

Just like you!

John stared at the images of the bodybuilders that lined the wall of the gym that he just joined, he saw some of them in the gym others he wished he saw. They were all huge and winners from the trophies that sat beside their images or the medals that hung between their bulbous pectorals. His eyes went to one person, in particular, Edwin Rodriguez. His overly tanned skin, his tiny shorts, his bulging member, and musculature. John stared at the image and his reflection in the glass case, which held several of Edwin's trophies and wished with every fiber of his being.

"I wish I was just like you,"

John felt his body become energized as he stared at the pictures, and his limbs moved as if controlled by some unseen force and brought him towards the dumbbells. Never before had John worked out before but his hands moved over the weights with profound knowledge. He grasped the weights, much heavier than he thought he would have been able to lift, and began his routine. He watched in awe at his reflection as his biceps swelled with every rep. His long thin muscles swelled and became vascular and heavy. He could not believe his eyes. Ten inches, twelve inches, fifteen inches; they swelled until the point where his sleeves grew too tight and the seams began to pop. The force ceased its control and John stared at himself. His arms looked like they belonged to a completely different person. Someone who drank protein shakes and more than likely did steroids. But before he could think much longer he began to work out again but moving onto his shoulders and triceps. His arms inflated as if they were attached to a pump, swelling larger and growing firmer until even the heaviest of dumbbells were easy. He threw them around with such ease as men larger and stronger than he struggled.

"Fuck yeah," he said as he posed in the mirror, showing off his heavy upper body. His arms looked freakish attached to his smaller frame but before he could rest much longer, his body was pulled towards the bench press. He piled on the weights to either side of the bar and slid beneath the thin metal bar. He could see the eyes of those who surrounded him.

Would they need to step in to save him, they thought? But when he lifted the bar from its hooks he moved the weight with such ease people would think they were fake. Just as his biceps had done his pectorals grew larger and heavier. When he would squeeze them together at the end of every rep he felt them swell of growth. He could see them as they stretched out the front of his shirt and rounded out his once narrow chest, and he wanted more. He needed more. He called out to strangers to add more weight to the bar and they obeyed. The bar's weight reached 250, and then 300, and then 350.

The crowd grew in comparison to his pectorals and when he finally dropped the bar with a loud thud into the hooks. When he bounced up he felt his meaty pecs bounce and jiggle. He stared at himself and bounced them back and forth, completely enraptured by the feeling. He squeezed one and felt the deep tissues of muscles and the fullness they brought to his shirt.

Through the crowd, he was dragged towards a squat rack and followed the same routine. Added weights, grew, and enjoyed every second of it. His legs swelled, his quads grew more defined, but what he loved the most was the feeling of his ass as it inflated. John felt his underwear and his shorts as they stretched over his nearly obscene sized ass, but couldn't stop. Even when he felt the unknown force cease its pulling as it did before he continued. He had always wanted the juiciest ass and he was going to make it happen. He squatted until he felt his shorts begin to tare from the size of his ass swelled. His underwear dug so far between his cheeks that they had turned into a thong. And when he placed the weight back into the resting spot he couldn't help but turn to the side and see his profile.

Unknown to him it wasn't just his muscles that grew but also his height. He must have been well over six-feet, which only made his muscles seem that much larger. His ass and chest were too large to seem natural but he felt both. Both seemed to counterbalance the other and swayed and bounced in motion with each other. He knew he looked like a freak obsessed with plastic surgery, but all John saw was pure perfection.

But he was not over just yet. The strings tugged him forward towards the locker room, and John allowed it to happen. Curious what could happen next. The force brought him to the back towards the farthest locker with the name Edwin labeled into the top. He knew that name but didn't understand how he knew the combination. He unlocked it as if it were second nature. But even as his hands moved through the belongings he felt unsure. Why was he going into Edwin's locker? Why was he retrieving his belongings? His questions were quickly answered he closed the locker and was greeted by a reflection of a darkly tanned, Latino, and every inch covered in muscles. Gone was the pasty skin and light features, and replaced with deep rich tan and dark slicked-back hair. He couldn't believe it. He didn't just look like Edwin – he was him.

