Maybe, just maybe, he did not want to grow anymore and the whole shake could be for her.

"Just idle curiosity, but if you, well... if you had a chance to get even bigger than you are now, would you take it?"

"What's this now?"

"You heard me," she said as she poured out the first huge glass. "If you could bulk up even more, would you do it?"

"I mean, yeah, being bigger would be awesome... but I wouldn't want to be so big I hurt you."

Hurt me more you mean, you big oaf. The words were on her tongue, but she swallowed them while she poured the second glass. "Oh, I wouldn't worry about that," she whispered.

Even with sixty-four ounces served up, there was still another half a cup in the blender. She hoped she could manage to down that as well. “Well, I’m gonna take one of the pills, you want one?”

“Nah, I’m sure the... extra protein you graciously included will be enough.”

“Suit yourself,” she snapped. She had not intended on saying more, but she looked right at him and let her goal take flight. “Don’t blame me when you’re looking up at my face then.”

“Sure, sure. Keep dreaming, bunny rabbit.”

She felt another flash of anger at how his tone had changed to be so dismissive. He had always supported her efforts to gain mass before, what was different about now? Was it because this was the first time she had said out loud that her goal was to be bigger than him? What was going on with her? Was she really going through with Maria’s crazy suggestion?

Glancing up at Carson, as if he could answer, she found him making a face as he took his first sip and something about his sudden unwillingness convinced her to open the bottle. She knocked a single gel-tab out into her palm and slammed it back into her mouth before she took a long sip which turned into several large gulps as the shake’s pleasant taste washed over her.

With each gulp the taste got more intense, the drink’s bitter notes contrasting with its creaminess. She had meant to drink it over a few hours while doing some kettlebell work, but she was chugging the entire thirty-two ounces like her life depended on it. She was sure it was just expectations playing with her, she she could almost feel her neck and shoulders twitching as a drop of the ice, milk, semen, and powdered protein mixture rolled down her cheek and neck.

She slammed her cup on the counter and burped. It was empty much sooner than she expected. Carson had, to his credit, consumed about half of his shake. A gurgle rose from her

stomach and another burp with it. Her stomach felt full and yet, she craved more. She reached over to pour the remains from the blender into her cup.

“You’re having more?!”

“Yeah I am, what of it?” She growled. “And you know what? I’ll still want more after this one way or another. So let’s make it interesting if you finish that before I drink this *and* clean up, I’ll give you a nice, long blow job. You can even finish in my mouth,” she added with a dimpled wink.

“And if I can’t finish this?” He lifted the sweating, half full glass.

“Then I’ll be drinking the rest of it while you give me one.”

Carson actually looked a little intimidated before he barked a laugh. He grabbed his junk with his other hand as a broad grin spread over his face. “Just can’t get enough of this, can you? I had no idea you were so obsessed with jizz. When did my cute, little, innocent wife become a such a cum guzzling slut... or have you always been one and just never told me?”

She gasped. The grin melted off his face and he blushed. As usual he had gone too far, but this time she did not give him a chance to apologize. The anger that had been boiling was now an all out fury. She poured the rest of the shake out, picked it up, and held it out like a weapon.

“Look, you... you... you fucking lunk, either you apologize and drink the chocolate cum shake I made for you and like it, or you are going to wake up tied to the bed with my thighs wrapped around your ears and I won’t stop until an hour after you start to beg for me to stop. Do. I. Make. Myself. Clear?”

Much to her surprise, he put the cup to his lips and began to drink once more. She realized her whole body was tensed and she exhaled to relax. Suddenly winded, as if she had run up the seventy steps on the nearby hill she sometimes made a part of her route, she turned

so that she was not looking at him. She considered taking another pill, really showing him up. Then thought better of it. Who knew what was going to happen? Her body was already starting to throb as her pulse quickened. Still, it would not hurt to have them on hand, just in case they really did work and she wanted to keep growing, so she dropped them in her pocket and tossed the empty bottle.

After that, she downed the half serving in about two-thirds the time as the first full glass. She felt really stuffed after a few gulps, but she was adamant to drink all of it and not give him the satisfaction of a win by default.

By time she was done her stomach actually had a bit of a bulge. Its rise pushing her waistband down. Gurgling like crazy, she was sweating even more than before. The level of perspiration on par with the fifth mile of a long hike.

In that time Carson had imbibed all but the last little bit.

He caught her eye and smiled as he tipped the cup back one last time and gave her a thumbs up. The fury cooled just a little. Hopefully he had learned a valuable lesson today that she was not to be trifled with. With a coy smile to herself she took her time cleaning up, waiting until he reached around her to rinse the cup in the sink. His body felt just as hot as hers, maybe hotter.

“I really am sorry, Bunny. About all of it, I just...”

“Got carried away. I know, Honey,” she said with a sigh.

When she was in town last, Maria had said their relationship seemed a little abusive and maybe she was right, but they were still mostly separate people. In the three years they had been married, she had lived with him a third of that time in short bursts of a week or two here and there. Even counting their time dating, the cohabitation time only increased a little bit.

Really, they were still working out how to be more than enthusiastic fuck buddies for a week at a time.

“I... guess I can... anticipate being smothered tonight?”

“Let’s call it a draw,” she said, turning to him and putting her arms around hips which were wider than her shoulders. “Thanks for apologizing, Honey.”

“Thanks, Bunny.”

This close it was easy to remember why she had become so enthralled, even obsessed with his size. All she could see was her husband’s broad chest. His dense pecs and shoulders filled her periphery vision. His sweaty clothes were so very musky. The salty-sweet tang was an odor she associated with power and in doing so had integrated it into the attraction. She loved the way his scent grew more intense while he was working out. Was giddy about the way it wrapped around her when their coitus stretched on and on. Because of that fixation, just his smell filling her nostrils right now was getting her wet, believing that he was growing only ensured she was floating in a buzzing haze of want.

“I feel really hot all of a sudden, Bun...”

“Yeah, me too...” She found herself breathless for some reason. As much as the pills were making her hot from the theoretical increases to her metabolism, some of that heat was for a different reason. It might not have made her start to grow physically, but it was admittedly swelling her sex drive.

Her hand cupped his hardened cock and balls. The size of his shaft was much like the Italian sausages she had picked up yesterday. She loved that his measurements were just below the limit of what she could handle and she had to admit having his thick meat jammed partway down her throat always felt so good. Honestly, between them it was hard to say how enjoyed her blow jobs more.

His big, meaty hands gripped the sink on either side of her, she could feel his thick arms twitching as they pressed against her. He leaned in so that her lower back pushed against the counter. He was throbbing in his shorts. His solar plexus was right in her face. She craned up to look at him and he leaned down to kiss her.

She closed her eyes as the connection lingered, only to find herself suddenly lifted up and slung over his shoulder like a sack. While she was incredulous, there something about it which was electric. He had never done this before. Further, she could swear his back was widening as he carried her not to the bedroom, but down the stairs to their home gym.

While not as robust as the facility he had bought into, there was an impressive array of free weights and his modified bowflex machine with resistance rods nearly three times as strong as the stock ones. There was also a guest bed which she still had not stripped after Maria had visited the week before last to invite them to the Spa's Opening weekend.

After hooking up a setting she knew was well over one hundred pounds, he dropped to the bench attached to his customized equipment and let her slip down into his lap so that she was straddling him and facing his chest. His erection throbbed against her ass and rocked her hips subconsciously. As much as she wanted to see him show off, she really wished they had just gone to have sex instead. Her whole body was positively vibrating with a want that she could not articulate, but she knew it could only be sated by something physical. An object that was stiff, hot, and throbbing as it plunged in and out of her...

"Well, let's see how good that powder is," his deep voice making his body rumble. "If it does what it claims, I should see near instant gains."

