

Miss Mass

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Chapter 1

Robert wasn't exactly a fan of the news his wife shared. He had long harbored a feeling of dread for this day, knowing it would come, but deep down hoped, prayed it wouldn't.

“Bodybuilding? Again? I thought you agreed – we agreed you'd stop chasing that rush, Susan?”

Susan understood her husband's concern. She had finally formed – and in some cases, rebuilt – a loving, caring relationship with the members of her family. Her kids, in their younger years, felt Susan's rampant obsession with the sport the most, often times ignored while she perversely focused on her diet and workout regimen to pack on as much mass as possible to take the most prized award in female bodybuilding, the Miss Mass trophy.

Training for the Miss Mass competition almost killed Susan, all those years back. She wanted – needed – the win, but was by no means ready for it, even with the steroids she shoved into herself to make the increase in mass happen quicker. Simply put, Susan just wasn't cut out for Miss Mass, and stopped chasing after it to rebuild her former life.

So what changed?

“You're right. We did. I did. But I'm older now, at a point in my life where I need to start taking my health more seriously.” Susan knew her excuse wouldn't exactly be enough to cut into Robert and help him understand. But she was half right. Susan did need to take better care of her health now. “Bodybuilding's excessive, I know, but it's what got me into the best shape of my life. And even if it was an obsession on my part, it still got you going, didn't it? Besides, I'll just be sticking to independent competitions this time.”

Robert scoffed. Whether Susan being jacked got him hot under the collar and hard as a rock or took part in championships was beside the point they were heatedly discussing – and Susan knew that. She did look particularly ravishing when her skin was bronzed and in a bikini though. “I’m more concerned about whether we’ll relive the past, have a complete repeat of last time,” he commented worriedly.

Robert was distinctly referring to the October of two thousand four, where Susan was preparing for the Miss Mass contest. She spent most of her time that month in the basement gym, beasting through workouts. The days mashed together in a blur, she rarely bothered to sleep, so caught up on not losing her pump. The only time Susan did bother to sleep was when she passed out after riotous, violent sex with Robert, more often than not brought on by an upsurge in libido caused by the steroids she ladled into herself.

“Can’t imagine the girls will be happy about the idea either,” Robert added.

“They’re in their twenties now, Robert, with lives of their own.” Susan’s eldest daughter Billie studied business at the regional university, while her youngest, Clara, spent most of her time sifting through past exam papers, preparing for the end-of-year examinations. “They’ve got more important things to worry about than their dear old mama wanting to lift weights again.”

“There’s lifting weights and there’s you lifting weights, Susan,” Robert pointed out. He knew there was no point in trying to get his wife to see sense. As stubborn as she was, she’d already made her mind up before they even discussed the matter at length. Robert had decided to gamble: perhaps things wouldn’t be as obsessive now as they were before. “Fine. Just...lay off the steroids this time.”

Susan knew she couldn’t promise that. Make an effort, sure, but that was where the line was drawn. But of course she lied anyway. “Of course. I’m not the woman I used to be. Gotta take extra care of my insides.”

They shared a kiss. Though Robert wasn’t as enthusiastic as he used to be. Susan let it slide,

presuming his detachment was brought on by his lack of readiness to support her decision. He'd eventually come around after seeing his wife's body start regaining its former impressive shape, no doubt.

Some hours later...

Despite her retirement from bodybuilding all those years back, the basement gym was still being used — just not by Susan, instead by Robert to maintain a healthy body. He still couldn't hold a candle to his wife, however. Though that was probably because he hadn't used steroids like she did.

Like himself, Robert kept the gym presentable, cleaned it down thoroughly after its use, and re-racked the weight plates. When she was in her prime, chasing the Miss Mass trophy, Susan hadn't bothered to clean the gym when she eventually came out of her roid-pumped stupors, usually leaving that to Robert. Not to mention wiping her down too. But Susan knew there was very little point to any of it, given she'd just inevitably go back and grease the equipment with her sweat not even a couple of hours later anyway.

She picked up the dumbbells nearest her. The lightest set. Susan hadn't lost her form or technique, a constant imprint burnt into her brain from nigh-perverse use, the smell of iron and steel strong in her nostrils, like a matador's blood had smeared a bull's nose. What she had lost was her strength. Something she missed and longed to regain, eager to feel the same sense of incomparable strength she boasted so casually in her early years as a bodybuilder. It was a rush. Erotic, even. Even the idea of gorging on food to maintain her size was stimulating to Susan.

Reaching her ninth curl, she remembered lifting a weight several hundred pounds heavier like it was nothing, as though, even the weighty object was in her hand, she was only lifting her arm up. So strong was Susan in her prime that the heaviest weights she owned submitted to her. She wanted — needed to experience, own that feeling again. But such strength required the illicitness of drugs and hormones. Susan may have lied to Robert about not using them again,

but she had her own doubts. Susan wasn't the woman she once was. Gone was the youthful prodigy of the nineties, replaced by a carbon copy suburban mother of two and loving wife.

The former Susan still resided though, deep in the older shell of the contemporary woman, crying, screaming and shouting desperately to be released, the beast that it was, inhumanely caged. Susan felt her former self try to break free, punching animalistically through her mental barriers in the attempt to not just bring itself to the surface once more, but conquer the woman wholly and utterly. But Susan knew this time there would be no coming back. If she were to let her former obsessive self through, the woman she was – the respected member of the community and loving mother and wife – would be no more, replaced with a bodybuilding-obsessed, steroid-pumped freak. It felt as though Susan had a demon within her.

Susan opted for a heavier pair of dumbbells, the lesser pair carefully restacked. That was when she finally felt her pump and the familiar ecstatic rush hit her like a brick to the face – sudden, hard, powerful, alerting her. Veins had risen to the surface of her arms, a sensation she hadn't experienced in God knows how long. But even then, the feeling–

She traced a vein with her finger, its rigid bumpiness brushing the tip.

A smile. But it was nothing quite like the smiles she'd been giving her family for the past decade. If anything, it was a new smile, at least to them. Susan recognized it straightaway; familiar, longed for. The old Susan had burst to the surface, revealing itself with an uncompromising vengeance.

Her clit pulsed with a furious reckoning, a sensation that compelled Susan to shamelessly grope her crotch as an inevitable streak of love juice trickled down her thighs. She hadn't felt this turned on years - not even Robert could get her going so fervently, paling in comparison as though his skills were that of an insecure virgin. It was as if her true sexual energy had been bottled up all these years and lifting the weights uncorked it.

She played with herself for a moment, moaning softly as her clit tensed and clamped involuntarily around her fingers like a vice, an old strength renewed, revealing itself. Her old

self had won out, taking back complete control of her body to obsessively rebuild itself stronger than ever; stronger than any woman; stronger than any man; stronger than any thing. Susan was determined to prove that.

Dinner with the family soon followed, and as per the usual with her routine after all those years of being 'dormant,' Susan had more than her fair share of what was on offer. She, of course, was no larger than she appeared earlier, save for the pump she still felt, but had to eat big to get big. That was of the many mantras of bodybuilding.

Susan's eldest, Billie, watched her gorge on the small mountain of pasta and chicken breast as though she had never eaten a thing in her life, listening begrudgingly to the regular slurps and burps. Billie knew there was only one reason why her mother was eating so much more than normal. Her father, even in his hesitance to do so, didn't need to tell her - it was right in front of her.

"Oh my God, you're bodybuilding again, aren't you?"

Clara, Susan's youngest, dropped her fork onto her plate in shock, the memories — or perhaps nightmares — of her mother's past obsessiveness coming back in a torrent. Clara distinctly remembered how Susan missed the dance recital she spent months practicing for because she was too busy getting her swole on in the basement gym, obsessively re-measuring her muscles in an attempt to see just how much bigger they'd gotten between sets and supersets. Neither Clara nor Billie wanted a repeat of that for their individual graduations.

"Yes, your mother has decided to go back to it. She argues it's to improve her health on account of being older now," Robert delivered. He spoke the words but wasn't particularly inclined to believe them. Especially her vow on no longer using steroids. "She's also going back to competing, though in smaller, indie contests."

Clara scoffed. "You don't actually believe that, do you? She's got that rush again, chasing

after that Miss Mass shit.”

Billie kept up watching Susan maintain her caloric intake. The young woman couldn't tell if her mother's silence was because of a decision to ignore Clara or if she was so obsessed with eating that she didn't even know someone was even talking. In any case, Billie eyeballed the vein running along Susan's arm and fought the urge to gag at its twitching like a worm writhing in dirt.

“No, sweetie, I won't be going for the Miss Mass contest anytime soon,” Susan mentioned matter-of-factly. Her words were truthful in every regard, but they were intended for now. There was no telling how she would feel about competing for the Miss Mass trophy several weeks from now, or even tomorrow for that matter. The fact was, Susan's opinion had the potential to change once she started noticing significant changes in her body. “I will be taking steroids again, though only in far smaller, wiser doses than before. Just to burn fat quicker.”

“I knew it! You can't stop chasing the rush, can you?” Billie knew the circumstances involving her mother would be inevitable. Small steroid doses would eventually become bigger, and consequently more frequently injected to the point where it was almost second nature. “You'll just go back to the way you were before. You might think you won't, but we know you will. It doesn't affect you like it does us.”

“Our graduations are coming up, Mum,” Clara imparted in her signature mousy tone. “You'll just forget about them like you did all the other things we did as kids.”

Susan knew Billie and Clara's words were truthful and even impacted her slightly, but the obsessive side of herself that took possession of her had hardened itself in its years of hibernation, thought of nothing but growth, size and strength.

Susan offered words her daughters wanted to hear. Whether they were truthful was altogether another matter. “I'll be there this time.”

Billie and Clara weren't so quick to agree with their mother but gave her the benefit of the

doubt. Susan would have to prove herself.

The next day...

Susan hadn't been to Wyatt's gym in years. Ever since the house basement had been renovated into the gym, she had all the time in the world to work out, with no-one ever telling her when she should stop or if the place was closing down for the night. But now that Susan was finally coming out of retirement, she needed to visit her old-time gym friend.

To call Wyatt a 'big guy' would be quite the understatement. If anything, 'an absolute monster of a gent' would be more appropriate. In the early years of Susan's career as a bodybuilder, he helped train her, and give her the usual 'peps' for faster growth. On the side, he'd been obsessively grooming his son, Trent, to be just as big, if not more so.

Susan looked around the gym. It had clearly been modernized quite a bit since her last visit, more machines than traditional weights. What was perhaps a pleasing constant, though, was the presence of women in the establishment, some of which were considerably stronger and larger than societal norms. One woman in particular caught Susan's attention. Grunting passionately as she performed flies, Susan noticed her jaw was distinctly striated, no doubt an onset of rigorous steroid use. A striated jaw was just one of the many things Susan longed to once again boast.

Then the voice came.

Missus Jones? That you?"

Susan didn't immediately recognize the younger man, at first believing him to be a total stranger he mistook her for being someone else by the same name. But then the face came further into view as the guy approached with a smile. It was Trent, though he had quite obviously changed in recent years. Not just older, but larger too, his boulder shoulders

stretching his shirt, pillar quads threatening to tear his shorts, a sausage thick vein at his temple twitching.

“Trent?! My, my, your father’s turned you into quite the freak since we last saw each other, hasn’t he?” Susan reminisced, remembering all the way back to April of two thousand six, when Wyatt had started Trent’s first steroid cycle. Trent may have only been thirteen at the time, but it was something they seemed to agree on. Besides, he turned out alright despite the obvious fears. Susan grabbed his arm and squeezed. Solid. Like a real man’s arm ought to be. Robert’s was flabby by comparison. “I’m impressed. Surprised you remember me after all these years.”

Trent laughed, his pecs pushing out against his shirt. “How could I forget? A woman as strong as yourself way back then breaking a man’s arm in seven different places while arm-wrestling him, and completely shattering his collarbone in the process, isn’t somebody one easily forgets.”

Susan chuckled nervously. She’d completely forgotten about that until Trent brought it up. She was proud of her strength in that given moment, but not particularly fond of the screams the man bellowed when a bone pierced his shoulder. One of the reasons Susan decided to give up bodybuilding. “You must be, what, twenty now?”

“Twenty-three, same as your Billie.”

Susan smiled. “Your old man round? I’m here to do business with him?” Susan felt the need to speak in a hushed tone over the nature of her visit, but she couldn’t have been anymore oblivious to the truth.

“He passed, actually. Last year. Heart failure. Though I supposed it was his own fault, really, given all those roids he’d been ladling into himself.” Trent didn’t seem particularly vexed by him being in a similar situation as his late father, being more chemically-fueled than a person ought to be. But then, he shouldn’t have had such an outrageous bulge in his pants as he did now. And he wasn’t even erect, just lucky to be well-endowed, even with all the hormone use.

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear,” Susan frowned. “Your mother?”

“As stubborn as ever,” Trent joked.

They shared a chuckle, Trent’s thick pecs bounding and slapping together, pressing even tighter against his shirt than before.

“The situation with steroids has changed quite a bit over the past decade or so. They’re more of a shortcut than a means to cheat these days.” Trent gestured to the row of clients using the treadmills. “They’re all using them. All bought from me, no less. Took over father’s side business as well as the gym after he passed.”

“So we could just...do it right here, in front of everyone?”

“Everyone else does. Steroids are still illegal, mind you. It’s just that nobody here’s gonna snitch on you.”

Susan felt particularly relieved to know nobody would think to look at her and Trent suspiciously as they casually talked about steroids she intended on buying, pulling her purse from her handbag. She opened it to reveal the blueish outline of several hundred pound notes. “So what do you have on offer? I assume you at least have the classics?”

“Yep. Clen, Tren, Winnie, Deca. All the classics.” Trent could see the excited glint in Susan’s eyes, making him smile. “But if you’re looking for a bit more oomph, I’ve a little something you might be interested in.”

Susan’s eyes curled with curiosity. She liked oomph. She also liked the idea of knowing there was something out there that could help her see results at a rate faster than she was accustomed to from other drugs. “I’m listening.”

Trent gestured for Susan to wait as he retreated into his office. He opened a drawer and pulled out a small vial. Susan was getting giddy merely at the prospect of knowing that whatever

the drug would do, however big it would make her, however faster than all the others it would act, it was something she'd own. Her clit pulsed with excitement.

Upon his return, Trent showed the vial to Susan, holding it firmly between his thumb and index finger. "Trazoprosyn, or Trazo. Supposedly comes from somewhere out East. This is one of the first."

"What does it do?"

Trent laughed. "Asking the wrong question there, Missus Jones. What doesn't it do? Forty percent faster growth rate than Deca, doubles your metabolism so you can eat more to grow more, quadruples your libido, so you'll be fucking practically non-stop, quarters your sleep time, too. If dudes use it, their fucking dick and balls get bigger."

Susan glanced at Trent's bulge again. That explained why he was so big down there.

"It's basically the king of steroids, Missus Jones. Everything a bodybuilder's ever wanted is in this vial."

"Any side effects?" she asked.

"The company, of course, neglected to mention those before they sent out the sample. But folks like us, doing what we do, like to live dangerously, don't we? We get what we want, even if there are side effects."

That was an understatement. Susan and Trent both knew that. After all, at least one of them nearly died for being so obsessed with growing.

"So how much?" Susan thumbed the hundred pound notes stashed in her purse. Quite literally ready to give Trent everything she had just to get a taste of the Trazo.

Trent could see just how much this meant to her. “I would give this to my clients at two hundred a pop, but seeing as you’re such a legend in these parts, Missus Jones, I’m willing to go as low as fifty for now. If you ever come back for another vial, we go back to two hundred. I’d say that’s fair.”

Susan flashed three, one hundred pound notes in Trent’s face, practically shaking with suspense already. “Gimme two.”

Trent chuckled softly. He should’ve known Susan would be so uppity about the Trazo. “I’ve only got the one right now, Missus Jones. Come back when I get my first boxed delivery.”

“When?”

“Next month. Shit’s not easy to make, you know.”

Susan paid for the vial on hand, looking at it carefully. A clear, water-like liquid flowed inside. “Recommended dosage?”

“Shit’s powerful, so five mill ougha cut it.”

Susan nodded. In her prime, she had a tendency to deliberately OD, sometimes behind Wyatt’s back. But if the Trazo was truly as powerful as Trent claimed, perhaps it wouldn’t have been a good idea to OD on that. At least not until she knew just how ‘powerful’ it was at the recommended dose.

“Might pop in from time to time to show you my progress. Might even need a spotter too.”

Trent smirked, intrigued by Susan’s insinuation. Did she mean to take him on as her spotter or just anyone who was willing? “Please do. You’re more than welcome to drop by anytime, even if just for a chat.”

“Lovely. Guess I’ll get cracking on then.” Susan moved in to kiss Trent on the cheek. Though, she of course couldn’t stop herself from copping a feel of his massive balls, running her palm under his shaft. Trent winced. “See you next week, darling!”

As she walked off, Trent massaged his aching balls as he watched Susan’s bubble butt roll, bounce and stretch the confines of her knee-length skirt. He hadn’t ever viewed the woman the way he was now, sizing her up from head to toe, from mouth to ass. Oh, she was a minx when she wanted to be.

Chapter 2

Life for Trent outside the gym was not much different than in. He trained in his bedroom, just as vigorously as he did in the gym bequeathed to him by his father, ate just as much if not far more food, and spent what little spare time he had left in the day to read bodybuilding books – autobiographies, diet and workout guides, even some fiction pieces on the side. Bodybuilding was Trent’s life. He lived and breathed it day after day, night after night, workout after workout. In spite of all that, though, he was far from a meathead, actually an intelligent specimen of a hulking male.

But his life was far from perfect.

His bedroom doubled as a small gym and shrine to bodybuilding. To the left of his bed was a workout bench with a bar totaling three hundred pounds racked in place, a series of Mister Olympia posters above it. The bench itself had the obvious sheen of sweat streaking across its base, a protein shake and warm towel positioned on the windowsill next to it. There was, of course, the ever expected bottle of oil there as well. Trent typically went through two bottles of oil a week, ever fascinated by the appearance of his musculature after being oiled.

He observed the series of trophies he won over the years, each one larger than the last. The most recent victory he secured was the twenty-nineteen Mister Beefy, a relatively new contest that started only a few years prior. With each passing year, Trent vowed to himself that he would continue to win these trophies, continue to wow the crowds – particularly the female half – and continue to grow. Most people viewed his growth journey to be an obsession, but Trent saw it as a need, a promise to his father to do him proud. Wyatt probably would be.

Angela didn’t share the same muscle-building genes or interest in bodybuilding as neither her husband nor son, but she was keen on helping Trent fulfill his dream of becoming the most muscular male in the world, the extent of the promise made to his father. Angela did everything

she could to help Trent achieve his dream – cook his meals whilst he worked out, washed his clothes, help pay for things he couldn't if he was a little strapped for cash – everything that was to be expected of from a caring mother.

Trent's bedroom door groaned open slowly, revealing Angela holding a mountain of food stacked on a tray. Steaks, pasta, rice, an assortment of fruit and vegetables – all the things a bodybuilder could ever get their hands on to stuff their mouth with. There was so much food on the tray that Angela's arms shook under the weight of it all, chuckling nervously, only just managing to hand it over to Trent before she'd otherwise lose her grip.

Trent went for the steak first, cutting into it with the cutlery like a savage, as though he'd been starved for weeks. Angela watched him with a smile, positioning herself at the edge of the bed. Trent was bulking for his next competition, so needed all the food he could get his hands on. Luckily, he wasn't eating his mother out of house and home. Most of the stuff he ate came from sponsorships and deals made with sports competitions, but the money won was always just enough to get them by.

“So...the Jacked-athon this year, huh? You know, your father won that twice in a row.” Angela handed Trent his glass of water. He guzzled its contents in one swift gulp before going back to the steak, already halfway through it. He was a machine when it came to eating. “You're as big as he was when he won it the second time. Just let that sink in.”

Angela softly chuckled at the remarkable rate her son was ingesting the food on offer. “Take your time, there's more than enough there to feed a family of four for a week.” She wondered how he was able to consume so much in such a short time without taking a breather or choking. Sure, his throat and neck muscles had both grown to the size of her arm, but still – how?

