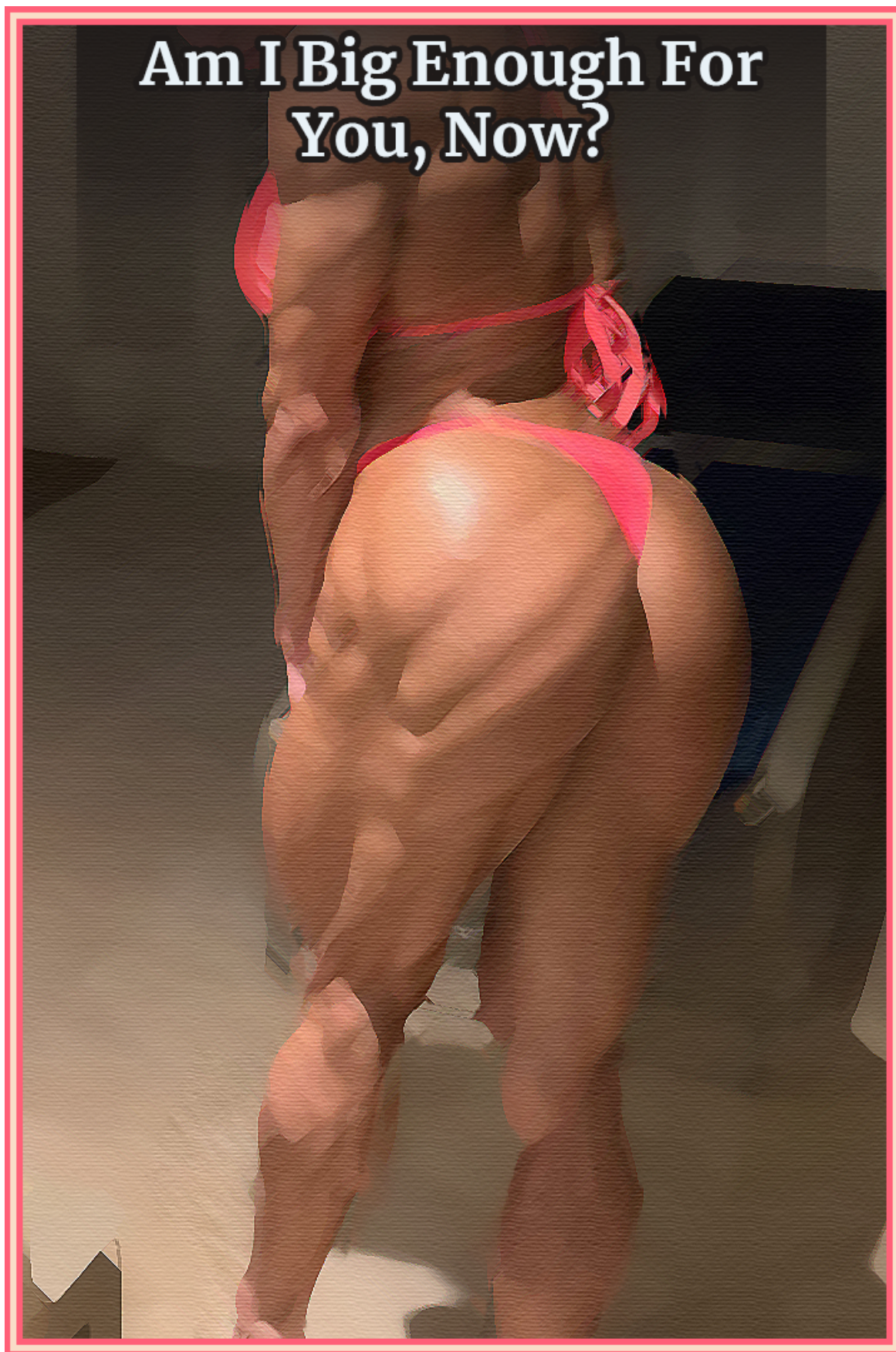


Story Tags - HYPER COCK, FUTANARI, HYPER FEMALE MUSCLE GROWTH, PENIS GROWTH, ASCENSION, F/ffm
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Am I Big Enough For You, Now?

By Keliadom

Lilly & Lilian

A loud thrum echoed through the room. Two heavy weights fell to the floor from a pair of dainty hands. Mid-length chestnut colored hair, matted with slight sweat, was stuck upon a brow. A woman, very short of stature, stood in front of a mirror, her lips pursed. Alone in a gym slightly too spacious for the amount of machines that filled its interior, the young woman flexed her arm and stared at the veins forming on the top of her hand, snaking around her forearm. Her lithe frame had so little extra mass, so thin of a shell, that it seemed the slightest exercise affected her.

She sat down upon a nearby bench, her thoughts racing—*Just a few months, Joan, and you should be able to catch his eye*— she shook her head, half-believing her own words.

* * * * *

It was later in the day when Joan arrived at her modest apartment. She had just removed her shoes when she felt her heart fill with dread. Out of the corner of her eye, the wall mirror reflected back the vision her mind was avoiding: her mousey frame. “It’s all because of Steve,” she thought. Joan remembered how he dismissed her a few months ago. He didn’t know he had, but she did: that one night, after Joan asked him off-handedly what was his type of woman. Seared in her mind was the image of his lanky self, looking down at her with a caring smile, Joan had expected a surprise revelation of love, a sort of confirmation that the subtle camaraderie they had been building was more than a simple friendship. Instead, he replied with jest: “certainly not a tiny mouse like you!” Joan smiled, but her heart had collapsed.

As she lay in her bed, Joan thought back to the past couple of weeks. Summer had just started, accompanied by much needed vacations from her demanding bachelor in Fine Arts. Joan had begun her journey to impress Steve. Her beautiful, princely looking, svelte Steve. With no knowledge of strength building, she applied for a membership at her local gym. Her thoughts drifted towards him as she undressed herself, her hands looking for the appendage between her legs.

Once upon a time, it used to be that her hermaphrodite-born condition had been the sum of her anxiety towards Steve. Since his disparaging comment, assertive thoughts had entered her mind, replacing a previous submissive longing. Her hand grasped at her short sex, struggling to surround its width, thinking of that

night she dreamed of Steve kneeling in front of her, pleading he didn't mean it. She recalled vividly pressing his mouth with her fingers, opening it wide enough to fit her impossibly fat shaft inside it, hearing his moans of submission, the tonality shifting from pleading to lust and love. As the vision clarified to her third eye, she felt the member between her thumb and index finger swell to its awakened form, its head still covered by foreskin despite erection. In minutes, the foreskin's started to slid on and off with ease from the pre-seminal fluid buildup. Her member had hardened. She was getting close.

At three inches long, she had always felt the length of her sex proportional to her femininity. The shaft of her appendage took up slightly more than half that length, with the rest taken by its head, of a very similar if not slightly smaller width. Even then, absent having seen other penises in her life, Joan knew not of its overqualification: its total width, at two and some extra decimals inches, gave it a cube-like frame out of the ordinary. When she thought of Steve taking her inside his mouth, she thought not of how deep she went, but of his mouth stretching to accommodate its width. For Joan, this was probably how it was done. Her eyes closed, she could almost physically feel his mouth struggle as she imagined pulling a leg over his shoulder, a hand behind his head, and held him there. The image became vivid, accompanied by almost overt tactical sensations as her nervous system perceived the scene dictated by her brain. Joan seized, ejaculating in her hand a modest amount.

Minutes passed while her breathing calmed down and sleep encroached upon her mind. To make this dream a reality, Joan knew she had to be rigorous, to continue her training.

* * * * *

Day by day, week by week, Joan found her form and curves improve to her liking. It took two months, but finally some results became visible. Her arms became toned, where any slight stretch would show overt musculature. Her thighs started to subtly plump near her knees. Her glutes pushed her leggings out, prompting her to start thinking about buying a new pair soon. From a couple of days a week, to three, to four and now five, Joan increased the frequency of her visits. Rapidly, the gymnasium felt limiting: she would finish sessions still feeling fully energized. Thus, Joan started jogging the eight kilometers that separated her from her activity.

It would be only two weeks before the run to and from the gymnasium felt like a brisk walk.