John's hands moved across his body, undressing, giving him the first view of his new body. It was perfect. It was manly. It was – well-endowed. His average size cock had not only swelled and lengthened but also became it uncircumcised. Every inch was everything he ever wanted. He dropped the clothes into the bag and withdrew something quite strange. A collar with the name "princess" engraved into the metal. John snapped the collar into place around his massively thick neck and stepped into a leather

jockstrap. The tight straps held up his already perky ass and made it appear even rounder and larger than it already appeared.

“Coming Princess?” A deep voice bellowed from the opposite end of the locker. Without looking John responded.

“Yes, Sir! I will be right there!” John put his/Edwin’s belongings back into the locker and was greeted by a man he had never seen before but knew he held the name Sir in his mind.

The man was huge, larger than any man John had ever seen before but the man’s smile was what sent chills down John’s backside. It was like the wolf who finally found his way into the hen house; cruel yet alluring. John felt a knot grow in his stomach as he marched toward the stranger known as Sir.

Sir said nothing and when John finally stood in front of him, but his eyes were clearly assessing John as if he were a piece of meat. And quicker than he could have responded, Sir’s hand snapped at John’s chest like a snake and twisted on both of his nipples. John felt a surge of pleasure through his body and his knees wobbled as the pleasure overtook his body. A high pitch moan escaped his lips and echoed in the empty locker room while cum leaked from his tip and turned his pouch translucent.

“You enjoy your last workout?” The man asked John and he nodded in response. John tried to ask what he meant, but his full lips stayed pursed together and restrained him from speaking. “Then let’s go,” the man said as he marched out fo the locker room and John followed.

John walked out of the locker room, leaving all his belongings behind and along with it; his dignity. He saw the way people stared at him as he crossed the large gymnasium in nothing but the jockstrap and his collar. His stretched-out pouch bounced back and forth on his oversized quads, nearly in time with the collar as it bounced on his pectorals. Inside he was twisted with humiliation while his outside should confidence and masculinity personified. John marched after Sir while he saw people gawked at him as he walked towards the exit. He could see the way they pointed at him and stared like he was some sort of trophy. John could tell that workers and gym-goers alike wanted to speak to him or complain but they were beyond shocked at the sight. John knew that some of the members would have known Edwin’s face from the pictures or form the gym, and wondered what happened to him? Though none spoke up or stopped either from leaving.

As they drove away John recognized his car, parked alongside the building. He knew that nobody would claim the vehicle and it would remain until it was noticed that it was left. Abandoned and forgotten, much like his old life.

Sir drove silently and stayed silent until they entered a small double-wide trailer in a part of town that John did not recognize, but somehow felt familiar. The home was covered in dirty plates,

clothes, and shaker bottles on every surface. Drugs and supplements were piled onto every surface and John began to realize how Edwin got his massive physique. Before John could speak, Sir grabbed hold of John's Princess collar and pulled him into the back bedroom and threw him down on the mattress that sat directly on the floor. Sir straddled John by sitting atop his stomach and held him in place with his legs on either side of John's expanded torso. He ran his hands across John's chest. His fingers halted at John's pointed nipples as if they begged for attention once more, and pulled on them. John expected them to feel the same pleasure as before or some sort of resistance but felt none. He looked towards his chest and gasped at the sight of his nipples as they expanded and widened by Sir's touch.

"Mmmm, love a man with big nipples. So wide and pointed. So much more for me to tug and play with." Sir leaned in and chewed on John's nipples, and touched up John's pointed nips. John's cock throb in enjoyment while his entire back was slick with fear. Sir pulled away from one and moved to the other until both were permanently erect and nearly the size of a finger. Sir flicked his fingers against the nub and John groaned as if every pleasure sensor in his body went off. John's back arched as Sir's fingers tightened and pulled on his nubs until the tips grew wet as some liquid oozed from each of the tips. The deep mocha colored nipples pushed forth small droplets of liquid and pushed out, even more, when Sir squeezed his pecs.