Then Angela noticed the syringe and vial positioned on Trent's bookshelf, the vial half full with a clear liquid. The same stuff Trent himself gave to Susan a couple of hours earlier.

“Ah. So you've been using the Trazo. That explains your appetite. How does it feel?”

“My appetite?”

Angela chuckled. “No, silly. The Trazo. I sunk a chunk of our life’s savings into getting that for you.”

Trent sighed. He didn’t need the reminder his mother spent money on an illegal substance used to help build his mass faster than anyone thought possible. Sure, she wanted to help him achieve his goal, make good on his promise, but still – it was their life savings. They couldn’t exactly use the money the companies sent because the purchases made from it, if they got caught with the Trazo, would come back to them. But all the same, Trent just couldn’t deny the feeling he got from his pump, the burning sensation, was nothing he ever felt before.

“It’s great,” he admitted. “It’s the strongest I’ve felt yet. It’s like cumming. I’m not ashamed to admit it.”

“That’s great! Your father would be so proud of how far you’ve come in the past year.” Angela was elated to know Trent felt the way he did. It’s true that Wyatt would be proud of how far his son had come. But he had boundaries, knowledge of how far was too far, how much was too much. Angela, of course, didn’t. She took the syringe and vial from the bookshelf and presented them to Trent. “There’s still so much in this though. Would hate for this stuff to go to waste.”

Trent’s hesitance was apparent. He’d already told Susan – whom Angela didn’t know also possessed the Trazo because Trent had sold it to her when it was really all supposed to be for him – that five milliliters would likely be enough to do the job, at least for a boost. But Angela was presenting the notion of injecting the remaining ten milliliters.

“I dunno.”

“If you wanna win the Jacked-athon, you gotta take your doses more seriously, sweetie,” Angela cooed sternly.

Trent's muscles itched. The prospect of his muscles growing larger was, of course, something he sought more than anything, arguably more than sex, but boundaries and limits were things his father had taught him over the years – to lift, eat and inject only as much as one could manage. Not to mention he already knew five milliliters was more than enough. Yet it was clear Angela was an enabler of the highest caliber. She swapped out the syringe's needle with one found next to Trent's bedside drawer, pulled out one of his stretchy socks to tie it around his arm and act as a tourniquet, then injected the remaining Trazo.

The syringe was removed and hastily discarded. "You gotta do right by your father. By me. Paying the bills relies entirely on you achieving your goal. Now pick up a dumbbell and get back at it!"

A renewed sense of energy swarmed Trent, compelling him to lift the two dumbbells by his door and start curling them.

Angela smiled shrewdly. "Good. Now, don't come back down until you've done at least three thousand reps. When you're done come downstairs. I want to show you something."

Trent wanted to protest his mother's decision but decided against it. He was still hungry even after consuming that mini banquet she hauled up for him to gorge on. The new dose of Trazo definitely didn't help – it would just double his appetite.

All the same—

"Yes, mother."

Angela had the next few years of Trent's life entirely mapped out, from his next chain of contests – The Iron Man, Muscle King and Mister Swole competitions – which partnerships organized by companies and brands to maintain, even whom he socialized with to ensure his

focus was almost always on the next trophy or next big win. The relationships and deals made with the companies were carefully chosen by Angela to ensure the individual yields from each was maximized. Put simply, each deal was chosen purely based on how much profit Trent would make from it, regardless if the product or whatnot he represented was actually certifiable.

In regards to Trent's social circle, Angela personally vetted every individual he called a friend, gauging just how serious they all were about bodybuilding. As an extension of that, Angela also screened all the women Trent mingled with, determining their viability as a mate for him. So far, only two women caught Angela's eye: Mia and Taylor, both of whom, bodybuilders like Trent, sat on the couch together opposite Angela.

Mia. She was the youngest of both possibles, twenty-four to match Trent's age, but also the least muscular compared to the larger Taylor, herself aged twenty-six. Perhaps it would be beneficial for Trent to have a somewhat older, more mature woman at his side? The steroids she so obviously ladled into herself to become so big – easily on par with Trent – may have given her that outrageously striated jaw and more pronounced cheekbones, not to mention the deep, masculine voice, but these were traits Angela could easily overlook or become accustomed to. Yet there was something about Mia's characteristically flowery tone that made Angela smile, the younger girl's brunette curls a sharp contrast to Taylor's long blond mane covering her mountainous back.

“The purpose of this process is to pick out a suitable mate for my son. I want both his and your own muscle-building genes to pass on into his children and their children too.” Angela observed Taylor and Mia's individual responding expressions, calm nods interspersed with slight smiles. They knew exactly what they were signing up for – the in-depth fliers set up across town, describing Trent as ‘a bullish and hung Greek god in the flesh, seeking a mate.’ Straight to the point. “He's the priority. It's worth remembering, girls: I don't care how much either of you can lift or eat. What matters to me is how long you can last in bed, how long you can fuck. To take his seed.”

Angela went over Taylor's submission form for what had to be the seventh time, whilst she'd only looked at Mia's thrice in the past hour. Taylor didn't have any underlying medical

conditions, which was a plus, yet Mia suffered from Asthma, something Angela wasn't particularly keen on having to deal with in any potential grandchildren she may have. Then again, Taylor's flagrant steroid abuse wasn't without its problems either.

"And taking your excessive steroid use into account, Taylor," Angela commented, "you may be more sexually confident, but you're also more likely to pass on HIV."

Taylor grumbled. She didn't particularly like that piece of news, even if it was the hard-hitting truth. She glared at Mia, knowing the chances of her being picked as Trent's mate had no doubt drastically improved. How anyone thought Mia could be suitable for Trent was beyond the blond's understanding. "So you're fitting to make this skinny bitch ride your son's dick? A bit contradictory, don't you think?" Taylor argued, her tone deeper than now than it was earlier.

"You're both viable women, each for individual reasons," Angela disclosed. Taylor may have been bigger, but such strength could lead to unforeseen heavy-handedness, not to mention the roid rage. Qualities best not expressed around children. But Angela could see the potential her grandchildren might possess under Taylor's motherhood. Far more potential than under the smaller yet evidently more caring Mia. "Size and strength isn't all I'm looking for. They're just the main traits."

"Oh puh-lease! There's more mass in my left calf than Mia's entire body." Driving her point forward, Taylor extended her left leg outward and flexed her calf, watching its beach-ball sized largeness bloat outwards from what had to be the slightest dose of growth. "If mass and strength are the main things you're looking for, why don't I just go up to Trent's room and fuck his brains out right now and be done with it? It's not like either of you could stop me."

Angela smirked. Confidence. An admirable trait. But Taylor wasn't being particularly smart about the situation.

That was when Trent finally made his appearance, his torso and hair matted with sweat, a puddle of the glandular liquid moistening his padded shorts. In his hand he held the shaker

bottle gifted to him by Lite Industries, one of the top sports companies in the world sponsoring him.

Taylor sized Trent up. Smaller than she suspected, admittedly. His mother had been bigging him up to this prime specimen of a man akin to a god, and yet, he looked so...ordinary by her standards. Sure, Trent equaled in size to Taylor, but she suspected to be weak at the knees from merely seeing him. At any rate, she was at least amused. She'd use him like a doll.

Trent wasn't sure what was going on. He'd never met these two strangers before, especially the blond one who looked as though she was eyeing him to be her next snack. Trent positively acknowledged Mia first with a brisk smile. She mirrored the gesture in return before blushing.

"Trent, this is Mia and Taylor." Angela gestured to the two girls respectively, though seemed to acknowledge Taylor the longest, as though she'd made her mind up. "These are the most viable candidates I've found to be your mate. Your wife."

Trent felt like he'd hit a wall with the news. What the fuck did his mother mean by that? She was arranging a relationship and marriage between him and one of these women behind his back? Why? He didn't have to say anything on the matter — his face spoke for him.

Angela continued, taking her son's evident shock-induced silence into account. "Now I know what you're thinking, but it's high time you started planting roots, growing the family a bit."

"So you decided to arrange a marriage behind my back?" Trent argued.

"Far from it, actually," his mother whipped back. She knew he wasn't listening, far too busy offering sporadic glances at the dainty Mia to care. "As I said, I've chosen these two as viable candidates for your spouse, but I wanted to you to have the final say."

Trent already knew the answer to that. "Then none of them. I'm not ready for any of that shit yet, to 'grow the family.'" He had his own goals — none of which actually aligned with his mother's. Trent wanted to explore, to see the world. But when his father died, he was pressured

into doing good by the family's name. Trent becoming the most muscular male in the world wasn't his dream, it was his mother's. "I wanna do my own stuff. I want to—"

Angela slapped Trent clean across the face, not caring the slightest for how it was persevered by Mia or Taylor. Angela and Trent already had this conversation several times in the past. The notion of Trent traveling and wasting his potential was not something Angela was keen on encouraging. Wyatt didn't die so his son could walk off into the sunset.

"I told: no," Angela cautioned sternly.

Trent rubbed his jaw. The pain stung sharply. It was one of those moments from Angela where it was best just to follow through. It was best for Trent that he decide on a wife. He knew there was very little point in asking for some time alone with each girl to get to know them better, individually. But that wasn't what all of this was about.

"I choose Mia," Trent said softly.

"Hmm. I was leaning more towards Taylor myself," Angela admitted, sizing the blond up from basketball-sized calf to bullish neck. She definitely had more potential than the comparatively waif-like Mia. "Imagine the potential your children would have if you bred her. I can see your twin blond girls right now."

"Well, seeing as you've already got a fantasy about the situation, why don't you just make the decision for me?" Trent was livid. In any normal household this would all be perceived as a weird, twisted and sick joke. But this wasn't any normal household. And that's when Trent realized the truth, shaking his head at the realization. "You have, haven't you? You've made the decision behind my back and just given me the illusion of choice."

Angela didn't say anything. Her expression and evident silence coated in a sheet of disdain towards her son's contemptuousness spoke for her. He was ungrateful, just didn't have any idea what his mother was trying to do for him.

“Taylor will be your wife.” Angela turned to Mia. “Sorry little one.”

Mia walked off, leaving the house in tears. Angela scoffed. It was just as well Mia was let go. There was no way Angela would tolerate such unpredictable emotional upheavals as hers, especially when they could’ve been passed down to her children.

“Pay checks will come monthly, as per a typical job’s payment. On the sixth of each month,” Angela explained.

“Wait. You’re paying her to be my wife?” Trent felt defeated.

Angela glared. “Go on. Show Taylor what she has to work with.”

“What?” Trent blurted.

Angela groaned exasperatedly. Did she honestly have to do everything? Hands at their brim. Angela pulled down Trent’s shorts with no shame and presented his cock to Taylor. It was semi-hard, a thick vein running across the shaft in a zig-zag motion. Shamelessly, she flicked Trent’s cock and cupped his balls to squeeze them teasingly. He winced. She smirked.

“The new drug I’ve put him on increases his muscle mass. Makes his cock and balls bigger too,” Angela explained, eyeballing her son’s shaft for a period of time longer than a mother ought to before turning to Taylor. “I trust this is something you can work with?”

Taylor scrutinized Trent’s cock for a moment, regretting her earlier thoughts towards her fiancée, now that she saw what he has behind his shorts. He may have been equally muscular as herself – something she hadn’t expected, anticipating him bigger – but he definitely had the balls befitting a Greek god.

“Definitely,” Taylor chuckled.

Trent gulped. He and Taylor surely matched sizes, but there was something about her on the inside that seemed, frankly, intimidating.

Susan's hand turned the radio's dial before Eighties synth music blared, powering through the basement gym like a drill through concrete, disrupting the house's tranquility. Her posing outfit may have been a decade or so out-of-date, but Susan didn't care about that so much as whether it still fit. Luckily, it did, though she missed the glistening, bulgy muscles that usually complimented it. Or did the outfit compliment the muscles? God, it was so long ago!

Going into an impromptu pose routine, Susan wondered if she 'still had it,' could remember all the poses and perform them on the fly without having to stop and think. What was it? Right shoulder facing the audience, start from the side quarter-turn position – Yeah, that was it. She tensed her legs, trying to push what little mass she had to the surface, turning her knee in so her hamstring pressed against the back of her thigh, she grabbed her right wrist with her left hand and drew her left arm up and underneath her ribcage. Smiling, Susan could feel it all coming back to her now, her arms tensed. But there was nothing to show for her efforts, save for beads of sweat trickling down her brow.

Susan had a full workout and diet plan organized alongside a goal of putting on forty pounds of muscle within a year in preparation for an independent contest to get back into the swing of things. After that, she'd look to bigger things – putting on even more mass at an even faster rate to win bigger competitions. Namely, the ever-coveted Miss Mass. Of course, if Susan dared to use all the Trazo at her disposal with reckless abandon, there was no telling how much mass she'd put on, but she made a promise to Billie and Clara not to overdo the drugs this time. Using the Trazo was in a sense okay, but overdoing it was an altogether different beast. Especially when Susan was yet to find out just how effective it was.

The vial of Trazo was positioned carefully next to her water bottle on the squat bench, practically teasing her, a syringe next to it. It was obvious Susan had every intention of using the drug the first chance she had, her willpower to do otherwise – the right, better thing – clearly

losing the battle, the beast within her that coveted size and strength readying itself to be released once more.

Giving in, she took the vial of Trazo and hastily pumped its contents into the syringe. How much did Trent say she should start off with? Five milliliters? Ten? Fifteen? God, she couldn't remember! It was ten, right? Yeah, it was ten. It was definitely ten. She didn't even bother putting together a makeshift tourniquet, jamming the needle into the slightest hint of a vein in her arm. A wince, followed by a gentle sigh as the syringe clattered to the ground next to Susan's foot.

Chapter 3

Trent's balls ached, soothing them stealthily as he sat at the gym's main desk. He never expected his 'wife' Taylor to be so rough with him during the night, practically throwing him around the bed like a ragdoll, clamping his dick around her vice-like pussy, riding him until he passed out from exhaustion. When he woke up that morning she was gone, making Trent think it was a nightmare. Until he saw her cum-soaked underwear on the floor.

Still, the rhythmical clanking of weights and grunts calmed Trent. The gym was his place of Zen. Nobody could take that away from him at least. His mother Angela though, would've preferred he stayed at home, forever suspicious of the women around her Greek god of a son. He zoned out for a minute, wondered what life would've been like if his mother wasn't so controlling. At least then he would've been able to do what he wanted without someone saying otherwise.

But then the voice broke through Trent's trance. Noah, his workout partner and occasional helper around the gym, looked at him with concern. Noah wasn't as big as Trent but was just as fascinated by the world of bodybuilding. Had won a few trophies in his comparatively shorter time competing, too. He repeated his words. "You listening? Tiffany wants to start training for bodybuilding."

Tiffany was the girl Trent pointed out to Susan the day before. She was already the High School's top cheerleader, even if she had taken her training regimen further than most girls her age, to the point where she had abs like a pro American linebacker. Then again, she did have a little 'help on the side.' A girl Tiffany's age taking steroids was risky, but Trent wasn't bothered by it, being on the same boat himself years prior. So long as clients were willing to pay, he was willing to look the other way.

"Then let her," was Trent's response. He still remained distant, thinking about the night's

events once more, recollecting the moment Taylor threw him up against the wall so hard the plastic cracked like an egg shell, jamming her tongue down his throat to practically suck the oxygen from his lungs. Trent was confused. Did he enjoy it? Didn't he?"

Noah didn't feel the same way about Tiffany as Trent. Noah understood Trent's perspective, knowing he was groomed by his father to become the biggest, stronger man in the world, but that just wasn't...right. Noah and Trent had butt heads over this exact thing on several occasions and Trent had always seemed to stand by the decision his father made. But not everyone was Trent. "I dunno, dude. She shouldn't even be taking steroids at her age, let alone wanting to do bodybuilding. I told her she should wait until her body stop's growing first."

"What did she say?"

"She just fucking laughed at me."

Trent scoffed, shuffling out the seat to accompany Noah into the gym's main hall. The pro bodybuilders had a small section for themselves in the corner, figuratively circle-jerking one another for their efforts.

Trent heard Tiffany before he saw her, her signature grunts sounding from the corner as she casually paced through a clean deadlift. Trent examined the plates locked in position on the bar, surprised to find Tiffany hoisting double the weight she was last week with even less effort.

Trent looked at Noah, who glanced back at him knowingly in return.

Tiffany grunted as she dropped the bar onto the mat with such force that it burst and flattened. Wiping the sweat from her brow, she whistled triumphantly at her feat. "Whatcha think, guys? Cool huh?"

"Uh, yeah," Noah responded timorously. He and Trent watched in silence for a moment as Tiffany brushed past them to sit at one of the nearby benches to do concentration curls. Sweat matted her dainty breasts and forehead, soaking her gray sports bra with a cool pink outline.

“Listen Tiff, we gotta talk to you about something?”

“You’re gonna be my personal trainer for bodybuilding? Both of you? That’d be so COOL!” Tiffany said that without casting even a mere acknowledging gaze at Trent and Noah, who since then looked away guiltily, still powering through her curls. Obviously that wasn’t what they were going to talk about it. Far from it. “I can’t wait to start!”

“Uh, no. That’s not why we’re here,” Noah said. He acknowledged Trent’s evident silence on the subject since they approached Tiffany. Noah knew Trent would’ve had a skewed and conflicted opinion on the matter and was bracing for it. “We’re not going to do that.”

“What?” Tiffany obviously didn’t expect that particular response. She had the next year of her life mapped out in her head – finish the current year of high school then drop out to start her bodybuilding quest and earn a name for herself. “That’s bullshit!”

“We just think it’s best until your body stops growing first. Bodybuilding’s a hard sport and taking steroids while you’re still in your adolescence can be dangerous,” Noah explained.

Tiffany placed the dumbbell on the bench and approached Noah. There was a stark height difference between them both, she being considerably shorter at 5’3”, yet weighed fifty-eight kilos, twelve kilos heavier than what the average sixteen-year-old ought to weigh. The steroids likely had a hand to play in that. Three separate veins ran vertically up her thick abs. She looked at Noah, raised her arm and casually flexed her bicep, keeping it held upright for Noah and Trent to see. A cute little vein throbbed across its peak. Noah wasn’t particularly sure if it was just a trick of the light, but her bicep looked bigger than his own.

“Perhaps we can maybe approach this a bit differently.” Trent finally spoke out nervously.

Noah wasn’t particularly happy. “You can’t be fucking serious!”

Trent pulled Noah aside to confide with him in private. “We’re just gonna have to roll with it, dude. If we piss her off, God knows what’ll happen.”

Noah blinked in disbelief. Trent couldn't be serious, could he? It just didn't feel right, either of them training Tiffany to fulfill her bodybuilding dream. Trent was usually stricter and more adamant with his decision-making. This — this was all the complete opposite of that. Then Noah realized.

“You're fucking scared of her, aren't you? You're scared of a fucking teenager?”

“What, no.” Of course, Trent was only partially correct. He wasn't scared of Tiffany per-se, rather of the fact she reminded him of Taylor. Tiffany was nothing more than a smaller version of her. “Look at her though. She's got bigger arms than you, man.”

“So what the fuck do we do?”

“We won't train her, but give her to someone else,” Trent explained.

“Who? We're the only people who work in this joint,” Noah pointed out matter-of-factly.

“Uh, helllooo. I can still hear you guys.” Tiffany had her arms crossed over her chest in annoyance, her left leg swept out to the side, the ball of her foot pressed to the floor to raise her heel upward. “I'm not going to take 'no' for an answer, Trent.”

Trent and Noah turned back to face Tiffany, boasting their best fake smiles. “Okay, so... we've agreed not to take you on a client.” Trent watched as Tiffany's face formed into a grimace of rage, but managed to cut in before her lid flipped. “But...there's someone I know who might be willing to take you on. Someone who can teach you more than I or Noah ever could. A woman.”

Tiffany's eyes lit up, her mouth dropping open in joy.

A woman, Noah repeated inwardly. Someone who can teach you more than I or Noah ever

could. Surely Trent didn't mean—

Susan only listened to heavy rock music when she was in the zone, grunting and heaving beastly between reps and circuits like there was no tomorrow. Time formed into a blur: seconds became minutes, minutes turned to hours. Before she knew it, the sun was setting, its light breaking through the sliding window. The Trazo had been working its way through her system all that time and it showed. Her veins thickened like plump sausages, criss-crossing the entirety of her musculature until it became a roadmap of vascularity. She'd obviously taken more of the drug than needed, but Susan didn't care.

