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Ascension

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Zach groaned and winced. Even though his eyes were still shut, the light against his eyelids was bright enough to sear his mind. He felt like he was waking up from one helluva bender, but he didn't remember drinking the night before... he didn't remember much of anything, for that matter.

"I see you are awake, Zachary," came a robotic sounding voice from somewhere nearby.

"Who's there? Where I am?" Zach groaned. He tried to raise an arm to cover his eyes and block the light, but as he did so, he realized that he did not have full motion of his arms.

"I am an... intermediary," the voice replied. There was an odd clicking sound during the pause almost as if Zach could literally hear the gears turning in whatever constituted a head for his captor.

“An intermediary for whom?” Zach said.

There was no reply. With the robotic voice gone, Zach was struck by how eerily quiet it was.

Zach forced his eyes to open just enough that he could peer around at his surroundings. The room he found himself was stark white and devoid of any discernible furniture with the exception of the table that Zach found himself lying on. The table in question seemed almost like an operating table, but far larger than one that Zach would expect to see. It looked like an Alaskan King-sized bed except that it was made of some uncomfortable plastic-like substance.

Zach noticed that he had manacles attached to his wrists and ankles and that those manacles were connected to chains that attached to the corners of the table. Zach also noticed that the manacles and his boxers were the only articles of clothing he had on.

Zach had a little bit of motion in his arms and legs, but not enough to wiggle free. Zach’s mind was already racing with thoughts and theories as to where he was and how he got here. Each theory was more outlandish than the last. His thoughts ranged from everything as benign as his friends pranking him, to CIA interrogations, to full on alien abductions.

“So... uh... why am I here?” Zach asked warily.

“Worry not, Zachary. You have been selected,” the voice said.

“And why shouldn’t I worry? What was I selected for?” Zach asked.

More clicking. That sound seemed to indicate that whatever was speaking to him was thinking before it responded.

“Your mental and genetic predisposition makes you an ideal candidate for ascension. Once ascended you will serve as...” The robotic voice stopped abruptly and the clicking began anew.

“As...” Zach asked.

“Word not found in your lexicon,” the robotic voice replied.

Zach wanted to question the voice further, but he got the impression that any further inquiries weren’t going to yield him any additional info.

By this point, Zach’s headache had mostly faded, and his eyes had adjusted to the light of the room. Now that he could see better, Zach noticed that the table he was strapped to seemed more like a billiards table than an operating table. There was a rim around the outside and small drains on each of the four corners and two more drains on the sides.

“... wonder what those are for...” he mused out loud. Unsurprisingly, the voice did not give any pertinent information. Although, Zach would soon learn their purpose firsthand. As if to answer his question, green slime started to pour in from unseen

gaps in the ceiling. The slime pooled in the basin of the table that Zach found himself strapped to.

Zach had been managing to keep a level head thus far. Some part of him still held out hope that this was all an elaborate prank, but seeing the ooze pouring into the dish-like table that he found himself strapped to was the last straw.

“Shit! Shit!” Zach shouted as he struggled in vain against his bonds. It soon became clear that he was nowhere near strong enough to pull the chains loose, let alone snap the manacles that bound his wrists and ankles. Zach did not have the strength to break his bonds, nor did he have the flexibility in his thumbs to Lupin his way out of his cuffs. He was trapped. There was nothing he could do but lie there as the green goo lapped against his exposed skin.

Zach’s heart was pounding as the slime seeped into his skin. Had he not been so freaked out, he may have found the experience pleasurable. The slime was slightly warm in the way an Icy-Hot pad would have been. The substance seemed to soothe his muscles. Zach didn’t even have any pain or cramping in his muscles before, but it felt like all the tension was quickly leaving him.

“What is this? What are you doing to me!?” Zach shouted, but the robotic voice did not reply.

Zach tugged harder against his chains. The cuffs dug into his wrists, but he was too freaked out to notice the pain. Zach tugged and writhed until he was

too exhausted to do so anymore. Eventually he collapsed into an exhausted heap on the table. As he lay there gasping for breath, he slowly became aware that there was no longer any goo on the table with him. Had it been drained? Had it all been absorbed into his skin? He couldn't say. All he could say for sure was that the table was now completely dry.

