



Shape or **SIZE**

BY TooBigisTooSmall



CHAPTER 2

I finally rolled out of bed the next afternoon, and walked to the kitchen to make breakfast. On the counter was my phone showing a missed call. I had forgotten Sam was going to call me, so I picked up the phone and called him back. Sam said he had a wedding present for us. Actually, it was an “opportunity”, as he put it. Sam worked in pharmaceuticals, and they were starting trials on a new weight loss drug for women, and wanted to know if Holly (and myself) would be interested. Initial results were promising, as subjects showed a great deal of weight loss in such a short time. I told him I’d have to talk to Holly about it. He said he’d need an answer by the end of the day to get Holly on the list for the next trial that started in a week. No pressure. When Holly came out for breakfast, I did my best to ease into the conversation. I reiterated everything I had said before about how I felt about her body, and before she started thinking I was asking for an annulment, I told her what Sam told me. That the deadline was today. That the choice was hers, and that I would support her whatever it was. Before I could finish taking a sip of my orange juice, she said, “Let’s do it.” “Really?” I said, coughing on my OJ. She said she was happy, but that she does miss being agile; light on her feet. That the weight she had gained wasn’t helping her knee at all. That it could give her a second chance at all of that. I picked up the phone and called Sam.

Two weeks later, we were staring at a syringe, in a little box that was mailed to us, sitting on the dining room table. Sam said the drug was mailed to the trial participants so they could be administered at home, as the effect can come on quick. Last week we went to get Holly’s measurements taken. She was up to 285 lbs., (about 5 of which was implant).

“Are you ready?” I asked her.

“Can you do it? I hate needles,” she said.

I swabbed her shoulder with rubbing alcohol, and then stuck the needle in her arm, depressing the plunger. Holly winced, like she did on the day we met. I took the needle out and kissed her on the shoulder, “There, all done”

"And now we wait," she said.

Sam said the results should be relatively noticeable. That there would be a great deal of sweating, as the drug was tricking the body to burn off excessive body mass. Holly didn't have any workout gear that fit anymore, so she was in sweatpants and a tank top. "How do you feel?" I asked. "Fine?" she shrugged, "Maybe hot? I don't know. I'm gonna get a glass of water." When she got out of the chair, her hip clipped the edge of the dining table, "Ow!" Before I could move in to help, I stopped and tilted my head. "Honey, did those sweatpants always fit do tight?" Holly looks down at herself, as they were feeling a little snug. Not just that, but they felt like they were getting tighter. "I think something is wrong. I don't think I am losing weight," she said, and then immediately bolted for the scale in the bathroom. I followed, but before I could reach her, I heard her scream then shout "Oh god! I'm up to 315!" Reaching the bathroom, she was noticeably bigger all over. Her sweatpants stretched tight. Her arms and shoulders noticeably bigger too. "I'll call Sam," I said. "No!" Holly cried. And with a whimper, "Please just hold me." And so, I wrapped my arms around her, cradling her while she shivered. She was scared, and so was I, but then I felt something else. She felt different. I pulled back and grabbed her by the shoulders and squeezed.

"What the hell are you doing?" she asked.

"Your shoulders feel like your tits."

"What?!"

"Sorry, uh, there is fat there, but underneath there is something firm; like the implants in your tits." She squinted at me confused. "This is going to sound dumb, but can you flex your bicep for me?"

"Okay..." Holly lifted her right arm and flexed.

I grabbed her bicep and gave it a squeeze, "You feel that too, right?"

"Yeah. I do." She looked down at the scale she was still standing on; it read 320. "I think I just put on 35 pounds of muscle." She then felt the bulge of my erection bump up against her belly. Without words, she clocked the embarrassment on my face, and immediately turned around, bending over the bathroom counter. I slid the scale out of the way with my foot, and started to pull down her sweatpants, which were now tight around her hips. With some effort, I finally pulled them down past the widest parts of her hips, and then all the way to her ankles. That's when I got a good look at the rest of her. Her calves were the size of cantaloupes. I gave one a squeeze, as if to check if it was ripe.

"In! Now!" Holly ordered. And I complied. Gripping on tight to her incredibly wide hips, I clenched my eyes closed, wanting to last as long as possible. "Harder!" Holly demanded, and so I did. I was afraid I would push too hard, causing her to lose her grip on the counter, and go headfirst into the bathroom mirror, but she held her ground. "HARDER!" she yelled. This was a side of Holly I had never seen before. I was in full on fear boner mode, ramming as hard as I could. After a few minutes of not hearing any marching orders, I took a peek to check on Holly. She was a woman possessed; eyes locked with her own in the reflection. Completely enamored with her newfound strength. "Finish!" she ordered. Eyes wide open, I started thrusting like I was trying to murder her with my dick. Sweat was pouring down my face, but it was nothing compared to her. She was drenched. Her tank top soaked clean through. "Three!" Oh god, she was counting off. "Two!" I thrust like every one would be my last. "One!" I could feel the tidal wave in me cresting. "NOW!"