She pressed into a crab most muscular pose, teeth clenched so even her jaw was on presentation, itself sharing in the growth, somewhat striated like that woman's she saw in Trent's gym the day before. A grin. Susan only used ten milliliters of the Trazo and she was already, what, halfway back to her previous content-shattering shape? It begged the question: just what was in that thing Trent gave her? No — 'how much sooner would she have to wait to get her hands on more' was the real question. God! She'd never seen results this soon.

"Who's your daddy?" Susan was so fixated on her workout and impromptu pose routine to notice her voice had already changed, an octave lower than it should've been. Massaging her pecs with a vein-crusting hand, she merely continued observing her evidently drastic shift in size, mentally eye-fucking her own reflection. This wasn't Susan back in her prime. No. This Susan was a whole new, bigger, beefier and all-round better Susan. This was Susan 3.0. Her heel turned upright, she examined her calf keenly, guesstimating its current size compared to how much larger— no, how much smaller it was back in the day. Everything about Susan now was so much better.

Her shorts had long before now been strained to the point of tearing, allowing Susan's trunkly quads to casually spill out, a layer of veins covering them from waist to knee. The rear suffered a similar fate, revealing the woman's bare and angular glutes in all their glory. It was doubtful there even an ounce of fat on them.

Then came the shout, trying to raise itself louder than the blaring music that itself tried to drown out Susan's intermittent grunts. Susan's oldest daughter Billie watched from the basement steps for a moment, trying to comprehend her mother. She'd practically ballooned to around thrice her previous in just a few short hours. Billie was of the mind to confront her mother about this, reflecting back to their discussion over dinner about Susan's obvious bodybuilding obsession from previous years, but there seemed to be another matter at hand.

"Mum! Mum, there's someone at the door. Think it's that Trent guy you talked about earlier."

Susan fizzled out of her pose routine, checked herself over in the mirror one more time and sorted her hair. She wasn't the slightest bit miffed by the fact her shorts were ripped. In fact, Susan surmised her bare, swole quads might actually rev Trent's engine a bit.

"Be there in a minute," the mother said, her voice deeper still.

When Susan opened the front door with a smile painted on her face, it quickly melted away when she saw Trent accompanied by a girl easily eight years his junior with a frame almost wide as his own. Susan couldn't help but pinpoint all the other contrasting qualities between them: the girl's legs were slightly thicker, bare abs rivaling that of an American linebacker and a perfect ponytail to contrast his sweat-matted quiff.

Susan was disappointed. She had hoped Trent had come alone, for whatever reason, so she could 'talk' with him, tease him. But with the teenager there, there was no chance of that happening. Instead, the sex-longing woman would have to hide her feelings for now and just be the friendly neighbor.

"Hello Trent. What brings you here so late in the day." Susan glanced at the girl Tiffany. "And who might this be? A relative?"

Trent laughed nervously. He noted the change in Susan's voice but didn't say anything. It was a different story regarding her physique though. Seeing her shoulder press into the door frame, his breath evidently quickened. But this was actually beside the point. The idea of being around Tiffany was in itself intimidating. He couldn't possibly bear the thought of her being related to him like Susan suggested. "This is Tiffany. She's a regular at the gym."

"A regular, eh?" Susan sized Tiffany up again. Her shoulders weren't as broad as Trent's but were definitely getting there, their size starting to break through the fabric of her shirt. "A bit on the young side, dontcha think?"

"Yeah, that's what we came to talk about. Tiffany wants to start bodybuilding but isn't aware of the dangers of the sport on a developing body," Trent explained. He knew Tiffany wouldn't care to listen to his words then or even now, set in her ways and planned the future in that head of hers. "Even then, she's persistent and wants a personal trainer."

"And you thought it was a good idea to drop her off to me?"

"She's fuckhuge!" Tiffany finally spoke. She'd used her moments of silence to take in Susan's evident hugeness. At first, she wasn't particularly keen on Trent's word that Susan would be worthwhile as a trainer, being retired from the sport, but her doubts now were clearly put to rest seeing the woman. Oh, Tiffany knew her dream was a moment in reality just bound to happen at this point. "She's perfect, Trent! Oh my God!"

"She certainly is chirpy, I'll tell you that. But what's in it for me, personally?"

Trent dangled the carrot that would no doubt get Susan frothing at the mouth. "Some more of that 'pick-me-up,' if you know what I mean."

Susan postulated, her brow raised, supposing it couldn't hurt to at least put Tiffany on a brief trial run. A few weeks at most. Depending how things turned out afterwards, Susan would weigh Tiffany's worth as a full-time client. "Alright, I'll do it. But only if she's willing to listen."

“Of course!” Tiffany blurted out gleefully. “When do I start?”

Trent scoffed, though he couldn't deny the slightest tinge of relief upon knowing Tiffany was no longer his burden.

Susan chuckled.

Of course, Susan couldn't resist the offer of more Trazo, either. One thing was for certain though: under her time as Susan's 'experiment,' Tiffany's body was going to be destroyed countless times over then rebuilt anew, stronger than ever.

Chapter 4

Susan was ruthless with Tiffany. She didn't hold anything back, didn't heed the young teen's pained grunts. Tiffany wanted the best personal trainer in Stonehill to buff up and eventually compete. Only...Susan more fittingly suited being dubbed the personal trainer from hell. She did her job as Tiffany's private trainer well. Tiffany just didn't expect her to be so...demanding. But what else was to be expected from the greatest former pro in the business?

"Up, up, up! Keep your back straight!" Susan scrutinized Tiffany's form for even the slightest imperfection. Spotting just one would be grounds for the teen to start her set all over again – all three hundred of them. They both strove to have Tiffany achieve perfection in not just each individual workout, but the sport in general.

Tiffany's sports bra had gotten several shades darker from the monsoon of sweat covering it. This brought a smile to Susan's face. Seeing the young blonde's perform the way she did, notwithstanding the sobbing and pleas to stop, reminded Susan of her younger self, of her own relentless enthusiasm. It was like looking into a mirror of the past.

"Okay, that'll do." Susan squeezed Tiffany's shoulder firmly, signaling her to stop. She watched as Tiffany re-racked the barbell and shrugged, inspecting her shape in the adjacent mirror behind soft tears. This was only Tiffany's first lesson with Susan and yet she did better than anticipated. "Three hundred squats. Of course, you stopped a few times, but it's also your first day."

"I could've gone for more," Tiffany insisted, tears running down her cheeks.

Susan scoffed, turning away to hide her slight smirk. Tiffany really did remind Susan of her younger self. "Don't get ahead of yourself. Not even five minutes ago you were breaking out the

waterworks.”

“That was just sweat getting in the way of my eyes.” Tiffany pulled her leg out to the side and flexed. There was a distinctive smile — one Susan recognized. Tiffany’s quads hadn’t just gotten pumped up but grew a bit as well. Susan didn’t want to ruin Tiffany’s moment in relishing in her achievement, but had to stress something. Even in spite of failing a couple of times, the squats were just too easy for Tiffany. Not even Susan reached those three hundred reps in her first workout.

“Maybe. Though perhaps we ought to talk more about this!” Susan pulled at Tiffany’s arm, exposing several needle marks in the light. Susan was disappointed in herself. She should’ve known Tiffany was using steroids. There was no way she would’ve completed the set otherwise.

Tiffany pulled her arm free, glared confrontationally at Susan, then turned back to face the mirror.

“How long have you been using before Trent brought you to me?” A prickly feeling overcame Susan, something akin to concern or worry. She’d hoped Tiffany hadn’t been using for long, but given her recent success, it probably wouldn’t be the case.

Tiffany didn’t immediately respond, which irked Susan further. Instead, she chose to flex triumphantly, as if to boast. But Tiffany could still feel Susan’s presence like a lingering shadow.

“About five months.”

Susan scoffed. She couldn’t believe it. “And you’re only, what, sixteen?”

“So?”

“So?” Susan repeated with ire. “Tiffany, taking steroids at your age is very dangerous, even if in controlled dosages.” Susan ran the words back in her head and scolded herself. Not only was she being hypocritical, but it didn’t look like Tiffany had any regard for controlled dosages

anyway. Her shoulders were already puffed out and big as a pro's — which wasn't the case a few hours earlier — and patches of acne were starting to break out. No doubt if she kept taking steroids at her current pace, her voice would start changing too.

Tiffany racked plates onto the barbell again and started performing EZ curls. Susan didn't bother watching her form at this point, knowing there was a more pressing matter at hand, but didn't find words to say. Tiffany's biceps bulged monstrously, the gentle layer of veins metamorphosing into a thick lattice.

"A bit hypocritical, don't you think?" Tiffany grunted. "Your voice isn't exactly feminine."

"I'm speaking from experience, Tiff. I know what it's like to want to be the biggest chick out there, not giving a shit what people think of you, so long as you're huge." Susan knew her words were falling on deaf ears as Tiffany reached her fifteenth rep, but had to pour her heart out regardless. To Susan, it felt like going back in time and pleading with herself to not go overboard. "Like you, I took bodybuilding seriously. So seriously that I ruined relationships. I don't want that for you. You've so much ahead of you."

"You're right."

Susan's heart fluttered. Was she getting through to Tiffany all this time?

"Think about all the trophies I could win!"

Susan groaned. There was just no point. Tiffany had clearly made her decision, despite Susan's attempt to sway it. It was hypocritical of Susan to act the way she did, but she was a mother now and so had a different outlook to the situation. Susan could afford to be obsessed, as that was all she knew, but Tiffany's life was just beginning, and Susan didn't want to take advantage of it. If Tiffany wasn't part of the complex equation that is Susan's obsession, things wouldn't be much different for Susan.

Susan was a hypocrite.

Tiffany noted the silence between them. “We done? Can we get back to training now? Wanna get my arms up to nineteen inches by the month’s end.”

Susan begrudgingly agreed. There wasn’t much point in arguing with Tiffany now, seeing her curl the seventy-pound dumbbells with an air of vanity in her smile. Susan felt the same way once, believing she could take on the entire world. Of course it was just a foolish fantasy easily swept away by the realities of the world.

Susan moved away from the posing mirrors and opened Tiffany’s duffel bag when she wasn’t looking, far too enamored by her own sweaty reflection to notice or care. Several strips of steroid pills were revealed by the light. There was Clenbuterol, Deca-Durabolin, Winstrol and a whole assortment of others casually stuffed at the bottom of the bag’s lining. Susan dreaded to wonder. It was one thing for Tiffany to be using for so long as she claimed, but another thing entirely if she was cocktailing all the steroids she had at her disposal. Where did she get them all anyway?

The bag was zipped up again and stored under the bench press. Tiffany’s grunts of effort filled the space as Susan moved to the metal-framed locker in the corner. Opening it, its various contents were revealed: two pairs of weightlifting gloves, a first aid kit, cleaning wipes, and a compact zip bag small as one’s palm. The bag was opened, revealing a a syringe and vial. The last of the Trazo Trent gifted Susan, which she was itching to take. She wasn’t quite sure why, but something told her it would be wise to hide that from Tiffany. Sure, she had no idea it even existed, but it was stashed in with the other widely-used stuff.

Susan put the bag back in the locker and locked it tightly. She’d have to find another, safer place to hide the Trazo when Tiffany was done.

“Okay, stop. That’ll be you for the day.”

Tiffany loosened her grip on the dumbbells, listening to them fall onto the nearby mat with a dull thud. Didn’t bother re-racking them or wiping them down. Her arms raised, she flexed

proudly, seeing her biceps rise to their impressive peaks. Tiffany knew for certain if she maintained her rigorous regimen under Susan's tutelage she'd not only achieve her desired goal of possessing nineteen inch biceps, but surpass it too.

"Stick to your diet at home. Seventy percent of one's gains are made in the kitchen. Remember that," Susan educated Tiffany, watching her pack up. "It doesn't matter how hard you train...or how many steroids you take."

Susan berated herself mentally, being hypocritical again.

"When will I see you again?" Tiffany queried, tying her hair up in a bun, her bicep bulging casually, its split distinctive and peak sharp.

"Two days from now. Got some stuff to do here. And Tiff...take it easy on the roid, huh?"

Tiffany's smile spoke for her. It wasn't an indication of acknowledgment so much as one of snide rebellion. Tiffany had no intention on stopping taking steroids. Not when she knew each dose brought her just that little bit closer to her goal.

When Trent woke up, his prized dong swayed freely to and fro as he made his way to the window, rain gently pitter-pattering off the glass.

Trent's mother Angela stretched as she sat upright on the headboard, frizzy bed hair obstructing her view, her breasts bare and pert. A yawn escaped her lungs before a smile crept along her lips, looking at the clock. "God, is that the time? Must've been a lot of fun."

Looking around the room, one would have spotted Angela's underwear on the floor, her bra clung loosely to one of his trophies, and a spent, ripped condom on the bedside cabinet.

Angela's eyes wandered, gazing longingly at Trent's muscled chest, dipping further down at his morning wood and biting her lip suggestively.

"What would you like for breakfast? Bacon?" Angela climbed out of bed and loosely wrapped her floral nightgown around her body, leaving just enough of a window for her cleavage to be seen, parting her gown slowly so she could reveal the bunged-up remains of a creampie that was given at some point during the night.

"That sounds perfect." Trent watched his mother approach and cup her hand around his cheek, smiling.

"Alright. Now, relax." Angela knelt down between Trent's knees, grabbing his shaft firmly. "Mommy doesn't want *her* breakfast to go to waste."

Trent arched backwards with a sigh as a warm wetness engulfed him and Angela started gagging.

Chapter 5

The scream was loud, piercing the air as it echoed fiercely through the hallway, down the basement stairs and into Trent's private gym, garnering his attention. He was one rep away from besting his bench press record, and yet the scream took precedence over Trent's obsession to best himself. He hastily swiped the warm towel from the rack and placed it over his bare shoulder as he bounded upstairs.

"Trent!" His mother called from round the corner, into the kitchen. He moved into the room, his heart bounding from equal parts terror and adrenaline, hands placed firmly on his hips as he looked at her stare into the cupboard with a deadpan expression.

"What?"

Angela didn't immediately respond to Trent. Instead, she froze as his chiseled and pumped chest and abs came into view, glistening with sweat. She forgot he was working out, biting her lip as a solitary vein across the peak of his bicep throbbed.

Shaking her head, Angela plucked a box of Trazo from the cupboard and presented it to Trent, its contents rattling around inside as she shook the plastic carton. "There were at least ten boxes of this earlier this week. Now there's only the one. Where did they all go?"

Trent knew lying to his mother was pointless. Not only would she know that he was, on account of her motherly instincts, it just wouldn't do any good either. All the same, Trent rubbed his neck nervously, knowing his mother would scold him. "I sold a few boxes on the side. Honestly thought you wouldn't notice."

Angela scoffed, the box now held loosely in her grip as the truth was revealed to her.

“Honey, you know I regularly check these. Gotta make sure you get your doses in. Besides, you don’t need to sell these. You get plenty of money through your sponsorships.”

“It’s just a bit of extra cash on the side. There was more than enough made in sales to buy back over four times that much anyway.”

Angela raised her brow and started doing some mental arithmetic. One could always tell when her right eye turned inward. So that meant— “You earned three hundred pounds from selling the Trazo? That’s how much this stuff’s worth on the market?”

Truthfully, Trent wasn’t aware he’d amassed that much income over the last few weeks. He sold the drug to those desperate enough to want it, but didn’t care for how much money was actually gained from the fact. “I guess? I didn’t sell it all at once, you know.”

Angela looked at the box inquisitively, realising she’d effectively struck gold with the drug. The drug she manufactured.

Angela put the box back into the cupboard and closed it over. A part of her wished Trent had just told her the truth at the present moment. She’d always been supportive of his decisions. Or at least most of the time.

Angela opened the cupboard adjacent to the one containing the Trazo and pulled out a small pill carton different from the one she’d held previously, white with an orange stripe and baby’s face in the center. Trent saw the box and knew immediately where the conversation was heading.

“Since we both know you’ve been having trouble getting Taylor pregnant, I figured these would help.” Angela placed the pill carton in Trent’s hand and wrapped his fingers around it tightly, offering a smile a him. “Make sure she takes two a day.”

“But Mum, we’ve barely had time to—” Trent paused, seeing his mother’s scolding glance. Truthfully, Trent and Taylor agreed to only have sex when she was at her most fertile time of the

month. This was not exactly per their agreement. It was to both see it through and the fact both knew they never had any feelings for one another. Trent did it to keep on his mother's good side and Taylor did it for the money.

"I want grandchildren, Trent. Lots and lots of them. I know you can do it with that smashing big rod of yours." Angela placed her hands on Trent's cheeks and smiled at him. "Do it for me. Please?"

Trent weighed his options mentally, before realizing he didn't have any.

Trent looked at the box of fertility pills curiously as he sat at his desk, the rhythmic clanking of steel on steel in the gym sounding in the background, coupled predictably with grunts of varied tones, some masculine, others feminine. He could tell his clients were powering through the Trazo he sold, their mass doubling in size in mere days. Trent counted himself lucky the drug only exhibited desirable effects, else the women would no doubt be halfway to becoming men at this point, like his fiancée Taylor.

Susan stood at the opposite end of the desk with folded arms, her eyes scolding Trent as had yet to register her presence, even though she'd already spoke to him. Trent was just too focused on the box of pills to notice. "Why don't you take your eyes off those for a minute and listen to me," she said, plucking the box from Trent.

Trent finally acknowledged Susan, bringing his eyes up to her pecs, his cock instantly lurching at their thickness and vascularity.

Susan lost her initial train of thought when she noticed the symbols on the box, then smiled. "What's this, huh? Thinking about knocking someone up, are we?"

"My mum..." Trent noticed Susan raised her brow. It was at that point he realized his mistake. "Oh no, it was her idea. She wants me to get my fiancée pregnant."

Susan's brow remained raised, though this time it became more distinct, rising sharper at Trent's mentioning of his fiancée. "A fiancée? I was unaware you had one."

Trent didn't say much about his revelation. Didn't have to, really. His expression spoke for him: his face beet red with discomfiture. Of course, it wasn't until only a few days ago Trent realized he had a fiancée, albeit one contractually arranged by his demonstrably controlling mother without him realizing.

Susan handed the box back and decided to change the subject, understanding the fiancée was a touchy one. "Anyway...I'm here to talk about Tiffany."

Trent scoffed. "She giving you a hard time already? It's only been a few days."

"Her progress is coming along well. Not to mention her growth, which is what I wanted to talk about." Susan dropped a couple of boxes of steroid pills onto the desk, presenting one of them squarely in front of Trent's face. He was deadpan, not quite sure what Susan was getting at. "I found these in her duffel bag yesterday. The last I checked, you can only get winny in this part of town from you."

"What're you getting at, Missus Jones?"

"What I'm 'getting at,' Trent, is you're selling drugs to kids." Susan put the boxes back in her handbag and glared at Trent, who'd now viewed her differently from the woman he grew up to idolize and respect. "I saw the track marks across both her arms. You can play Connect the Dots with them, there's so many. And to think she's only sixteen."

Trent fired back with both barrels, laying the truth down in front of Susan. "You're such a hypocrite. As I understand it, you were no different at Tiffany's age when you started taking bodybuilding seriously."

Susan's heart stung as Trent's words cut deep. He was right. They both knew that. "That's

why I'm concerned for her. I don't mind Tiffany taking the sport seriously, but don't want her to make the same mistakes either. Taking steroids at her age is not going to do any good in the long term, will just stunt her physical growth. Any extreme dedication she might develop along the way will just destroy what relationships she has with people. Believe me, I know what it's like to have to mend fences with your loved ones. I don't want Tiffany to have to go through that."

An admirable smile formed across Trent's mouth. "You really do care for her, don't you?"

"I do."

"But even then, you have to understand you can't force Tiffany to do something she doesn't want to do. You're her trainer, not her mother who might feel differently about the situation." Trent could see the confidence drain from Susan, no doubt dreading about the possibility of Tiffany's parents permitting the rampant abuse of steroids.