Zach glanced around once more at his surroundings and at himself. There was no sign of the slime anywhere. There wasn't even any residue left on his skin or on his boxers. Had he imagined it all? Was it some kind of illusion? A hologram?

As Zach pondered this turn of events, he slowly became aware of a strange sensation. His whole body felt warm. It was almost as if he was soaking up the hot mist in a sauna, but the heat seemed to be emanating from within him rather than without. Another odd thing was that his boxers felt strangely tight. These were supposed to be light and airy style of boxers and not the form-fitting boxer-briefs that some dudes wore. These boxers had felt as loose as they always did mere moments ago. So why were they so tight now? Had the goo somehow shrunk them?

Zach glanced down at his thighs, and what he saw fascinated him. His legs strained against the fabric of his boxers. He had never been a particularly beefy dude. If anything, Zach was a little on the pudgy side, but now he seemed to have nice, sculpted thighs like those of a pro biker. His legs looked like they belonged to someone who was training for the Tour De France.

Zach's gaze shifted to other parts of his body. His formerly flabby moobs had given way to defined pecs. His gut, which was once soft round, was now hard and flat, and it wasn't just his muscles which had grown. There was another organ which had noticeably swelled as well.

Zach now sported a pronounced semi slinging around in his shorts. Zach had always painfully average down there. Even fully hard, his stiffy capped out at a standard six inches, but now he had to have at least eight inches of soft sausage lolling around in his shorts, and if the outline of his package was any indication, he had to have some nice golf-ball-sized testes to go along with his enhanced rod.

"What the..." Zach murmured.

Almost as if to answer his question, the robotic voice chimed in. "Analyzing... Subject reacting within acceptable parameters... Continuing ascension process.

"No! Wait!" Zach shouted, but before the words had even left his lips, more slime was already pouring in from the ceiling.

As the table once more filled with goo, Zach argued with himself. He felt like he should resist somehow, but what could he do? He had no way to escape even if he wanted to!

... even if he wanted to? The thought blindsided Zach. He did want to! He was a guinea pig in some weird science experiment! Why wouldn't he

want to escape? Sure, he had always wanted to trim down a bit and maybe add on some muscle... not to mention what dude wouldn't want a few extra inches of schmeat, but this was ridiculous! ... right?

Once again, the process was over as quickly as it had begun. The slime had oozed down from the ceiling and seeped into his pores leaving him once more lying atop of a completely dry table, but this time, Zach watched in awe as his muscles steadily swelled before his very eyes. His flat belly started to bulge as four rows of abs slowly took form before his very eyes. His pecs puffed up like pillows before his very eyes. His legs grew thicker and more defined by the moment. His biceps inflated like balloons. Even his triceps steadily increased in size. The defined mound of his cock and balls grew within the tight confines of his overstuffed shorts. As Zach watched in awe, he could hear the fabric of his boxers start to pop and fray as his thick thighs slowly outgrow them.

Once the process had once again stopped, Zach took stock of his body. He looked more at home in the gym than he did at the MTG circuits he had once frequented. He had a thick sculpted bod fit for the cover of Men's Health! To top it all off he had a cock that even the most endowed porn star would stop and gawk over. Even in its semi-boned state, the shaft was as long as Zach's forearm! His thick schlong was thicker than his wrists! His balls were as bigger than his fists!

As Zach stared in awe at his new and improved bod, a familiar voice chimed in. "Subject reaction agreeable. Continuing process."

"Wait!" Zach shouted, but once again his cries were ignored. Once again, the goo pouring in. Once again, the slime started to seep into his body.

Zach's mind raced. His heart pounded. The last dose was welcome in some strange way. Zach had always dreamed of being bigger, beefier, and better endowed, but now? He was already huge! Any larger he'd be a freak! And yet... even as he tried to argue with himself, the thought crept into his mind... he was so huge... his massive muscles felt so amazing... His enormous cock and balls were so hot... with another dose he'd be hotter... huger... more hung... He would be bigger beyond his wildest, wettest dreams!