A few days later, Joan, having just finished a workout, dropped with ease the twenty-two pounds dumbbells she had been using for her arms and shoulders. Without even paying attention to the other customers around that had been startled

by her action, she angled her body slightly sideways and curled her arms in a semi circle down, bulging her new muscles out. On her shoulders, muscular lines had begun to appear a few days ago when she flexed. Even the ridge near her pectorals was becoming more defined. Her thighs enlarged to a frightening degree that was so very obvious on her four foot nine inches frame. Joan would come home, look at herself in the mirror, and squeeze her curves. Almost every session of strength training she had done since starting her regiment had ended with a torrid jerk off session. Her penis itself had begun to look firmer, angrier and dare she hoped: larger. That night, she didn't even leave the entrance of her home before dumping her clothes on the ground, putting both palms against her four and half inch long sex and imagining her favorite scenario: Steve struggling with her power. In no time, she would explosively cover a quarter of the reflective surface in thick, white semen.

But once the high of sexual exaltation left her, Joan would be left with only disappointment. Despite the transformative progress of her figure, from a short skinny little doll into a super cute olympian symbol of svelteness, her mind would still ache. Her thoughts rumbled through her head—*It's not enough. I can't guarantee I'm enough for Steve. I need to make sure. I need to be certain. Just a few more months!* — She never once analyzed her looks according to her own desires: only through an imagined desire of what Steve wanted. Even when struggling to change her shoes, her feet barely fitting both her workout and street wear, the thought that she might be outgrowing normalcy did not enter her mind. Even as she turned her left foot around, trying to have it fit in, when her left calf ripped the cheap elastic band of her legging, Joan did not think she was enough.

A few days later, as she executed her post-workout ejaculatory ritual session, when her fleshlight struggled to contain the sexual engine that had accompanied the rest of her body's growth as it freakily expanded to almost four inches wide, her palm's width, even then Joan thought that to reach Steve's attention, she needed more.

* * * * *

Summer was nearing its end and with it the third month of Joan's continuous training. She saw few regulars at the gym but also some newcomers. Heads turned as she advanced towards the main recreation room, her steps audible through the corridor from the changing room. Every single machine she used was weighted up to its utmost limits. The stares that went in her direction went unnoticed by Joan. That is, until she recognized two new members: Lilly and Lilian. Steve's most vocal groupies and a duo of nymphomaniacs. They were also, as far as Joan knew, gym rats, and well known friends with benefits to Steve. Despite having been part of Joan and Steve's circle of friends and acquaintances, they never paid much heed to Joan until now. Both looked eerily alike, facial features and curves confounded, and at a glance could be mistaken for twins despite being anything but.

“Joan? Is that you? What happened to you!” Lilian, the more forthcoming of the duo, approached Joan, leaving Lilly to stare at both dumbfounded. “Those are insane gains! Look at you mouse!”

“Hey Lilian, Lilly,” responded Joan with her usual air of quietness, dropping two forty pounds weights with little care, shaking the floor.

Lilian, now a few steps away from her friend, noticed a strange happening with Joan’s new bulk. “Did you get taller?” Lilian and Lilly, both at five foot four inches, were not necessarily tall for their gender but still had been leaps above Joan who now almost equalled Lilian.

“I think. Maybe? I’ve been exercising a lot this summer. It’s been keeping me good!” Joan flexed her biceps, half as a joke, half out of pride. “I had to do it, for me.” It was hard to ignore the rapidly shifting mood in Lilian, her eyes belying a rapidly growing fascination as she grabbed Joan’s arm.

“Girl, look at those guns! And those shoulders! Fuck!” Lilly exclaimed overtly. She placed herself by Joan, lifting one of her arm up, faking complete exhaustion.

“Hnnng!” Lilly jestfully grumbled, lightening the mood. Yet still, her fingers dug carefully around Joan’s triceps, brushing the tip of her digits, feeling a particular tension that had never been present there.

Without breaking a sweat, seeing Lilly raise one foot off the ground, then the other, fully hanging off of her arms, Joan asked them if they would like some tips to get started.

“Well,” commenced Lilian, “we’re quite experienced ourselves in places like this, but maybe you know something we don’t...” she looked at Joan’s defined abs, a deep crevice between each, before her eyes trailed down, intrigued by the absolute bulge she saw in Joan’s form-fitting shorts, “... clearly.” Joan presented her other arm to Lilian, who took hold of it just like Lilly had been doing, and hanged off it for a few seconds too, all three laughing as both girls pushed her to her limit. For now.

* * * * *

The following weeks, with precise regularity, Joan continued her visits to the local gym. Seeking more privacy, she had started to go late at night with the red-haired “twins” passing by every so often. Every day, the brunette’s svelte body was less and less as such while more and more mass added to her frame. Her body was becoming visibly bigger daily: poor Joan had taken to wearing makeshift sandals, her feet growing too large for most shoes, pushing the sandals leather straps to their

limits. Her thighs, now thick enough to touch in the middle even while resting, served as pillows for her fattened balls, while the penis that rested atop was wide enough at rest that it still hid both jewels from its square frame alone, creating an accented bulge that had become impossible to ignore. Joan's core had become a completely defined path of alternating abs larger than the twins' fists. Every movement, every breath, Joan's muscles were defined with impressive clarity. Even the hair on her head was now a long mass that dropped to the top of her back with a thickness unrivaled.

While in a moment of pensiveness—Joan was puzzled as to how to continue her progress now that most machines had been maxed out of their weight range for her—she noticed Lilly and Lilian entering, fresh looking and sharp in their gym outfit.

“Hey Girls. Joining me late today?” asked Joan.

“Just came to check on you!” answered Lilly, moments before blowing a pink bubble gum out her mouth. Both women wore extremely tight gymwear, to the point an outside observer could see the striations of their glutes, the indentation of their vaginas and so on. “Nakedly dressed,” as Steve would say. Both women approached Joan and found themselves looking up at her. Gone was any playful mannerisms. Joan, lately, had been repressing her needs: a week ago, her favorite fleshlight toy broke, finally split in half by the ever growing monster she carried. Not only was her easy way of relief gone, she had recently been too busy with managing both her daily life and nightly gym sessions.

The brunette had been closer than ever with the twins. When they approached her, placing each a hand on her waist, she herself placed her now larger hands on each of their own waist.

“God you beast. Look at you. Can you believe that Lilian? She's a head taller than me now!” Within moments, the three were touching each other. Joan knew the place well. She knew that the gym was devoid of cameras, that at this late eleventh hour of the night, there would be no more guest here from this quiet university town. Surveillance was absent.

With these thoughts in hand Joan finally said the words Lilly had been waiting for: “Why don't you grab it?”

Both twins blushed, looked at each other, then at the empty gymnasium. “Here?” Asked Lilian.

“Here,” answered Joan. “We'll be fine.” By the time she pronounced those words, her right hand's thumb was already lowering the rim of her pants, struggling

to pass the elastic over the ridges of her steel-like glutes. Lilian grabbed her hand, stopping her motion.

“Let me.” She kneeled in front of her waist while Lilian got behind Joan and rubbed her hands against the top of her back and shoulders. Joan closed her eyes, appreciating the worship. Like her friend, Lilian struggled to lower the pants, the elastic waistband getting caught in each of the ridges of Joan’s glutes. Up front, as it lowered over the soft member of Joan, Lilian saw the thickest penis she had ever laid eyes upon appear, with the extra wide base first. “Maybe... just a bit more...” Lilian muttered as she pulled the waistband down in one movement, almost tearing it apart. Joan’s midsection appeared, her cubic sex now overgrown, five inches long and of diameter. Lilian’s eyes opened at the sight. “Fuck Joan. You’re not even hard, and... it’s -massive- !” Her voice trembled at the end. She put both her hands around it, feeling its warmth and rhythmic throbbing as Joan became ever more excited.

Behind her, Lilly had removed her top and now pressed her breasts against the back of their object of admiration, using her hands to feel Joan’s flexing chest, her fingers bumping over its ridges, and finally, her throbbing nipples.