"I'll talk to the parents myself if it comes to that. Just do me a favor and keep all your pills away from Tiffany. I've already locked what little I have left of the Trazo away from her."

"Still have some of that left if you want a little 'pick-me-up.'" Trent could see Susan's blouse strain under the pressure from her blood-engorged biceps and pumpkin'd shoulders. "You look like you're coming down from your Trazo high."

Susan acknowledged Trent with a nod and bit her lip at the prospect of more Trazo being in her possession. Of course, this all made her hypocritical against what they both just talked about, but Susan didn't care. "How much?"

"Two vials. Fifty each."

Susan didn't even hesitate, reaching for her purse. Trent left the desk and headed into his office. Curiously, though definitely not coincidentally, Susan had just the right amount of cash handy, almost as if she had every intention of at least asking Trent for more Trazo anyway, whether he brought it up or not. He came back a few minutes later with the vials and handed

them to Susan, she parting with the wad of cash in turn.

“Remember what you said: keep it locked away from Tiffany,” Trent reminded.

Susan nodded, putting the vials in her handbag. “Yeah, I’ll do that soon as I get home.”

“Good,” Trent smiled.

Tiffany sat at her desk in her corner of her room on the computer, wearing a baggy gray hoodie and her hair let down over it. At first glance the presentation of Tiffany was relatively normal and inconspicuous, but upon closer inspection one could notice the hoodie’s sleeves were clearly struggling to contain her burgeoning biceps, the fabric pulling and tearing. She smartly opted for shorts so her equally thick quads had the chance to breathe properly even as they spilled over the chair. layered with soft veins and the occasional track mark.

Tiffany browsed the Internet for a new posing suit. She had expressed interest in taking part in her first bodybuilding competition in the near future and looking at the glitzy outfits inspired her to see that dream become reality. Several other tabs were open in the browser: an online “pharmacy” that sold essentially all steroids known to man; at least three separate casual gymwear store tabs, and one with the site ‘She-Meat,’ a subscription-based website dedicated wholly to female muscle.

Tiffany dared to reach for her nearby protein shake that had a cocktail of steroids and hormones mixed through it, causing her sleeve to bust and expose her bicep peak. “Fuck,” she cursed, peeling back the exposed fabric. Her voice was deeper than it was yesterday, coming close to her father’s. In hindsight, the hoodie ripping didn’t bother Tiffany that much. Sure, it was one of her favorites, but she was quickly outgrowing it because of the new cocktails.

“Mum! Can you cook up some more steak?”

“How many you want?” Jackie called up from faintly from downstairs.

“How many do we have?”

Tiffany’s twin brother Christopher came in unexpectedly as usual without knocking and came up to her side, looking at the posing suits with an equal amount of – though not for the same reason – interest. A smirk crept along his lips, which Tiffany spotted with the corner of her eye. “You know Mum’s gonna kill you if you buy one of those. Letting you do bodybuilding is one thing. Walking around in that—”

“My money, I’ll do what I want with it.”

Tiffany’s mentioning of money roused curiosity in her brother. Unlike him, she didn’t have a part-time job at the local store. So just how was she able to pay for all her stuff, glancing at the unopened tubs of protein powder in the corner stacked up like a pyramid. “Just where do you get all that money anyway?”

“That’s for me to know and you to find out.” Tiffany closed the ‘She-Meat’ tab on her browser, seemingly with haste.

“Alright, no need to get your panties in a bunch.” Christopher sized Tiffany up and offered a sly grin. “That is, if they still fit,” he jested.

Tiffany slapped her brother’s shoulder, he laughed before leaving, though waiting a few moments before rubbing the stinging pain that came from Tiffany’s slap.

When the coast was clear, she opened a new tab and logged into her She-Meat account, revealing a plethora of images and videos for her paying fans: pictures of her flexing, videos of her working out in her room and recordings of her streams with her fans. Truthfully, Tiffany was making a killing on the She-Meat scene. She was a newcomer, but showed potential. A potential she strove to see blossom and actively exploit. Seeing her earnings from the past week, Tiffany was up £1000, earning more in a week than her brother Christopher did in a month.

Tiffany's latest upload, a simple image of her in an abs and thighs pose, garnered over 5000 views in the few hours since its publication earlier that day, hand in hand with 3500 comments – all of which were positive – and nearly just as many favorites. Tiffany was ecstatic by all this, of course, and celebrated by posting another image, a pouting selfie of her flexing her bicep so the other sleeve was torn to match the other, a layer of veins cresting across the peak.

It didn't take long for the first comment to come through, posted by GreenBear23. They were usually the first to comment. Most of the time the comments from them were sweet, and usually made Tiffany smile, just like now, notwithstanding the outbreak of acne she didn't care to hide.

“Steaks are ready!” Jackie called up.

“Time to feed,” Tiffany chuckled, kissing her bicep peak.

Trent and Taylor didn't strictly love one another. Not like how Romeo loved Juliet or Paris loved Helen. From his perspective, Trent merely 'loved' Taylor to keep on his mother's good side, while Taylor reciprocated by loving her future husband only for the money it would earn her, which she'd spend on steroids and hormones. They both knew neither of them was treasured by the other.

Taylor was on top, controlling the moment she shared with Trent in a reverse missionary position. Of course Trent was a big guy in his own right, but Taylor was considerably larger and heavier, her control reinforced by her weight bearing down on his waist as she rocked her hips and felt Trent's cock push up inside her. Trent didn't mind the pain that much – or the fact he was being dominated, for that matter.

Their eyes rarely met, even as Taylor's pussy bore down on Trent's cock and locked it in place, but on this rare occasion where she did happen to look, it was with a face of distrust.

“What’s with you?” Her voice was gruffer than usual.

“Huh?” Trent was, understandably, confused.

“I’ve had you inside me for the better half of two hours and you haven’t come once.” Taylor shifted her weight so Trent’s cock slid out of her like a snake slithering out of a hole, his abnormally large shaft hitting off his chest with a dull thud. “What’s the point in having a cock that big if it doesn’t even work as it should?”

“It works,” Trent shot back. His confidence waned upon hearing Taylor’s remark. What he said was true, of course. It was just...he wasn’t that into Taylor. The outbreak of acne across her back and face, the ever-deepening voice....it was all just a turn-off.

That was when Trent’s mobile buzzed on the nearby bedside table. He reached for it, much to Taylor’s chagrin. It was his mother.

“I have to take this.”

Taylor grumbled as she pulled away from the bed, wrapping a bed gown clearly starting to get too small for her around her mushroomed frame, and sat at the makeup table. A face of disdain came over her as she observed Trent focusing whole-heartedly on the text exchange with his mother. “What does she want?”

Trent didn’t immediately respond, knowing Taylor wouldn’t react all that well. Thumbing his phone’s screen, he postulated how was best to respond. Lying wouldn’t do any better than telling the truth, but at least the truth wouldn’t hurt Trent’s heart as much as the lie. “Wants to know if you’ve taken the pills I showed you. Wants to know if you’re pregnant yet.”

Trent wasn’t sure if her reaction was on account of roid rage or the evident dislike of her mother-in-law because of her obvious smothering and invasiveness, but Taylor punched the makeup table’s mirror when she heard Trent say that. “Damn your mother. This arrangement between us won’t do any good if she keeps breathing down our necks like that. If I’m pregnant,

I'll let her know!"

Trent stammered a bit, not sure how to respond to that. He agreed with Taylor somewhat that his mother was invasive, but to insult her the way she did hurt him. "Are you...pregnant?"

It was Taylor's turn to be silent, looking at her reflection, then past her shoulder to Trent thumbing the phone again. "No. Besides, I don't think I can get pregnant now anyway."

Trent's expression through the makeup table mirror – that of pain – cut into Taylor a bit. She didn't expect his emotion to affect her so much. She wasn't exactly upset, but was disappointed in the fact she failed him anyway. "What do you mean?"

Taylor explained. "Taking all those roids and hormones finally caught up with me I guess. I haven't had a desire to fuck in months, even before the arrangement with your mother was made." She paused for a moment, realizing where her train of thought was heading. She wondered if it was worth telling Trent the truth. Then the realization hit her. He told her the truth. She would have to reciprocate. "Just so you know: I only agreed to the contract so I could _"

"–get the money for more roids. I know." Trent always knew. Taylor likely had no intention of actually raising the child she'd give birth to. So maybe the fact she was now infertile was actually a mercy. Trent wasn't angered by Taylor's truth. He pitied her, moving in closer to hug her from behind. "Don't worry. We'll figure this out."

Chapter 6

Tiffany's mother Jackie entered the living room with a tea tray in hand, shaky with nerves. Placing it on the small table between both couches. She happened to glance at Susan and gulped. Tiffany had often spoken to her mother about Susan, but negated to trust in the comments she made about her size. However, now she was inclined to believe every one of them. Despite not possessing such a mentality, Susan was intimidating to Jackie.

“So...to what do I owe the pleasure, Missus, uh...”

“Jones. But you can call me Susan.”

“Call me Jackie.”

Susan took one of the tea mugs and grabbed the packet of ginger biscuits, hoarding them for herself. God, did that last workout make her hungry. She'd eat a horse if she could. “I'm here to talk about Tiffany.”

“She's coming along great, isn't she?” Jackie's words came with a sense of cheer, much to Susan's surprise. She took the opposing mug and chocolate eclairs. “Put on four pounds of weight this past week, she told me. She said she signed on to compete in the regionals, is that true?”

This was news to Susan, of course. To the best of her knowledge, the regionals were only a few weeks away, and Tiffany was nowhere near ready mentally to take them on. But Susan could also see how thrilled Jackie was at the prospect of her daughter competing, so she conceded. “Yes. Yes, we're working on making some final touches to her regimen to maximize her output.”

“That’s great!”

“But that’s not why I’m here.” Susan really didn’t want to dampen Jackie’s mood, seeing her smile slip and fall flat into a deadpan stare, but the fact was there was something more important that needed discussing. “I’m here to talk about her evident drug use.”

Jackie’s expression contorted itself into something Susan didn’t quite expect. Her response reflected it, in turn. “Oh, I thought you were going to tell me she’d been fooling around with boys. No, I know all about the steroids she’s been taking.”

“You...you do?”

“Oh yes. I’m open-minded about most things, really. Of course, we had a discussion about it first as a family, but we all agreed, so long as it’s done so in moderation, Tiffany could use them.”

“But they’re not being used in moderation, that’s the point.” Susan opted to let Jackie’s initial comment slide, but couldn’t ignore the bigger problem at hand. “You haven’t noticed anything different about her lately? A deeper voice? Acne outbreak?”

Jackie was confused. Truthfully, she was at least aware of Tiffany’s increasingly deep voice, but reckon it was due to a sore throat and so thought nothing of it. She also thought the acne outbreak was nothing but puberty playing its usual cruel game. Even so, Jackie’s confusion told Susan all she needed to hear.

“Could you bring her in here, please?”

“She’s in the middle of her workout—”

Susan shot Jackie a glare that cut so deep into the woman that she shivered. Jackie complied, opening the basement door, behind which deep grunts were heard.

“Tiff, can you come up here for a sec?”

Tiffany’s grunt as she re-racked the bench-press bar was enough of a tell for Susan to know things had gotten a little bit out of hand. Though not visible in her expression, concern filled the woman as the teen came up from the basement, the stairs creaking and groaning under her mushroomed weight. When Tiffany’s face finally came into the light, Susan sighed. Her entire right cheek had developed an outbreak of acne, some spots larger than others.

Susan shot a damning glance at Jackie, but she didn’t notice, smiling at her daughter.

“Hey Missus Jones.” Tiffany had inadvertently confirmed Susan’s fears — her voice was deeper. Not only that, but more so than Susan’s at the same age when she started using. It stood to reason, then, that Tiffany had at some point decided to blatantly disregard the safety of dosages and instead injected as much as what pleased her.

“Can you turn your back to me for a second, sweetie?” Susan hoped the other fear she had wouldn’t be confirmed, watching Tiffany turn, but she couldn’t resist pulling into a double bicep pose, pulling tightly at her top’s fabric. Any tighter and the thing would bust.

“My back’s huge, isn’t it? Wouldn’t be surprised if it ends up bigger than yours before the week’s out, Missus Jones.”

Susan wasn’t going to deny Tiffany being right. The teen had only been under the woman’s wing for the better half of a week and the width of her back was already catching up. The same could be said for her thighs, close to pressing against the door frame.

“That’s the back of a future champion,” Jackie casually let out.

Susan lifted the rear of Tiffany’s airtight gym top to get a closer look at her skin. She then regretted that decision, seeing her other fear being realized. Tiffany’s back was swarmed with acne from the nape of her neck down to her waistline. Susan’s concern for Tiffany heightened.

“Tiffany, what have you been using?” The fact the teen was quite obviously perversely abusing aside, Susan just had to know what she was using. Whatever it was, it wasn’t anything like Susan had done in the past.

“I’ve been giving her a cocktail of all the steroids she has,” Jackie blurted out.

“What?” Susan wasn’t going to let Jackie’s respondent confused expression slide this time. It had to be an act anyway. “Jackie, it’s bad enough Tiffany’s abusing at her age in general. She doesn’t need a cocktail of everything too!”

“But you said you drank them too,” Tiffany shot back, making a point.

“On rare occasions. Tiffany, it looks like you’re having one with every fucking meal. I told you: moderation.” Susan’s heart was broken. This all reminded her too much of herself, of her own past transgressions and addiction. She turned to Jackie with a deathly glare. “This is abuse.”

Jackie scoffed. “How dare you accuse me of abusing my own child. Who do you think you are, acting all high-and-mighty? You’re not much better, from what Tiffany’s been telling me.”

It wasn’t the first time Susan heard that comment, and yet it stung just as sharply as it did the first, like a knife pierced her heart. Even so, she wasn’t going to let the same old snide remark demoralize her. “What about the father? He in on it too?”

“There is no father. Not really. I had a drunken fling some years back and he knocked me up.” It was obvious recalling this particular moment in Jackie’s past hurt her. “Never once saw Tiffany in his life. He was more than happy to pay the child support though.”

“Sounds like a deadbeat,” Susan retorted sharply. It was only after he words rolled from her tongue that she realized the severity of them. She prepared herself for the expected slap from Jackie. But it didn’t come, much to the woman’s surprise.

“On that we both agree,” Jackie said.

An awkward silence fell, which Tiffany eventually decided to break with a perfunctory cough, getting both women’s attention. “You both finished?”

Susan watched a solitary vein throb as her finger snake up the length of the teen’s back, the floorboards creaking as Tiffany turned to face the women. Susan couldn’t help but sigh slightly when she finally noticed Tiffany’s jaw was somewhat squarish in shape, but she didn’t say anything.

“Taking the cocktail that much was my idea. I didn’t know I had to use that in moderation too.”

Susan scoffed. “It’s common sense, Tiffany. If you’re supposed to use the steroids in general with moderation, what made you think the cocktail would be any different?”

“Point taken,” Tiffany said with guilt.

Susan turned to Jackie. “Sorry about that. It’s just...this reminds me too much of my own past. Don’t want Tiffany to repeat my own mistakes.”

Jackie nodded.

“With that in mind, if I ever find out Tiffany’s abusing again, we’re finished.”

“What?” Tiffany was distraught.

“That’s right. From here on out we’re doing it naturally.” Susan knew Tiffany would protest at just now, but afterwards. It didn’t matter though. Susan’s word was law.

“But the regionals—”

“Ah yes. You signed up for those behind my back, didn’t you?” Susan didn’t have to look at her to know Jackie was surprised. “Don’t worry, I’ll let you compete. In the juniors.”

“What? That’s not fair! Mum—”

“Your mother isn’t your trainer. I am. Your mother doesn’t know anything about the sport. I do. Just because you’re catching up with me in terms of size doesn’t mean you know any better. I do.”

“Mum—”

“Susan’s right, sweetie.”

Tiffany stormed back down into the basement, the floorboards and stairs creaking under the teen’s weight.

“She’ll come around,” Susan said. “She’ll have to, knowing there’ll be nobody else she can turn to.”

The two women trailed off to the front door, where a realization struck Susan. A realization that pained her: in the face of the fact she was trying to mend fences with her own teenage daughters, Susan cared more for Tiffany than them.

Trent panicked. He wasn’t sure how his mother would react to the news Taylor was infertile. Angela was so set on wanting a grandchild from them that only God knew what to expect now. Would she throw a fit of rage? Condemn Taylor? The possibilities were endless and that was why Trent was so agitated.

He entered his mother's house. It was surprisingly quiet. Usually, the TV blared over most things at ten in the morning, but all that was heard was silence. The eerie kind. It troubled Trent, urging him through the door and into the hallway.

"Mum?"

"In here, sweetie," Angela called from the living room, her back turned to Trent, doing yoga in front of the TV, which itself was off, complete with yoga pants and an open-sleeve gym top. Seeing his mother do yoga intrigued Trent. She never was one for it before, otherwise going on lengthy walks if the weather was nice enough. So this was different. Curious even. "Pass me my shake, will you?"

Trent complied, grabbing the protein shake from the coffee table near the couch. Next to the protein shake were two family-size bars of dark chocolate. Angela wasn't one for eating chocolate either. "Mum, what's going on?" Trent asked, watching her bend her body into the Janu Sirsasana pose.

"How are things with you and Taylor?" Judging by her tone, it sounded as if Angela was deflecting Trent's question with her own, which he was obviously in no rush to answer. Instead, Trent watched his mother in silence, twisting and contorting her lithe frame into another pose. "Did you come to tell me she's pregnant?"

Trent only offered silence in response. The kind of silence that ultimately betrayed him. Even if he just stuttered, it wouldn't have been so bad as it turned out to be. Angela relaxed, craning her neck to her left shoulder, flashing a concerned glance.

Trent knew he'd dug himself into a hole. There was no point in lying now. His own body and mind betrayed him to his mother. "Taylor's infertile."

Angela's response wasn't quite what Trent expected. She was still angry, as evidenced by the contorted visage she flashed upon hearing the news, but then relaxed, taking a deep breath before drinking her shake. "I knew she couldn't live up to the task. Oh well."

“Wait, you’re not angry?” Trent honestly expected his mother to, as aforementioned, throw a fit over him breaking the unfortunate news regarding Taylor. But she seemed oddly content with it.

“Well, I’m upset about it, but there’s very little point in being angry now.” Angela finished her protein shake and placed the carton to her side. She stretched her legs out as if readying to stand. “Can you pass me the chocolate?”

Trent, of course, complied, handing the chocolate over. Though he was confused by how ‘okay’ with the news his mother was. And then it dawned on him, watching his mother slowly turned to face him, her gym top matted with sweat.

“The plan never was for me to give you a grandchild through Taylor. It was a gateway for you to start a relationship with me,” Trent realized.

“Yes. Taylor was just the means to an end, darling. I used her to get to you.” Angela moved in on Trent, pressing her body against his muscled torso, running her hand over his bulging shaft. “Before that though, I had to get your father out the way.”

Trent’s brow furrowed with confusion, not sure what his mother meant by that. He looked into her eyes, as if trying to look deep into her mind and uncover the way it worked, uncover what she meant. When the slight smirk formed across her lips, the truth dawned on him, hitting him like a brick.

“He didn’t die of a heart attack. You killed him! Why?”

“I realized he wasn’t as faithful as I thought, cheating on me with a whore and getting her pregnant. Outside of that, he was obsessed with turning you into the perfect bodybuilder. At the time when I wanted another child, his dick stopped working because of all the steroids he’d taken.” Angela unbuckled Trent’s belt and whipped out his cock to stroke it as she continued, looking up to stare lovingly into his eyes. “I didn’t find out about the bastard child until last

year when he got drunk one night. So I spiked his protein shake and his heart gave out.”

Trent moaned as his mother picked up the pace of her stroking. He definitely didn't expect to get hard over listening to his mother explain how she killed his father.

“But you're faithful, aren't you? You wouldn't have given me your cock otherwise.” Angela smirked at Trent's face contorting into something that suggested struggle. Any second now he would lose control and spurt his load. Any second now.