He gripped the handles for doing curls and tried to flex. His arms locked, the veins over his biceps swelled into view, and then something impossible seemed to happen. Right there, before her eyes, his biceps began to pulse like they were some inflatable close to being fully blown up.

He let out a grunt as his breathing quickened and he tried harder, but he did not seem to be making any further progresses at completing the rep. Every few seconds, though, his bicep would get ever so slightly larger. It was not long before the bunches of muscle fiber were writhing in protest at being made to do something impossible and his face was getting red from what she had to imagine was exertion and pain. After nearly a minute with no progress, he relented.

He signaled for her to get up and he reset the machine before he laid back on the bench and grabbed the handles to do bench presses. She could not tell if he was determined to prove the powder was bunk or frustrated that it had not worked. Whatever the case, he pushed the handles up with just a little bit of struggle and the growth was undeniable this time, His already thick pectorals surged larger with the first few reps. As he kept going, the growth began to spread down his body.

Caught up in the moment, she straddled him once more and ripped the shirt in half so that she could run her hands over his sweat soaked body. Awestruck and more than a little jealous, she watched and felt as the pronounced effect of each rep traveled over his body like a wave. Why was she not growing like that? She had drank nearly two helpings and was merely vibrating like a cell phone and sweating like on a hot summer day. Maybe she had used the pill incorrectly? Or maybe there was something else she was missing, like still not having enough protein. Well, there was one way to fix that right here.

Carson did not seem to notice as she dismounted. There was a considerably larger bulge in his shorts now, far more wood than he had ever shown before. For a brief moment, she thought he had somehow snuck the liter bottle into his pants to joke with her. Or... had Maria been telling the truth about the changes? She shuddered with anticipation even as something

nagged at her. If it really was all true, she could definitely become his fantasy. Then surpass it to become hers as well...

Kneeling between his legs, her trembling fingers slipped into the short's elastic hem and tugged down. She did not see the bottle pressed to his crotch so she kept pulling, expecting the bullet-shaped bottle to slip any moment in his underwear and ruin the illusion he had set up. Finally though, she could not stretch the shorts any further and there was no doubt that what she was looking at was his cock inexplicably embiggened.

His light blue boxer briefs looked like they had been spayed on over his shaft and its throbbing veins as his enhanced dick struggled to escape its cotton prison. The strain had pulled out some of the seams in front, giving a tantalizing peek at the much broader root of his shaft, but for the most part his boner boosted by the powder still fit in XXL underwear.

She changed tactics and began pulling on the pant legs to slip the shorts completely off. It took a moment, but she finally freed the waistband out from under his bulging muscle butt. As the shorts fell around his ankles, she got her first true look at her husband's new package. It certainly was massive now to say the least. It might not have been as big as the bottle she had believed it to be, but it was still to the point where, even through her size queen tendencies, she felt nervous about trying to fit it inside her.

It would be nothing once she grew into the new her though. Which is why she was delighted to find that his balls were in much the same shape as his cock. Their new volume making their great curves press right up against the fabric so that every coiling vein was visible, they looked like ripe plums hanging in his sack. From the size of the wet spot where his tip pushed the stretchy fabric to its limit, she was sure his internals had also been enhanced to give him an output to match his size. There was so much of his pre soaked into the cloth now that the pearly white fluid was beading through.

With each rep he did, his cock twitched and more liquid pumped into the fabric. It was so... beautiful to watch him growing. She reached out to touch it and his spongy, cum slick glans filled her cupped hand. Sliding her hand up to measure him against her hand made him throb and grow a bit more. He had been about as long as her hand before, but now the heel of her hand rest on the corona of his dick when her fingers finally brushed his crotch. He was so hard, it felt like she was resting her arm on a baseball bat.

He let out one last gasp and let the handles retract. His legs pushed him back out of of reach as he sat up. The priceless expression on his face as he took in his new manhood was almost worth not getting to explore it further just yet. Wide-eyed, he reached down tentatively. "Is this... is this real?"

Heidi hardly heard him, she was absorbed by his growth elsewhere. His entire upper body had gained so much bulk that he had to be bigger than Donnie now. Between his chest and back, his torso was probably bigger around than she was tall and his biceps probably each outsized her hips. That feeling of boiling frustration enveloped her arousal. She was supposed to growing, dammit, not him!

"Bunny? Bunny! Hey!" she finally realized he was trying to talk to her. "What you said earlier... did you know this was going to happen?"

She wanted to snap, to rage at his gains, but simply shrugged instead as her mind tried to figure out how she could manage to do some reps now with him fully aware that she would grow. Would he stop her? Would she let him as she melted in his massive, powerful grasp?

"Maria's letter seemed to imply such growth was possible," she finally said, "but I thought she was kidding around... "

"I can see why... mmm, oh yeah, that's... that's nice!"

He kept humming and, inches from her face, his cock continued to twitch. Was it still growing? How was that even possible? He began to stroke his balls and sucked in a breath. "Fuck! Oh Bunny, you have no idea how amazing this feels. It's like I've become a superhero or something."

His exclamations of enjoyment made her inhale for a tirade about how unfair this was. However, as he really started to play with his scrotum, there was a tearing sound and the hem over his crotch gave up the ghost. Freed from their confines, his dick and balls both flopped heavily against the bench's leg curl pads. His cock was so meaty now that the weight of his erection was more than he could keep up. Flesh that had once been pale was now a tan which was deepening as ever more blood flowed into his dick.

"It's so... so big!" She had wanted to say more, to cut him with her words, but the shock of actually seeing it without something else obscuring it smothered her anger in want. Watching him rise from the bench to pull on the elastic until it snapped felt like being in the presence of a god. She had never been more frustrated with the primal burning in her veins.

"It looks even bigger from here," he said, leaning over and picking her up for the second time that day. Dropping her in his lap once more so that her legs were outside his, it was truly evident how much he had grown. Not just in mass, but in size. The center of his chest used to match up to her face. Now his plump, muscular pecs rubbed the top of her head.

"I know you love how big I am," he continued as he laid back and tucked his legs into the pads. The act of pulling his thighs together pushed his junk up so that his dick, even longer than before, was right in front of her. "So you must be out of your mind right now. Why don't you entertain yourself and indulge for a moment? I just want to balance out a bit before I see if you can handle the new me in bed..."

As right as he was, she was seething about how he said it. She tried to fight down how much she enjoyed his baseball bat of dick in her hands and how much their growing size difference excited her. She swore he was going to pay when she started growing, she really was. She was going to ensure he was never bigger than her ever again. Still, the question of how did she trigger that growth remained.

Her body was on fire and vibrating like she was going to come apart, yet the throbbing growth of her husband eluded her. She just wanted to be bigger, was that so much to ask for? How was it happening? Was it purely just increased blood flow that had made him swell like this? Would he go back to a normal size once he was no longer hard?

There were so many questions, but as her mind worked, so did her body as it betrayed her fury and lust gained the edge over outrage. With each rep, his quads thickened against her thighs, pushing her to spread her knees further apart bit by tiny little bit. Paralyzed by all the sensations, her lower half finally moved on its own and scooted back so that her face would again be scant inches from that massive dick. She found herself dragging the crotch of her shorts over his cut, pulsing abs and begrudgingly marveling at actually feeling the veins getting thicker by the second even through the fabric. The feeling was so enthralling she could not help drag her hands down his shaft for more leverage as her hips began to rock and grind against his further developing core.

Kissing his cock, she found herself eagerly enjoying the feeling of warm, stiff flesh against her lips. She kissed again, longer this time as her lips lingered against the pulse of his growth. Drawn in by her need for size, her fingers began to work on squeezing and caressing his dick like she would his neck.