“Uhn!” Joan let a moan escape while her head bent backward. She felt the wetness of Lilian’s mouth cover her still soft gland. The trio, by that point, had slowly migrated near a wall with Lilly backed against it and Joan sandwiched between the two. Lilian felt the mass within her mouth grow and expand, pushing her mouth away from the wide cylinder of Joan’s dick and upon the less girthy glans, which at four inches wide was nothing to scoff at. Lilian used a hand to massage each testicle, one at a time in alternance as her hand couldn’t grasp more than that, while using the other hand to stroke the side of Joan’s penis, now unable to grasp more than half of it even with her fingers extended in full.

“Fuck,” moaned Lilian as her mouth would come off the warm penis head, “that’s an insane shape!” Joan’s sex was approaching full erection, small but visible veins were plentiful at the base before disappearing under the tautness of the cube-like cylinder, just slightly above seven inches, the length of Lilian’s fingers and palm, and the same in width. A beast. Lilian looked up at Joan, who had her top removed by Lilly. Her musculature -popped- outward, the libido flowing through her body made her seem to pulse bigger, even if it was but a few flexes in excitement. Her neck had become wide, her shoulders rose inhumanly, Lilly’s fingers still massaged it and the rest of the upper body.

Lilian, unable to contain herself anymore at the sight of the erect behemoth, laid on her back in the nude. She said but two words to Joan: “Fuck me.”

“Me after!” clamored Lilly, not wanting to be forgotten in the rising fog of lust.

Within moments, the beast was down on Lilian. The massive glans lined itself up with the hairy and wet vagina of her friend, leaving it pulsing right at the entrance. Lilian felt each pulse through the warmth it radiated, like the warm breath of an animal on your skin. In front of her eyes where the massive pectorals of Joan, with a thick brown nipple near her mouth. The very instant she placed her lips on it, a low pitched guttural moan echoed through the gym room, Lilian had her face pushed down by the nipple and pectoral while her vagina immediately filled with what she thought must have been the biggest cock head on this Earth. Back and forth, Joan entered and exited her friend's vagina with both women gushing fluids: Lilian her self-lubricant and Joan her pre-seminal.

Behind both, Lilly, now in the nude also, grabbed the back of one of Joan's thighs, large enough to mount, and grinder her own sex against the ridges of muscles at the back of it, which considering the movement Joan was exerting, bulged in ways that Lilly could feel as if she was mounting movable steel bars.

For tens of minutes, the trio's crescendo continuously increased, the floor now reflective from the three's continuous excretions. Joan appeared larger than when she had started, while Lilian herself seemed to have her own muscles appear larger than she's ever seen them. All three had their eyes half closed, their mouth half opened; nothing but the animalistic grunts of the three and the sound of slipping feet on the liquid floor filled the gym.

"Lilian..." Joan whispered close to her ear, "I'm... I'm about to unload so, so much inside you. I can't hold it anymore."

The red-haired friend just couldn't wait anymore. She was on the pill, she did not care. She grabbed the hair at the back of Joan's head, and screamed in her ear: "Cum in me you fucking bitch! Fill me up! Fuck! Grow bigger for me!" At those last words, Joan's pupils dilated. She slammed her entire body on Lilian, her legs tensing so much it pushed Lilly off, who herself was now ejaculating her own lube in orgasmic haze. Joan's sex expanded much larger, veins appearing all over it as the glans engorged to a dark purple, the urethra at its tips opening wide, followed by an audible ejaculation, despite the glans being half inserted inside Lilian.

The first stream must have lasted a few handfuls of seconds, before starting on a second one, a third and so on. Each time Joan screamed, pushing her waist down until her cumshot would abate before humping back up and down again for the subsequent shots. Lilian could hardly reach the pectorals growing away from her head as Joan grew larger. Her hands, which were grabbing Joan's glutes, were slipping away as the glutes flexed their striations inward. Lilly for her part was on all four, kissing a massive calf while fingering herself, letting her fetish for legs take her over.

It had been a minute since the start of Joan's orgasm, and it seemed she was far from over. Lilian sex had filled with ejaculate, the overflow now being pushed out from sheer pressure, squeezing between her labia and the immense growing glans, now looking much larger than her fist. The spraying cum reached between the beast's legs, prompting Lilly to grab a handful of the thick substance, stuffing it in her mouth. Immediately, she felt her body energized, striations popping all over her svelte physique.

As orgasmic bliss rocked the three women, Lilly spasming on the floor, rolling herself in the ejaculate; Lilian ejecting Joan's cum through her vagina contracting itself in pleasure; and Joan, now standing up fully, spraying her cum continuously on the wall as she roared, her physique completely larger than when she started her lustful session with the twins.

A couple minutes later, both red-haired nymphos, exhausted, calmed down while Joan's ejection of sperm had slowly diminished to a continuous trickle.

Lilian stood up and looked at a nearby mirror, admiring her ejaculate-covered body. "Fuck Joan, I think you made me bigger," she said as she gave a lateral flex, her muscles now obviously striated, when before she only had well defined muscle groups. Lilly, still laying down, admired Joan overgrown body: her thighs must each have been the size of her torso. Her shoulders encroached against her traps, pushing each other outward. Each muscle had its edges and minute details fully defined, but especially the glutes, which had grown so wide as to have their sides visible from the front.

Advancing upon the one nymphomaniac that still was on the ground, straddling her body with her feet as she crouched over her, Joan cupped Lilly's head with a hand now almost large enough to palm it and placed her mouth by the woman's ear: "It's your turn now." Lilly's eyes widened as she then felt her mouth be invaded by the brunette's now muscular tongue. Her whole body was picked up, her back pushed against the wall, almost dislodging some of the bricks of the gym wall as she did so. Lily could feel her feet floating in the air. She felt herself be dropped on a viscous stool of sort: Joan's overgrown glans, now wide enough to be seated upon. The red haired nympho felt her body bulge, her sex open up to newfound dimensions. Lilly screamed in joy, and was lowered upon the growing sex erect and ready for seconds.

* * * * *

The next day, the gym's morning crew arrived to an incomprehensible scene. They did emit some guesses as to what might have happened, but the possibilities

being so strange, all avoided talking about it. In the end, there was but a footnote in the local paper mentioning vandalism, and that was it.

The girls never returned to the local. Joan had outgrown it and a new place would be required. Joan's ill perceived quest to satisfy Steve would not be denied.

* * * * *

Megan

Intermittent white lines from the ground reflected atop the windshield of a car, dividing a road between each direction in the dark of the night. At the driver's seat was a blonde woman, bountiful long hair bouncing off delicate, frail and pale shoulders, before coming to rest on a decidedly substantial cleavage. Contrasting her immaculate appearance, the car itself looked like a pig sty, with old plastic cups, still displaying a dark circle of caffeine on their bottoms, strewn about the passenger seat. On the floor was a pile of aluminum papers of various candies and wrappers.

"Come on you two, where are you?" The woman exclaimed as she tried calling her two friends: Lilian and Lilly. Annoyed at their lack of answer, she threw the phone on the seat full of trash, before pressing further on the gas pedal with her sandal. For ten more minutes, the young woman drove around the campus, looking around for any signs of her friends. After some more time passed, the phone vibrated. A message appeared on the display:

<Megan. Join us at warehouse 4 on the pier. We got quite the surprise!>

* * * * *

It was pitch black by the time Megan arrived on the pier. Nary a soul would appear at this time of the night and especially not in this area. What the two redhaired doppelgangers could be doing here, she had no idea. Megan left her vehicle, clutching her phone close to her chest, her bare shoulders shivering. She pulled the string holding her top a bit closer to her neck, shaking off the cold.

"Warehouse 6... warehouse 5..." Megan counted down as she passed each block. "Ah here: warehouse 4." She noticed two large red doors made of poured iron, slightly ajar. Through them, a beam of light sharply illuminated the entrance in the dead of night. "This should be the place." Megan advanced in slow steps, her heart slightly uncertain. Rows and rows of storage raising up to a far away ceiling hid from Megan the rest of the warehouse. "Lilly?!" She asked out loud. "Lilian?!" She walked towards a corner where the stored boxes and knick knacks seemed to bend towards an open space, where more bright light shone through.

Right as she approached the corner, a strong, wide hand fell upon her shoulder. "Megan!" The voice yelled out.