As he waged a mental war with himself, Zach also waged a physical war with his restraints. He tugged with all his might, and given his new size, his might was quite considerable. Even so, the chains refused to break. As Zach thrashed and struggled, his shorts lost the battle against his swelling bulk. The legs of his boxers shredded up the sides. His cock and balls burst through the front of his skivvies. Soon he was left completely nude with the exception of the manacles that still held tight to his wrists and ankles.

Soon, Zach was once again exhausted. He slumped back against the table and panted heavily from the exertion. His wrists hurt from where the manacles had dug into his flesh. His heart pounded

wildly in his chest, and not just from the exertion. Zach was afraid to look at his body. He was afraid of what he'd see. He was afraid that he'd now be a massive, muscley freak of nature... he was afraid that he'd enjoy it.

Eventually, Zach's curiosity got the better of him. He looked down at his bod and marveled at the thick, sculpted mounds of pecs that puffed up before him. His dense pectoral shelf was so huge that it made it tough to see the rest of his body. The chains were loose enough to allow him to sit up a little bit so he could see over his dense pecs, but at the rate things were going he would soon be unable to see past his own pecs! The sheer thought of that horrified and excited him!

Zach's body was beyond bigger. His lats flared out so wide that even without the chains holding his arms to his side, he'd be unable to lower his arms completely. His abs were so massive that they looked like an array of footballs with trenches between them that were so deep he could lose his car keys in them. The dense, sculpted mound of his Adonis belt was as thick as a pool noodle. His quads were as thick as tree trunks. His biceps bulged out like basketballs, and not to be outdone, his cock and balls had swollen to truly massive proportions. His balls were bigger than his head! His cock was now thicker than his neck! The enormous, rock-hard, rigid shaft now pointed all the way up to his pecs. The huge, puffy head of his fully-boned, pre-oozing cock rested between the thick pillows of his massive pecs. As Zach looked down, he

found himself staring down the slit of his own massive cock!

Zach's heart pounded even harder than before. This was insane, right? He should be freaked out, right? On some level, he truly was freaked out, but as he stared down at his massive body, he also couldn't deny how insanely hot it looked. His cock was the stuff of legends! He had more muscle in his pecs than most pro-body builders had in their whole frame! Zach knew he should scream and thrash and try to escape. Hell, at his size, he might even be strong enough to break his bonds, but he just couldn't do it. All he could do was stare at his massive bulk and enormous cock.

"Continuing process," the robotic voice said.

Zach tried to cry out. He tried to plead with the voice to stop the process, but the words wouldn't come. It was as if his whole body wanted this. His massive muscles and colossal cock shouted down whatever rational part of his mind remained.

Zach once again slumped back dejectedly and let the slime pour over him. As he lay there, the silent war continued to rage within him. He was already a freak. There was no way he could be seen like this by his friends and family... yet at the same time... he was already a freak? Why not accept it and embrace it? Whether he liked it or not, he was going to get bigger... so why not enjoy it?

As quickly as it begun, the next dose ended. The slime seeped quickly into Zach's fully-nude body. Zach closed his eyes. He could actually feel his body swelling. He could feel his muscles getting bigger, thicker, stronger. He could feel his cock growing longer, fatter, harder. He could feel his balls growing larger, heavier, fuller. A moan of bliss escaped his lips in spite of himself.

Zach felt something warm and thick splash against his face. At first, he thought it was another dose of goo. So soon? He hadn't even had a chance to enjoy the last growth! Enjoy? He did a mental double take at the thought. He was a prisoner. He wasn't here to "enjoy" being turned into a roided up freak show! And yet... his whole body felt amazing. He was hornier than he had ever been in his life. He wanted to resist not just the bonds that held him to the table, but also the changes happening to his own mind. The changes were intoxicating. With each dose he found it harder and harder to deny how hot and huge he had become.

Another warm, viscous splash hit Zach square in the face. He tried to raise a hand to wipe his face, and to his surprise, the chains snapped like tissue paper. Yet, despite the fact that his arm was now free of its bonds, Zach found his range of motion just as limited. His pecs were so enormous that he could no longer cross his arms in front of his chest. He biceps were now so massive that he could barely bend his arm.