It was obvious he was still becoming more well endowed as her grip slowly widened. Increasingly worried that he was going to simply get too big for her and that she was never

going to catch up, she tried to focus on what had happened since he drank the shake. Even if this was all just greatly improved flow, her heart was pounding so hard it hurt and yet she was still just as small as always. Yes, an overabundance of blood was not the answer alone, but what could the other piece be? He had been hard all this time. Could his arousal have been the key to unlocking the growth?

His hands lifted her suddenly, yanking her out of her thoughts. He pulled her shorts and panties down and she had to bite her lip to keep from yelling at him that she was tired of being manhandled. Even so, she slipped her legs out, left then right so that he would toss them to the side with the weight rack. Kissing the salty skin of his glans, she glanced over to make sure they were nearby and was pleased to find them within arms reach.

He started to rub her feet, his normal method of encouragement, and the feel of his thumbs getting bigger and thicker against the soles of her feet was aggravating even as the sensual familiarity put her in the mindset for oral. Not that she would have felt any better about it otherwise. This was going to be a challenge and it was only getting harder.

In that moment of thought, she had felt him grow, but not really noticed just how big he had become. Grappling with his girth now was like trying to squeeze a twenty ounce soda bottle that was still full and sealed. His length had become just out of this world. She was grabbing the base and could easily have put her other hand above that and still nearly the same amount of cock left over.

She found herself scooting forward to straddle that massive beast. Her knees dipped lower than before to squeeze his hips, the bench much further away than it had been a moment ago. His ass was flexing against the inside of her legs, his glutes growing just like the rest of him. Her vulva ended up cradled in one of the bends in his vein, his pulse like teasing whispers as she

pulled him close and began to grind into his shaft. Her clit rubbed his glans, her nerves seeming to connect with his and flood her mind with more pleasure than she could handle.

He began to groan under her in time with his flexing, his deep bassy tones vibrating her already overstimulated body while his throbbing dick teased her center further. Under assault from all the stimulation, it was not long before he was simply gushing pre-cum. Her twin grip started to slide up and down his venous length with ease.

The moment became entrancing as her strokes started to match the regular rhythm of the leg pads clanking against the bench. She was vaguely aware that he was still growing under her, but everything outside of her hands and pussy took more focus than she could muster.

For how long things continued, she could not say, but she was snapped out of her reverie when her body clenched for seemingly no reason. She gripped his shaft with both hands and quaked while her orgasm caused her to throb all over. It went on and on, a never ending haze of pulsing. Their heartbeats synced and, for a few seconds, it felt like his cock was hers. It was surprisingly pleasant having that huge meat belong to her.

After her orgasmic twitching stretched on for more than a minute, she finally realized the sensation might be something else. Whatever the reason, she was finally growing. Desperate for more gains and positive that orgasm was the key, she turned her attention back to his still rock hard cock. Bending towards his fist-sized tip, she circled her tongue around it. With a surprising twitch response, a gout of precum washed over her.

Licking it off her fingers as she wiped her face, she found the taste of his spunk to be much more flavorful than before. It almost reminded her of *au jus* from how robust and vibrant the taste was. She wanted more. Needed more, even. She put her lips around his tip, letting the occasional gushing torrent flow down her throat.

Apparently satisfied, he slipped out of the leg pads and sat up again. His huge muscle gut actually displaced her, pushing her forward so that his pole swung down and she was standing on either side of it. She rubbed herself on it, relishing the feeling on his veins against her soaking wet center. She was certain she would never be able to fit it inside her so long as she remained this size. This was getting out of hand, she needed to grow right now.

“Why don’t we move to the bed.” He said it more than asked since he stood up almost immediately after. Knocking her to the rubber mats as his crotch rose to eye level. Furious and horny, she grabbed her shorts and followed after him. Each of his steps thudded hollowly on the cement floor. How tall was he now? More than eight feet? He was probably well past four hundred pounds as well. She grinned to herself, those numbers would seem small she she was done.

The metal frame of the guest bed groaned as their combined weight settled on it. Yet again he laid back and left things to her, or so it seemed. He grabbed her hips as soon as she began to rub his cock, which was now more like that liter bottle than it had been a moment ago. He picked her up before burying his face between her legs from behind. This was new. He had never done this. Though, when his strengthened tongue began to knead her clit and her center began to gush, she wished he had started sooner. Their size difference was such that his mouth could fit over her entire vulva and he seemed to take great pleasure in that as he greedily drank her nectar.

His hands rubbed her legs while he slurped. With each dragging caress, she felt herself stretching. It was as if his actions were causing her legs to lengthen. She tried to focus on that sensation, to get a grasp of how it felt, but he started teasing her clit with his huge tongue and her mind quaked. His larger, more powerful lungs pulled on her with the insistence of a vacuum and she could feel her pubic mound swelling up in his mouth.

She could not say why now was the time, but she reached for her shorts and dug the pills out. Two came to her, but one slipped from between her cum-slick fingers and dropped to the bed, no doubt to be crushed by his muscular thighs. She knocked the other one back and chased it with a mouthful of his fluids as she went back to fellating him. She began to really grow almost before she had swallowed the mouthful of spunk. Finally!

It was incredible how she was simply getting larger all over now. The sensations as her bones stretched made her itch, but that was blotted out as she becoming keenly aware of her tongue. The muscle throbbed like crazy as it lengthened and widened down Carson's shaft. The taste of his pre grew stronger and even more pleasant. It was like her body was being rewired to crave protein and that his had been rebuilt to provide for her hungers. It certainly was a desperate craving which persuaded her to try and swallow him.

Pushing herself to fit around him, she could hear a grinding and popping in her ears. She realized her jaw was stretching slowly, much like the rest of her as muscles twitched and burned under her skin. It was a feeling she knew all too well. She was approaching her limit, but this was about surpassing what she could have ever been. Digging deep, pushing her knees into the bed, she refused to stop before the pills did their marvelous work.

Meanwhile, Carson was now working his thumbs against her anus, working her entrance larger while massaging her glutes as they slowly pumped fuller in his grasp. His worship of her clit, for there was no other way to describe how much he seemed to be enjoying himself, was reaching a fever pitch. Even as her increasingly more sensitive lips and tongue worked his cock, she was becoming ever more appreciative of how it felt for him to be sucking on her. She needed there to be more of her for him to suck. She wanted to hold his head in her hands like he had her and move ever so slowly as she got bigger and thicker and... wait, was she really fantasizing about having a cock?

It was such an unexpected addition to her developing fantasy, but she was so very stoked about it for some reason. Was this about Carson's growth? It had felt amazing to straddle him, to feel that behemoth member between her legs, but it felt like she was forgetting something as well.

There was a flash of Maria when she came to visit last. Heidi had come home early, catching a glimpse of her little, well younger, sister tanning topless in tiny bikini bottoms on the deck. Her huge, fake tits were attention grabbing, but there was something else even more eye-catching. Rising from that small triangle of fabric was a python of a cock. The impressive length was soft from how it was flopped out on her toned stomach, which meant she was actually even bigger, perhaps big enough to rival Carsons' size right now.

Remembering that moment flooded her mind with all kinds of fantasies she had suppressed. There had been a time, when frustration was at its peak, that she figured the only way she would get bigger if she were a man. She had gotten over that unhealthy mindset, but that did not change the fact that there was a span of time where she hoped to wake up a guy with a body flooded by muscle making testosterone.

Forced by Maria to face that dysphoria again, Heidi had convinced herself then she had seen something else and she had not brought it up with her sister. She could not believe Maria would have gotten a sex change. Now though, she certain that her sister had instead become some kind of alternate sex, a gender unto her own.

