



# *Shape* or **SIZE**

*BY TooBigisTooSmall*



## CHAPTER 4

Holly had been fuming in the days following the bad news, and spent most of her time in her office lifting weights in anger. Sam said that the trial had to be cancelled because too many of the participants were dropping out. They had experienced the same changes as Holly, but weren't as thrilled at the prospect of gaining muscle like Holly was. I tried to be encouraging to her, by saying at least she made it down to 155 lbs and that she was in great shape now, but she would just scoff at me.

When I left for work this morning, Holly was already gone. It was odd, but I just assumed she went off for a morning run, (and I was a little relieved I wouldn't have to navigate her gauntlet of emotions.) I tried texting her a couple times throughout the day, but no reply. It wasn't until I was leaving work for the day that I received a reply text from her: *Take one of your pills.* With an eyebrow raised, I thought of the pill bottle still in my glove box. Without responding, I complied, and took a pill once I got back to my car. On the drive home, I'd tried to piece together the narrative that had changed my fortune. Did the morning jog cool Holly off? Did she finally appreciate all the progress she had made? By the time I got home, I was standing at full attention. I opened the front door to find a trail of rose petals on the carpet. I followed it as it led me to a closed bedroom door. I slowly opened it while carefully announcing myself, "Hellooooo...?" I entered to find Holly, arms stretched out and resting on the headboard, lounging seductively on the bed in her wedding dress. The top of it fit well enough, as what she had lost in weight from when she originally donned the gown, she had gained back in muscle and tits to fit, her cleavage bulging out more than before. Her torso and below was swimming in the rest of the dress. "I want to renew our vows," she said in a sultry tone, spreading her legs.

As if time skipped, I was suddenly naked, standing at the foot of the bed, Holly now laying on the foot of the bed, legs held up in the air, resting on my shoulders. While I thrustured away, like I was auditioning to be in a Discovery Channel documentary, she babbled every dirty talk in the book. "OH GOD, FUCK ME! PUMP HARDER! PUMP ME UP BIGGER!" She was in full blown roleplay mode, acting as if I could pump up her muscles larger with my cock. I liked the idea and ran with it, "Oh you want to be big? I'll make you big! Bigger than ever before! Your muscles! Your tits! Everything!" and thrustured faster, looking deep into Holly's eyes as she looked back into mind. Somehow, maybe by flexing, Holly made her tits bulge more and the dress tighten around her shoulders. "OH FUCK, IT'S WORKING! GIVE ME MORE!" she yelled. I closed my eyes, and gave her everything I had. Holly helped paint the mental picture, "KEEP GOING! THIS DRESS IS GETTING SO TIGHT, IT'S BURSTING AT THE SEAMS!" I could head her tear her dress to simulate the bursting. I grabbed onto her calves, the size of softballs, maybe

larger. Holly's flexing effect was working on them too. "FUCK IT FEELS TOO GOOD! I'M GONNA CUM!" Holly and I reached ecstasy in unison.

After catching my breath, I opened my eyes, and reeled back in shock, dropping Holly's legs to the ground, where they struck with a thud. Holly didn't *look* bigger, she WAS bigger. Her arms, her shoulders, her legs; they all had much more muscle than when we started.

"W-wha... how?" I could barely form words.

"I've been naughty..." she teased, while standing up in front of me. She grabbed me by the waist, and with a quick twist of her torso, tossed me onto the bed, and immediately jumped on top of me, "I've been reeeeeealy naughty."

"What did you do?"

She grabbed my head from behind, and plunged my face deep into her cavernous cleavage, "Promise you won't get mad?"

"I promise," I muffled into her saline pillows.

She told me she visited Sam at his office earlier in the morning, asking him to reconsider and give her one more dose of the drug; write it off as a clerical error or something. He told her no, and that they were recalling the unused shots from the other women in the trial. When he wasn't looking, Holly took a photo with her phone of the list of women who had shots remaining, and then spent the rest of the day driving around town to the homes of any of them that were local, posing as someone coming to re-collect the doses. "A couple of them didn't buy the story, but they could tell what it meant to me, and gave their dose to me anyway." I turned my head to the side to come up for air, and caught a glimpse of the bathroom; there were multiple shipping boxes strewn out on the floor.