—Lilly?—figured out Megan. Yet there was something unnatural, strange about the tone of the voice. Expecting something terrible, Megan turned around slowly, only to then gaze upward at a completely transformed Lilly. Hidden within

bulging and striated pectorals, the tiny head of her friend smiled back at her. Her hands, thicker, with protruding veins leading up to hypertrophied forearms bulging ever wider until massive shoulders that guarded an overgrown neck. In the middle of such impossible mass, her red haired friend was still the same cute button-nosed mischievous goblin as ever. “Lilly!?” Megan almost screamed. “What happened to you!?”

“It’s Joan.” Another deep voice came from behind her. Another voice she half-recognized. It was Lilian. Lilian was even more massive than Lilly, towering a head above her twin. Their bodies approached Megan, their large hands over her shoulders and arms as they caressed her, pressing their selves against her. “Come Megan. You have to see her. She’ll be delighted to see you.”

—*Joan?*—thought Megan—*what does that skinny bimbo want with me?* — Megan reviled Joan. She was glad that Steve overlooked her, considering that despite his preference for muscular women, he still held some sort of strange affection for the short brunette. Megan could never stand how friendly he was with Joan and how he took her affection as a circumstantial boon. as if in a trance, she followed the two massive tanks that were her friends around the corner; only to witness something out of this world. Her eyes squinted from the massive lights open on the high ceiling, tens of feet above. There, in the middle of an open space, stood a horrifying, unnatural sight.

A mass of flesh, pulsating with muscles, occupied the center of the warehouse. Two enormous thighs, as wide as a standing human, rested on the ground, contracting and relaxing. Megan could barely see past them, with both legs of whoever that was pointing towards her, sporting calves of a size enough for each to be wider than the lithe blonde’s body. At their end, past the ankles overgrown with muscle, where two wide feet, their soles thick with mass in a way that almost hid the toes as they flexed every few seconds, reveling in a pleasure that induced noticeable growth all over a body with skin so tight individual ridges of each muscle mass could be counted.

“That... is that Joan?” Megan said, a hand over her mouth in horror. Her eyes gazed towards the middle of the pulsating person laid down in front, eyeing the absolutely grotesque penis pointing upward. The thing looked almost wider than it was long. The shaft underneath rapidly widened, almost pulling the enormous glans flat, before it tapered even larger towards the base, its width beating Megan’s hip to hip measurement with ease.

“OooooooOooooOH!” A guttural voice echoed through the open building, with the thighs bulging strongly, the penis becoming a slight shade darker and contracting as a jet of seminal fluid beamed upward, hitting the roof with such strength that it splattered outward continuously in the shape of an umbrella, breaking parts of the

structure, before raining down over both twins and the blonde. The moment a drop of the white liquid fell on Megan's hand, she felt a strong scent of sweetness penetrate her nostrils. Her mouth could almost taste the sperm. Her nipples erected, her vagina contracted itself while a rising heat within her chest almost knocked the air out of her lungs. She screamed, her pants becoming wet with her own ejaculate as her loins and body surprised themselves with an orgasm that spiked within seconds. She crashed down on her knees, one hand between her legs as she rested her elbow on the ground, her head just above the floor as she heaved, her breathing struggling to keep its composure. The nympho twins approached Megan, both embracing the blonde's body as ever larger conical piles of ejaculate fell all around, the immense thighs of Joan continuously flexing as her orgasm persevered.

"Just give in," whispered Lilly.

"We're here to guide you," said Lilian as she pulled Megan to her knees, with all three feeling the rising tide of ejaculate against their legs.

"What the hell is happening to me. Why the fuck do I feel so good?" Megan fell forward on all fours, her head just inches above the rising lake of sweet smelling ejaculate. Her mind lost, she lowered her head some and took the smallest of sips.

Images of perversion sliced through her imaginary, forcing their way in. Steve. The twins. Joan. She began to picture an orgy, in which all five of them were intertwined, at first in equal ways, but eventually more and more as worshippers to Joan while her being grew and grew, until Joan was but another planetary body they rested on. Different visions superimposed themselves, different scenarios, beginnings and ends.

Minutes later, the room had quieted some. Megan's eyes opened anew, staring at the ceiling. She couldn't hear well. Bringing a hand to her ear, she realized why: they were submerged in the human juices from before. To her left and right, both twins were embracing her, rubbing their overtly defined and muscular thighs over her own. Megan looked at her legs, realizing she could now see for the first time ever muscular definition. Gone was the lithe body. In its place was a symbol of svelteness. With a bit of difficulty, she extracted herself from the solidifying mass of ejaculate, now almost giving off a shine not unlike plastic. Lilly and Lilian gave a quick look to Megan as she exited their embrace before simply filling the void she had left with their own, their mouth connecting with each other while their hands sought their privates, fingers penetrating with ease.

Megan, half in a trance, walked between the now even larger thighs. She got closer to the one on her left, passing her fingers against the fibrous muscle mass, feeling her digits move up and down like a hand passing over the chords of guitar.

Joan's penis had shrank some, resting on top of the boulder sized testicles, its smaller head looking to be swallowed by the short foreskin, stretched too wide.

"Joan, what happened to you," she whispered. Here laid a woman she had once despised, out of jealousy. Any such feeling though had been replaced by dominant self-serving curiosity. She placed a hand on the nearest testicle, feeling its smoothness. The skin around it was taught, the sack struggling to contain their mass, adapting with difficulty to the growing size of its occupants. Megan placed a foot on its side, found purchase and begun her ascension. Up the sperm container, passing by the fat throbbing sex half-awakened by Megan's movements. After climbing twice her height, Megan admired the sight she hadn't been able to see from down there: Joan, laying on her back, her boulder like abdominals rising and lowering in succession with her breaths. In front, atop two fully striated pectorals, where Joan's massive, fully erect nipples, like statues on the side of a path that lead to the woman's head.

She walked forward. Joan's breathing was like a rumble beneath. Behind her, the moans of the twins continued, echoing through the warehouse. Megan's thoughts fought. "Joan..." whispered Megan, passing between the shed-sized pectorals. A side of her wanted to belittle, diminish and ridicule Joan for what she had done to herself. But as she approached the head of the being under her feet, as the mass of intertwined muscles that were this woman's neck, like roots growing out of the mounds that were her shoulders, with traps pushing acting like a throne to Joan's head, revealed themselves to her, Megan's mindset shifted. She kneeled by a mouth the size of her torso. Megan's eyes were closed. She brushed her upper lip with the tip of her fingers. "Joan, dear Joan. Why?" Her voice was sweet, calm.

"FOR STEVE." Her voice had been like a thunder clap. It passed through Megan's ribcage, shaking it to its core. With it, the previous images of all of them in an orgy reappeared. Megan's eyes focused on the lips of her friend, getting her own mouth closer to it.

"Oh yeah, Steve likes bigger women, doesn't he?" Megan responded while caressing her friend more, rubbing her legs and feet against Joan's neck and cheek. The blonde's mind filled momentarily with images of Steve, the guy she had been fucking lately, his svelte shape mirroring his long, shapely penis. She felt her sex contract at the very idea. But what Joan said was true: Steve had a thing for muscular women. Despite that, Megan had been able to entice him—*Maybe, just maybe*—she thought—*if I get just a bit bigger from Joan, Steve's gonna prefer me*—Joan was now, in her mind, a grotesque human, barely recognizable. Yet strangely, she found herself justifying her decision in a roundabout way—*as long as I keep Steve away from her, bulk myself up, I'll be the one*—that Steve might not have liked such a mass of muscles did not even enter her mind. If anything, Megan projected her newfound desire for a body like Joan upon Steve's preference. Her thoughts raced for a resolve—*I just*

have to make sure she cannot get out of here. Too big to move. Too big to live—Images flickered through her mind, of her stature not unlike the twins, if not larger, dominating Steve in bed.

“Joan,” whispered Megan. The monstrous woman’s gaze fixed itself upon the blonde. She repressed a smile, knowing it would be easy to create the next chain of events. “Joan, you want to impress Steve with your size, don’t you?”

“B...” Joan’s lips tried to articulate a word. “BIGGER!”

“Yes, that’s right. You’re still way too small for him though. He told me himself what he likes, and you’re -not- it!” Joan smiled. She saw her friend’s gaze become frantic, her brow furrowing—*this is it*—thought Megan.