Now that she knew what had been nagging at her about becoming like Maria, her hesitation before made sense. Her sister was hung like a horse and while she had feared the same would happen to her, she was more afraid of liking it. After earlier though, as she experienced Carson's cock pulsing like it was her own, she realized that was exactly how she wanted to feel. The want to be the her of her dreams was nothing to fear.

As if that affirmation unlocked something inside her, a whole new range of sensations blinked into being. She had already been intimately aware of his tongue caressing her, but now could also feel the throb of her heartbeat making her clit swell as it morphed into something more phallic.

“Yes, Honey, that’s it, suck my cock. Make me so big...”

Losing herself in the day dream of standing over him with her own massive cock as her huge body blocked out the light behind her, she began to buck her hips and hum into his glans. He groaned around her and started to match her thrust for thrust. The powerful movements kept trying to force his penis up into her mouth even as she gulped down more of his protein enriched spunk. His girth should have still been too much, but her transforming body was ready.

Each time he pushed the limit to which her jaw would stretch, there were soft cracks of bone growth that gave further motion the next time. Trying to keep swallowing his increasing flow, she did not realize how much she had grown until she found her lips brushing the frenulum and the corona at nearly the same time. Her mouth was filling with pre almost faster than she could gulp it down at this point. It ran down her face and chin to drop onto her chest. She could feel it pooling in her bra, until there was so much that it dripped off her chest and soaked into his bushy pubes.

She could feel him start growing again when his pulse quickened as his orgasm approached. His hips and waist grew wider. His abs and quads surged, thickening with protein-rich blood. They sank further into the bed as his weight grew more and more absurd. It was fine though, she would catch up. She just needed more fuel and it was only a matter of time until she got a shipment. Like clockwork, a very strong thrust shoved much more of his cock into her mouth and he did not pull back. He was already further down her throat than ever and there

was still so much dick left, but she wanted it. She wanted to conquer his python of a penis, to know that she could.

Relax. Just relax like usual and focus on swallowing the next inch. Breathing in time with the mantra, her flexing throat muscles were drawing him down her throat one inch at a time.

He dropped back to the bed, writhing under her as she felt his hands grab the sheet tight. “Ah! Bunny! Fffffuckyes! That’s it, that’s--yeah, swallow all of me, you cockslut!”

If her lips had not been stretched nearly to their limits, she would have grinned. This was going so very, very well. She worked slowly as she got to the oddly wider middle, the underside curving out like a bow, but she did not need to do any more. His head whipped back as he roared with the release his growth had heralded. She could feel the wonderful torrent being pumped up his massive cock, the flow so great it was forcing shaft to widen even more as the thick globs of succulent muscle milk fought to burst forth.

The first shot of his release was relatively small, kind of like his normal. The next one coated her throat with sticky, savory spunk. The taste of juicy, rare meet flooded her senses. It took everything she was to not start chewing as drool started to run down the two or three inches of him not inside her.

His release continued and being extended like this was starting to strain her throat and jaw. She gagged as her throat spasmed when it failed to swallow him along with his cum, but she tried to not let go as he kept pumping throb after throb of liquid protein fuel into her. It was not until her stomach was even more distended than after the second shake that she backed off enough to breathe.

Gasping for breath around his finally softening length, the potential of all that protein made her slowly swelling body hum. Her cells were brimming with more growth energy than they knew what to do with. Which is when it hit her. There was something she could do while still like this.

She started flexing her tummy, working her core like a snake as she began to grind into him on both ends. The burn intensified, her body protesting her attempt to disintegrate the shackles which kept her smaller than her partner. Through the burn, she felt a tingling, twitching sensation. Could she actually feel her body repairing itself as part of the anabolic process? If that was true, she really could break her limits and if she could to that there was no way he, or anyone, could ever stop her. She could be the biggest. The strongest.

Spurred by her fantasy becoming a reality, she continued to violently defy the natural order. She would become his muscle goddess and command him to worship her. Crunching her tummy, she inexplicably pushed more and more of his muscle milk out to her limbs. Tingles coursed down her thighs as the pills' effect crammed pound after pound of protein directly into them. They were blowing up like balloons around Carson and he seemed to not notice as his tongue danced over her ever fatter labia and clit. From how it felt when he licked it, she must have already been a few inches long and thicker than her thumb!

Her abs were starting to show through her skin again, her gains overcoming the volume of liquid in her tummy. Wanting to capitalize on all that fuel, she started doing push ups while continuing to suck him off. The action pumped her arms. Veins rose through her skin as muscle flexed. Each time she bent, she could feel more bicep pushing on her swelling forearm, though she did not seem to be gaining definition, just ever more mass. She could have let his half-flaccid cock drop to his stomach to improve her form, but he was still leaking his tasty seed and she did not want to waste a drop.

Caught up in the moment, she threw caution to the wind. She shimmied her hips, rocking them against his face. She was rewarded with a pair of audible creaks and more burning from muscle tears as her hip bones widened suddenly. She unclipped the bra and threw it aside, not wanting it to restrict her growth, then kept moving, clamping down on his dick through her lips as

she forced herself to keep swaying. Wider and wider she went, pushing to the point that she could feel the curves rising up her sides and back.

She could have stopped, but that was just the start. She began to pull on her body, leaning her enlarging shoulders forward as she let him hold her thickening legs tight. The goal was lengthening her torso and that seemed to work to an extent. However, the further she reached and stretched, the wider her tortured waist became as well.

When she finally relented, there was a flurry of pins and needles as new fibers grew in around the damaged ones. It only took a handful of seconds for the intense pain to fade into equal levels of pleasure. Gasping from the rush of endorphins, his cock flopped out of her mouth. Though mostly flaccid, it was much larger than his erection had ever been before. She had conquered that python, had made it submit to her. Now to make him submit to hers.

“Oh, Honey. That was wonderful. Would you like a taste?” She sat back to engulf his entire face with her pussy and help him deep throat her developing dick. For a moment he sucked on her eagerly. Then she grew in his mouth and, all of a sudden, he was struggling.

He pushed her off and rolled out of bed.

“What the fu--!” Her exclamation at being thrown to her feet died on her lips as she turned to face him when she spied the lost pill, still whole, resting in the impression left by his leg. Her heart jumped and she hurried to scoop it up, but hesitated to take it. She could still feel the hum of growth potential suffusing her. Two of them were probably enough for now. Unless, of course, Carson was still miles more developed than her. She would gladly take any number of pills to close that gap.

She looked over at her husband to appraise the distance between them. With his back to her, Carson was obviously more than twice the amount of man he was before this started. The mountains of muscle that were his back and shoulders stretched to a length which matched up

to a third of the king sized bed. She could also see the backs of his knees peeking over the edge of the bed, meaning he had to be much more than eight feet tall.

She bit her thumb and whispered to herself. "Goddamn it... what gives him the right to be so hot?"

He yawned and stretched making his lats flare while shoulders and traps danced as his beefy arms rose above his head. She gave a wolf whistle, the sound escaping her lips like a reflex. Her husband laughed but did not turn around, she could see him playing with his dick and taking in the other changes.

Her own attention snapped down to her new body. How tall had she grown? The edge of the bed hid her mid-thigh when it used to be even with her hips. That had to be at least a foot, right? She was over the moon about that alone, but surveying herself beyond her height was so mind blowing that she rushed to stand before the mirror they had brought down to watch their form while lifting. She put the pill in the drawer of the table it was resting on and then stepped back.

"AH! I'm so... so big! Holy hell! I'm big! It's like... instead of bulking me up, the transformation increased my build exponentially instead. That's not what I expected but damn if it ain't nice! I look like I belong on team USA for track or something."

Despite having just glanced down, it was hard to believe it was her reflection looking back and not some professional athlete. Her physique was beyond toned and verged on superhuman with all the gently rolling hills of shifting muscle as their peaks shone with her sweat and his cum.