“Your father wanted to turn you into the perfect bodybuilder. I'll honor that much about him at least, just to turn you into something greater - the perfect man: loyal, strong, caring and ever-erect.”

Trent gave in, spurting cum over his mother's palm and down her wrist in a slight explosion of seminal fluid. He groaned, she laughed girlishly, licking the streak of cum off her palm.

“Don't want all of this to go to waste, do we?” Angela gripped her son's shaft, somehow stoppering his stream. He hadn't lost any of his rigidity despite cumming. He must've liked what his mother had to say, listening to her purr in his ear. “So...bedroom. Now.”

Time had slipped into a blur. By the time Trent had finally pulled out of his mother's cum-drenched pussy, looking up at the wall-mounted clock to see it had struck five, half the day had been eaten up by their vigorous and immoral relations. They'd been at it for seven straight hours!

Trent pulled away from the bed, much to Angela's disappointment. She tried teasing him back into bed, twisting her nipple.

“Sorry, I've really gotta get to work. I'll pop round later tonight for some more.” Trent had resigned to his mother's love for him. As such, there was now no other woman he'd rather be

with until the end of his days.

“But I want round twelve now, darling. You’re the owner of the place, so you can go anytime.” Angela was disappointed, craving more of her bull son’s meat until either one of them passed out – or both. But she also understood. “Fine. But when you get back, we’re playing by my rules.” Angela pointed to the strap-on casually positioned on the window sill.

Trent chuckled. He left the bedroom and headed towards the bathroom to have a quick shower before leaving for his shift at the gym. But before he could turn the valve, the front door bell sounded. A large shadow cast over the glass pane. There was only person Trent knew with a bod that large.

“Shit. Missus Jones is here.” Trent gestured to his mother, hearing her scramble around the room aimlessly trying to find her clothes. Trent tried to make sense of Susan’s sudden appearance, trying to find his own clothes in the process, but couldn’t find them. “Wat the hell’s she doing here?”

When the bell sounded again, this time with more urgency, Trent resigned to take the matter on anyway, approaching the door naked, his cum-soaked cock bobbing between his steps. He made sure to open the door only slightly so only his head was shown. In any case, Susan was surprised.

“Oh, Trent. I never expected to see you here. Thought you’d be with Taylor. Is your mother in? I haven’t had a chance to properly extend my condolences since you told me your father died.”

Trent had to think fast, his head spinning. “Sh’s not feeling very well at the moment. I popped by to make sure everything was in order for the rest of her evening before I set off for work.” That ought to be an excuse believable enough, he thought.

Angela played along. Her bare back pressed against the wall, she feigned a throaty cough loud enough to scrunch Susan’s face up.

“Sounds pretty bad,” Susan said.

An awkward silence suddenly fell between her and Trent, he offering a smile to the woman.

“Actually, now that I know you’re here, I wanted to talk to you about Tiffany.”

“Yeah?” Trent was starting to lose interest, not to mention patience. He tapped his foot off the floor in a rhythm, hoping it had some kind of supernatural power that would hurry things along. His mind faded out a bit, thinking about other things, in particular, the sex he just had with his mother. He did pick up some things Susan said about Tiffany having acne, cocktail steroids on an unusually regular basis and signing up for the regionals behind Susan’s back.

“It’s all sorted out now, though. Just thought you should know.”

Trent didn’t offer much in the way of a response. Just nodded and smiled. Hopefully that would’ve been enough.

But Susan wasn’t so quick to part ways. She knew something was amiss. Trent wasn’t usually this quiet. Not even as the kid she knew him to be all those years back. “Everything okay? You seem kind of out of it today.”

“Oh yeah. Just concerned for Mum, you know?”

Susan nodded, understanding Trent’s position. It must’ve been hard on him when his father died. They had such a connection. Susan wouldn’t dare think of what would happen to Trent if he lost both his parents two years apart, if what ailed his mother was serious enough. “Well you know where I live, if you need any help.”

“Yep.”

Susan finally decided to part, heading down the street in the direction of the local supermarket. She issued Trent a distant wave, which he reciprocated quickly before closing the door behind him. When he turned back to the hallway, Angela was stood at the bedroom's threshold in all her nakedness with a soft smile. Looking at his mother's silent beauty was enough for Trent's cock to lurch and start stiffening up.

He locked the door.

Round twelve it was, then.

Chapter 7

“That’s it, keep your legs straight. Elbows tucked in. There we go!” The clock had just struck two, bringing Tiffany’s training with Susan that day to its second hour, with another two yet to go. The teen didn’t usually sweat so much as she was, but no doubt this was due to her cutting the roids from her system and finally feeling the burn from her workouts. Susan was behind, observing Tiffany’s form as she brought the barbell up for her twentieth curl. Five sets down, another three to go, starting to falter. “You’re doing well, Tiff. Don’t stop now, you can do it. Push harder!”

As if Susan’s words of encouragement themselves fueled her, Tiffany’s will renewed itself, allowing her to push out another few reps. Tiffany was of the mind to think Susan was pushing her harder than usual. It wasn’t completely out of the question, considering Tiffany no longer had the benefit of steroids to back her up and give that extra edge. “I-I can’t!” she said with struggle, practically gasping for air.

“You can! You just *think* you can’t!”

Susan’s choice of words weren’t as encouraging as previous. Tiffany’s sweaty hand trembled as it started to lose its grip on the barbell. The weights were then swiftly dropped, the teen quickly following behind as her knees dug into the mat. She rubbed her hands gently, repulsed by the visible calluses forming on her palms.

“Ewww!”

Susan chuckled. “I’d get used to seeing them if I were you. You didn’t get them until now because you’ve never worked this hard.” She offered Tiffany a towel to wipe down her arms glistening with sweat. Her protein shake was given next, a cream-colored goop mix. Susan knew

Tiffany hated working this hard, but it was through that labour achievements and successes were marked. “And you’ve never worked this hard because of the stuff you’d been taking.”

Tiffany was catching her breath. She caught most of what Susan was saying, her deep exhales blanking words out here and there. Her biceps had become swollen from blood being pumped to them, a network of veins popping to the surface of her skin. “I just don’t get it though,” she responded between breaths.

“Huh?”

“Why work me this hard?” Tiffany had her suspicions, but didn’t want to make them known in case she ended up being wrong. Something she wasn’t keen on.

Susan, though, smirked. “I thought a little differently about something.”

Tiffany’s brow was raised in curiosity.

“Well, look at you!” Susan guided Tiffany over to the posing mirror. “You’re far too big to be considered an amateur. And I see no point in you losing all that hard work just to fit into a category.”

“So...” The teen was unable to resist presenting herself in an abs and thighs pose, smiling as the definition in her abs popped out as though she’d wholly swallowed six bricks and her thighs had a distinctive teardrop.

Susan rolled her eyes. She knew Tiffany was smart enough to know what she was getting at. The teen may have been blonde, but Susan never knew her to have blonde ‘moments.’ “I changed my mind about letting you compete. You won’t be going for the amateurs. I’m putting you forward for something different.”

Tiffany’s response was, of course, predictable, yet still had a sense of surprise to it. The squeal of excitement was expected, but Susan never anticipated being the casualty of a bear hug. She felt

the oxygen escape from her lungs as Tiffany squeezed as she cheered and thanked the older woman endlessly. Tiffany was unaware of her strength, Susan's ribs being pressed inwards.

"Okay, Tiff...you can let me go now."

Susan was released from Tiffany's deadly squeeze, brushing herself down and catching her breath. She made a mental note to herself: don't be so close to Tiffany next time you break good news.

"So, why *did* you say I had to take the amateurs if I'm not?"

"I was angry at you for signing up for the regionals behind my back. You should've talked to me about it first. But you won't be doing those either."

"So if I'm not taking part in the regionals, what contest *am* I doing?"

Susan smiled knowingly.

"Miss Mass? Susan, are you serious?" Robert found it hard to believe his wife would let Tiffany compete in a contest as grueling as Miss Mass, especially considering the outcome last time. Robert remembered spending days at Susan's bedside at the hospital. The trophy was nearly in the bag, too, only for her to faint at the last minute from dehydration. "Tiffany's younger than you when you competed in it. And you lost!"

Susan stood at the kitchen island chopping and cutting ingredients to add to their dinner for the evening. She understood Robert's concern but was adamant in her decision, was confident Tiffany could actually pull it off. "She's also bigger."

Robert scoffed, turning away. He was no pro when it came to bodybuilding, but was at least

knowledgeable enough to understand the dangers. He glanced at his wife's diamond-hard calves, bigger than his own, a gentle layer of vascularity cresting at the edges curving around to swoop and meet her quads. "Size isn't everything, Susan. Tiffany's just a teenager. She doesn't have the same mental fortitude as you. Girls her age should be focusing on their education, not the size of their biceps."

"There's no reason why she can't do both." Susan turned to Robert, placing her hand over his, resulting in the husband and wife sharing a rare moment of care between them. Susan knew Robert's comment about size was, indeed, true, but she also knew there was nothing to worry about. "Darling, It's been years since I tanked the Miss Mass. I've learned so much since then. We can only go upwards from here," she said, returning to the chopping.

Robert wasn't entirely convinced, but was starting to come around. He still had his doubts, questions that needed answering, but knew they weren't going to sway Susan's judgment either way. "Obviously I don't know as much about bodybuilding as you, but if you want Tiffany to truly win this, doesn't that mean you're gonna have to forgo your rule about her using steroids?"

Susan sighed, putting the knife down. As much as she hated to admit it, Robert was right. There was only so much growing a body could do naturally, but the Miss Mass contest was asking for a lot of it. When push would inevitably turn to shove, Susan would have to put Tiffany on steroid cycles on a regular basis. Susan wanted Tiffany to win, but she also loved her like a mother would her daughter. "I'll keep her on the softer stuff."

"I think that's best," Robert said with a nod. He looked at the clock on the wall, the time nearing seven. The family didn't usually have dinner so late in the day, but preparations had to be made for Tiffany's arrival, having been extended an invitation by Susan. "She should be here soon."

"I just hope the girls don't make things awkward for her," Susan said with concern. She knew Billie and Clara already had opinions about their mother being an obsessive bodybuilder and weren't best pleased when they found out she took Tiffany on as a protégé. It just meant

she'd spend more time with someone else's kid than her own.

"It'll be fine so long as you don't focus on Tiffany," Robert said matter-of-factly.

Susan nodded as the doorbell rang.

It was Billie who opened the door to Tiffany, her eyes widening in disbelief as she laid eyes on the comparatively shorter yet wider teenager dressed in a green parka with slim-fit jeans that helped accentuate her bulging calves and even larger thighs. Billie didn't say anything for the first few moments, her mind racing in its attempt to fully register Tiffany, who eventually broke the silence, offering a handshake in turn.

"Hi there, you must be Billie. I'm Tiffany, your mother's uh, I guess you could say client." Tiffany's demeanor was chirpier than usual, likely trying to help paint a pretty picture of herself for Susan's sake. Billie took Tiffany's hand in silence, but the teen's grip took her by surprise — it felt like she'd just put her hand in a vice!

"Fuck!" Billie wasn't one to offer expletives often, pulling her hand away to rub it, but this particularly occasion certainly called for it.

"Oops, sorry. Still haven't gotten to grips with my strength yet," Tiffany giggled.

Billie gestured Tiffany into the house, quietly muttering to herself as the pain still lingered on her knuckles, though beginning to fade, albeit not at a favorable pace. Would she have to put some ice on it, she thought, watching Tiffany remove her jacket and hang it up next to the family's.

"Jesus."

“What?” Tiffany queried, confused. She caught Billie staring at her arms aired from the top, clearly taken aback by their size, considerably larger than they ought to be for someone the teen’s age. In point of fact, they were on par with a professional bodybuilder’s. “Oh, these?” Tiffany smiled, bringing her arm up into a flex, the peak rising higher than it had earlier that day. “These guns are sixteen-inchers. But you should see them when they’re primed.”

Tiffany sniffed, picking up a scent moving powerfully through the house, bringing a knowing smile to her face. “Oh, chicken? Sweet! Time to get some protein! I’m so hungry I could a horse.”

“I bet,” Billie muttered to herself softly, sizing Tiffany up from calf to neck.

It was Clara’s turn to be surprised by Tiffany, though more so in regards to her voracious appetite as she gorged on the generous helpings of food laid out on the kitchen table. There was so much, describing the offerings as a ‘feast’ wouldn’t be that far off from the truth, and Tiffany had her hands in all of it by some point. All the same, Clara watched the ballooned blonde opposite her gnaw on two chicken drumsticks at once while eyeing a third positioned neatly within arm’s reach.

Robert shared in his daughters’ disbelief, watching Tiffany down a fresh glass of water as though she hadn’t drunk in days, the liquid running down the front of her neck as she guzzled greedily. Robert leaned towards Susan, whispering into her ear. “I know you said she’s a growing girl and is liable to eat a lot, but...*this* is a lot.”

Susan didn’t want to admit it, but even *she* was struggling to understand how Tiffany could pack away so much food into her system. Sure, she was a teenager and was prone to eating a lot of food anyway because of that, but it was just— “I know,” she responded softly, “even I’m struggling to eat what I have here. She’s just hoovering it up like there’s no tomorrow.”

“Tell me you’ve got spare meals in the fridge. I don’t think she’ll be stopping anytime soon.”

Susan chuckled nervously, refraining from responding knowing Robert wouldn't like the answer.

It was Billie who decided to break the awkward silence between the two sisters and Tiffany, having refrained from saying almost anything since they hit the table. "So, uh...how long have you been working out for, Tiffany?"

"About six months," was the gorging teen's casual response between bites, grabbing that third drumstick she eyed earlier, alongside two corncobs and refilled the glass for the fourth time. "I was originally a cheerleader, but decided to quit when I wanted to try something a bit more daring, you know?"

Billie offered her mother a very specific glance. Six months. Tiffany had been working out, practically bodybuilding for six months and she was already *that* big? Billie wasn't ignorant of the possibility – no, the *fact* – her mother refrained from bringing up: Tiffany was obviously on something, or at least had been. There was no way she was that big in such a short time without some kind of 'help.'

"Well, it's definitely paying off at least," Clara said, finally breaking her silence. It seemed she didn't catch onto the harsh reality concerning Tiffany's growth as quick as her sister, believing the teen's progress to be all natural.

"Thanks! Obviously I've only been your mother's client for a few weeks, but she's helped me a *lot*, not just physically, but mentally too."

Susan smiled, taking pleasure in the recognition Tiffany expressed towards her. Robert shared in the moment, taking his wife's hand and squeezing it lovingly.

"That said, I've definitely grown a bit because of her help." Of course Tiffany couldn't resist flexing to get her point across, raising her arm up and pulling back her sleeve to reveal the sixteen-inch arm hiding underneath, smiling proudly as its peak rose sharply, a cute vein

cresting it. “Reckon I’d be lagging behind a bit if it wasn’t for her.”

“Fucking hell, that’s *huge*,” Clara proclaimed, clearly mesmerized.

Tiffany giggled, relishing in the attention.

“Okay girls, that’s enough. We’re here to eat,” Susan commented. “There’s plenty of time for that sort of stuff later.”

Everyone returned to eating. It was Tiffany’s turn to offer questions, in particular, the eldest daughter of the host. “You know, I’m actually quite surprised, Billie, that you haven’t followed in your mother’s footsteps.”

“Huh?”

“Bodybuilding, I mean. I thought what your mother spends most of her time doing would’ve rubbed off on you. Statistically speaking, the descendants of bodybuilders continue the family’s tradition of performing in the sport more often than not. I read about it in an article recently.”

Billie offered Tiffany a look that wasn’t particularly inviting, though the teen herself didn’t catch it, going back to her meal after her casual comment. “What do you mean, that I should be a bodybuilder just because my mother’s one?”

It was clear Tiffany didn’t filter out whether her words would do more harm than good. She didn’t know the circumstances regarding Billie’s relationship with her mother.

“Billie, I’m sure Tiffany didn’t mean it like that,” Susan said, hopeful.

“Yeah? Well, what did she mean by that? Curious choice of words, wouldn’t you say?” Billie was livid. Being insulted by a teenager like that wasn’t something she was going to let slip. But

Tiffany just didn't have any inkling of the truth. "Just so you know, Tiffany, you got it all wrong. Nothing my mother did rubbed off on me, or Clara, because she never gave a shit about us."

"Billie!" Susan called out.

But Billie ignored her. "Didn't spend a second of her time around us sometimes, even missed birthdays, Christmases, fucking *funerals* because she was too busy in the gym getting her swole on, making sure she made progress."

Tiffany was deadpan. She definitely didn't expect to invoke anger from Billie, even if she did already know about Susan's past transgressions in spending little to no time with her family.

"She missed Clara's, first day at primary and secondary school, not to mention her eighteen birthday," Billie went on.

Clara looked away from her rambling sibling, overcome with embarrassment and guilty. The kind born from not wanting to be reminded of such memories; the kind born from not wanting to be reminded of her mother's ignorance and obsession.

"So to answer your question on why I haven't followed in my mother's footsteps." Billie made it a point in looking directly at her mother as the response was issued, knowing it would cut deep into her heart. "Why the fuck would I want to? Now if you'll excuse me. I've suddenly lost my appetite."

Billie paced through the kitchen, caring not for how much noise the door made as she slammed it behind her.

Silence.

After dinner, everyone had moved to the living room, the TV mutedly sounding in the background. Each member of the Jones family sat, save for Clara, who had been ushered up by Tiffany to stand in the middle of the floor so they could compare muscles. Clara begrudgingly complied out of kindness towards her guest, pulling her leg out to the side just as her mother had done thousands of times over the years. Like her sister, Clara obviously had no interest in bodybuilding, but clearly some things rubbed off on her. Billie just watched, sulking.

“Oh my god, your legs are like toothpicks. Mine are so much bigger.” Tiffany jabbed with humor. She pulled her leg out to compare with Clara’s, clearly already double in size without even flexing, and when she did, the fabric of her jeans busted to reveal the teardrop pillar-thick meaty thigh once hidden underneath. Tiffany couldn’t refrain from giggling. “I love it when that happens,” she added, running a hand over her thigh.

Robert caught Susan’s curious expression that followed Tiffany’s flex. He wasn’t quite sure what it was. Surprise, maybe? Would he go so far as to think it might even be jealousy? “What is it?” he queried softly in confidence.

“Oh nothing, it’s just...” Susan swallowed, clearly struggling to accept the fact that had laid itself bare before her. “Tiffany’s quads are bigger than mine were at that age. Even I didn’t have a teardrop so developed back then. Took me years to get that, only for her to get in a few months.”

Robert looked, now sharing his wife’s disbelief.

Tiffany brought her left leg up, the fabric of her jeans busting slightly and forming a slit so her calf could be presented. A vein crested the face of the bulging muscle. The teen, predictably, giggled girlishly. “You got any measuring tape around? I’m pretty sure these are bigger than yesterday’s measurements.”

Clara complied, though this time out of genuine curiosity. Seeing Tiffany’s calf at first glance, a specific thought formed in the back of the Clara’s mind, glancing at her mother. But

she withheld on making that thought public, handing the tape to Tiffany.

“Oh no, you do it,” she suggested.

“I don’t know how to,” Clara shot back.

Susan sighed. Obviously the task fell back on her, taking the tape from Tiffany. The mother’s mind was still reeling from the fact the teen’s thighs were so large, wrapping the tape around her calf, mutedly eyeballing its beefy details. She hesitated, taking a moment to process the measurement mentally before making it public.

“Well?” Tiffany queried, chirpy.

Twenty inches.”

There was a brief moment of curious silence. Robert shared an knowing look with Susan before he spoke. “Wait. Doesn’t that make—”

“—Oh my god, they’re bigger than yours, Susan!” Tiffany chirped.

In spite of maintaining her stopping, even Billie was surprised by this stark revelation, her brow raised in curiosity. Though not much else was issued beyond that, still silent. Still seething over the teen’s comment.

Susan, though, was obviously shocked by the measurement. It had only taken Tiffany a few months to outgrow her in calf size, compared to the years it took Susan. Sure, Tiffany had a bit of ‘help’ on the side, but so did Susan, yet the teen’s calves were larger. The only plausible explanation for Tiffany’s growth rate Susan could think of was that her genes were passed down from her father...whomever he was.

