



# *Shape* or **SIZE**

*BY TooBigisTooSmall*



## BONUS CHAPTER 6

When I told Holly about Sam's offer, she jumped at the chance to get big again. Her only caveat was to wait a few months before participating in the trial. At first, I found it odd she would want to wait, but it turns out she wanted to get the rest of her body ready first before packing on the muscle. Even though we had just got her to 4000 CCs, she insisted on pumping an additional 1000 CCs into each implant before the trial began. Carrying around a collective 10K of saline made it difficult for Holly to stand, much less get around. Whenever she stood, she held her hands on the back of her hips for support, elbows pointing behind her, like Forrest Gump after a long day on the shrimping boat. Once we got to the facility for the trial, they supplied her with a wheelchair to get around in, but she's too weak to wheel herself around, so I push her around everywhere.

"I don't think we should be in here," I said as I wheeled Holly into the darkened room.

"Don't be a scaredy cat," Holly pushed back, "Besides, we'll be back in here tomorrow. What's the harm in taking a sneak peek?"

We're staying at the facility overnight, and Holly has convinced me to help her look at the testing area. Holly flicked on the light switch, and the halogen ceiling lights flickered on, revealing the spacious sterile room. It was surprisingly barren, except for some metal storage cabinets partially lining one wall, a metal rolling cart to the right of them, and a cushioned examination table fixed to the floor dead center of the room.

"Doesn't look too special to me," Holly mused.

"Great, then can we go?"

"Not yet." Holly held her hand up, as if to motion for me to ease up. She then placed both hands on the armrests of the wheelchair, and proceeded to push herself to a standing position. I'd offer to help, but I know she'd refuse, (and I can't help but love to watch her

struggle getting around with her giant tits). She walked over to the metal cabinets, her arms perched in back support behind her, and began to rummage through them. I silently held out my hand in protest, but put it back down, knowing there was no use trying to stop her. When she opened the last cabinet, she paused, "Is that what I think it is?" and then reached in, pulling out an entire tray of syringes stored vertically on a rack.

"There has to be two-dozen doses here..."

"Doses of what?" I dared to ask.

"What do you think? Look."

She put the tray down on the rolling cart, and walked it towards me. I pushed the wheelchair to the side and took a few reluctant steps towards her, meeting close enough to reach out and remove one of the syringes. The label identified it with a string of letters and numbers, but I recognized it from the paperwork Holly had to sign to participate in the trial. Holly did too.

"Help me inject one."

"Are you insane? No."

"I can't do it myself," she motioned with one arm trying to reach over her tits to the other and pantomimed an injection motion, while making a frowny face.

"I don't know..."

"I'll toss in a wheelchair blowjob."

My ability to reason was snuffed out by desire ages ago, and I only needed a little push to abandon morality anymore, "Fine."

Holly sat down in the wheelchair, holding her skinny arms straight up in the air, waiting for me to assist with removing her shirt. As I grabbed the base of the t-shirt and pulling it up over her head, I paused for a moment with her arms and head trapped together. It wasn't intentional. Every time I see her tits exposed, it's like I forgot how big they have become, especially on her skeletal frame. I finished pulling off the shirt, tossing it aside, took a syringe from the tray, and removed the protective plastic cap covering the needle. I held her right arm, so thin I was wary not to stick the needle through it entirely, and inserted the needle, depressing the plunger. Removing the needle, I set the syringe down on the lower level of the rolling cart. We waiting for a moment, almost as if we expected the results to be instantaneous, but nothing happened, at which point I reminded Holly of the deal she made.

"I believed I was promised some attention," I casually gestured to my crotch.

"Fine," Holly relented.

Locking the wheels of the chair into place, she then unzipped my pants and pulled down my underwear, to reveal someone eager to come out and play. She gripped onto my shaft, and teased the tip with her lips and tongue. It wasn't long before I was lost in the sensation of letting her work her magic on my wand, and I tilted my head back, with eyes closed and mouth agape. I wasn't sure how much time had passed, but eventually her grip on my cock tightened, and I looked down to find a shocking sight; Holly had a bicep, but just on the arm the drug was injected into.

"It's workiiiiing," Holly said with a devilish grin, and then whet back to working my tip.

I observed how the effect of the drug worked differently than the previous one. Her body didn't change all at once, but instead the growth radiated out from the injection site. After the bicep was the forearm, then the shoulder, then the prominent sight of her

breastplate in her chest began to dissolve into the sight of shreds of muscle fibers. Nothing drastic, but her body was starting to look healthy.