"Honestly, if it wasn't for these dynamite hips... even I would think I'm a guy at first glance," she said half to herself as she ran her hands down curves that surpassed even her new and improved shoulders. Sliding down and around, she cupped a bubble butt that easily

overflowed her hands. “I have always looked boyish, I guess, so maybe this is just me growing into my own? I mean, it certainly looks like I’ve got a cock of my very own now...”

Her vulva was a trembling bulge much like most of her muscles. It had grown so big from Carson sucking on her that her hood and clit were very prominent. It looked like she had a small, flaccid cock laying over huge, quivering balls. Reaching down to touch herself, she found she could wrap her fingers around her hood, which loosely covered a third of her length.

“This feels so... weird. It’s like no other cock I’ve ever seen...” The only thing that even vaguely resembled the jacketed, pink bullet was a horse’s dong except her length tapered down to a wide, rounded point. Gripping her shaft loosely with one hand, it was *only* a bit longer than her palm. That she thought such a size was best qualified by ‘only’ made her chuckle since it had to be at least five inches long. She was tempted to jerk off and see how big she really was, but she made herself move up her body.

“Fuck... these abs are to die for,” she said as she dragged her hands up her washboard stomach. A low moan vibrated her body as her fingers dug into the plush, taut muscles. Her member twitched and she dragged her hands back down to her thighs and her wanting center. “Mmm... yeah, that feels so good. Better than that even, it’s unbelievable. These thighs can’t be attached to me, right?”

Yet as she tried to circle the wide bundle of quadriceps muscles, there was no doubt they were part of the new her. “Fuck I can’t... I can’t get my hands-they’re too big for my hands!”

“They are just perfect for mine though.” She felt Carson behind her, the tip of his flaccid cock nearly to her knees. He leaned down to look in the mirror with her, his huge hands on either shoulder. She felt a flash of pride her muscles were wide enough to keep him from closing his fingers around her. “Damn, Bunny, you look really hot.”

She bit her lip as felt a pride swelling in her chest as his gaze lingered on her reflection and she felt his cock stirring against her. She felt really sexy then, he had never gotten hard without her working him up. Maybe, just maybe, being this big was enough. That boyant thought popped when he flinched at noticing her partially altered vulva and stepped back. What? Scared of my cute, little cock, big man? What are you going to do when it is even bigger?

“Shame I didn’t get any titty out of all this,” she said, trying to keep the annoyance out of her voice. She had very little in the way of breasts in the first place and putting her fingers to her chest discovered only twinging pectoral muscle. All that remained of her tiny boobs was seemingly focused entirely in her plump areolae and her inverted nipples. Perhaps that was why Maria went for implants.

“Do you want to be bustier?” He asked, his voice trembling.

“Maybe. If really bothered me...”

“Why not? A nice pair of implants would make sure people knew you were, um...” He never finished that thought, as if sensing the danger at implying outloud she was no longer attractive to him or that her looking vaguely male was a detriment. Instead he coughed before retreating to the barbells.

He grabbed a set of forties and took a seat before he tried again. “But yeah, that would be-”

“A dream come true for you,” she said, cutting him off. “Wouldn’t it, Honey?”

She turned and stalked towards him. Her tiny penis, huge vulva, and puffy areolae quaking with each step and burying her in an avalanche of endorphins. This time though, her seething frustration cut through the pleasureable fog. Sure, fit chicks and buff women with implants were his things, but the shape of his excitement irritated her. It felt like he was openly admitting that he had only half-heartedly loved tiny, scrawny her and that he could not fully love this version of

her either. It was not even a matter of her having a cock, which she could honestly forgive since it was just as new to her, he had pretty much just admitted women, to him, had to be a certain size and that she was lacking the qualifications.

She put her foot on the rack where he had removed the barbells. Her crotch and rising cock were inches from his face. Though she was not as big as him, it felt almost cathartic to put him in the same situation that she had been in many times before.

When he tried to scoot back, she leaned in and gripped his back while just barely digging her nails in. "Admit it. You'd love for me to be your muscle-bound bimbo, wouldn't you, Honey?"

"What are you saying?"

"You'd love for me to leave the practice and stand there, brainless, in your gym with my amazing ass hanging out of short two sizes too small as my big, fake tits stretched out another too small tank top with Donnie's logo on it, right?"

"That's not what I-"

"No? You wouldn't jump at the chance to pay a fortune for me to have huge, firm tits the size of my head? You wouldn't go to work hard everyday knowing I would be there happily teaching yoga in an outfit that left almost nothing to the imagination?"

Sputtering and blushing, he pushed her away and scooted to the far end of the bench. His eyes were down and forward as he started to curl with his left arm. "I don't... I don't know what's gotten into you today, but I think those pills are changing you in more ways than one."

"You're right, I'm just... a little angry, ok? Like, this is everything I've ever dreamed about and it feels like you've been shitting on it all day except when I was choking on your dick."

"Oh my god! That was the best sex I've ever... had." He caught her disgruntled look and his bottom lip pushed out a bit as the corners of his mouth fell into an expression of regret.

“You’re right, Bunny, I’ve been a real shit today,” he said before he looked up at her with that smile of his. “Tell you what, let’s go shopping in a bit and I’ll buy you a whole new wardrobe, k?”

Slowly exhaling through her nose, she let go of the aggression and nodded. “That would be great.”

“Cool, then let me do this and while you occupy yourself.”

She pursed her lips at the implication that she would not also want to pump iron then turned back to exploring who she had become as she wrestled with taking the third pill.

Curious what her new buds felt like, she gripped the light brown mounds between her thumb and forefinger. She could feel her nipples inside the pillows of flesh and the tri-fold pressure made her shiver with pleasure. A long, low moan rumbled in her chest and her hips bucked slightly. She heard his grunts pause at the sound so she started playing it up.

With each squeeze she moaned more and more like someone was eating her out and edging her to orgasm. With each squeeze, the gumdrop shaped masses and their dense nipple cores pulsed in her pinching grasp. The springy flesh pushed back against her fingers a little bit more each time. Were they... were they growing? She shifted her grip, cupping her fat, merging nipples and rubbing her palms against them. The stimulation was making her center clench and she could feel herself actually getting hard!

“They feel so wonderful. No, more than that, I feel wonderful... incredible even.”

“You know what is incredible though, Bunny? Your ass!”

He gently slapped her naked butt and for the first time in her life she did not go tumbling after a playful tap from him. Riding the high from playing with what were quickly becoming her new boobs, she bent over and pointed her ass at him. “Why don’t you try that again?”

Her husband spanked her harder this time. The smack just barely stung and she had been unmoved. She laughed and wiggled her butt letting out a throaty groan as she squished her pumped-up pussy. He stood up and hit her across the cheeks again with a sharp clap. The impact made her gasp and then shudder. She was surprised how much she enjoyed it. They had never been rough with each other before because he was afraid of hurting her. She was really looking forward to that changing.

“Are you even trying?” She looked over her shoulder to smile and inhaled sharply when she realized he had twisted around for this hit. She braced herself as he swatted her ass with nearly all of his weight behind his palm. The blow smarted like hell and made her muscular ass quake like it was fat. The ripple of the impact spread out over her whole body and she could not help but moan as the cascade of energy crashed over the sensitive peaks of her dick and nipples. It was more the tide of pleasure than the blow which knocked her to her knees.

“Had enough now, you slut?” Despite the macho bravado in his dirty talk, she could hear the uncertainty in his voice. He was still genuinely worried he hurt her. She rose and put her arms around his neck to kiss him and be reassuring but he shirked away from her erection when it pushed into his muscular gut.