Joan’s eyes dilated. Like massive cranes, her hands, almost swallowed by her forearms, moved as best as they could despite their limited mobility. Like lifting a small mouse, the muscled beast picked up the blonde with ease, bringing her to the front of her mouth and putting her larger than life tongue out. Megan put her arms forward, out of instinct, trying to block the wet mass of sponge-like muscle that twisted itself as it covered her body, darting between her legs. The moment of surprise passed, Megan yelled at Joan: “That’s it! Use me! Make yourself bigger! For Steve!” The blonde tumbled backward, falling back upon Joan’s pectoral and facing a nipple the size of her torso. She grabbed its sides, jerking it off slightly and eliciting a moan out of the monstrous brunette. Joan sat up, her head hunched down to avoid the extra tall ceiling of the warehouse.

A cacophony of tumbling objects echoed around them: rows of storage shelves fell down in a domino like fashion, pushed by Joan massive body moving about. She placed Megan down by the two nymphomaniacs, each now licking away at each other’s sex, ejecting significant quantities of lubricant in each other’s mouths. Megan, now free to move as the massive hands that brought her down let her go, took a few seconds to find her footing, unused to how tall and wide she had become. A shadow overtook her. She gazed upward at the sitting giant: Joan was looking left and right at the space she had available while grabbing the side of her sex with one hand, barely cupping a quarter of its circumference. She moved her feet behind her, lifting her behind so as to hover over them, crouching down as her body now created a structure over the three girls. Overtaking the sightline of the trio made the two overgrown redheads cum their heads out, while Megan stared in admiration.

The blonde stared at the fattening sex, its size defying reason as she realized its thickness now rivaled her own height of around eight feet. “Joan!” screamed Megan. “Imagine I’m Steve! Use me for practice! Use me to grow!” Not a microsecond after Megan closed her mouth, the glans in front of her opened up, shooting a jet of pre-seminal fluid in a straight, foot wide beam, slamming into Joan

and pushing her to the floor on her back. “Fuck,” said Megan in delight. She rose again, solidifying her stance. Above her was now Joan’s abdominals as the monstrous woman encroached ever closer, her back aimed at the roof while she hunched over. The heat emanating from the beastly sex was like the open door of an oven at full power. Megan could bear it.

Behind her, she felt the palm of Joan serve as an angled wall she could rest upon. The massive glans approached, a meter away, but with how imposing it was felt like inches for Megan. The hand behind her suddenly cupped her, placing her on her back, horizontally. Two fingers moved her legs apart, with the open urethra centered at her gasping vagina—*oh god*—thought Megan in anticipation. The soles of her feet made contact with the dark purple taut glans, the skin as hot as the sand on a scalding day. “FUCK ME!” Screamed Megan, moments before the massive dick rammed onto her, ejecting a river of pre-seminal fluid anew that covered her completely as it also made way inside her various openings.

Joan moaned deeply, her hilly, mountainous back growing towards the ceiling.

* * * * *

Steve

“Alright guys! See you later!” A tall, skinny man exited the local basketball club. The night was far along punctuated by empty streets. His phone vibrated—*Who’s messaging me so late?*—he read the notification as he approached his own vehicle:

<Steve. I found the twins. They had just been hanging out with Joan. You should be off the practice soon, yeah? They’ve found something amazing they want to show you. Come to the old pier, warehouse 4!>

Steve hardly believed it—*those four, hanging out together? Megan could never stand Joan, and the twins are a repulsive hurricane of their own when they become too neurotic*—Steve had made many friends during his life, certainly, but he never really choose them out of compatibility amongst each other. He wrote back, uncertain.

<Hey Megan. Yeah just got off. Listen: I’m too tired tonight. Maybe another day?>

His phone was halfway down his pocket when it vibrated back from a fast response.

<It’s urgently important you come. I’ll be waiting.>

<Fine. Keep your secret then. I’ll come for a quick stop.>

The man was dumbfounded. It was almost one in the morning. What could be so urgent that she could not wait for the next day? Regardless, he turned the key of his car’s ignition and pressed onward.

* * * * *

It did not take long for Steve to find the location: the piers were a place he often hanged around with some of his friends, a quiet place away from the gaze of most of the town. “Ah, there it is.” Steve saw the parked car of Megan, right by the warehouse. Once outside, an air of eeriness befell him. The pier itself and the facilities on it had been built back in the early twentieth century, during the second

world war. The make of those warehouses was a sturdy one, well reinforced with heavy layers of large bricks amalgamated with potent steel beams, as tall as three or four storey buildings in effect. It gave weight, industrial prestige even, to the pier. In the middle of the night, they appeared as silent monoliths. The entire area had this look of industrial abandon to it. Yet as Steve approached it, his senses felt heightened and on guard, as if the silence itself was unorthodox. Steve rose a hand to his nose. "What is this?" He questioned himself, as a strange smell overcame his senses. An air of heat and passion.

He approached the front door and attempted to push it open. "Damn, it's blocked by something on the other side," commented Steve. He pushed the door a couple more times, but to no avail. "Shit, what's that?" He noticed white liquid seeping between the cracks of the stuck door. Once again, seeing the viscous liquid, coupled with a rising, intoxicating odour, his mind wandered to lust. "Maybe there's another door at the back?" Steve left the front of the building and entered the alleyway between warehouse 4 and 3. His steps echoed strangely: it's as if they made tremors. As Steve approached the other end of the alleyway he stopped. The slight tremors continued in a steady rhythm. Something large was approaching behind him.

Steve spun around, only to witness a black shadow covering the way back to the front of the warehouse. Only a slight outline at the top of the advancing creature, from the light post by his car, revealed what looked like interlocking fleshy ridges, mountains of a mass that filled the alley to its limit, with nary a way past the creature. Another tremor was felt as the lumbering mass advanced again. Steve didn't stay to assess more and ran to the end of the alley, turning left without looking only to smash into something hard, before falling backward on his behind. "Ouch, fuck!" He brushed his nose with his hand, then looked up at the biggest woman, completely in the nude, he had ever seen: Megan.

Standing at a little less than twice his very own tallness, Megan had become a mass of intertwined muscles. A woman that, had she been normal height, would have easily won any male bodybuilding competition thrice over. "Megan?" He said aloud. "What happened to you?" Still sitting on the ground, the blonde girl, now the complete opposite of lithe, straddled his legs, both her thick, muscular feet sinking into the concrete as if it was dry dirt. Her mouth opened, about to respond to him, but he cut her off: "Listen, there's something crazy coming down the alley, let's bail. You can explain to me later—"

"Don't mind her." She grabbed his chin with her thumb and forefinger, forbidding his head from turning to the side. "Mind me instead." She leaned her body closer to him, his vision filling with her pale skin, her pectorals pushing against his torso. The amount of heat radiating out of her was intense. "Mind my sex. I've been needing you for days now."

Steve knew that whatever was in the alleyway was still there. His mind struggled to push back against the unlikely event he was seeing, raptured by lust and desires. "Alright, but just a quick one." The request for a short pleasurable time was only a byproduct of his thoughts trying their best to maintain decency. Megan, smiling, proceeded to push him down on his back fully and started by lowering her groin over his face. His mouth and head rapidly found itself at play with the overgrown, now muscular sex of Megan. He felt his member painfully erect inside his pants, with Megan's hand caressing it through the fabric. Whatever was in the alleyway seemed to simply watch. Steve's mind let go, allowing the moment.

Rivers of lubricant seeped around Steve's neck. He felt the blonde's large hand grasp his pants at the belt and with still only one hand, ripped them off in two, throwing them away. She pulled back and did the same with the rest of his clothes. Megan had simply torn away all of his wear, the pupils of her eyes wide open as she did so. His long penis was revealed, turgid, hard and straight, its tip engorged like half of a fist. Megan did not wait before lowering her folds over it, jamming it up her body. Steve saw stars. Every time Megan jerked herself up, he could almost feel his hips dragged upward from the suction and grip her muscular vagina exercised. He let himself be taken, his prostate screaming for release.