"How many did you get?" I asked, not sure if I wanted to know the answer.

She leaned down and whispered into my ear, "Five."

"You want to do this for five more months?" I said in disbelief.

"Not exactly..." she let my head fall back onto the pillow.

"oh god... you took more than one?" I eked out.

She growled, "I took... all... FIVE."

As I was pinned beneath her, she started shaking violently. This was not like the other times. Her muscles quivered and she burst larger like popcorn, tearing her wedding dress even further, fully exposing her tits. Her teeth clenched, forehead throbbing with veins, her pussy

chucked up on my bat and started to play ball, grinding away. "FUCK, I NEVER WANT THIS TO STOP! IT FEELS TOO GOOD! I WANT TO BE BIGGER! I WANT TO BE SO BIG I CAN BARELY MOVE!"

Holly was delusional. I tried to reason with her, "Holly, are you sure you want this?"

"OF COUSE I WANT THIS! YOU DO TOO! YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO MAKE ME BIGGER!"

"I thought it was roleplay..."

"SHUT UP! YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT! YOU'D INFLATE ME LIKE A PARADE BALLOON IF YOU COULD! I'M GIVING THAT TO YOU! OOOOOH FUUUU-!"

Holly stopped riding as her body tensed up again. This time the growth was steady yet swift. Her dress was getting caught on her widening lats. With both hands, she gripped onto the torso of the remaining dress, arms flexing to at least 16" around, and tore it off in another climax, exposing her ripped abs and giving full view of her massive quads restricting my movement. I slapped my hands on them and pushed, trying to gain some wiggle room, but it was a fool's errand. She was an immovable object AND an unstoppable force. With the tattered shreds of the wedding dress held in her fists, Holly lifted them both into a double bicep pose and said "Do you take me, ALL of me, to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I-I do."

"Then let's start the honeymoon!" she then tossed the scraps aside, bracing her hands against my chest, her biceps pressing her tits together, creating an insane amount of cleavage, and started pounding away of my pelvis. I couldn't get away. My only chance was to outlast the drug, and maybe she would shrink down to a size I could manage to escape from.

"MORE! MORE! I WANT MORE!" Holly ranted, "I DON'T CARE HOW, BUT I'LL GET MORE!" Deep down I knew she was right; she would find a way to get more of the drug.

For the next 10 minutes I was trapped in a cycle of Holly riding the hell out of me, cumming, and babbling about wanting to be bigger. Eventually another growth spurt started, and Holly leapt off me to observe her metamorphosis in the mirror, pulling off different flexes and poses during the transformation. While she was distracted with her own infatuation, I had managed to roll out of bed, onto the floor on the further side of the bed, and started to army crawl out of the bedroom, which still being rock hard made it all the more difficult. I hadn't cum yet, maybe out of fear of what she would do to me if I did. Holly had apparently made it to the bathroom, because she announced her weight.

"Holy shit, I weigh 265 lbs!"

Christ, she was almost back to her pre-weight loss weight.

“OH FUCK, IT’S HAPPENING AGAIN ALREADYYYY!”

I was afraid this was never going to stop. I had to call Sam for help. I started to crawl to my phone.

“270!”

Holly was broadcasting live updates.

“275!”

I used a dining chair to pull myself up to my feet, finally able to use my legs again.

“280!”

Checking my phone, I had a half-dozen missed calls, and a string of texts from Sam: *I know Holly got her hands on more of the drug.*

“285!”

*Do NOT let her take it.*

“290!”

*Not designed for people already in shape.*

“295!”

*Bad side effect. She will l-*

“THREE HUNDRED!”

I could head the thuds of Holly stomping around. A massive silhouette appeared in the bedroom doorway, and walking towards me, her shoulder clipped the door frame. Even *she* had no sense of her size. As she got closer, she slowly stepped into the light, revealing what she had become. Her calves like cantaloupes, billowed out to the sides. Her quads so wide, she had a waddle in her stride. Her abs like overfilled water balloons about to burst. Her pecs wide enough that her breasts rested too far apart to touch each other, but they did rub up against her biceps, on arms that had to be two feet around. Her shoulders and traps consumed her neck until there was nothing left resembling one. Veins crawled all over her body, and encroached from all borders of her face, pointing to her unbroken stare.