She rolled her eyes and walked back to the mirror to grab the pill and gave her reflection one last glance. Was she really this obsessed? While it was not developed the look she wanted, most women probably would have been content, if not ecstatic, with this soft, but muscular build. Soft, however, was not Heidi’s aesthetic. There was nothing soft about her. She wanted to be the best, craved it even. She desired being huge enough that the strength of her spirit was visible and evident to everyone. When she picked up the pill this time, there was no hesitation as she swallowed it.

After a moment's pause the background throbbing in her body intensified. It became so powerful she actually had to lean against the wall next to the mirror to keep from falling over. The sensation spread out from her stomach to her extremities. She felt herself changing from head to toe and fingertip. Her vascular system was growing under her skin, shifting, becoming something... simply more. She could see veins rising all over her body, the vessels swelling and inflating to deal with the rising sanguine high tide. Her muscle mass remained the same, but she did feel a bit more mighty as a neat heat suffused her body.

The powerful pulsing moved back towards her core before it focused on her center. With throbs that make her small cock bounce, she watched with disbelief as it surged larger. Every pulse seemed to result an inch of length and a quarter inch of thickness. The more she grew, the more her libido swelled. Her sex drive had already been high, but she had never experienced want like this.

Gripping her growing dick with her other hand, she began to jerk off to the feeling of there being ever more of her. Her dick as a whole was now easily bigger than Carson had been when this started. Her hood had changed, the few inches of tanned skin becoming more and more like a horse's sheath as a ridge formed and stitched to her pink bullet about a third of the way up its length. Under that skin, she felt something swelling. I felt kind of like a lime, but she was unsure what the growth did beyond how squeezing it felt really, really good. Veins bigger and more squiggly than Carson's slithered up either side of her cock from her pelvis, the snaking blood vessels growing under the ridge where her hood and cock merged and branching off just shy of her fat, rounded tip.

Between the squirming and rolling of thick, throbbing blood vessels in her grasp and whatever sensation intensifier had grown inside the base of her dick, she found herself more than satisfied just jerking on those few inches of loose skin and leaving the rest of her still

growing cock to wobble freely like a buoy on rough seas. The movement stimulated her length more than she could articulate, especially once she was long enough to rub herself on the mirror.

She jerked harder, her hips bucking into her fist as she tried to push herself over the edge. Seconds later, she felt her length being tossed about by a colossal orgasm that made her weak in the knees. In her grip, whatever had inflated squeezed and her dick finally shot out gout after gout of cum all over her reflection's face. She had a feeling her actual face would probably look like that on a semi-regular basis once she was big enough to suck herself off.

Carson had moved further away, doing bench presses and pointedly ignoring the fact that his wife had just dumped out more cum in one orgasm than he had probably managed all year.

Finally the trembling of her growth and orgasm calmed and she reached down to grab her cum-soaked shorts only to laugh at them. There was no way they would fit her now. She fished the pill out with a shrug and threw them towards the trashcan.

She strode over to the altered bowflex with the last pill clenched in her fist, she was going to save this one for later. Pulling on his shorts, she put the last pill on her pocket. Having them on was wonderful. The chilly mesh was caressing her shrinking, half-hard cock and pillowy vulva. Putting a knee on the bench, she could not even tug the handle to do a simple extension. Which was good. It meant she could see if the pills effect did what she expected. It would hurt, but she could also get so massively ripped at the same time.

Putting her weight behind the movement, she started to make the resistance bar flex. The colossal effort was burning up her forearms, her triceps, even her shoulder and chest. It felt like having boiling water dumped on her as countless muscles fiber were torn and repaired only to be torn again. Unlike Carson, her strain bore results.

With each second of tension, her shoulder and the back of her arm became more defined. Until, finally, she had her arm fully extended. Easing the the handle back despite the resistance took just as much effort from her bicep, causing a similar cycle of burning growth. She did another one, her arm shaking from the difficulty, but the motion was much more fluid. It took a full set of reps, but her arm eventually looked like his had before all of this. She had, at that moment, a bicep bigger than her waist had been not more than ten minutes ago.

It was not just her arm that had grown either, her pectoral had risen from her chest and she could see the completed pair would give her more cleavage than she ever had before. Her boob-like areolae had inflated greatly, making it look like she had a small breast implant over her muscle. Her nipple was withdrawn again, but she could tell it was much larger than before. Eager to see the finished product, she did the other arm much the same way.

It was then Carson noticed what was happening. As his hands tried to put another ten pound plate on the bar, his gaze was riveted to her new pecs topped with areolae that were probably close to 500cc sized boobs now.

“Bunny, I-”

“Like ‘em? Looks like I bulked up rather nice. Wouldn’t you say, Honey?” She raised her thick arms, each of them probably weighing more than the pitiful her she had left behind. The urge to strike poses was too great to resist and she relished the feel of her biceps rising up so much they made her skin burn. Her growth was so great she could barely contain it. Rolling her still burning shoulders, she felt her traps almost explode with growth. She actually heard them tear, sending waves of flame down her back before the now familiar tickling sensation of pleasure overwhelmed the burn.

“I’m not... sure, actually. Are we still going to go out?”

“Yeah, just let me.. As you say, “balance out.”

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea, you have no idea how much a toll whatever is happening to you is having on your body. I think... I think you should stop.”

She looked at him and could tell he was lying, his lust was evident on his face and he was already getting hard. “Stop? Hah! I told you I was going to be bigger than you and now that dream is within my grasp...”

“But,”

“Enough! How about you make yourself useful and hold me down?”

She laughed and laid on the cushioned mat she normally did yoga on. When her back hit the mat, she adjusted so her package was laying on top of her thighs with her vulva squished pleasantly between them. Even her mostly soft cock was noticeable in her husband’s shorts.

Carson gulped, but his weight finally pushed down on her feet and ankles. His hands still reached around her ankles, but it was not like before when he could make a full fist around them. He positioned his own cock against her shins and it was nearly to her knees. “Are you... ready?”

“Almost.” She spread her knees and let his cock drop to land against her ass. She shifted under it, using the mesh to tease her frenulum. Squeezing her knees back together surrounded his cock with her pulsing muscles. She could tell he was close to blowing his load just from that little bit of teasing. “There, that’s perfect.”

She tried to talk while doing her crunches, but the sensations were overwhelming. Just like with the extensions, lifting so much weight off the mat was a challenge for abdominals at first making them burn the same as her arms had. It seemed her well developed upper body was the perfect weight. On top of that, each time she flexed, her pussy did as well and his cock rubbed against her through the mesh.

He seemed so confused when she started to moan like they were having vigorous sex while they were hardly moving. She could have told him that burning growth of her stomach had begun in earnest, but it was fun to feel him throb larger against her entrance as he saw her core getting shredded. Finally though, the teasing was too much. She had not planned to let him fuck her yet, but the need was just too great. Reaching down, she pulled the shorts around her butt, exposing her center and leaving his cock resting between her plush, warm labia.

Carson surprised her by pulling the shorts off the rest of the way and tossing them aside. She watched as the pill bounced and skittered across the floor, ending up in one of her old shoes. At least it was safe there. She wanted to be annoyed, but his cock felt so good rubbing over her vulva as he rocked his hips.

“I was worried. You wouldn’t be. Able to get. It up again.” She said with each flex of her consistently more powerful stomach. She got closer to kissing him each time she rose off the mat, though her pussy slid away. Each time she laid back though, he was larger and more of his drooling cock pushed inside her. Once she was kissing him at the apex of each motion, she was shoving him inside as she laid back down. It was heavenly and she wanted working out to always be like this.

She kept going and going until he grabbed her shoulders one of the times she came up to kiss him. His hands felt like they were in the same size class as her for once and she shuddered into the kiss as his fingers began to work her tortured traps. She felt like putty in his hands. Really, all she had ever wanted was this.