"More. More!" Screamed Megan. Steve darted a gaze upward the rolling muscles of the blonde and noticed her motioning to the alleyway with a free hand indicating whatever was in there to approach. Once again, the mass hiding in the dark of it proceeded towards them. Both sides of the warehouse were being pushed apart as the being scraped both walls with their self. Finally, coming into light, drawing over grotesque contours, a red haired being showed themselves. Their freckled body was almost like a cube of muscles, with massive muscular feet supporting immense calves the size of his torso, serving as pillars for thighs that could rival Megan's pectorals. The mass atop those legs was a strange mix of abdominals, pectorals, forearms and biceps, mixed with bulging traps trying to reach the top of the alleyway. In their middle, a flow of red hair surrounded a much smaller, feminine face. "Join us Lilian!"

—*Lilian? It's Lilian?* —The few conscious thoughts passing the lust barrier that was forming around Steve's mind could barely believe their sight. He had thought Megan large, but Lilian was on another level. She dwarfed Megan with ease. Still laying down, he gasped as he saw one of the most insane, freckled striated glutes settle over his head, before the nympho twin sat down on his face. He barely had time to put his arms up, providing cushion. If Megan's sex had been enough to cover his head, Lilian on the other hand could have inserted him up to his shoulders if she wanted. With both women now on him, he unwillingly let go of his first ejaculation. At the same time, Megan lifted him off the ground, using both her hands

to rub him back and forth between her and Lilian's legs, a human-kept-stiff pleasure dildo whose ejaculate barely registered to the blonde.

Despite finishing, Steve's sex did not flinch the slightest. He felt himself even harder than before, fueled by whatever anima was controlling both women. For the following minutes, his body was used as a doll to pleasure both, his face alternating between servicing Lilian's sex and being squeezed between some of her glutes' striations as his body got grinded back and forth. The tempo rose until it was apparent both women neared another orgasm. Feeling that this would be another wet one, Steve held his breath in, just in time to feel both his waist and head be submerged in a torrent of orgasmic juices.

Coughing and sputtering, the grip on his body relaxed while both women stretched upward, embracing each other to appreciate the bliss of release they had enacted upon the one man they desired most; Steve crawled away from the ordeal. Still unable to stand up as he struggled to breath air back in, he heard the two massive metal back doors of the warehouse open, before hearing a low, cavernous voice spoke.

"IS THAT STEVE?" The voice said.

"Sorry, Lilly, we couldn't wait," responded Megan. Steve could hardly believe his ears: the mountainous voice he was hearing belonged to the once short stacked Lilly? "We just gave him a bit of an appetizer."

"FUCK, I'M STILL SPASMING FROM TAKING IN MORE OF HER CUM INSIDE ME. I DON'T THINK I COULD DO MUCH HERE FOR HIM." Steve felt tremors not unlike Lilian approach the group. He wanted to turn around and stand up, yet his guts screamed at him that his mind might not accept what he would see. The asphalt around him cracked apart, breaking from Lilly's steps. "SHE'S PROBABLY READY TO RECEIVE HIM BY NOW."

—*Who's she talking about?*—wondered Steve. He finally sat up, and turned to face the warehouse. Lilian was groping the upper back of Megan, massaging her upper shoulders and delts. In front of both was Lilly, with a build almost identical, as always, to Lilian. Her size was unimaginably twice that of her twin at least, with calves large enough to surpass Steve's entire body in size and knees that would raise above his head.

"HEY STEVE," she said casually as she saw him turn around. "JOAN'S HERE TOO, IN THE WAREHOUSE. SHE'S BEEN GETTING HERSELF READY FOR YOU."

"For me? What... for? How?" Question after question filled Steve's mind. Would Joan have transformed like them too? He hadn't seen his short, mousey

friend in quite a while. The twins had told him she had been working out and showing gains. But whatever normalcy Steve might have imagined, couldn't have prepared him for what happened next.

“JOAN! STEVE’S HERE FOR YOU!” Yelled Lilly.

At first, for a second, there was silence. Then, almost imperceptibly, a low whale-like thrumming roar shook the ground, the ribcages of everyone and also everything around the warehouse. The massive wall-sized double doors that Lilly had come out of buckled, then broke down, pushed outward by an upside down foot of a size that rivaled Lilly's body, its heel upward. A second soon followed.

Steve got up, approached the three women and stood by Megan, if simply because her relative smallness made her seem more approachable than the two other slabs of muscle. He put his arm behind her thigh. “That’s Joan?” He asked in a whisper of disbelief to Megan.

She smiled back at him. “Just watch,” she responded. The feet came out, fully spread apart as between them, two egg shaped flesh ovals competed for space. Each of those were much bigger than both of the feet that just came out, the ovals struggling to pass the door frame. Steven, uncertain at what he was looking, suddenly realized something he had known, but never really registered: that Joan had a penis and testicles and what he was seeing come out of the barn not unlike something getting pushed out of a hole too tight were exactly those parts of her. A tug in his groin was felt.

Bricks were heard falling in the alleyway, smashing the ground as the wall they had formed buckled in the middle. Near the top, the roof was seen detaching from its hinges, snapping upwards and creating a cloud of dusty debris. Between the newly appeared spaces of the wall and roof, now separated, were masses of undulating, pulsating skin, bulging with so many ridges. The whale-like deep baritone sound, Steve could now identify as the moans of Joan. The top of the roof closest to them, over the growing testicles, was suddenly pushed off, two enormous glutes pushing it up. The wall to the side fell down, an elbow pushing through. Clouds of dust swirled upward, hiding most of the structure falling apart from view. Steve noticed both the twins pleasuring themselves at the sight. Inside the cloud, a dark form arose, rising from the debris in a slow, deliberate manner. He saw the feet retract inside the dust, until two succinct giant tremors almost threw him to the ground. The sound of bricks falling reminded him of an avalanche he had witnessed years ago.

Finally, atop the gray cloud, he saw the back of an immense head poke out, brown and luscious hair flowing down. The dust fell off the newly arisen form like water slowly falling off a shape, massaging its contour. Halfway down the head, the

cloud thinned up, revealing massive trapezoids that rose up to the person's ears, thick all the way down to where they connected with the shoulders. The arms were overgrown with so much mass from behind, Steve had a hard time noticing the triceps, with even the end of the forearm muscles threatening to engulf the thick hands. Her back was like interlocking hills, until they rejoin in a tight but defined mass at her waist, plunging into the still bulging and growing glutes, striated to no end.

As the being's growth continued despite slowing down, he soon saw the cloud dissipate, with two immense feet now filling the area where the warehouse had been. They had started with being as large as Lilly, but now looked twice their initial size. Between them, resting on the ground, were the two massive testicles from earlier. The skin bridge linking them to the glutes above was squeezed by thighs that rivaled the upper body in width, each surrounded by small bridges of protruding muscle cords. The being, Joan, twisted her body to her side slightly, unable to rotate her head, locked as it was by the mass surrounding it. As soon as her peripheral vision saw the four others on the ground, she stopped moving.

A moment of silence filled the air.

“STEVE.”

The voice was so loud, Steve would have lost his footing if not for Megan helping him keep his balance. It was truly a thing to behold: the monolithic woman spun herself to face the group with extreme care. Each footstep was deliberate and with attention, while her testicles dragged on the ground, cleaving the earth open like an apocalyptic engine. The muscular giantess crouched down in front of the group, trying her best to align her massive torso in a downward angle that would allow her to see her friends. Right in front of the four expectants, slamming down with power enough to bend the concrete open was the soft mass of a penis that Joan possessed. Steve couldn't believe it: the biggest glans on this earth, rising somewhat above Lilly with its width, provided a sight to behold. The amount of heat radiating off of the body in front of them was immense.

“Hey Joan,” said Steve while raising a hand in greeting. “You've... uh... you've changed!”

“DO YOU LIKE IT?” Her question was direct, pointed.

“Well, you're certainly a type.” Whatever part of Steve desired to scream at the unreal fantasy that had appeared through these women in the past hour was quickly finding itself buried in a brain fog that seemed to overtake his senses. And that heat, that infernal heat that washed over him from the nearby glans. “I could get used to it,” he said while approaching the soft sex, putting a hand on its hot

surface. The moment he did so, his own appendage responded by erecting anew. Joan, though, from her point of view, could see very little of all of that.

“DO YOU THINK I’M STILL A PIPSQUEAK?”

Steve cocked his head, unsure at what she meant. The events she referenced, he had forgotten. “You’re still my cute mouse!” Slightly scared of a being so big, Steve tried to lighten the mood.