Susan put the tape back, the revelation gnawing on her mind. Upon closing the drawer, she

spotted Tiffany's mother Jackie pull up in her Ford Focus. Time for Tiffany to head home, she supposed. Though it was clear the teen wasn't best pleased by her mother's sudden appearance. Not to mention it was obvious Tiffany was enjoying the company she had with Susan, her trainer.

"Shit. I didn't think she'd be here so soon."

A light bulb flashed on it Susan's mind as an idea formed. "Run out to your mother. See what she says about you staying the night. I'm sure the girls have some old PJs you can slip into."

Billie and Clara looked at one with shared jealousy as Tiffany rushed out. They never got to do anything like sleepovers as kids. It wasn't long before Billie stormed off upstairs, slamming her bedroom door.

When Tiffany returned, the smile she expressed indicated she had been given the go-ahead by her mother, which Susan returned with a friendly wave out the window. Susan was so fixated on Tiffany being given permission that she hadn't noticed Robert go upstairs to confide with and comfort Billie.

Clara, though, was different. She may not have liked the fact her mother missed out on so many occasions when growing up, but had grown to accept that as she matured.

"Clara, would you take Tiffany up to your room, help dish out some of your old PJs and clothes for tomorrow?"

"Yeah." Clara complied, but a part of her felt sorrowful towards her elder sibling who expressed, in her own way, a sense of rebellion against her mother's decision to care more for someone else's daughter than her own.

Chapter 8

It was the start of a new day. The sun had shone brightly through the windows as early as six, rousing Billie from her slumber. She would usually manage to sleep through until at least nine, but the days were brighter earlier in the summer. But Billie's mother Susan was hardwired differently, somehow always managing to sleep through the light and warmth of the mornings, snuggled up with and spooning Robert.

The floorboards creaked as Billie moved through the hallway, making sure not to wake Clara or Tiffany. Especially Tiffany. Billie's stomach craved French toast and golden syrup and she knew Tiffany would've kept all the bread to herself and devoured it for a 'light' breakfast if already up. Luckily though, the odds were apparently in Billie's favour.

Down the stairs Billie went, pacing quickly through the kitchen, her mind already playing tricks on her with the smell of French toast wafting through the air, a smile forming across her face as she met the kitchen's threshold. But this smile wasn't to last.

Billie was so sure her sister Clara was still in bed, her door closed tightly, not a peep coming from beyond it. But there she stood at the kitchen island, her arms folded.

"Urgh, what are you doing up so early? I was hoping to beat you to some French toast," Billie commented.

"She got up first." Clara watched Tiffany sat on the stool chomp greedily on a quadruple-layered bacon sandwich. After what Clara just witnessed, they'd be lucky if anyone could throw stuff together to make even an improvised breakfast. "Didn't know where the bacon was, so woke me up to help her find it. She's gone through the entire packet by herself."

Billie's eyes widened in disbelief, though hoped deep down she could still make that French toast she craved. "There's bread there though, right?"

Clara scoffed. "Where do you think she got the bread for the sandwich? There's none left."

"You're joking. Now what am I supposed to have?"

Clara couldn't stop herself from chuckling softly at her sibling. "Oh sure, just thinking about yourself, are you?"

Tiffany burped loudly, forcing her striated chest to ripple and expand outwards with a slight dose of growth. This, in turn, caused the evidently undersized top Clara had loaned her for sleeping in overnight to rip and burst like a pinata, exposing the teen's pecs to the two older siblings. Tiffany wiped her mouth. "Um...don't suppose you have any more food on the go, do you?"

Billie watched Clara begrudgingly help the teen find more food to eat. Sure, Tiffany was a guest in the house, but that didn't give her the right to eat the family out of house and home. Clara opened the cabinet where the soups and several pasta packets were stored. Clara was smart to think ahead by giving off the impression there was less food than there actually was. "There's a packet of pasta here. If you want, I can make that up for—"

"Great! I love pasta." Tiffany's shoulder only slightly nudged Clara's, but the surprising brute strength behind it still managed to push the comparatively taller girl aside. Tiffany spotted the five packets of pasta, grabbed them all and turned on the stove. "There's a lot of protein in it, you know."

Billie and Clara shared a realization, watching Tiffany start cooking the pasta: there was now literally no food left in the house.

At that point Susan entered the kitchen, her muscled calves laid bare under her dressing gown, her bed hair not that different from Billie's. "Morning girls. What's for breakfast today?"

Billie and Clara scoffed, rolling their eyes.

Susan watched. That was all she could bring herself to do, listening to Tiffany's grunts of effort as she pressed well over 5 times her own weight, her forehead and neck glistening and matted with sweat. Susan just couldn't understand how someone under a quarter her age could outperform her. Tiffany was no longer using, Susan knew, and yet the teen was performing as if she was.

"More weight!" Tiffany bellowed. She wanted to push her body to the absolute limit, the weight Susan had set up no longer enough to satisfy her. She was already pushing past the older woman's personal bests merely weeks after being taken up as a client. "Double, no, triple it!"

"Feeling that rush, are you?" Susan was impressed by Tiffany. It reminded her of her own dedication, dredging up memories spending days, even weeks in the gym before showing face to her family again, adding triple the original weight, bringing its new total to well over 100KGs. Even Susan couldn't handle that much at the same age. She watched the girl continue pressing, the machine now starting to groan in its effort to resist.

Only now did Tiffany feel challenged, the weight finally pushing back and resisting her brute strength. Her calves bulged outward, laden with thick veins that twitched in tandem with her effort to drive the leg press forward. She huffed, grunted and winced, shedding tears over the unbearable pain. A pain she strangely chased after.

Tiffany stopped, resting her legs out to the side. She smiled, looking at how swollen and pumped they had become. There was no questioning it, with no need to compare: Tiffany's quads were now well over twice as large as Susan's. A distinctive vein ran up the length of both legs, thick and and twitching, as if full of energy.

"You know, back in your day, I bet it would've taken years to get quads big as these." Tiffany

couldn't resist slapping her quads and shaking them, giggling like a schoolgirl as she watched them tense up into a flex and ripple. What the teen said was true. And yet Tiffany was able to surpass Susan in only a few weeks. "And to think I'm only sixteen, which means there's room left for growth, and lots of it."

Susan thought back to what Tiffany's mother Jackie said about who the father was. It was fairly certain he had to be someone with mesomorphic genes that were passed down to his daughter, but were clearly more extreme than they ought to be, and seemingly became more apparent as Tiffany matured.

There was more to Tiffany's father than what was being let on by Jackie.

"Tiffany, what do you know about your father?" Susan asked, keeping an eye on a teen's form as she went through bicep curls, the sleeves of her top tearing more and more with each rep.

"Not much. I know he and my mum had a fling before I was born."

"Yes, but what did you actually *know* about him?"

"I know he was a big guy. A bodybuilder like myself, if I remember correctly. My mum was a fan of his and used to attend his shows." Tiffany's focus had shifted somewhat, her mind now trailing off to memories of her mother sharing details about the teen's father. Tiffany wasn't sure why Susan had brought up the subject of her father, but it was clearly starting to affect the teen, the bicep curls now starting to come in at a slower pace. "She says he's a shiftless loafer, but I don't believe she means that."

"You ever thought about trying to find your dad? Or at least try to see what happened to him, since he dropped off?"

Tiffany re-racked the dumbbells, pulling her arms up into a double bicep pose, The sleeves of her top bursting to let her new pumped peaks pop out. She had thought about it, but for some

reason was too afraid to ask, worried about what the answer would be. "I guess."

"If you'd like, we can bring the subject up with your mother the next time we talk."

That sounded like a good idea to Tiffany. But all her energy and focus presently was dedicated to the workout. Once that was over, the teen would take up Susan's offer. Tiffany's smile signed the deal.

Susan mirrored the teen's expression. "Alrighty then. But first, let's see about getting you some new, bigger clothes."

Tiffany chuckled.

"What about this? Think this suits me?" Angela presented a cute top for Trent to look at.

"Absolutely." Trent agreed. Yes, the cute top did, indeed, suit his mother, his mind already fashioning moments of her parading it around the house, their bodies pressing against one another as they would share yet another kiss, her hand groping his ever-larger sack.

Angela grabbed three tubs of protein powder from the shelf, stacking them at the front. Trent already had well over twenty of them stashed in his bedroom cupboard, but these tubs weren't for him. Angela daren't take from her darling son's stash. He looked at her with equal parts curiosity and concern.

"Are you *absolutely* sure you want to start working out now?"

Angela smiled. Her son's concern was touching, but she was persistent. "Don't worry, darling, I'll be fine," she answered, tenderly placing a hand over Trent's cheek.

Trent's mind regarding the present subject seemed to dissipate the moment his mother touched his cheek, but the other, far more prevalent problem started bubbling up from the back of his mind. "And what about Taylor? You still haven't told her about...us."

Angela was initially of the mind to tell Taylor the extent of their relationship, but— "She doesn't need to know about us. You can just break things off with her like a normal relationship."

"Really? After everything you went through to set things up?"

"Yes. After all, I have you now."

Trent could tell from his mother's tone that she was starting to get turned on, looking at the thick pecs housed within the tight and slightly torn blue shirt, his shameless near-constant erection poking from his trousers. It didn't take much for Angela to grope his bulge as she bit her lip. They each inched closer to one another, readying to kiss—

Angela pulled away, moving the trolley further down the aisle, looking at the other fitness-oriented foodstuffs. Trent was disappointed in his mother choosing not to embrace their kiss, but he should've known her to be a tease by now, especially with that tight ass of hers in those jeans. "While we're in this aisle though, I ought to get you some stuff. I want to ramp everything up. Your calorie intake, your steroid and Trazo dosage — everything. Of course, I'll be sharing in the steroids and such too."

"Mum, I don't think that's—"

"What, safe?" Angela was surprised by her son's attitude towards the situation as she tossed several boxes of protein bars into the trolley. "Sweetie, we're a mother and son who fuck each other on a daily basis. I hardly think 'safe' is part of our vocabulary."

Trent just wasn't sure. He'd likely have felt different if his mother was a bit younger, but the reality was jarring, to say the least. "I just don't know."

“You say that now, but no doubt when my body starts changing — *growing* — you’ll feel differently about it. Now come with me to the changing rooms, I want to try this new lace top on.”

Trent had been only been waiting outside the changing for a little over five minutes, but to him it felt like hours. He checked his watch, huffing as the time read two thirty. On a normal day Trent would’ve been back at his gym at this time, either finishing yet another set or managing the finances, both official and unofficial.

“Come on! How long does it take to put on a top?” he queried in annoyance, picking up shuffling from behind the curtain at his back, his mother clearly nowhere near ready.

Angela chuckled. “Patience. It’ll be worth it.”

Trent was dubious to believe his mother. They both knew he would just rip it clean off her chest the moment they’d start fucking again, whenever that was. He checked his phone. A text from Taylor had come through at some point asking where he was, which Trent was in no particular rush to answer.

The shuffling behind the curtain stopped, followed by silence. Trent put his ear to the curtain. “You ready then?”

Trent didn’t expect to get yanked into the changing room, his mother’s gentle hand grabbing him by the shirt, stumbling forward with a grunt. By the time he’d reasserted his footing and vision, he was presented with his mother’s naked body, smiling at him as she moved closer, a hand brushing his bulge.

Angela was, indeed, ready, unbuckling Trent’s belt.

It didn't take much for him to embrace the moment, feeling his mother's mouth engulf the full length of his shaft, her hands pushing his muscled ass in to push him in closer, therefore taking more of him in her waiting maw. The gagging was deliberate of course.

Trent grunted, his face twitching in an erotic spasm as he felt his mother's tongue brush his shaft, her dotting eyes staring up cutely at her Greek god of a son, watching him unbutton and remove his shirt, thus revealing his chiseled abs and striated pecs, which he invitingly bounced to entice his mother further. Her arousal heightened at this display, unintentionally biting down hard on Trent's cock, but he didn't even feel the pressure, nor pain.

Angela pulled away and turned to present her ass to Trent. His cock had been lathered enough by her saliva to allow for easier insertion into her ass, which came quickly as Trent pushed deep into it with no warning, grunting and growling beastly. Angela giggled, cupping her hand over his cheek. "Ooooh, someone's feisty today."

Trent and Angela both knew they shouldn't have been having sex so blatantly in a public space, but they didn't care. Their collective rush of emotions blinded them, distorting their senses and only taking in one another's grunts and moans as Trent's thrusts came rhythmically.

Sex in a public space was risky...but thrilling.

Chapter 9

Billie wasn't entirely sure if this was the right idea. Sure, she'd let it simmer in the back of her head for a couple of days, but even after then she felt a sense of resistance. Billie argued this was comeuppance for the individual this was aimed towards, the only way she'd really be noticed by them, as hurtful as it felt. She'd never been in a proper gym before, those swarmed by vain meat-heads and HGH-fuelled roid monsters who'd spend more time eye-fucking their own reflections than anything. It was a sweat-stenched iron jungle of uncertainty and throbbing meat, and yet the only place Billie could go.

Some of the females were bigger than guys who'd been training for longer, their feminine features long since replaced with strong jaw lines and gruff vocal tones rivalling even the most masculine of men in the establishment. Billie had always known her mother to take bodybuilding seriously, to the point of obsession, but never once thought there would be others just like her, or arguably even more obsessed, watching one woman in particular bench press what had to be well over four times Billie's weight. It was by no means a proper feat in the grander scheme of things, but no less impressive to Billie regardless.

Trent was in the back spotting one of his clients doing flyes, carefully scrutinizing the comparatively smaller woman's form, though couldn't help but sneak a glance or two at her firm glutes whenever the opportunity presented itself. The mirror ahead reflecting back at them, he couldn't exactly hide it, but it didn't look as if the client minded. Frankly, she appreciated the odd looks.

The last time Billie saw Trent was when they were teenagers. Back then, Trent was still being groomed by his father Wyatt to become the biggest bodybuilder there was. Given how big he was now, it didn't take Billie much to figure out that the large specimen before her was indeed him. She couldn't help herself from admiring him from behind, particularly his own firm glutes. She bit her lip suggestively before bringing herself to speak.

“Trent?”

He turned, initially with confusion before taking in Billie’s features and seeing the similarities shared with Susan: the blonde locks of hair, green eyes, the comparatively slender legs. Trent smiled. “Billie. Christ, how long’s it been? What, five or six years?”

“Something like that, yeah,” was Billie’s soft-toned response. Damn it – she’d rehearsed her speech down to every word, but seeing Trent in all his Greek god glory, taking particular notice of his pectorals flaying sporadically as he moved caused it to melt completely from her mind. She just stood there aimlessly now, like some dumb thing.

“Can I help you with something?” Trent tried to get the conversation going again; tried to kill the obvious awkwardness that hung between them.

“Oh, yeah, um...can we talk in private for a sec?”

Trent smiled. “Sure.” He whispered to client to continue their set while he was away, urging Billie away from the cacophony of clanging steel and grunts to his office.

Trent wasn’t sure how to feel about it, but Billie told him everything, right down to the last detail. Even then, he still had to properly get his head around it. “So let me get this straight: you wanna start working out, bulk up like me, to get back at your mum?”

Billie scoffed. It wasn’t that hard to understand, honestly. “You heard what I said. She cares more about some other dumb chick’s kid than her own.”

“But how does that get back at her?”

“Bodybuilding’s all Mum understands. She lives and breathes it every second of every day.” It hurt Billie to have to admit that was the case. She couldn’t believe she had to resort to this. “Doing this gets me noticed.”

Trent sighed. He somewhat understood Billie’s plight but even then wasn’t sure how this was going to pan out in the long-term. But that wasn’t to say he wouldn’t commit to it. “So I take it you want me to be your trainer and keep this a secret?”

“That’s the idea.”

Trent looked at Billie dubiously.

It was the end-of-term parents night at Tiffany’s high school and things weren’t going particularly well for the aspiring champion bodybuilder. She fidgeted in her seat, its tiny wooden frame barely able to contain her bulk as it groaned. The sleeve of her top visibly strained as she scratched her neck, barely showing an indication of interest towards what her teacher Mr Hudson had to say.

“And then there’s the subject of her grades. Frankly, she’s failing across the board.” He presented a sheet of paper with a list of Tiffany’s grades from the start of term until now, not even trying to hide his evident disappointment. “At the start of the year she was one of the top three students in class, now she’s fallen within the lowest grade group.”

Tiffany’s mother Jackie was quick to jump to her daughter’s defense. “She has a very important competition coming up. It could be life-changing for her.”

Mr Hudson was surprised. And not in the good kind of way. He was disappointed in Tiffany. She was looking to be one of the school’s top students by the time she reached sixth form, yet that obviously went downhill by the time Tiffany took up bodybuilding. Mr Hudson scratched his forehead. “I think I can speak for all my colleagues when I say a bodybuilding

competition is secondary to a steady education, Missus Hunt.”

“Jackie.”

“Jackie. But on that subject: I hardly think a sport so physically demanding as bodybuilding is something someone Tiffany’s age should be taking on.” Mr Hudson couldn’t help but look at Tiffany and notice her jawline was distinctly more pronounced than his own, for someone less than half his age. “And let’s not ignore the blatant steroid use. Just this morning we caught her injecting a sizable amount of it into herself before gym class. During which, I might add, she was quick to hoard the free weights for herself.”

“They were too light anyway,” Tiffany argued. Her voice had gotten even deeper over the last few days. It was even more so than Mr Hudson’s, so it was no wonder why he visibly cringed when he heard her speak.

Jackie turned to Tiffany. “You told me you’d stop using.”

Tiffany scoffed. “I can only get so big naturally before needing to turn to ‘roids. You know that.” “I’ve gotta win this competition,” she added, smugly grinning when her sleeve busted to reveal the bicep throbbing underneath.

“Ah, that’s something we need to touch on. The – ahem – wardrobe malfunctions,” Mr Hudson mentioned.

Jackie’s face turned red with embarrassment. “I’ve been meaning to get ahead of that. Her growth just out-paces my ability to do that. You know?”

“Of course. Just understand she’s had three ‘mishaps’ this week alone. It’s worth mentioning: I’m not saying she can’t compete. She just has to work on her priorities. Education above training. I trust you’ll be able to steer Tiffany in that direction?”

“Of course,” was Jackie’s response.

Tiffany grumbled, folding her arms over her thick pecs dressed under tightly-clad under armor. “You know, Susan would’ve thought differently.”

“What did you say?” Jackie was less than impressed with her daughter’s snide remark.

“I said, Susan would’ve thought differently. She would’ve encouraged me to do what I’m doing.”

“Oh, would she?” Jackie offered a sarcastic smile. “I hardly think that’s true.”

Tiffany sulked.

Angela had been with her friend Audrey for what had to be three straight hours now, conversing unsurprisingly about all things women typically do. So it certainly didn’t come as a shock to Trent’s self that boredom was the core feeling controlling him. He would’ve been working out by now, if not for the fact Angela had him slaving away at the kitchen making little nibbles for her and Audrey to share.

“So there I was, right, minding my own business when Jacqueline…” Trent sighed softly as he cut the cheese to place neatly on sandwiches, two freshly-made cups of tea and biscuits at the side, too. He didn’t care for what Audrey had to say about, well, anything honestly. He especially didn’t care for the comments made about the woman’s sibling.

Angela laughed, her breasts bouncing up and down as if to mirror her exuberance, biting softly on the little nibble. She’d been eating a lot lately, far more than usual, serious about her decision to bulk up and match her hunk of a son. He’d been quietly mapping out a shared diet and workout plan for them over the past few days. Though for reasons made obvious only to them, there was no real need to add cardiovascular training.

Trent placed the fresh platter of sandwiches and cups of tea down next to Angela and Audrey, whipping the dish towel over his shoulder. With slaving over the kitchen counter almost at an end, he could feel the excitement build within him knowing he was now one moment closer to working out in the basement gym, his place of Zen.

“Thank you, darling. Clean up, then you can go, okay?”

Trent grumbled, yet begrudgingly complied.

