



Shape or **SIZE**

BY TooBigisTooSmall



EPILOGUE

“OH FUCK, THIS FEELS AMAZING! DON’T STOP!”

Holly was once again throwing herself into our sexual escapades. It had been six months since the side effects incident, and our lives had (relatively) slowed down. The muscle loss was initially a great shock to Holly, but together we overcame it. She hadn’t been able to put on any substantial weight since then, a potential long-term effect of the abuse of the drug, but a little life had restored itself back to Holly’s face, so it was not as skeletal. While that hadn’t reduced the number of judgmental, concerned looks she got from others, (if she wears anything revealing or form fitting, they assume she is anorexic), most of the attention she gets is focused on her breasts. Since the incident, Holly has made good on her offer to pump more saline into her chest balloons. Her latest fill was today, and we’ve been taking her fresh 4000 CCs for a spin ever since we got home. Currently, I have her legs held in a wheelbarrow position, with her arms bound behind her, wrist to elbow, and her body surfing on her tits on the kitchen table, with plenty of sideboob squishing out.

“DISTEND MY BELLY WITH LOADS OF YOU CUM!”

Outside of her main hobbies of sex and growing her tits, Holly’s life has become pretty low-key. She managed to get another work from home office gig she likes, (one where her coworkers only see her from the neck up in video chats), and she still works out in her office, though we had to get her some single pound dumbbells to use, as the lightest setting on the adjustable ones are still too heavy for her. She acts like she doesn’t miss the muscle, but I’ll catch her flexing in the mirror on occasion, yearning for the body she once had.

“FUCK YES! PICK ME UP AND BOUNCE ME ON YOUR COCK!”

I put her legs down, my dick still in her, scoop my hands under her tits, and lift her upright. She was still so light, not even breaking 75 lbs, lifting her by her tits and cunt was enough to triangulate stability, as I started raising and lowering her on my flagpole.

“UUUNGH,” Holly as reduced to guttural sounds.

I took some time off from work after the incident to help Holly out around the home and get reoriented with her new body. It was also a chance to recalibrate our relationship together, as we both lost ourselves in our own ways that night. These days we make sure our obsessions feed into each other, not off of each other.

“I’m gonna cum!” I announced.

“DO IT!”

I stood on the tips of my toes, Holly's feet dangling above the floor. Pulling down on her plastic globes, I drove deep inside of her, and we both came in unison.

I gently leaned Holly forward, back onto the table, and untied the nylon rope that bound her arms together. After removing it, I pulled her back up, and gave her a kiss on the cheek from behind.

"You good honey?"

She turned her face to meet mine, "Great," and kissed me on the lips. "I'm gonna take a shower."

"Wait," I stopped her, "I need to check something," and then quickly gave her tits a squeeze. "Yep, still magnificent."

Holly chuckled, "Perv," and left to take a shower. As soon as she turned on the water, my phone started ringing, as if it was intentionally being covert. The call ID showed it was Sam. I answered.

"I told you my van driving days are over."

Sam was integral in keeping Holly out of trouble after the incident. While she did fraudulently obtain the extra doses, he made the case to the company that since she only used them all on herself, it was just theft on not something more serious like corporate espionage and trying to sell them to a competitor. That it actually technically wasn't really theft, because the doses would have been disposed of anyway, so it's not a loss of usable product. That the negative side effects were punishment enough compared to legal action, and that if legal action was taken, it would just bring the study to public attention, potentially putting a negative spin on the drug, and impacting any future release.

"Don't you ever get tired of using that line EVERY time you answer my call?" he quipped.

"Never. What's up?"

"Well, it's not a favor to ask, and it's not a wedding gift. It's more on an..."

"Annnnnnn?"

"...opportunity."

"I'm listening," I say, even though I know I shouldn't.

"There's one element I didn't mention to you, about when I pled Holly's case to corporate."

"We don't owe our first born, do we?" I immediately got half a chub thinking about a 9-months preggo belly to go with Holly's giant fake tits on her waif body.

"No, you already gave me something more valuable: an idea." He knew he had my attention when there was no quippy rejoinder. "I pitched the company about refocusing on certain aspects of the drug; namely the muscle growth. How if isolated, it could be utilized for applications like physical rehabilitation- "

"Or lucrative military contracts?" I cut in.

"I'm tapping my nose right now. Anyway, they loved the idea, put it on the fast track, and completely forgot about Holly," he paused for dramatic effect, "until I reminded them of her yesterday, when the topic of needing volunteers for testing came up..."

He let his words hang in the air, while my silence spoke volumes.

"We could start as soon as next week."

The tempting thought crept in my mind...

"They are looking for eager candidates."

What would be best for Holly?

"One's that won't bail on the project."

What would be best for me?

"The suits want to see if this thing has a ceiling to it. Test its limits."

What would be best for us?

"Which is why I recommended Holly."

I love my wife...

"Didn't you once say..."

Any shape...

"I owed you... BIG?"

...or SIZE.

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