



Shape or **SIZE**

BY TooBigisTooSmall



CHAPTER 3

I was cursing myself while trying to drive home with a raging erection. It was injection night, and I wanted to surprise Holly by being ready to go the distance by taking some generic Viagra I got off the internet, but I mistimed it, leaving me to handle two sticks to shift while driving.

In the past month, Holly had fully embraced her strong fat look. She started working out again. We set up a weight bench and adjustable dumbbells in the office, and she's been in there every day. Gains have been minimal, compared to the leaps from the last two shots, but that hadn't deterred her. She had been single minded in her obsession. A couple times I convinced her to take a ride on me, but most of the time she said she wanted to save her strength for the next workout. Which is why I was looking forward to tonight, as I figured another shot would get her juices flowing.

When I got home, I was surprised to find the box opened on the counter, with the syringe sitting next to it, plunger depressed. I followed the sound of metronomic grunts down the hall and found Holly standing in front of a mirror naked, furiously doing bicep curls. She had already changed. She was down to maybe 180 lbs. Her strong fat phase was over, and was now in offseason bodybuilder form. There was bulk all around, but it was held together with a strong base of muscle. I caught her eye in the mirror. She put down the weights and spun around, "Oh hi honey!" she said and walked over to me, putting her arms around me and pressing her lips against mine. She then paused, pulled her head back and asked "What's this?" while gripping my shaft through my pants with her right hand.

"I may have taken something to get me extra exited for tonight," I said sheepishly. "I thought it was going to be like before, and wanted to surprise you."

"Oh sweetie, I'm sorry. I got a little impatient," she said, making a frowny face. She then got a devilish glint in her eye, "Let me make it up to you." Still gripping me by the bulge, she led me over to the work bench. With her free hand, she placed a dumbbell on either side of the foot of the bench, sat down, and then proceeded to unzip my pants. "We still need to test these puppies out," she said gripping her left tit, teasing her nipple with the tip of my cock. She then sandwiched it in between her tits, pushing in on each side of them, and began stroking my cock with them up and down. "Does that feel better?" she asked. "Y-yes..." I barely replied. After a few minutes of stroking, she paused, letting go of her tits, letting my cock pop out of her cleavage, and then she leaned to either side, grabbing a dumbbell in each hand. "Let's both get our pump on," she said, and lifted the dumbbells into a shoulder press position. I grabbed her tits, and slid my cock back between them. In unison we started. She

pressing the weights above her head and then lowering, I started thrusting into her saline filled globes. She began counting the reps aloud. At first, they were evenly paced, but after time they started to slow, and strain came through as she announced each rep. She wasn't going to finish until I did. I was determined to last longer than her, but didn't slow my pace, thrusting away. She was hitting the mid 30's when her body was vibrating, pushing through each rep. The sensation rippled through her jugs to my cock. I was on the edge, but holding strong, when Holly said, "Before I forget, I need you to take me to a doctor appointment tomorrow."

"Why's that?" I asked, "Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm fine. I wanted to surprise you too. I'm going to give the girls another upgrade."

I immediately shot my load under her chin.

xxxxxx

As I sat on the edge of the bed, Holly with her muscular back to me, leaning slightly forward, raising herself up and down on me, I couldn't help but think about how we needed to get a new mattress soon. The squeaking of the springs had started to get comically obnoxious. Holly pounded harder, and the squeaking got louder, though I don't think she noticed. She leaned back upright into me, and continued her jackhammering. I reached around and grabbed onto her glorious breasts, now 2500 CCs each. Before taking the fourth shot, her side boob could be seen from behind, but now her lats have ballooned temporarily, like the rest of her, blocking the view. Her hair whipped in my face, while I held on like a bull rider, except in this case the bull was doing the riding. Holly had become possessed. After this last surgery, she had to stop working out to give her body time to recover, which frustrated her even further when she put a few pounds back on. Her knee was feeling better, and she kept talking about the next shot and what she would do after. Get back into running, do more lifting, maybe even take another stab at bodybuilding. She had gone full fitness freak, and I had a front row ticket to witnessing her obsession unfold.

Her tits were getting slippery and hard to hold onto from all the sweating she was doing, which meant the drug was hitting its final phase. As Holly pounded away, screaming in climax, I watched up close as whatever fat was left on her melted away, leaving the sight of shredded muscle all over her body. When Holly got up and turned around, I was taken aback by the sight of her. Her face was more angular and gaunt. Her skin tight all over, exposing the muscle and vascularity underneath. The ribbed nature of her shoulders. The vacuum seal of her abs. No sag to her tits at all; they were pure bolt-ons. There was so little fat on her, rippling could be seen in her implants, which I found oddly hot. Holly finally broke the silence of my serial killer stare.

"Like what cha' see?"

“Yes, very much,” is all I could muster in response.

“Just imagine what the next shot will do to me.”

I shook my head out of the daze, “What? Next shot?”

“Of course!” she walked over to the full-length mirror and started flexing for herself, aroused by the sight. “Imagine how much I’ll gain next time. And after this last shot, I feel well enough to start working out again.”

“But you don’t have any more weight to lose...”

“They don’t have to know that. And besides, don’t you like watching my muscles inflate?” she asked with a well-timed flex of her bicep.

I did, and I would, but before I could answer, we were interrupted by my phone vibrating on the dresser; it was Sam. I picked it up and answered. He said he was calling with unfortunate news: the trial had been cancelled.

Feel free to follow me over at DeviantArt! Always open to feedback.

<https://www.deviantart.com/toobigistoosmall>