Audrey couldn't help but ogle Trent as he pulled the kitchen spray out from the small cupboard below the sink, his back muscles bulging and threatening to rip clean through his tank top. His biceps were bare, pressed into his sides, shoulders pumpkin'd and striated. And his glutes – God, there wasn't an inch of fat on them. Just raw, powerful muscle. It was no wonder why Audrey's nipples had gotten so brazenly erect, like they could through glass.

“So what's the sex like?” she asked nonchalantly in a hushed tone.

“I'm not sure what you mean,” was Angela's response.

“Oh, come off it, Angie. Look at him!” Audrey's eyes trailed Trent's powerful body once more, fantasizing about exploring it from calf to neck, wondering perversely about all kinds of things she'd love him to do to her. She'd been starved of sex for years, her husband now too focused on his job to notice her blatant advances. Trent was like a Greek god in comparison with not just Audrey's oblivious husband, but any man. His powerful body only reinforced her desire for carnal pleasure. “He's nothing but a big, bulging bag of tastiness.”

“How did you—”

“Figure it out? Honestly, it wasn't that hard. For one thing, who wouldn't want to take advantage of a body like his anyway. And to think someone of his age is still living with his mother despite being independently wealthy from all those sponsorships and gym memberships. He could practically live alone, and yet—” Audrey stopped, letting her point hang in the air for a

bit before leaning in closer with a shrewd smile. “Besides, don’t think I haven’t caught you looking at that ass of his too. So…”

“It’s amazing.” Angela resigned to coming clean. Her mind had already flashed back to earlier in the week when she and Trent had fucked so hard for so long that the bedroom positively radiated with their collective body heat, almost turning it into a sex furnace. “Did you know he fucked me so hard earlier in the week that I could barely walk for the rest of it? I can barely feel my ass even now.”

Audrey bit her lip, her mind positively rushing with imaginary moments of Trent doing the exact same to her. “How big is he?”

“You know how big he is. His muscles are bigger than his father’s at the same age.”

“No,” Audrey chuckled softly. “How ‘big’ is he?”

Angela then understood, nodding with a slight grin not dissimilar to what Audrey had expressed earlier. Angela knew Audrey’s mind would shatter at the sheer size of Trent’s cock. “Trent dear, would you come here for a second.”

Trent grumbled. He’d have preferred getting the cleaning over with to then workout rather than do whatever the hell his mother wanted now, but he had to be ‘a good boy’ to then be rewarded later that night. So he complied, the tiles creaking and squeaking under his weight as he approached. He had expected his mother to ask him to perform some other menial task such as those for the past few hours, not brazenly unzip his trousers.

“Mum, what’re you—”

“It’s okay, sweetie. Audrey knows.”

And with that Trent not only became more relaxed, but actively helped his mother, whipping out his monster cock and holding it firmly in his hand. His thumb brushed over the

shaft, veins encrusting and bulging.

Angela cupped Trent's balls in her hand, each testicle the size of an orange, massaging them.

"Christ, what the hell have you been feeding him? Was Audrey's response.

Angela chuckled at first, before the inkling of an idea formed in her head, looking at Trent, then to Audrey. "Trent, dear...do you think you could do something for the two of us?"

Trent's brow furrowed...

Trent had become so used to passionate moments with one woman that his mind seemed to lose it when it became two. Angela and Audrey knelt before his snake of a cock, his mother pulling and tugging his shaft while Audrey was practically lost for words as she cupped and massaged his balls.

Audrey moved closer to Angela, their naked breasts slapping and massaging one another betwixt the mixture of erotic moans and sighs from both women. Angela's hand moved to Audrey's thigh, rubbing it gently, lovingly as the other woman moved her hand to Angela's cheek. They looked at one another. Before long, the two women locked lips, sharing an embrace as Trent watched, his cock bulging with the inevitable excitement.

"Ooooh, he likes it!"

Angela chuckled, turning to Trent as she fondled her breast, which Audrey was all too happy to suck on, making the woman's nipples even harder. Of course Trent was jealous, wishing Audrey's cute lips were instead wrapped around the length of his cock, wanting to hear her gag pretentiously as it was shoved down her waiting throat.

“Trent, dear, why don’t you give Audrey here a little taste?” Angela rubbed the woman’s back invitingly, urging Audrey on to move between Trent’s trunky thighs. It went without saying that Audrey didn’t need much convincing – seeing the sheer size of his cock was enough to assert her decision in taking him. Though Audrey was fairly sure Trent’s shaft had grown thicker at some point, the veins bulging and full of vigor, her palm now barely big enough to hold it.

Trent’s wish was then reality. He listened to Audrey gag on his meat, though it wasn’t as pretentious as he originally envisioned. Almost as if she actually was struggling to take him. But not through lack of trying, she kept on, her mouth stretching in its attempt to envelope more of his shaft, drool trickling down her chin.

“Audrey’s quite the slut, isn’t she?”

Audrey and Angela shared in their chuckle, the occupied woman fondling her breast to further entice Trent. She ran her free hand over his chiseled abs, her pussy practically numb at how powerful he appeared to be – almost godlike. Audrey’s mind ran wild with images of her being vigorously pounded by him. What she wouldn’t give for that to happen...

Angela just watched, gently rubbing her clit in silence as Trent’s shaft shifted with his movements, the floorboard creaking under his bulk, grunting as Audrey started audibly swallowing his load, who moaned even at that. Angela was proud of her son’s achievement in this moment.

Trent hadn’t fully emptied his balls, yet pulled his cock free from Audrey’s mouth. Disappointment wasn’t what overcame the woman, but a sense of knowing, as if she was aware of what Trent wanted. Watching him stroke, she presented her breasts to him and waited for the inevitable torrent of cum to flow and coat them. When it happened, a girlish chuckle escaped from her lungs, gasping profusely as a second shot sprayed across her face and hair.

“See? He had a lot to offer,” Angela said.

“Tell me about it.” Audrey gathered a dollop of cum hanging loosely from her breast and sucked on it, swallowing loudly.

“There’s plenty more where that came from, Audrey.” Angela moved to Trent, resting a hand on his cheek. He was far from spent, already stiffening up again as his mother shifted to slide into him. Before long, the predictable rhythmical slapping of her cheeks against his thighs came, Audrey circling around to Trent’s rear so she could embrace Angela in a kiss, embracing them both in a cocoon of ecstasy.

Chapter 10

With a smile on his face, Trent stood contemplatively in the shower, reminiscing proudly about the night's events as water cascaded down his sculpted back and glutes. He'd never had such powerful sex in his life, even solely with the beautiful woman who birthed him, so Trent had every reason to feel as elated as he was. His muscles tensed in the mirror's reflection, seeing how far physically he'd come in recent weeks, he wondered perhaps if his mother was right to obsess over his daily routine – was right to feel the feelings she had towards him. It went without saying his father would never have permitted such relations, which was why, of course, Angela took him out of the picture – permanently.

Trent had been given some time to come to terms with the fact his mother murdered his father out of jealousy. It was hard to say whether the herculean son was turned on by her crime of passion, but appreciated her desire to help further his strength. Wyatt only pushed Trent so far, but Angela was maddened by her lust and thus saw no bounds.

The medicine cabinet opened, Trent pulled out the last box of Trazo he had and frowned. He'd need to get more at some point. Three pills – enough left to keep him going for a few days at least. He popped one in his mouth and within seconds his pupils dilated, giving him quite the buzz of energy too, not to mention his balls tingling with a weird sense of anticipation before swelling a couple of inches bigger. His balls had gotten so much bigger now he could barely cup one in his hand.

He wrapped a towel over his waist before opening the bathroom door, the thick mist of steam amassing behind him. A smile formed on Trent's lips as he observed his mother and Audrey sleeping together. Audrey had her head rested over Angela's breast, as if it were a pillow, a hand not-so furtively layered over the mother's shaved, cum-drenched pussy. All Trent wanted to do was simply look, marvel at the fact he'd conquered both women, remembering their respectively moans of pleasure and giggling as they tribbed. Trent was like a Greek god looking

at his concubines.

A text message silently popped up on Trent's phone on the bedside unit. Unlocking his phone, he realized several messages had already come through while he was showering, all from the same person: Susan's daughter Billie. She asked where he was, how long would he be— And that was when Trent remembered he made the deal with Billie to help train her. Looking at the clock, he was already half an hour late for his two o'clock appointment at his gym.

"Shit."

Billie was losing her patience. Trent had let her down. She should've known he'd back out without saying a word. There was no way he would've realistically agreed to the terms offered, likely viewed it all as petty. *What the hell does he know*, she thought. It wasn't as if his mother ignored him for years to obsessively concentrate on a sport to win trophies that were, honestly, meaningless in the end.

What stung Billie just as much as Trent's betrayal was seeing Tiffany, her mother's protege, in the free weights section beasting through a workout, garnering the attention of a throng of individuals, a few of which were pro champions. They made offhand comments to Tiffany about her being bigger than they were at the same age, a compliment the blonde shulk pretty much lived for these days. She returned the compliment with a few casual flexes, which flocked yet more people to her, driving the point home.

"Only been training properly for a few months and I'm already bigger than my trainer." Tiffany's voice had gotten deeper, which indicated she'd blatantly disregarded her teacher and Susan's plea to stop juicing. She did, of course, for a time, but that was just to get back into Susan's good graces. And she was surprisingly gullible enough to fall for it.

"Oh yeah? Who's that?" one of Tiffany's observers queried.

Tiffany didn't immediately say, though her responding smirk was indeed quite telling. She let the silence hang for a second, basking in the attention, aware everyone would know who she would refer to. After all, they made quite the name for themselves over the years as champion and prominent citizen for the town.

"Susan Jones."

The crowd around Tiffany burst into disbelief. Even the pros struggled to comprehend her claim, themselves having looked up to Susan as inspiration when amateurs were dumbstruck. Tiffany smiled, listening to the throng of avid gym-goers talk amongst itself, debating on whether she was telling the truth or talking horse-shit. Which was why Tiffany decided to bring them along for the ride by making her second point.

"She's got me training for the Miss Mass contest in a few weeks. I don't know about you, but..." she feigned a wince as her bicep was flexed, giggling softly as the sleeve of her top casually busted to let her large peak rise unhindered. "...I think I've got it in the bag. These 20-inch canons of mine will make sure of it."

Billie had heard enough of Tiffany's gloating. She had a hope formed from spite that Tiffany would lose the Miss Mass content and be put down a peg, but Tiffany was right — she was bigger than Susan, which would be advantageous to the protege on the day. And should she win, which was likely to be the case, it would just make Tiffany feel even more arrogant. As if her chest wasn't already — literally — puffed up enough.

"The only reason you're bigger than my mother is because you're juicing like there's no tomorrow," Billie snapped. Her face had gone pale following the realization that followed. She never expected to get the crowd's attention, let alone half of those who'd now reared their heads in curiosity, Tiffany included. "It's going to come back to bite you in the ass, you know."

"Huh. Never expected to see you here, Billie." Tiffany scoffed. She shouldn't have bothered paying attention to her. It wasn't like she was in any kind of position to talk. Besides, more than half the crowd at Tiffany's side obviously juiced, so Billie's words fell on deaf ears. Even then, it

didn't stop Tiffany from throwing a jab. "You're probably right, though. But by then I'll have won Miss Mass, which will have made me more popular than I am now. More popular than your mother, too."

"That trophy's as good as yours," one of the females in the crowd insinuated with a smile, watching Tiffany return to single-handed dumbbell rows. The rest of the crowd murmured amongst itself in unanimous agreement.

Tiffany basked in the shared judgment of her throng of fans for a moment, but wasn't so quick to stop antagonizing Billie. "I don't understand why you care so much anyway. I mean, look at you!" The dumbbell dropped to the floor, Tiffany drove her point further by flexing her bicep clean in Billie's face, so the smaller girl could see the distinct details up close; the bulging veins, split peak and the fact it veered level with her forehead, her workout top barely managing to contain her beefy frame with tears and rips flanking it. Tiffany just couldn't stop herself from gloating. She practically reveled in it. "You're nothing but a goddamn twig compared to me."

Billie caught herself gulping, visibly shaken by this younger yet comparatively larger girl completely dominating her personal space without even trying. Of course, what Tiffany said was right, which was why it stung so much.

"What's all this in aid of anyway? Validation? Is Mummy not paying attention to wittle Billie?" Tiffany offered a mocking pout, knowing all too well it would rattle Billie's cage. The crowd around them couldn't help but scoff and giggle mockingly at the taunting at Billie's expense. "Face it. I'm the daughter your mother wished she had."

The mob didn't expect what happened next. A few more rounds of verbal sparring, sure, but definitely not Billie's closed fist launching itself to hit with Tiffany. The shulk knew Billie was predictable enough to do that in her rage, however, so with a smug grin she quickly side-stepped so Billie's knuckles busted the wall instead.

Damage to public property. Great. Just what Billie needed.

Tiffany guffawed, which didn't help. Nor did the fact Billie knew she was getting so easily ragged on by a damn teenager. A cocky one at that. Her knuckles were bloody and dusty with plaster, stinging with pain but not enough to lose sleep over.

“You might need a wittle plaster for that, huh? There's no point in you working out now. You know that, right? No matter how much shit you take, I'm already several months ahead and dozens of pounds heavier than you. I'll just double, triple, *quadruple* my doses.”

Billie was of the mind to launch a second, more precise punch, but thought better of it. It was just wrong. Yet Tiffany had no right to act the way she did either. Not that the crowd around them cared what Billie thought about it. She didn't want to be perceived as weak – or even having been bullied – by leaving, as that would only embolden Tiffany further, but she did, her head low.

“That's right, Billie. Run home to Mummy.” The crowd laughed as Billie made her swift retreat, but by the time she'd reached the door, Tiffany was already back at her workout. She needed more weight. “Alright Zack, gimme those three 20K plates...”

As he turned the corner, Trent wondered how he was going to explain his lateness to Billie. He couldn't exactly be forthcoming with the truth, could he? Not only that, but his evident largeness in both mass and girth would also raise an eyebrow, having grown twice as large since they last met in only three days. The casual comments from passersby cemented the fact Trent certainly was someone hard to miss, sneakily tugging at the crotch of his trousers to stop his balls from chaffing.

Whatever excuse he was to come up with, it'd have to be on the spot, seeing Billie sat depressingly on the thigh-height wall just outside his gym. Trent panicked, Billie eyeballing him with a death-dealing stare as he approached, far too pissed off by the fact he was now – she checked her watch – half an hour late for her first training session to notice his massiveness.

“What fucking took you so long?” Billie didn’t even bother hiding her annoyance, her comparatively stick-thin arms crossed over her B-cup cleavage, a foot jutting out to the side. It was at that moment she noticed Trent’s size, but couldn’t for the life of her figure out if he was that big the last time they spoke or not. Never mind. “In fact, don’t answer that. I don’t care. What I do care about is why you’d pass up on taking on a client. Who passes up on earning money? I mean, honestly.”

Trent’s silence was deafening, which only served to betray him and annoy Billie further. But she decided to not act on it. At this rate, what would be the point? She was more pissed off at Tiffany. Still. “I’m here now, aren’t I? Better late than never.”

“That’s beside the point! I came to you for help, but *you* were late. First impressions matter, after all. If it was the other way around, I’d probably be booted as a client.”

Trent could see Billie was fiercely persistent about starting to work out and, by extension, finally get her mother to notice her. But then he saw her face fall flat, seemingly depressed again when she looked over her shoulder, back into the gym. Following the line of sight, Trent noticed Tiffany casually curl a 50KG barbell with one hand like it was nothing, the same crowd as before cheering her on. It seemed Trent wasn’t the only person to double in size in such a short period.

“What’s the fucking point though, right?” Despair clung to Billie’s voice like a vulture’s talon grabbing its prey. She was reminded by Tiffany’s possibly truthful words: that no matter what Billie did to ensure more growth and size, Tiffany was going to be in the lead, one way or another.

Trent’s brow furrowed with curiosity, Billie’s words getting his attention. “Wait. Is this more about getting your mother to notice you or beating Tiffany?”

Billie scoffed. “I’ll get my mum’s attention *by* beating Tiffany. I’ll bury that little bitch in the ground.”

“You’re scary when determined, I’ll tell you that.”

Billie realized though. “That means I’ll have to find a way to sign up for the Miss Mass contest *without* my mum knowing.”

“Tiffany’s taking part in that? She’ll get eaten alive. If even your mum couldn’t win—”

“Mum’s idea, believe it or not. Sees it as revenge by proxy for losing the contest back then. Gonna be tricky though. The contest is only weeks away, so I’ve got a lot of catching up to do.”

“Not necessarily.” Trent smiled shrewdly as Billie’s brow curved with curiosity.

Trent and Billie stood just outside the gate leading into the Jones’s household, the diminutive girl twiddling her thumbs nervously. Or perhaps a particularly active sense of anticipation. No wonder, after what Trent just told her. But things would definitely be tricky for her, looking at the front door.

“So let me get this straight: you’ve been selling what’s basically a black market steroid, minus the negatives, to my mum and your clients for, what, weeks now, and you think it can give me the edge I need against Tiffany?” Billie turned to Trent, who wasn’t best pleased by her labeling his product a black market item, even if that was the case. She happened to glance at his crotch, assuredly convinced it was bigger than before, biting her lip. “It would certainly explain a few things about you.”

As fleetingly flattered as he was, this wasn’t about Trent. This never was about Trent. “Yeah, it’s called Trazoprosyn, shorthanded to Trazo. Should be in your house, somewhere. I remember your mum saying she was hiding it from Tiffany.” Unbeknown to one another, he and Billie shared the exactly same thought. One that just might make one’s blood run cold: what if Tiffany were to get her hands on it? “Somewhere secret, I would imagine. Or at least someplace

only she has access to.”

Billie smiled, the inkling of an idea forming in her head. She knew exactly where the Trazo was. Someplace secret, yes, but also hiding in plain sight. The basement gym locker. Susan obviously kept it locked with a key, but wasn't smart enough to realize it was one of those cheap lockers one could pry open with a coin.

Trazo, Billie repeated in her head confidently, approaching the door.

The crouch creaking, Robert wheezed trying to pull himself up off Susan's naked chest, quite literally gasping for breath. They'd been at it like dogs in heat for hours. Sweat trickled down his brow as he watched Susan pull her arms up into a triumphant double bicep pose, looking down at him with a knowing smile, feeling his twitching cock press deep into her waiting pussy lips for what had to be the fifth time already. This was the most sex they'd had in months. Not that either of them were complaining.

Susan ravaged Robert with kisses, her back muscles tensing with an eager sense of readiness as his hand groped her glutes. She laughed softly at him, looking deeply into his eyes as he bit his lip, clearly lusting for his wife's powerful body. Susan guided one of Robert's quivering hands to her chest, moaning softly as his digits brushed her pecs before quickly sharing in that same laugh and kissing again and Susan started pumping his cock like there was no tomorrow, eager to get every drop he had to offer.

The creaking floorboard outside compelled the couple to stop though, Susan's breath quavering with expected unease, feeling Robert casually, slowly pull out. “Billie, is that you?”

Billie stood in the hallway stiff as she could bring herself to be in that tense moment, waiting for the silence to die out and the rigorous sex to continue. She hoped to use the cacophony of carnal noises to her advantage and make her way to the basement, which was few steps ahead. It practically teased her, waiting for her.

“She isn’t there, Hon. Remember she said she was going to be at the cinema with some friends. She won’t be back for a few hours yet. And it’s not Clara either because she’s working.” Robert brushed his hand over Susan’s back tenderly. He could tell she wasn’t entirely convinced, though his soft touches were inviting. “Come on, show me what those award-winning muscles are really made of, huh?”

Susan looked back at Robert with a smile.

The moans of sex continued, sending a quick shiver down Billie’s spine before moving up to the basement door and descending the stairs.

Billie hadn’t ever been a fan of her mother’s basement gym. Too rustic. But she’d been down there often enough to at least know the layout; to know where the single locker was, in the corner near the mats. The smell of sweat was forever pungent, as if that was the room’s smell, but Billie had to fight through its mist as she approached the locker with a coin in hand. That ought to do the job. Turning the coin, she had to fight the urge to gag as a cloud of sweat was sucked in.