“A MOUSE IS SMALL. YOU’RE NOT A FAN THEN?” Her voice kept a monotonous tone to her line of questions.

Steve, feeling that there was much at stake, took a couple of seconds before answering back. It seemed to him that Joan had grown to impress him. His rising sex was proof that it was working. But seeing Joan so large, almost locked in place by her own musculature, made him genuinely concerned for how she would live, and had his mind been less foggy, would have also been considering how society itself would react to what she had become. “I’m not sure this is good, Joan. What kind of life awaits you now?”

At first, a scowl painted her face for a moment, before settling into relief. **“I SEE. I’M NOT YET ENOUGH. THEN STAY WITH ME STEVE. I’LL MAKE IT SO YOU THINK IT’S GOOD.”** Her muscles tensed.

“Wait Joan, it’s not what I meant...” his voice did not reach her ears.

A first thump echoed in his ears as the penis in front of him pulsed forward, the glans pushing him on the ground as it erected. Lilly, Lilian and Megan stepped back and away from what they knew was coming. Another pulse of the glans threw Steve down.

“I’LL GET MUSCLES UNTIL THERE’S NO MORE ROOM FOR ERROR. JUST YOU AND MY MASS!” She screamed the last part, but with such a baritone voice that it almost became inaudible. The sex rose from the ground, gorging with blood. Steve noticed Joan’s toes digging in the ground as lust filled her own body. The speed at which her body was reacting left him with a strange feeling of foreboding. Looking up now, with Joan’s sex over him, he saw as it extended, the ventral tubular shape under her penis taking up all his view, before it slammed down on him.

Steve felt his sex push against the warm skin of the penis, the softness of the tube allowing him to survive the kiloton impact of Joan's shaft over him. Already, he could feel warm pulses passing through, no doubt great quantities of pre-seminal fluids were being ejected. As the flesh pressed down on him, his penis being able to find purchase while rubbing against her flesh from the friction, Steve found warmth rapidly filling him. The tip of his skinny dick, his fat mushroom, found itself pleased through rubbing against the wall of flesh. With every thrust he made, he could feel said wall growing wider, larger. Distant sound of crumbling buildings told him Joan was probably pushing against the other nearby buildings, crumbling more to dust. Soon, her pre-seminal fluid reached him, even buried as he was, while its level rose over his shoulders and neck. The warm sensation, coupled with his grinding against her mass, was enough to have him finish and orgasm.

Steve laid there, surrounded, for about a minute. He was in heaven. That was, until a bit of Joan's precum touched the side of his mouth, jerking him out of his reverie. He suddenly realized the immense danger he was in—*Fuck*—he thought—fuck fuck! — his mind screamed at him to exit this. Steve spun around and crawled outward. The skin above him was still moving as it grew, but his movements were faster. Eventually, he reached its edge, and saw in the distance one of Joan's muscular, defined feet, its size fast growing larger than the warehouse had been. Above him, the side of the penis was fighting with space from the flexed calf and insanely bulged thigh, with muscles upon muscles growing over each other in subsequent spasms.

Steve finally was able to stand up, then ran around the monolithic being. The three other girls were nowhere to be found, other than their distant screams of joy reaching his ears from above Joan's sex. Steve ran back to where he had parked his car. He ran into it, uncaring for his nude state and pressed on the gas pedal. Every few seconds, his mind would receive a psychic shock of lust, turning his sex hard anew. The mirrors of his vehicle—the side ones and the rear view mirror—all only displayed various parts of Joan growing. Steve accelerated, barely missing a corner as he turned abruptly towards the nearest highway. He fast outsped the legal limit. After five minutes, finally, he looked back through the mirror. In the dark of the night, not much was visible, but the floodlights of the pier that still worked illuminated moving parts of a body, which Steve thought was Joan's calves. She had grown large enough for just one of her legs to occupy the entire pier.

The rumbling increased even as he fast sped away from the pier, now a couple of minutes out. Behind him, the lights of the highway seemed to turn off one by one, ever closer, despite his car being at the limit its engine could provide. The stars in the sky above disappeared just the same as the lights, as something of incommensurable size blocked them from view. Steve concentrated his view upfront, trying not to crash as he continued his dangerous escape. He realized he didn't see the road well, and so put his high beams on.

On both sides of the car, the road now brightly lit from the beams, were Joan's legs, growing so fast as to have overtaken the car. A tunnel made of mass soon formed overhead as her muscles grew to surround the moving vehicle. Steve could hardly concentrate, his penis ejaculating without stimulation. His car found itself propelled even faster forward, as a moving flood of white liquid lifted the car's wheel off of the ground, moving it as if caught in a tsunami. Soon, Steve knew, the underside of Joan's glans would be ramming against him. His vision became gradually white with lust, his breathing erratic as pleasure washed over and over.

The car flipped, surrounded by cum and muscles.

Had someone recorded the deep wind that echoed through the valley, had they played it back with a higher pitch and faster speed, they would have heard but one word: "**MORE!**"

* * * * *

Joan

Marvin was as always the last one to head out the pub. Closing at one in the morning, with the three others on staff finishing their shift thirty minutes before him, he was always the last one swiping up and cleaning the pub in detail. In order to decompress from the accumulated stress, Marvin would stay a bit longer by the door of the pub, basking in the night sky, the dead silence and the sound of the waves crashing by the pier nearby. A man of routine.

When he saw that car speed away, leaving the area further down the pier that harbored the warehouses, his heart jumped. At the same time, all street lights, the only one that had been piercing the veil of the night in the area, went out.

“Was that man fucking naked?” he said to himself. He rubbed his eyes, looking at the rapidly diminishing tail lights of the car as it rushed out of the area, leaving him alone in darkness.

Marvin put his hand by his nose, a familiar yet unidentified smell subtly pricking at the back of his mind. In the distance, like an echo, primal, guttural cries echoed. His eyes searched for their provenance. Was someone being hurt? Was that a whale in the bay? A ghost? Unrelated questions and answers battled through his head as he moved towards the street, looking down at the warehouses. He squinted, his eyes unable to see through the dark, ink like curtains of the night.

“First time I see a blackout here.” His hand cupped his nose as he tried to unlock his phone, wanting to activate its light. Rumbles reached his ears, almost like bricks scraping against bricks. He felt his shoes get wet, confirmed by the phone’s light turned on, illuminating a ground flooded by a rapidly raising clear, sweet and smelling liquid. “A flood?” Marvin moved backward slightly, grasping at a nearby street pole as the push from the waves started to move his feet. The wind picked up, his hair tussled. The rumbles grew louder. Once again the screams picked up, this time with more strength. He could pick off three distinct voices, but was unsure if they were male or female, their pitch being so low. A deep, thrumming bassy sound surrounded the screams. “Hello?” Marvin pointed his phone light down the street. He recoiled in horror.

Pushing forward, meter by meter, sometimes in spurts, sometimes continuously but never stopping, was a wall of purplish red skin, a large gaping slit in the middle from which escaped the liquid pooling up at his feet. The thing was twice as wide as the street, with the very edges of it disappearing in the dark. A nearby warehouse’s ceiling barely two floors high reached the lower third of the mass. Just as another tremor rocked the area, the bassy, whale like sound he had hear before returned. He saw the slit engorge, with its middle opening more as the

liquid flowing out shot forward like pressured water exiting a hydroelectric dam's emergency valve. The column of the water-like substance shot over his head and past down the darkness behind him, moments before he had the idea to move out of the way. Too late in his reaction, he felt his body thrown down to the ground as the liquid mass fell upon him. Marvin struggled, raptured by this apocalyptic evacuation. Gasping for air, he mistakenly drank some of what surrounded him. Finally, his mind could put a word on what he had been smelling, what he had been witnessing: pre-seminal fluids. This was precum. The mass he had been seeing was a monstrously large glans of a penis.

A few seconds later, his head found air as he broke the surface of the flood. His body was sitting down, his back still being pushed around by torrential precum while his ears became overwhelmed with the sound of destruction. Marvin stood up, completely drenched while the enormous penis passed by, the corona of the glans pushing him to the side like a truck grazing him. That small touch elicited more whale-like sound from whatever was down the street. In a moment of clarity, he was able to point the light of his surprisingly still functioning phone down the road again. The penis was growing wider, and fast. Approaching on its side were floors-high wall of tight skin, behind which pulsed ever larger testicles. Further on their sides, razing down what was still standing, where building sized calves and thighs, pushing ahead, away from the center of gravity of whichever being he stood by.