As the positive emotions welled up, she spread her legs and hooked her heels into his hips to pull herself over him an inch at a time. They kept kissing, their fingers pressing tight into each other’s muscles, but it was hard to ignore the increasing strain of trying to engulf a cock which she had struggled to swallow. At the same time, the feeling of him forcing her to grow, to

adapt to him and his towering masculinity was actually kind of intoxicating. She hoped he would share her delight when it was his turn. For her part she was almost out of her mind, her moans, screams, and begging growing louder the deeper she allowed him to penetrate. Again though, he recoiled when her dick brushed against him. Only this time all he managed to do was end up on his back.

“I’m so... so confused.” He put his hands to his face.

“About what?” She shifted position, pulling her legs around so that she straddling him so she could better gyrate on his length. She could not help but run one finger up and down the small mound his dick made in her tummy while another did so along the length of her erection. This time she was even leaking pre-cum from her new dick!

“I... I want you like never before, but...” his eyes started to follow her hand even as his hips started to move. The head of his staff was nearing her cervix and while she shuddered at the painful memory that was their first time, she was curious if her reshaping went that far? It would be so hot if she could be deep enough to take every single inch of him, to go until their bodies rubbed against each other while they fucked.

She left him hanging, instead focusing on pushing herself down. There were only a few, thick inches left, she could totally take them. Right? When his tip finally brushed her cervix, she actually flinched as she anticipated pain. Instead, there was a sense of stretching, much like when he was working her anus earlier. “Ah, yes! Stretch me out with your huge fucking cock you wonderful lunk! Go on, shove it in there, give me every inch!”

Rocking and rolling her hips in time with thrusts that were slowly becoming more coordinated, she finally felt him penetrate her womb. It was painful, yes, her whole body clenching around him like she was choking, but she took a breath in, focusing on the feeling of her growing. Like with her muscles, the pain was slowly blanketed with equal amounts of

pleasure. She was feeling really confident about all of this until she felt him throb and swell as his blood really began to pump. He was going to get bigger again and who knew how much?

There were really only two certainties, he was going to stretch her out with his behemoth and she was going to return the favor when she finally fucked him. She was going to shove her length into him, swallow the last pill, and grow like he was at that very moment. She wanted him to experience just how glorious it felt to be at the mercy of such a huge intrusion, supposing his own did not break her first.

His base was widening within her pumped up vulva, forcing it into her thick thigh muscles. She could have sworn she was tearing, but the same repair process seemed to be working externally as well and her pussy just kept getting bigger and her hips kept getting wider. She could probably handle the girth of a two liter bottle now and made a note to check that if she ever got a chance.

Even as he widened at least another inch, he lengthened twice as much distance. Almost at once his cock was pushing into the back of her uterus and demanding more room. She slumped to his chest as her body spasmed against the increasing incursion. It was like the pleasure born of her growth could not overcome the increasing pressure and then she realized it could if she tried.

Forcing herself back up, she stretched and felt her back pop. Suddenly there was another inch inside her. Bending left and right like she was limbering up, she forced her torso to stretch and grow. She would not be beaten by this cock! The feeling of her vulva finally slapping into his curly pubes was met with a guttural moan that shook the whole room.

“Oh yes!”

“Don’t hurt yourself, Bunny. You don’t need to prove anything to me.”

“Shut up, this isn’t about you. Well, okay it’s sort of about you, but this is about me surpassing my limits. Don’t you see?”

He opened his mouth to respond but suddenly she was moving up and down him like it was nothing. It was like a switch had been flipped as soon as her libido realized her body could do what it wanted. His cock felt amazing and she rode him hard with her own cock slapping his stomach over and over. Stimulated in both ways, she built quickly to a shuddering orgasm that climaxed with a scream they likely heard in the next county and left her draped over him, gasping as her whole body spasmed with aftershocks.

She had been certain he was going to blow, but he had somehow managed to not pump her full of anything more than a small flood of pre-cum which was likely the only reason she had managed to do what she had done. Was she always going to grow when she had protein or was it just until the pills’ effects ended? When would that happen? Begrudgingly, she decided she needed to call Maria before seeing if her center could swallow a two liter.

Carson squirmed out from under her after he had recovered. He had a haunted look in his eyes. His gaze kept moving to her crotch and her drooling half-erection. “As i was saying, i want to like this new you, this nakedly ambitious woman who I had always seen glimmers of, but...”

She arched an eyebrow. “But?”

“...”

“Is it my cute, little cock?” she asked, “Because if it is, you’re still way more of a man than I am.”

“For now! You keep growing it’s... kind of...”

“Arousing?”

“Terrifying. You’ve gotten so reckless and-”

Her face went flat, all positive emotions suddenly drowning in annoyance once more.. “So I’m reckless, then? And Terrifying, yeah? How about I really show you terrifying and reckless...”

With that, she snatched up his shorts and pulled them back on. Even at half mast she hung out of the bottom now. She stomped over to his deadlift bar. Two hundred pounds were set on either side. Child’s play. She squatted and wrapped her fingers around the steel. Her forearms twitched and her fingers dug into the metal like it was aluminum.

“Be care... ful.” His warning died on his lips, replaced by an exclamation that was tinged with both fear and arousal. She heard him actually moan at how her entire lower body was pulsing with growth as she strained to lift the bar for the first time. The shorts rode up as her, well, everything expanded. Even her cock grew, her peeking length now halfway down her thigh. A sense of confidence, maybe even pride, swelled in her chest as she watched him soundlessly work his mouth as his eyes drank in her bubbly muscle butt. He was throbbing hard already, his fetish for massively muscular women competing with his pride as a huge man.

Another lift saw her whole body thicken as her thunderous thighs pushed her hips and waist to widen just a little more. The shorts started to tear up the sides, but she could not have cared less. Them being pushed their breaking point would just be another demonstration of how much she had changed.

“How do you like this, huh?” Zhe asked, pausing with the bar lifted before her. “Are you scared or my power or turned on by it? What’s so confusing? I am everything you ever dreamed of *and more* so why don’t you act like the big man you are and come over her and fuck me again?”

When he did not move, she norted. The bar was not even heavy as she put it down a second time. Wanting more of a challenge she casually lifted it against her shoulder and walked

over to the rest of the plates. Setting it down, she could hear him panting behind her as his pre-cum spattered on the cement.

She ignored him.

“Bunny, I-”

“Stop calling me that, Carson,” she snapped as her fingers closed around a hundred pound plate. “I’m not your little doll anymore, I’m your equal. I might even be your superior.”

“Now you wait just a damn minute,” he began but she spun and pressed her forehead to his. She could see the shock and fear in his eyes as she bent down to him, but also a hunger. She knew it was only a matter of time until he could no longer resist.

“You were saying, *Honey?*”

“Let’s not go making broad claims of superiority. Let’s settle this...”

“Like men?” She laughed.

“Y-yeah...” He chuckled along with her.

“Okay,” she picked up the hundred plate with one hand. “What’re the stakes?”

“How about... double or nothing on the blow job?”

“I’ll take that bet.” It was win-win for her. Either he sucked her clit into being a cock or she got loads more protein to grow with. “What’re lifting then?”

“Since you seem to like dead lifts, let’s do that”

“Sure, I already did two hundred so prove you can match me before we move on.”

Like her, his lower body and core grew thicker with the rep. Though the growth was not as noticeable, it was only because he was already so big. This was going to be interesting so long as the growth kept happening--and who knew what their limit was? Maybe, just maybe, they would both outgrow the house before she finally beat him unequivocally. He added twenty-five

pound plates to either side and lifted again, the gains were less this time, but the motion was smooth as silk.