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I sat bare ass on the closed lid of the toilet, pants still around my ankles, knees shaking, trying to catch my breath. Holly still stood at the bathroom mirror, examining herself. She then bent down to pull up her sweatpants. She pulled them up to her waist and let go. They fell back to the ground with no resistance. "Well, that's an interesting development," she mused, stepping out of her sweatpants and back onto the bathroom scale. "Holy shit, I'm down to 245!"

"How do you feel?" I panted out.

"I feel squishy again. No bulging biceps or anything. I think the drug makes the body temporarily gain muscle to use to burn off the fat. Like the old adage: muscle burns fat." She then turned around to look at me, "How long until the next dose?"

"A month." I was going to need all that time to get the feeling back in my legs.

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A month later, I received a text from Holly that a new package came in the mail. I took a half day off from work, and immediately rushed home to find Holly anxiously waiting for me to arrive. She was wearing a crop top and jogger pants that I hadn't seen her wear since we first started dating. Her 1400 CC breasts were strapped to her chest like when she had doubled up on sports bras, underboob squeezing out from the bottom. Her belly hanging out for the world to see, much less prominent than it was a month ago. The yoga pants, so tight they left nothing to the imagination, and I think they restricted her from sitting down. "Are you comfortable?" I asked quizzically. "Have a little faith," she said with a flirty smirk, and tickled my chin with her finger.

After swabbing her arm again, I inserted the needle and injected the drug. Holly didn't wince this time. Instead, there was a look of anticipation on her face. I removed the needle and placed a band-aid on her arm for good measure. "So how do you want to kill time?" I said as I leaned in for a kiss, but before I could reach her, she placed her palms on my chest and pushed me onto the couch. "Don't make me horny," she said, "You wouldn't like it when I'm horny..." She then started to rub her hands all over herself. One hand eventually finding its way to gripping her left breast, the other headed south to finger her deepening camel toe. Her moans became more aggressive, as the growth was beginning to take effect. The short sleeves of her crop top tightly cutting into her arms, making her bulging biceps pop that much more. The seam in her crotch started to pull apart, with her finger there trying to dig a hole to her pussy beneath. "Take off your pants," her orders started coming again. I quickly unzipped my pants and pulled them off while kicking off my shoes. By the time I was done, Holly had finished making an easy access hole for me to enter through. Without saying a word, she

pointed at the other end of the couch for me to lie down, and before I could get fully situated, she was already on top of me. Words were no longer part of her communication; just moans, grunts and growls. With elbows locked, her hands braced firmly against my shoulders. I had a front row seat of the drug doing its work. The tank top was holding on for dear life, with seams beginning to burst all over. Her arms were the same size they were before ever taking the drug, but now they were at least half muscle, if not more. I reached up with my hands to cup her biceps, but the moment I touched her flesh, Holly's hands grabbed me by the wrists, and with a growl, pinned them to the couch arm rest on either side of my head. She continued to grind on my rod while I lay helpless, left to marvel at her continuing transformation. There was a tightening around my waist, as her quads that straddled me were taking up more and more space on the couch. Holly moaned harder and harder, teeth clenched, head thrown back, tits in my face, desperate for release from their cotton captor. The rising tempo of her grinding rapidly increased, her moans keeping in time, culminating with her body flexing out of her clothes in unison with her orgasm. Her legs crushing my sides, leaving me gasping for air, while a collective 2800 CCs burst from her top and gave me a one-two punch in the face.

When I came to, I found Holly had left me on the couch, but she had at least draped a blanket over me and put a pillow under my head, (she had also tucked my dick back into my boxers). Putting my pants back on, I was trying to determine how much time had passed. I followed the trail of clothing remanence on the ground to the bedroom, where I heard Holly in the shower. "You doing okay?" I asked, trying to be loud enough for her to hear me without startling her. She said she was great, and apologized for knocking me out. She was attempting to do a little roleplay, but got carried away with it. She had already weighed herself again; she was down to 210 lbs. Not as big of a drop as last time, but she had a hunch as to why. The water turned off, and Holly pulled back the shower curtain to reveal her glistening body. Once again there was less of her. Still plenty of fat to go around, but something was different; it held together better. There was less sag. "Check it out," Holly said, as she lifted an arm and flexed. It wasn't drastic, but a noticeable bulge of a bicep could be seen. Holly was retaining some of the muscle growth.