She came up for air once again, "I want more."

"I want more than a blowjob" I counteroffered.

"Done." She popped out of her chair, falling into me a little to catch herself, as the newfound strength in her legs caught her off guard. "This time in my ass."

"The shot, or my dick?"

"Both."

I readied another syringe, while Holly situated herself bent over the examination table. Now that there was some meat on the bone, it made placing the needle easier. After plunging the drug into her ass, I grabbed onto her ass with both hands and plunged in my dick. Holly buried her face in her cleavage to muffle her moans, while I deep core drilled into her. My eyes were laser focused on her ass. I wasn't going to miss a second of the transformation this time. Eventually the changes started taking affect again. First with her ass, growing within my grip, while its grip on my cock grew. Then her hamstrings, along with her calves. Her back became more defined, and finally her arms. Holly's head rose from her tits, "More." While still inside of her, I grabbed another syringe, removing the plastic cap with my teeth, and stabbed her ass with it. I wasn't even done depressing the plunger when Holly said, "More!"

"But I'm not done- "

"MORE!"

I grabbed another syringe, and jabbed it into her left ass cheek, the prior still sticking out of her right one.

“More!”

I grabbed another. And another. And another. Holly had stopped demanding, but that didn’t deter me, and I grabbed another. “W-wait...” Holly tried to speak up, but I wasn’t listening. I was now grabbing one in each hand, plunging them into each cheek at the same time. Again. And again. And again.

“STOP!” Holly shouted, knocking me out of my fugue state. “How many did you put in?” she asked accusingly. I stared wide-eyed at her pincushion of an ass, a half dozen syringes sticking out of each cheek, silent in the futile hope she might think I wasn’t there (even though my dick was still firmly planted in her ass).

“Well?”

“Uuuuuuh...”

“Just back up, so I can look.”

I carefully slid out of her, and began to pull up my pants, while Holly stepped out of hers, that were around her ankles, and righted herself, turning like a dog chasing its tail, trying to get a good look at what was going on behind her.

“Jesus Christ, overkill much?”

“You kept saying more.”

“I eventually stopped saying it.” Taking stock of herself, she said, “Well what happens now?”

“I guess we wait and see.”

“Help me pull these things out.”

Before I could move in to assist her, we were interrupted by a rattling sound. At first, we were dumbfounded by where the sound was coming from, but then we saw it: her ass was twitching furiously, causing the syringes still stuck in to knock against one another. We looked at each other, frozen in fear, when suddenly the syringes shot across the room, crashing against the back wall. Holly whipped around to see where they landed, giving me full view of the true spectacle; her monstrous ass. In a blink it had gone from a tight little thing with promise, to something with no equal. Her muscular ass cheeks were now twice the size of her tits, if not larger, giving her an impossible curvy hourglass figure. Holly then caught on to what had happened.

“Holy shit, look at me!” She placed her hands on the sides of her ass, now sticking out a foot to either side, “I look like a freak.”

“Just say you are going for the Brazilian look.”

Holly shot daggers at me, but before she could chastise me, her legs snapped apart from each other. They might have been pushed to do the spits, if her flexibility wasn't suddenly limited, because it had happened again. In an instant, her thighs had grown enormous, violently shoving against each other in growth, and pushed her legs apart into a drastically wide stance. She tried to straighten back up, but her feet stopped a little over shoulder width apart,

with her quads fighting to occupy the same space in between. Holly was speechless. Her hands slid across her hips and thighs, to explore her quads, that were so large they had a horizon.

“I need to sit down,” she said.

What followed was an unintentionally hilarious routine of Holly struggling to get herself seated on the observation table. With her back to the table, her ass stuck out so far, her arms were at too awkward of an angle to reach the table behind her. Facing the table, she found her arms too weak to lift her imposing lower half up. She then turned back around, and squat jumped backwards, once again not realizing her newfound strength, and reached such a high vertical that she unintentionally landed standing on the table. She gave me a look of ‘Holy shit, did I just do that?’, and then plopped down to a seated position with a grand thud. As she sat there, she looked impossible. Her tiny upper half, (not counting her tits), perched atop her stallion like lower half. I saw her face wince a little.

“Are you alright?” I asked.

“I came down on my ankle weird.” She held out her right leg, and I moved in to grab her foot. As I massaged her ankle, I got an up close a personal look at her mammoth legs.