"Fuck. So fucking hot," he growled. "But you know what would make these look even better?" Sir asked and John swallowed in fear. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down in uncertainty as he spoke.

"No sir," John said.

"Chest hair. Sooooo much chest hair." Sir ran his hands up and down John's chest. They could both feel as the hair sprouted and grew wildly across his pectorals and down his torso. His hands pulled and twisted the chest hair until it was long and curly and blanketed every inch of his upper body. If his nipples weren't already so large and pointed, they would have also been lost in the forest of dark chest hair.

"Such a big hairy gorilla." Sir thrust his crotch against John's abdomens and groaned as he began to hump his body large body. "So big and muscular. I think the rest of your body would look just as great covered in hair." As if spoken into existence John immediately felt the itch of hair as it sprouted over the rest of his body. Even though he couldn't see it he knew that every inch of him was covered in the same thick hair that covered his chest. He could feel as it filled in around his face and his brows became heavier until he was completely covered.

“Just look at these babies leaking. Better not get too excited out in public or you are gonna leak like a bitch in heat.” John’s breathing grew heavy as he struggled but couldn’t stop his body from enjoying the milking that Sir forced upon him.

John struggled against the invisible restraints; he tried to move his muscles, he tried to speak, he tried to throw this man off him but he couldn’t move an inch. His insides were screaming as he regretted the wish he made at the gym. He didn’t know what else was in store for him at this man’s hands and didn’t understand why he too was able to reshape John’s body.

“ “But enough time on your chest. Rollover Princess. Time to make that ass even juicier.”

For the first time since he was pushed onto the bed John felt the restraints lessen but only enough for him to flip his massive furry body around. The restraints snapped back into place as they caused his back to arch and his ass to be pushed into the air. Sir patted his firm muscular ass several times before he said, “Now how can we make this even better?”

John whined as he felt Sir’s hands on his bare ass. The jockstrap gave no protection from Sir’s rough hands or his hungry leering eyes. He dug his fingers underneath the straps and snapped them against John’s firm cheeks. John felt his cheeks jiggle from the strike while Sir let out a grunt of displeasure.

“Needs to be bigger,” He grunted and as he kneaded John’s cheeks as if they were two large balls of dough. Sir’s fingers worked through way around John’s cheeks and he felt then pulse within Sir’s hands. John looked over his shoulder and saw his buttocks as it swelled as if an air pump was pushed into his cheek and Sir had control over how much it swelled. Sir moved his hands around one of John’s cheeks, pushing and pinching areas. With each touch, the cheek grew large and wider and fatter until it swelled to obscenely fake size. The size was only further enhanced by the smaller butt cheek that had yet to be changed. Sir smacked the massive cheek and it bounced out of control, and he groaned a deep animalistic growl. “Perfect. Now on to the next.”

John watched in awe as Sir’s fingers moved in the same motions on his other cheek and it inflated in the same manner. When the second one grew to an identical basketball.-like size Sir leaned back and moaned in satisfaction. The sheer size of John’s ass was nearly comical on his muscular body, and Sir was in complete lust with the sight.

“Go ahead and touch them. I know you want a feel.” John’s moved his hands, moving of their own accord, as he reached around and squeezed them both.

“Fuuuuck,” he cried. They weren’t the firm mounds that he had lusted after every time he saw Edwin. Or even the muscular cheeks he had just moments prior but two large jiggly cheeks. John

squeezed tightly and felt nothing firm or manly within his cheeks. The muscular buttocks he wished to have had shifted, and inflated into a pair of overly feminine heavy cheeks with a set of rounded hips to match. Even though they were not what John wanted or wished to have – his cock did ache more and more as he squeezed his fatty mounds.