Zach was now too massive to even wipe his face. Yet despite this setback, he needed to see what was happening! He needed to know why the goo was splashing in intermittent glops instead of in large waves like it had before. He turned his head to the side, allowing the substance to ooze off his face and out of his eyes. It took a minute or three but eventually, his eyes were clear enough to open then. As his eyes fluttered open, he was struck by the strange sensation. This stuff splashing down on his wasn't absorbing into his skin as before. It left his skin sticky and moist, and the bits of it that seeped into his mouth had a very familiar flavor... it was almost as if...

No way! Even before Zach turned to face the source of the substance, he already knew what it was. When he turned his head and stared upwards at the massive head of his own fully-boned, pre-drooling cock, he wasn't even surprised... just a bit bemused and very turned on.

Zach wished he could see his body. He told himself he just wanted to see so that he could get it over with and accept his new size. It was like ripping off a band-aid, he told himself. Best to get it over and accept the things he couldn't change... but even as he told himself that, he knew the truth. He wanted to know how huge he was because he was horny as all hell. The sheer thought of being even more massive than before made his colossal cock shudder with delight, his enormous nuts shifted in their sack as if to let him know that they too were excited and ready to blow.

Zach's anxiety gained a second wind. Seeing his cock towering before him like something out of a Jules Vern novel as well as his own acceptance – and even enjoyment! – of the situation spurred the rational part of his brain to try to once again take the wheel. Zach ripped his other arm free of his bonds. He kicked loose the chains that bound his legs as well. He was free! All he had to do was... all he had to do was...

Zach tried to move. His abs were so dense that he couldn't even do a sit-up! His lats were so enormous that he couldn't even roll from side to side. He couldn't even lower his arms due to the massive, bulging muscles beneath his armpits. He was like a turtle on its back! He was too muscular to move!

"Continuing process," the robotic voice said.

More slime poured in from above, but this time the substance never reached the table. The goo dripped from Zach's cock and onto his swelling muscles. The slime poured into the deep trenches of his abs and oozed down his cum gutters. Zach was now wider than the table! The little bit of goop that wasn't absorbed into his skin now dripped onto the floor below.

Slime continued to pour down on him, and it wasn't all just from the devices on the ceiling above. Heavy splashes of pre rained down on him amidst the green goop. Zach soon found himself coated in a mix of pre and slime as he grew and grew. Zach was already so massive he could barely comprehend the sheer scale of his body. His pecs looked like

mattresses. His thighs were as thick as redwoods. His massive biceps and triceps were the size of yoga balls. His traps were now so massive that they formed a pillow for his head to rest on. His cock was now so massive that it hit the wall behind him. His enormous nuts spilled off the bottom edge of the table and rested solidly on the ground. His balls had the be the size of Buicks, and yet his growth showed no signs of slowing.

Whatever part of Zach's mind that was trying to resist his growth had long since fallen silent. "Oh, fuck... I'm so huge..." Zach moaned orgasmically. His monolithic cock bucked and lurched with such force that the table shuddered beneath him. Cum erupted from his cock. Huge, thick spurts of spunk blasted against the far wall, coating the wall and oozing down onto the floor below.

"Process complete," the robotic voice said.

The walls of the room seemed to melt away. Suddenly, Zach found himself in a room filled with other guys just as huge and hung as he was. Each and everyone one had a massive pump attached to their cocks. Judging by the sounds of moans and the looks of bliss on their faces, each guy seemed to be in a constant state of orgasm.

Zach could only smirk as he saw what fate awaited him. He could barely wait to be attached to his pump. The thought of having his spunk drained from him for hours on end excited him to no end. He

was so hot and bothered that he couldn't stop cumming and cumming again and again.

Robotic clamps dropped down from the sky and quickly affixed a pump onto Zach's colossal cock. The pump felt like the most amazing blowjob Zach had ever experienced. It just made him cum even more! But not a single drop of his jizz was spilled. It was all suctioned off into tubes.

Far away below the facility where Zach and his hulking-out brethren now resided, their combined loads combined into a massive vat which processed the material. Most was shipped off to other locations, but some of it remained in the facility... being processed into a familiar green goop to make even more studs for the factory