“Not bad, not bad,” she said walking up to the bar to take her turn. Two-fifty came and went along with the shorts. After that three, three-fifty, and four hundred all fell easily. The last had left dents in the floor after their respective attempts. She was having trouble recovering from the damage as quickly as before, her body finally starting to use up all the free protein in her cells.

Taller by half a foot, she was probably stronger than her husband, but he did have some finesse she did not. Where she had barely managed to get four hundred up, it seemed easy for him. His muscles had not even grown from the strain that time as he hauled the heavy bar and plates up off the floor. He looked exhausted though and she was verging on satisfied again. There was no doubt there were equals now.

That is, until he racked five hundred.

She thought he was showing off, there was no way he could lift that and yet, he tried. After a struggle which resulted in his entire body slowly growing by ten, maybe even twenty percent, he got the bar up.

“I concede, I did not expect that.”

“So I...hah, hah...So I win?”

“Sure, yeah, whatever. Just bring that dick over here.”

Kneeling on the mat, she had an idea. “Actually... interested in doubling down again?”

“How so?”

“How about... If I cannot get you to come in less than two minutes, barring self-mutilation, I’ll do one thing you ask. No questions, though you have to tell me now.”

“I’m interested, sure, but what’s the trade? What do you get out of this?”

“Me? Well... if you go soft within two minutes, I get to have my way with you-”

“-no way! Not happening!”

“Just wait! Once you get hard again, I will submit utterly until you are totally satisfied or the day ends.”

He put his square jaw on his fist and hummed. She had done her best to present a pair of situations that seemed like win-wins to him. “Would you... get implants as big as I wished if I win? Eventually I mean, you’d have to start out small considering...”

“If that is what would make you feel good, sure. Now, shall we begin?”

“Sur-ah! Holy fuck...”

The moment he agreed she wrapped her lips around his cock and began to work his extreme size into her mouth. Her powerful tongue did everything it could to tease his frenulum while she moaned around his cock like it was the most pleasurable thing she had even felt, which considering the last hour would be a stretch. Squeezing both his cock and her own, she stroked as her head bobbed.

“Mmmm, yeah... that’s...that’s good, Di,” he said, using her old nickname, back before they were seriously together. His hands came to rest on her head, his hips began to buck into both her grip and her mouth. She could feel him throbbing already. Like with the deadlift, his growth this time was negligible. Maybe the shake was finally running out for him? Whatever the case, as two minutes drew close, his whole body tensed. She felt a glob of cum hit the back of her throat, then another and another until he was pouring cum into her like a firehose.

She let him continue and even helped him to the floor as he finally lost the strength to stand. It cost her nothing to be gracious in victory. She left him laying there in a daze as she went to grab the last pill. Popping it in her mouth, she held it as she slurped up some of his

excess. The feeling of the capsule melting in her mouth was more powerful than she expected and she almost swallowed all of it before he blinked awake.

Leaning over him, she kissed him before letting the last little bit of the pill and his cum run into his mouth. He looked like he was going to be sick and then whatever the pill did make his cum taste much better and he actually licked his lips as she moved around to grab his massive calves. Each one was like trying to grab a football, but she managed to get him lifted up a little.

Thankfully, his own release had coated him with lubrication. She wanted to tease him, but she could feel the growth coming on. Rubbing her nubby tip against his anus, she felt him cringe. “Di, please don’t...”

“Now, now, *Honey*, you promised. Just... relax and think about how good it’ll feel to fuck me in a few minutes...”

His eyes rolled back and his cheeks puffed out, but finally he agreed and his muscles relaxed. Pushing inside him was heavenly. She could never have imagined something so warm and soft enveloping me. Moved slowly, well, as slowly as she could knowing that her dick was about to become. To further distract him, she began to pet his cock. He started to moan at that as her fingers rubbed small circles into the flesh just above his balls. A throb under her fingertips heralded the other ticking clock, but Heidi wanted to try and make this as pleasurable for him as it had been for her. Besides, what was a little lost time now when they had their whole lives ahead of them?

“Wow... that’s...” He tried to speak and then stammered about the appreciation being about me playing with him and not how it felt for me to be halfway inside him.

“Oh just be honest, *Honey*. You’re loving this, you’re loving your big, strong muscle goddess dominating you with her cute--ngh!--maybe not so little cock.”

She bit her lip so hard she tasted blood the first time her cock throbbled larger and the flow of pre-cum almost doubled. It happened again and again, little bits at a time that were starting to stretch her husband. Hopefully the little taste of the pills' effects gave him the elasticity to become as much a perfect partner for her as she had for him.

"Heidi! I..."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"..."

"I have to assume that's a yes, you certainly aren't asking for me to continue. I want to plow you so hard, but I also don't want to hurt you, my cute little muscleman." She even began to pull back.

"No! Don't--"

"What? Pull out or stop?"

As he agonized about it, her girth continued to increase, forcing more of her pre to drip down his cheeks. The seam underneath her cock began to inflate as more vascular tendrils wound their way up her length to provide even more blood, for even more size. Even though she was not moving her hips, her tip was slowly sliding deeper inside him.

"... don't stop, Di..." he said weakly after a moment.

"What was that?"

"Please, Di, keep fucking me. Keep fuckling my ass."

"I thought you'd never ask."

She plunged in, her pre-cum lubricating her thrust up until the ridge was against his anus. There was probably nine or more inches inside him at that point, not going any further for now would be a mercy. She began to draw back when his heels hugged her hips. When she looked

down into his face, she saw a flash of light and it was like his gruff exterior melted away. For the first time in her life, it felt like she was looking at Carson and not Paul Bunyan's little brother.

“Di, I want this to be... to be special for you. This is a new, well, everything for us and I don’t want you to have any regrets...”

“I just don’t want to-”

“Godammit that phrase is fucking frustrating to hear,” he said, slamming his fist into the floor. “You know what? I’m sorry I didn’t think you were tougher, that I didn’t think you could take what I could dish out. I know better now, so... let’s start over on that, okay? I’ll say when and I’ll trust you to do the same.”

A tear she did not expect rolled down her cheek and she nodded. “Sure, I promise.”

“Good, now show me how much of a man my wife can be.”

Her grip moved to his hips and she pushed and pulled at the same time. The edge of her sheath went in with a pop and the rest of her followed with no effort at all. She was totally inside him.

He grabbed her neck and forced her to the side, rolling them over so he was on top. Sinking his hands into her soft areolae, he began to rise and fall on her dick. Her hands gripped his shoulders and dug into his back. If that bothered him, he made no sign in the noises he made or the pleading he did. Between his level of sound and her tits growing in his squeezing hands, the level of stimulation was almost more that she could handle and she felt herself tensing for release. For his credit, he did not even miss a beat as she began to pump him full of her juices. Years of training at keeping rhythm no matter what ensured he kept on slamming his hips into hers.

All the while, his cock had been rousing and by time she was cumming, he was leaking pre-cum all over her stomach. Her hands moved to toy with it, spreading his slickening fluids over her skin and sucking it off her fingers.

So it went for hours, the two of them fucking until they were sore. They both lost some of their gained bulk from the exertion, but their floor was never going to be the same again. They were going to forever be larger than those around them. After a shower, they snuggled under the largest blanket they had on a couch that shuddered with their weight as they watched TV over more chinese take out than three families would eat.

“You know, your sister is going to be blown away by how you look when we get down there next weekend...”

“Oh... I have a feeling she had some idea of what would happen. She knows me better than anyone.”

“Even me?” He asked as his fingers tentatively walked down her length

“Okay, maybe not you,” she said, rolling over to kiss him. “You know every, single, inch of me now, don’t you?”

“For now. Who knows when there will be, you know, more of you to love.”

She laughed and kissed him. “I love you, too, Carson. I really do.” (16663)

(To be continued in *Island of Giant Women!*)