“Nearly perfect,” Sir said as he swatted away John’s hands and the cheeks within his meaty paws. He leaned close and kissed John’s fake buttocks. Sir laid his face on a cheek and looked to John. “They would be so much more perfect if they were covered in hair just like the rest of your body.” His words caused a wave of gooseflesh to radiate over John’s changing body. The dense forest of hair that covered the rest of John’s body flooded towards his ass. John saw the hair as it crept further towards his cheeks. Within seconds his ass was covered in a thin layer of dark hair, and Sir spoke again.

“Moreeeee,” Sir groaned as he rubbed his face against John’s slightly furry cheeks and the hair grew denser.

“Moreeeeeeeeeee,” he begged the unknown being that allowed this to happen. He urged the hair to grow until it was so thick that John’s ass was converted in a thick blanket of hair. The hair covered nearly every inch of his front, and then only intensified on his back and his ass. John gawked at his lower body. John saw disgust in his changes, while Sir saw only passion and addiction for more.

Sir dove between his cheeks and rubbed his face along John’s hairy crack, bathing in the scent that radiated from his buried hole. His tongue licked up and down John’s crack, slicking down the hairs and enjoying the taste. Sir kissed along each cheek until he came to the band of John’s underwear. He gripped the band and lowered it down before running his finger along John’s lower back.

“I think we only need one more thing to make this ass complete,” Sir said as he tapped an area with his finger and began to write.

Pain, excruciating pain shot through John’s body as he lazily moved his finger across John’s lower back. And as soon as the pain began it was gone.

Sir lifted his finger and kissed twice over the area that had burned and sent two flares of warmth through John’s body before he fully pulled away. John turned around in an attempt to see what caused the pain but the bulk of his upper body and the firth of his lower body made twisting or even looking difficult. He cackled as he watched John struggle and took a picture instead to show him what he had done. How he had permanently marked John as his forever.

“I thought Sir’s Princess just looked so right over this massive ass. Don’t you agree?” Sir asked as he laid on top of John’s huge body. It felt so weird to be so large. That this massive man could not even

fully cover John's body. Sir's body felt awkward on John's, his ass pushed away Sir while his chest caused even more of an arch.

Sir nipped John's ear and pushed his tongue into his canal, sending several shivers up and down John's body. Sir pulled his cock from his shorts and pushed it between John's enhanced cheeks. He thrust forward but was pushed back by John's cheeks. He growled and tried again but once again he could not feel John's hole as he pushed his cock into John's cheeks. John heard several grunts and then a cry of distress.

"Fuck! They're too big – if there's such a thing as too big," Sir cried as he repeatedly tried to push his cock into John's hole but he could not reach no matter how hard he pushed or much he tried. John's mouth grew dry as an idea blossomed in his mind.

"What if your cock was big?" Sir paused his thrusts as they both felt a pulse between John's cheeks. They could both feel Sir's cock swell. Sir's look of unease and distressed transformed into a wicked grin as he spoke more changes into existence.

"What if it wasn't just big...it was massive?"

John's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed a moan as he felt something thicken and lengthen underneath his body. Something that throbbed and bulged against his stomach, and continued to swell. Sir pushed his body into John's and he felt his member as it pushed past his lap and grew over his bellybutton. John's mind was whirling with thoughts, counting the inches that it would take to feel his cock reach that length. The already above average cock that he was gifted with from the initial transformation would seem monstrous on his body – unnatural. From the gleam in his Sir's eyes that was what he wanted, a monster.

"I want it to look fake, overflowing with silicone like you were addicted to the size but could still feel everything even more," Sir teased and John's cock throbbed with size underneath the two men. John's stomach tightened at the thought of what grew beneath his body.

Sir peeled his body off of John's back and instructed him to stand. John did so and felt his engorged member bounce towards his Sir like a finger of accusation.