“Like what you see?” she said invitingly. Before I could answer, her expression changed to disappointment, and her face became flush; she was sweating all over. “Aw, just when it was getting good,” she lamented. She stood in the middle of the living room, arms held up from her

sides, watching the muscle melt off her, waiting to see how much she would retain this time around. Intrigue turned to confusion, then panic, as the loss accelerated, and buckets of sweat poured out of her skin. "What's going on?" she finally vocalized, as she passed below the size she started the night at. I looked at my phone and finished reading Sam's texts, "oh no..."

"What?! What is it?!" Holly pressed.

So I told her. Sam said the drug ultimately makes the subject lose mass, not just fat, so if there is no fat to lose, she will lose muscle. Holly was speechless, as she was already down to the weight she was when we first met; and she wasn't stopping. I dropped my phone and rushed over to her, wrapping my arms around under hers. Even with her massive tits, she felt small in my arms, especially compared to how big she had been over the past year. We held each other tight, but I could feel her slowly losing her grip. Eventually it felt like I was the only thing keeping her standing.

And then it stopped.

I slowly pulled back to get a look at her, my hands still under her arms for support. She was skin and bone. Her legs were straight rails, leading up to boney hips protruding on either side. Gone were her abs, and left was a waist I could wrap my hands around, fingers touching. In the reflection of the darkened TV behind her, I could see the mountain range of spine traveling from her tailbone to her neck, dividing the deep ridges of her ribs and shoulder blades. I looked to her face to find her gaunt features, protruding cheekbones, and sunken eyes. Before I could say any reassuring words, something else caught my eye. Scanning down past her long slender neck and jutting collarbones... were her breasts. Her glorious, spherical, massive funbags. Skin so thin, I swear I could read the serial number on the implants. My hands moved to caress them from the sides; their total width now nearly twice as wide as her torso. While I never when limp, I was harder than ever. "They look so BIG now..." I marveled in whisper. A crinkle of confusion crept onto holly's brow.

With a jolt, instinct and desire took the wheel. I lifter her up by her boney ass, (she had to weigh 70 lbs wet now), and swung her over to the couch, laying her awkwardly on the armrest. The backrest of the couch pushing her head forward, and chin into her chest, where she got an intimate view of her breasts, and the visible rippling of the implants encircling the base of them. I threw her left leg over my left shoulder, gripping completely around it with each hand, twisting her body slightly off kilter, and inserted myself. While I pounded into her, Holly was trying to make sense of what was going on, "What the FUCK?"

With all power diverted to my dick, my brain was barely functional, "Look... so... BIG... hot," was all I could say.

"Are you fucking serious? I'm a skeleton!"

“Don’t... care. Huge tits... on stick. A-and-“

“And WHAT?”

“And I-I... love you. Sickness and... health.”

Heartfelt emotion came over Holly, and then a look of determination, “Fuck my brains out.”

My body kicked into a gear I didn’t know I had, pounding away at her cunt. Holly threw herself into it as well with the dirty talk.

“FUCK, BABY, YES. OH YES. FUCK ME HARDER! SPLIT MY FRAIL BODY IN TWO.”

Every other word was muffled with a smack, as her left tit was bouncing around so hard it was punching her in the mouth with every thrust.

“YOU LIKE MY BIG TITTIES, DON’T YOU? WHY DON’T YOU GIVE ‘EM A GOOD SQUEEZE?”

With my right hand, I gripped onto her bouncing left tit and squeezed hard, the mound of saline bulging between my fingers.

“YOU WANT THEM BIGGER, DON’T YOU?”

“Y-yes.”

“I CAN’T HEAR YOU!”

“YES, I WANT BIGGER!”

“SAY IT AGAIN!”

“I WANT HUGE!”

“HOW HUGE?”

“SO BIG... THESE LOOK TINY.”

“Well guess what.”

“W-what?”

“There is something I didn’t tell you.”

“W-what did I-,” I was breathing so hard, “what not tell me?”

“These implants are expanders. I could go bigger tomorrow.”

I came for what felt like five minutes.

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