In a rush to survive, Marvin grabbed a nearby fold on the skin of the penis, lodging himself in it like within a blanket, carried away as if on a train. He pushed himself upward within, securing his spot. A minute later, he was already way further than the pier area and the distance only increased faster as the growth accelerated. Unsure where to proceed next, he climbed up the folded space. Maybe he could reach the safety of the top....

* * * * *

It was while being surrounded by mounds of muscles from Joan that Lilly and Lilian found themselves grabbed by a thick hand, brought upward and placed upon the rapidly fattening sex of their growing friend. As her size increased, they had found themselves feeling further and further away from Joan's core, her abs fighting for space disappearing in the night while Megan was last seen passing by them as she headed for the sensitive penis head.

Very soon, it was just them, the sonic waves caused by Joan's moans interceded with the dead silence of the night and the sound of the growing sex under them, its width approaching twice of any normal road. Lilly and Lilian could barely contain their selves, craving touch, pleasure and satisfaction. Any time a moan from Joan washed over them, they found their senses heightened, ready to receive. Both embraced each other.

“Fuck my face,” ordered Lilly. She was still much bigger than Lilian, and as such had an easier time to just lay down. Her shoulders and traps blocked her head in place, but still left just enough space for her friend to approach from the top. She lowered her sex on Lilly’s head, rubbing her massive erect clitoris and vaginal lips all over while bending to reach her friends pectorals and breasts, plunging a nipple in her mouth. Lilly screamed inside Lilian’s vagina, grabbing her friend’s insanely carved ass, pushing Lilian’s labia even harder all over.

In just a few minutes, the few meters around them was covered in liquid, mostly ejaculate.

“Hello?!” A small, frail, scared voice inquired. Barely bothered, the duo stopped their depraved embrace to look for the source of the voice. Further to their side, where Joan’s penis started curving down, in a spot where its skin was slightly piled up to form a fold, a man was seen finishing his climb atop. He quickly stabilized himself, crawling to the center of the still widening giant sex. His pants belied his excitement. “What is all this insanity?”

Panting, Lilian removed herself from Lilly. Her friend’s body was rapidly growing: even laying down, her pectorals now reached up to the middle of her torso. Lilian moved towards the man. “Hello! Are you lost?” She stomped forward, careful as to not appear too menacing. “What’s your name little man?”

“Marvin.”

“Well Marvin. You took a wrong turn.” Lilian was just a couple of meters away from him, her waist at his eye level. He could feel the heat off of her body, separate from the furnace generated by the growing landscape of flesh they stood upon. “But I see your body wants you to give in.” Marvin looked down, half awake, his mind fogged up, unable to think.

“I... I...” what was he doing before? His mind stuttered. Work, he had finished work, then... then a sort of rapture? He was on a growing body. Two women were having sex upon it. Two massive, grotesquely muscular women. He brought a hand to his penis, stroking its tips through his pants.

“There there. It’s OK.” Lilian got closer, dominating his height. She surrounded his form, her hand at the back of his neck. “We’ll take care of you.” She pushed him forward. “I’m Lilian. That growing wreck there screaming with lust is Lilly.” Marvin left himself approach the rapidly approaching barn-sized being writhing in front of them. They advanced through her legs, spread wide to receive. “And now, you’ll help her reach satisfaction.” Lilian teared off Marvin’s clothes without efforts. He did not resist when he felt himself picked up, straightened out

horizontally with his head pointing towards the growing sex of Lilly. “Enjoy the feeling, my man.” Before Marvin had time to react, his head and shoulders where plunged inside Lilly’s sex, pushing back the gushing wetness. Then out, then back in again. Lilian looked like an oversized olympian preparing to throw the javelin, if said javelin had been a man. Every thrust, he would be a bit deeper. Every thrust, Lilly’s thighs rose ever more, now wider than Lilian was tall. The heat was unbearable. All three wet with sex and sweat, completely matted.

Another psychic moan reached the trio. Lilian grew once more, joining her friend. She looked down at the man she transformed into a living dildo. His legs and feet were becoming easy to hold. Soon, Lilian though, should put the other hand of his body within her. Soon, she would be rubbing her own sex against Lilly’s, both vagina squeezing the man until his existance became irrelevant.

Bliss.

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That day, reality found itself upended.

Kilometers away from the pier, which would in the future be refered to as ground zero, near downtown of a large, modern, nearby city, a man and woman were beset by a sight like no other. Flashes of exploding electric transformers sporadically illuminated the night sky, revealing an approaching wall of skin not unlike the back of someone sitting down. Whatever it was, it grew to pierce the skies, the dark shadows of cloud now visible in the night as they created a shadow on the massive being. Eventually, one would have had to look straight up in order to take full conscience of the growing being. The couple embraced in fear as what looked like immensely striated butt cheeks progressed on each side of the city, before the depth of this once human crack enveloped the entire zone. A single, reflective flex was all it took. In a stroke of luck, the couple found itself perched atop one of the striations, their nerves screaming with lust. They abandoned themselves.

A country and a half further, a woman took advantage of the early hours of the day, just as the sun rose, to climb her favorite cliff. Her hands full of talc, her body raging with strength, she ascended towards the top. The reason she appreciated the morning was not just out of a want for an appreciation of the waking world, but also the way the low sunlight would enhance the shadow of little clefts here and there in the rocks of the cliff, facilitating her way upwards. It was then much to her annoyance when the light dissipated. A cloud no doubt, she thought. But as the minutes dragged on, whatever affected the light increased its blocage. Curious, she found a safe place to secure her position without tiring herself. Nothing could have prepared her for the sight she saw.

High in the sky, blotting the very star itself, was proportionally the thickest penis head she had ever seen. The thing was pulsing with want, expelling high in the atmosphere clear liquid that seemed to half fall to earth, half be carried upward into space from the lesser gravity. Around the penis were massive legs, pushing up two gigantic testicles, reshaping the horizon. One leg simply vanished behind the distant curvature of the earth, while the other passed to her side and much further behind where she could see, occulted by the cliff. Ascending towards the stars, immensely illuminated from the side facing the star, was a mass of confounding muscles. The only indication this was somehow a woman were the massive areolas and breasts at the end of the pectorals. Somewhere atop the human structure was hair that rose up against gravity, forming almost a halo. No head could be seen amidst the growing, bulging mass. The climber froze, her lips drying. She did not even realize as her nipples erected, as her legs screamed with passion as she climbed the cliff like a lizard, fast and nimble. The moment she reached the top, a few minutes later, her body fell backward on the grass, her hand plunging inside her own sex. The entire air smelled of lust and passion. Straight above, the giant penis had continued its expansion, the underside of the glans now covering West, East and South like a half dome, until it continued its growth past where she could see. In the distance, the bulging cum vein dug a canyon, only, ever closer to her position. Her pupils dilated as pleasure overtook her.

It had only been a few hours since the event, but it had been enough for all surrounding countries to have now witnessed the beginning of the end. Always, sight of Joan would come first, following by a psychic call releasing an unreasonable want which would dominate all life in a completely animalistic frenzy of lust, spreading like a shockwave around Joan the Ever-Growing.

It was aboard Tiangong, high into low earth orbit, that humans were able to witness the last moments of civilization, as muscular legs grasped the planet like an exercise ball at the gym, squeezing it apart like watermelon. Even though the station orbited at just the right angle to be out of the way, the resulting gravitic shockwave threw it out of balance, flung into space. For those aboard, as the growing body approached, the only solution left seemed to have been to attempt a spacewalk. The speed of growth of the approaching thigh turned out to be just in line with the orbital speed of Tiangong at 27,600 kilometers per hour, overtaking the station by only 30 kilometers per hour at the moment of impact. A few minutes later and that relative speed would have been much, much higher. The blow was harsh, but soft enough for the lucky taikonauts. Soon four of them found themselves in a small crack of skin, in between two growing human cells.

Joan would keep flexing, her body working hard to replace all reality, starting with the solar system.

A psychic scream reverberated through space and time, repeated ad nauseam:

“BIGGER, FOR STEVE!”

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