You're the one, it silently screamed at him as they both stared at the massive appendage that hung off of John's body.

It had to be at least 12 inches if not larger. It couldn't be real, John told himself. None of this was real he had to have hit his head at the gym. There was no way that this was reality.

But when Sir touched it – electricity shot through John's body. It was real; the pleasure, the transformation, the humiliation he felt about his obscene features. It was all real. John gazed down at

his cock as Sir played with it, bouncing it and stroking it slowly clearly enchanted by his creation. Each touch made John's toes curl and fingers reach out for stabilization, even though he could only see half of what Sir did to his cock.

The large mounds that hung from his torso, covered the bulk of his cock by the way they projected from his body. The way they were both unnaturally lifted off his body pushed forward screamed implants. John began to wonder were any of his changes natural? Or did Sir enjoy the feeling of implants and silicone underneath his fingers as he teased and played with John? If it was even close to an enough sized cock, it would have been blocked by John's massive chest.

"Mmmm. Sooo big," Sir mused as he walked his fingers along the shaft. With each stroke of his fingers, John's body shook with excitement, begging for the release that was teased for what seemed like an eternity. "Something so massive would need a pair of balls equally as . . .obscene," Sir said, finally choosing the proper word.

Then it was like John was hit by a ton of bricks made of pure pleasure. His whole body throbbed with pleasure as he grasped his balls, which swelled beneath his fingers. Each pulse of pleasure that shot through his body caused his balls to swell with what John could only assume was a combination of cum and saline. Sir continued to work up and down John's cock as his balls transformed. Sir's hands overlapped John's and squeezed. They moaned in tandem as a heaping glob of cum oozed from John's top. John was forced to spread his legs to allow more room for his inflated appendages as they continued to grow and swell. John bit his lip in hopes of containing the cries of pleasure and disgust within his mouth. But with every swell of girth, it only grew that much harder to not love the monster he was becoming.

Sir knocked away John's hands and growled at the size – at the obscenity that he created. He grasped John's cock with both hands and rubbed along the shaft, causing a long stream of cum to push from the tip and fall into Sir's waiting hands.

"So perfect," he groaned as he licked the contents from his hand before he stood in front of John and held out the remaining cum. "Eat it," he commanded. John pushed out his tongue and licked Sir's palm like an obedient animal. The lust pressed firmly on his mind, making it harder to think – harder to remember who he was just hours ago. "Now we just need to get you dressed to go out."

"Out?" John said as if he had never thought about the world outside of the room with his Sir. What would they think of him? Would they see a beast created for sex? Or would they just see a mindless beast, obeying his Sir? Even for John the line between the two grew even harder to see.



“Yes out,” Sir cooed as he rubbed his hands along the sides of John’s expanded torso and moved them onto his pectorals. His fingers pinched John’s morphed nipples and a sharp pain echoed through his body as two metal rods were shoved through the tips of his nipples and weighed down his nipples. “There,” he said finitely. “I knew they were missing something.” John felt the cold metal as they weighed down his nipples, stretching them further like taffy. He somehow knew that he would be expecting his Sir to hang weights from them if only to further expand their size.

“Now . . .I’m thinking a leather boy.” Sir’s words hung in the room as darkness swarmed around my body, tightening and clothing me in the darkest of leathers that were created by his words. The clothes molded themselves around my body, covering it in areas while pushing and promoting others. John could feel how the chaps wrapped around his quads, covering most of his lower body while leaving his buttocks completely out on display. He could feel how the leather lift his unnaturally plump ass as if to beg to be touched and manhandled by others who would see it. His hands felt his cock as it was sealed beneath a pouch of leather, nestling his cock and balls together into an unsightly mound. When the pouch fully formed, John felt the snaps of the pouch threaten to release his privates in what he could only have assumed would be a flood of cum and musk. His upper body was covered in only a harness that squeezed and emphasized his pectorals, showing off their size and their need to be touched.