“You look like a minotaur.”

“I don’t think you mean that.”

“I don’t?”

“That’s the body of a man, and the legs and head of a bull.”

“You’re right, I don’t mean that. Centaur?”



“That’s upper body of a man on a full body of a horse.”

“No, not that. What am I thinking of?”

“Satyr, most likely. Upper body of a man on goat legs. Technically Satyress for a woman.”

“And what a woman,” I said with a grin. I moved my hands up to her calf.

“Careful, it might explode on ya, and break your hands.”

“Worth the risk.” And then I felt it, “Speak of the devil.”

This time the growth wasn’t a dramatic jump. Her calves weren’t bursting like popcorn kernels, but instead growing like helium inflated party balloons. In less than a minute, the calf I was holding went from something I could hold both hands around touching, to the size of a basketball. With a playful look in her eye, Holly stopped holding her leg up, and left me to try keeping it held up all by myself. After enough struggling, she let me put it down.

“Come here,” she said invitingly, opening her legs as best she could, motioning for a kiss. Even though she could cut me in half if she closed those legs around me, I moved in, wrapped my arms around her dainty torso, and laid one on her. She squeezed her legs back together, pinning me and pressing the air out of my lungs. Before I could be for mercy, I saw her breasts start to rise up.

“Are your tits getting bigger?”

“What?” Holly released me from her vise grip.

I backed up to get a clearer look. Her tits weren't getting bigger, they were getting pushed up by her growing belly of abs occupying the space. Holly stood up from the table, feeling out her belly that looks 6 months pregnant, and still growing. The growth crawled to her sides, and then up her back, as winged lats began to form. Then it was her shoulders and traps, then her pecs, then her arms. All of her upper half was on its way to catching up with her lower body.

“Oh God, it's happening all at once!” Holly exclaimed the same sentiment.

“What do we do?” I asked, trying to offer help.

“Fuck me!”

I scanned her expanding body, “How? I don't think conventional methods are going to work.”

“At least finger me. I can't reach!”

It was true. Her football biceps were fighting for position with her throw pillow pecs, and there was no way she was getting past her 9-months abs baby of a belly. I dove my right hand down into the dark cavern created by her boulder quads and erupting belly, my fingers spelunking for her pussy. When they hit paydirt, I inserted my middle and ring fingers, like I was bowling, and worked her clit with my thumb. Holly's reflex action was to grab the back of my head and pull me face first into her tit. With my free left hand, I reached around and grabbed onto I think a meaty chunk of her ass for stability. She held me tight, while I kept working her pussy with my hand, and her expanding pec pancaked her 5000 CC tit over my face. I tried to pull my right hand free, but it was pinned down. I wasn't done until she was, and if she didn't finish soon, I'd be done for. Knowing my air supply was limited, I worked my hand harder, as her growing pecs pushed my head back further, contorting my body. Just as I thought all was lost,

Holly began to moan louder, and her body shook savagely. She then screamed, and I felt her juice buckets all over my hand, lubing it enough for me to slip out, and then Holly released the rest of me, causing me to fall backwards to the ground.

Getting my bearings, I looked up to see a monolith of muscle looming over me. I couldn't see Holly's face, just a shelf of pecs and tits. I got back to my feet, and stood in awe of Holly. Her traffic cone forearms leading into her medicine ball biceps, which were matched by her triceps. Her arm measurement had to be longer than I was tall. Her traps were taller than her ears, and her shoulders weren't too far behind. Her 5000 CC implants were now the cherries on top of her ice cream sundae pecs, which cast a partial shadow over her protruding abs that made her look overdue with triplets.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Still stunned from the sight of her, I forgot I had just taken a tumble. "Oh, yeah, doing fine. How are you?"

"Fantastic. Though coming to the realization I'm not sure how I'll function performing basic tasks like bathing."

"We'll get you an annual pass at the car wash."

Holly chuckled, "Well now what?"

"I guess we find Sam and come clean?"

"Or..."

"Or?"

"We still have nearly half a tray left." She extended her massive arm, pointing to the cart, with 10 syringes standing at attention, ready to be deployed.

I took a long look at the tray, and then turned back to Holly, "For science?"

"No," Holly's eyes passionately lit up, "For us."

Thanks again for reading. Feel free to follow me over at DeviantArt. I may post stories there that don't qualify to be posted here.

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