As the locker sprang open, its contents were revealed: a diet and workout regimen for the next few weeks, some store-bought syringes still in their packaging, and the single, unopened bottle of Trazo. Billie grabbed the bottle and syringes, carefully storing them in the back pocket of her jeans, making sure the rim of her jacket covered them up. The locker sealed again with the coin, Billie couldn’t help but smile at her success as she took to the stairs again.

Chapter 12

Angela's jealousy had compelled her into action the next day. Who was this nameless girl her son was quite obviously screwing behind her back? What did Angela deserve to receive such treachery, knowing she was nothing but caring and attentive to Trent's every need? Every possible outcome playing inside her head, Angela was forced to take matters into her own hands.

Which was why she started taking the Trazo. The mother knew she had to do what was necessary to reel Trent in and remind him of the extent of their relationship. She neither wanted to be sidelined nor have Trent think he could just run off with any girl that made his cock twitch. Granted, the hypocritical mother said he could, but that was just motherly sweet talk to coax him.

Angela wasn't sure how much of the drug to take. Well, that was a lie. She knew how much to take so Trent would notice, but the mother endeavored to go further than that. She wanted to make a point. Perhaps what she meant to say was 'When should I stop?'

Ironically enough, that thought never crossed her mind. Instead, the mother took the vial of Trazo she secretly had stashed in the kitchen cupboard and injected its contents wholly, caring little for the consequences. In all her earlier years as a teen experimenting with recreational drugs, Angela had, frankly, never felt anything quite like she did now. Her eyes dilated to well over double their original size, her heart-rate thumping like a bass drum, her hearing muffling on account of its intensity. This was a rush for the ages, she thought, bringing her arm up to see the veins underneath already thick, full of life and energy, and she hadn't even started working out yet!

On account of spending most of his time working out at the one he owned in town, Trent had practically abandoned the gym in his home basement. This gave Angela all the time and space needed to put her plan into motion.

Grabbing the 50-pound dumbbells she usually worked with, Angela was surprised to find them lighter than usual. It was strange. She used them only yesterday, at which point they more than did the job of applying a decent amount of resistance. It must've been the Trazo doing its work. Taking a moment to assess the situation further, she could feel her arm swell up a bit, muscle definition already starting to develop. Granted, she already had some noticeable definition from training alone over the last few weeks, but this was different. This was a degree of permanent growth from simply grabbing the dumbbells off the rack.

Angela smiled, a certain reality filling her with excitement. She was going to have fun with this.

The woman knew she was onto something when she decided to double the dumbbells to 100 pounds. Finally, there was some resistance, the weight bearing down slightly as she brought her arm up for her first rep. Having learned from Trent, Angela made sure to check her posture for any kinks, keeping her back straightened, firm, confident. The grin that formed across her lips spoke for her. She could already feel it, the weight lightening every so slightly between reps, reaffirming the assumption that the next little while was, indeed, going to be fun.

A soft moan escaped from Angela as she brought the dumbbell up to meet her chest, feeling the skin on her arm become tauter, the limb itself swelling with the slightest dose of growth, as if teasing the woman. The veins across her forearm now more pronounced than ever, she couldn't help but look at them with a perverted want, her mind numbing with all the possibilities her obvious increase in power could yield. So it wasn't long before the woman felt her crotch tingle with excitement.

“Fuck.” The dumbbells quickly outlived their usefulness, the resistance they applied dwindling to near weightlessness. She could feel her biceps bulge as she moved away from the dumbbell rack, the weights themselves mindlessly dropped to the floor, rolling past the woman’s modestly sculpted legs to thunk against the nearby wall. Angela needed more weight.

The leg press ought to do the job, surely? Angela didn’t think about how much resistance should she realistically apply. Her throbbing arms caused the mother to cast aside any modicum of reasoning, taking the weight stack pin and loading the maximum in place. She would just go from there and quite literally work her way down until that was weightless too.

“Hnnghh!” Of course, Angela struggled with the initial press, the machine scarcely registering her efforts. But it only strove the woman to keep trying, and trying, and trying until, eventually brought on by a new dose of growth, the weight was finally manipulated by Angela’s strength, little by little inching further and further into a proper press rep. Her legs initially wobbled with the effort and strain but became firmer as time passed, twitching with growth, striations increasing in definition coming into view with each successful leg press. “Oh, goooood! Wish I’d started using this stuff sooner!”

Angela’s mind trailed. Just what would life for her and Trent be like if she did use the Trazo sooner? It certainly was one worth musing about. One thing was a certainty though: Angela would’ve reined Trent in and not have him around other girls his age. No. No, Angela would never allow that. She daren’t wonder what that girl he was talking to yesterday was doing right now. Probably sucking some other guy’s dick. The slut.

Billie winced as Trent injected the Trazo into her arm. A modest dosage, just enough to give her the necessary buzz to get things into gear. He didn't give her much of a warning though, just jamming the needle into the closest vein when Billie wasn't looking, slightly distracted by the male bodybuilder that passed by the lockers, the shirt he wore tight and practically clinging onto him like a second skin. Any kind of mis-measured breath would be enough for his pecs to tear through.

Trent discarded the needle, tossing it into the nearby waste bin, and offered Billie a cotton wool pad to help with the bleeding. He took a moment to observe his new client in silence, noting her fierce and quiet confidence as she checked her outfit over, especially making sure to double-check her cute bubble butt under by a pair of hot pink yoga shorts. Everything was perfect. Everything was in motion.

"You ready?" Trent knew what he asked was redundant but the moment just didn't feel complete without it.

"I was born ready, Trent."

The duo trailed off and out of the locker room, entering the main space of Trent's gym where all his clients trained. There was a certain aura about the place different from when Billie was last there, back when Tiffany gloated about her size, strength, and apparently destined victory at the Miss Mass contest. The memory still stung Billie, but not so much as before, using it as fuel for her first training session with Trent, who was guiding her to the dumbbell rack.

"Now, usually we'd start light, but with the Trazo shooting through you, I'd say we can crank things up a bit to, say, 40-pounders?"

Billie hesitated. She knew what needed to be done to achieve her goal, but knew

next to nothing about where to start. Even with the Trazo coursing through her, she still didn't know if Trent's suggestion was not only enough but safe. She looked at him, hoping to confide, but he didn't quite offer the response she expected.

“Trust yourself, Billie. Is the weight too heavy or too light?”

“Can we try the sixties?” Billie blurted out without thinking. God, why did she say that? She couldn't feel the Trazo yet like Trent said, so there was no telling if she was starting even heavier than she needed to. She panicked watching Trent swap the dumbbells over, yet for some reason stuck with the decision that flew out of her mouth as the weights were placed in Billie's hands.

“How do they feel? Not too heavy, are they?”

Billie curled the dumbbell slowly to test its weight, though her form wasn't anything like her pro mother's and needed some serious work, which Trent was there for. Surprisingly though, going up to the sixties seemed to be the right move. The weight was neither too light nor too heavy. It was just right.

Trent watched Billie curl once more, checking her posture diligently for the kinks that stuck out like a sore thumb. Her back wasn't straightened properly, curling the weight with little to no attention to her presentation. But that didn't stop the changes from happening. Her bicep gently swelled between reps, the pace of its growth slow yet inarguably noticeable. Trent had experienced such changes himself, but to witness them was something altogether different.

“Woah. I'm already getting a pump?” Billie put one of the dumbbells down to flex her bicep, seeing the modest swelling continue, forcing forth more growth. It was cute how she thought her tiny instance of definitive growth was mistaken for a pump Trent thought, watching his new client pump up her arm with a cute giggle, getting a

particular reaction down at his crotch when a layer of veins popped to the surface of her bicep.

Trent laughed nervously. “No, you’re already growing,” he pointed out, sweating in response to the girl’s lats filling out her sports bra despite not yet being worked, the fabric becoming taut and stretched like the male bodybuilder’s shirt.

Posing next. It went without saying Angela learned rather a lot from Trent during the few weeks they’d been working out together as a power couple. Similarly, Trent uncovered a few tricks from his mother on how to properly pleasure a woman, which Angela was now, of course, coming to regret. Her pecs had practically ballooned to well over thrice their original thickness as she stared at her reflection covetously. Every breath she took forced her chest to ripple like a wave and bulge with a ferocity that suggested, if she dared to push them too much, they just might burst!

A leg out to the side, she smirked, admiring the striations across her quad, groping the limb as her life depended on it, falling in love with the size and raw power, stronger now than when she dominated the leg press. So this was what Susan had come to appreciate in her earlier years, Angela realized, watching the network of veins across her leg swell to the surface of her skin, threatening to pop.

Angela wasn’t quite as large as Trent. At least, not yet. But she certainly was getting there far, far faster than he ever achieved his current degree of size. Because Trent wasn’t driven by a perverse impression of jealousy that drove his mother to go overboard with the Trazo dose. As far as Angela was concerned there was no dose, just the means to an end. What goals Trent had spent years trying to achieve in regards to strength and size Angela was quickly catching up to in a matter of hours! It stood to reason that it wouldn’t be long before she wasn’t just stronger and larger than him, but considerably

so.

The Trazo seemed to have a will of its own at this point, somehow managing to force yet more growth through Angela. She winced with a tone that suggested the pain shooting through her growing body was pleasurable, further reinforced by the twitching of her pussy, itself actively flexing with independence. There was just so much going on in these few short seconds to enjoy that Angela didn't know where to start.

Raising them into a double bicep pose, Angela's arms practically exploded with size, adding what had to be at least five inches from performing that simple action alone! She eyeballed the veins snaking along the limbs' lengths, thickening and becoming more active in their travels. Before long, a perverse network of tubing soon encompassed both arms from wrist to shoulder, actively twitching with a sense of anticipation and desire Angela shared.

"Trent's gonna blow his load in thick manly bursts when he sees the new me!" Angela twisted her body around into a classic flex, grunting forcefully to expel yet more growth into existence, skin creaking, bones grinding. She was of the mind that the more of her there was on offer, the more Trent would want her. So it went without saying Angela was persistent in ensuring there was a lot for her son to get his hands on...

Chapter 13

It may have been Tiffany's rest day, but that didn't stop Susan from keeping her focused. She didn't want her promising student to become complacent this close to the Miss Mass contest. It was so close now. Memories of the day flooded Susan's mind: meeting Ms Olympia champions she grew up aspiring towards acting as judges, a small circle of friends and family backstage offering encouraging words. It all suddenly came back to her. Yet the pain in remembering the loss stung the most. It was this memory in particular that inspired Susan to ensure Tiffany wasn't idle even for a second.

A piece of paper with a list of names on it was placed onto the kitchen table the girl sat at, eating what had to be her fourth steak going hand-in-hand with her third extra-thick protein shake. As much as she loved her, Tiffany much preferred Susan's company to her mother's. Susan 'understood' Tiffany more than she ever could. It may have been true considering she shared more in common than Jackie did, but that didn't mean Susan was going to coddle the girl.

Tiffany read the list of names between bites, all strangers to her of course, but Susan seemed to look at them with a different air. An air Tiffany seemed to note as disdain. "What am I looking at exactly?"

"A list of names I want you to memorize."

"Okay..." Tiffany wasn't sure where Susan was going with this. It was just a list of names and nothing more to the girl. A little context would go a long way. "Care to explain?"

"The roster for the Miss Mass contest came through earlier, so I pulled it to show you who you're going up against in a few weeks," Susan noted Tiffany paying extra attention to the list

now that the details were laid bare. But it still didn't explain the woman's persisting unease.

"You feeling okay? It almost looks as if you're scared of who I'll be going up against."

Susan rolled her eyes. Was her anxiousness truly that obvious? Of course, Susan was scared. She didn't want the months of training Tiffany powered through to all go to waste by losing, which was a fear to be expected in any case. But that wasn't why Susan was afraid either. "Read the names out loud."

Tiffany was apprehensive to read the list at first, but knew, deep down, not doing so could do more harm. "Izumi Takahashi, Lucy Kruger, Freya Broomfield, Courtney Tapping, Abby Hirst, Ginger Woodcock. Your eyes just lit up."

"Woodcock. I knew a Tamara Woodcock years ago." Susan's apprehension only seemed to heighten when the moment slipped back into an uncomfortable silence. "It was she who beat me in the Miss Mass years ago. Wiped the floor with the competition. The moment she stepped on stage I knew the trophy was hers. Of course, I still gave it my all, but knew deep down it was all for nought."

"Wait. You don't think..."

Susan cut Tiffany off with a simple nod. She knew exactly where the conversation was heading, what was going to be asked. It had a sense of inevitability about it. Ginger was Tamara's daughter.

"Wow."

'Wow' was right, and Susan knew that. But it hurt her to have that knowledge, to know Tiffany was now going up against the daughter of the woman who beat her in the Miss Mass years ago. Susan was fearful of history potentially repeating itself. Granted Tiffany wasn't Susan's daughter, but she shared such a keen interest in bodybuilding that nobody would be faulted for thinking she was.

Tiffany pulled out her phone and Woogled searched ‘Miss Mass Contest Winner 1990.’ A flurry of decades-old photos of Tamara blinked into existence on the screen, some newspaper pages, magazine articles, early-age website screengrabs. She was everywhere. The Miss Mass contest was a mere blip in the bodybuilding scene way back then, and still was even now, only for those who were serious about getting huge, but it still seemed to make a marked impression for it to be embedded into the Internet so much.

Tiffany’s eyes grew wide. Tamara’s size spoke for itself. Her body seemed to swallow up the frame of every photograph without even trying, sharp and angular muscles so obscenely developed and perversely grown that all the other girls on stage, who likely put in just as much effort, looked like anorexic supermodels in comparison. Tiffany could only imagine the energy of that day, seeing Tamara flawlessly exhibit such monstrous size like gaining it was like a walk in the park. It was a wonder why she wasn’t given the trophy right on the spot. There was no contest against Tamara.

Susan didn’t look at the photos themselves, prepping a sandwich to eat, but could feel Tiffany’s disbelief as she kept scrolling, scrolling and scrolling, Tamara somehow a smidgen bigger in each of them.

“What the fuck was she on when you competed against her?”

Susan didn’t want to admit the truth knowing either Tiffany would refuse to believe it or be discouraged from going forward. Months of training could potentially be undone by Susan’s words, but her silence was just as telling.

“It’s genetic.”

“Bullshit. There’s no way that’s genetics. She had to be on something to get that big. Her arms are, what, fifty, fifty-five inches round?”

“Sixty-two. She was triple-tested before going on stage. It is all genetics.”

“Fuck me. And you’re telling me I’m supposed to go up against the daughter? What’s the fucking point in that, knowing she’ll squash me too?”

Susan was afraid of this. The despair from Tiffany in finally knowing the type of girls she was due to go up against in a matter of weeks. Her size and strength were all plateauing and the Trazo was nowhere to be found. At least with that, she would’ve had a chance to grow a bit bigger. Susan could also approach Trent for more, but wasn’t sure if she should.

“I can’t fault you for feeling this way.”

“Damn right. Maybe if you told me beforehand what I was going up against I might’ve opposed all this.” Tiffany shook her head. She couldn’t believe it. There was no way she was going to win the Miss Mass. Months of work wasted on account of Susan’s inability to be honest from the beginning. “Suppose if you came clean back then you’d be afraid I might go to Tamara instead for training. I mean, I would’ve, but you didn’t want that. You wanted me because I would be your revenge by proxy. It was always about you in the end. Well, fuck you.”

Susan’s heart ached because she knew what Tiffany said was the hardest truth she could face, watching Tiffany grab her duffel bag to leave her tutor alone.

Even hours later Angela could barely comprehend how much power she had. Casually curling the couch in one hand while reading a book in the other. She had been waiting patiently for Trent's return, eager to see his reaction. His jaw would drop to the floor, there was no doubting that. The abundance of Trazo was still flowing through her veins, allowing the woman's mass to blossom further little by little, a fire burning feverishly through her body.

Time had passed into an indecipherable blur before now. Angela could barely tell if she was reaching for her 300th curl or 3000th. It was all the same to her now. A numbing want to pump up and grow to the point of being nigh unrecognizable. Gone was the Angela of old, now

replaced with a jealous mother bent on asserting her newfound position as the Alpha. Trent would bend to her will now.

Her bicep twitched as it neared another burst of growth. The limb rumbled softly as its thick meat pressed against the woman's skin, visibly spasming underneath in a wanton desire to breathe more size into existence, to take up more space than ever.

The couch's weight began to lighten within Angela's grip, allowing the curling motion to come faster and more steadily. It was a double-edged sword, of course, as with it came the realisation that Angela would soon be on the hunt for something heavier to lift. She'd already outstripped the weights in the basement, something that became a laughable task in only ten minutes or so. This, of course, meant she'd outstripped Trent in regards to physical strength - not to mention size. God, she couldn't wait to see his reaction.

Hearing the key turn in the door, she smiled. He was here! Angela was of the mind to put the couch down but thought better of it knowing it would help get her point across. She could feel her muscles burn in their continued need to grow as Trent's murmuring was heard from the hallway.

When Trent saw the half-naked woman standing by the threshold leading into the kitchen, he wasn't quite sure how to respond. It couldn't possibly have been his mother because she was far too muscular. Yet when they looked at one another – she at him with a sense of confidence, perhaps even smugly – there was a familiar connection between them.

“Mum?!”

"Like what you see, Hon?" Angela smirked as her arm was proudly raised into a flex, the monstrously-sized limb rising to its sixty-inch peak. The insurmountable power it possessed rendered Trent mentally numb as he looked at it with a degree of concern he hadn't felt before. Angela knew exactly what thoughts were going through her son's head, but she wasn't quick to indulge him with answers, far too entranced by her new self to care.

"What the hell did you do? How much of the Trazo did you take?" Trent's thoughts battled against one another. On one side he was rightfully concerned by his mother's brash actions, yet also intrigued by the results.

"However much was left," was the woman's confident reply. She looked at Trent. Such a small thing was he in comparison now, her quads easily twice the width of his waist, fat stripped away to nought so nothing but raw, powerful she-muscle took its place. "Have a feel."

"I don't think--"

"That wasn't a suggestion, babe." Angela's tone had shifted. Gone was the motherly love she was known for, replaced with a commanding, almost dominating flavour as she took Trent's hand and guided it to her thigh. His eyes predictably lit up, insecurity fleeting to be taken up by curiosity and something else.

"Jesus Christ, mum, your muscles are denser than anything I've ever seen." No matter how much he tried, Trent just couldn't knead his mother's muscles, not to mention barely wrap his hand around the dauntingly massive peak. It didn't take much for Trent to feel jealous. "But, why..."

"Bigger too, of course." Angela allowed her son to continue playing with her gargantuan limb as she postulated the thought that had bubbled in her head for the past day. She didn't want to lose out on the worship Trent so fervently offered, feverishly squeezing the ball of beef like a softball, but Angela needed to know. "Who's the girl, Trent? I know you're seeing her behind my back. I know you're fucking her instead of me."

The tone shifted then. Gone was Trent's enthusiasm to worship his mother's new body, the insecurity returning to a new height, his mother now viewed as a concerning problem. "This again. I told you she's just a client. Wants to take part in the Miss Mass contest in a few weeks."

Angela drew her eyes off Trent. She never even heard of this 'Miss Mass' contest thing before, so it was obviously a lie. "Don't lie to me, Trent. I didn't raise you to be like that."

"I'm not lying. Her name's Billie. She wants to get back at her mother for paying more attention to a client than her family." Trent knew his mother would find that just as hard to believe as the other thing, but it was better than being silent. Or was it? He had no idea what to think.

Angela's suspicions only grew. She didn't want Trent to be corrupted by other girls, needed him to be safe. She wanted him for her own selfish needs. "In any case, I don't want you around her anymore. From now on, wherever you go, I go too. Got it?"

"Mum, I—"

"Got it!?" Angela repeated in a stern shout. Her muscles flared up violently, the veins in her neck bulging to the surface squirming perversely, skin creaking in its attempt to make space for the expanding she-meat underneath.

"Yes," Trent retorted quickly with a newfound sense of fear he hadn't felt before, his confidence stripped away to nothing but a bare husk.

"Good." Angela's tone had shifted back to the motherly love it was known for, almost as if the domineering streak had never happened. Approaching Trent, she cupped his grapefruit-sized balls in her hand and fondled them. "Now get those clothes off and get into bed. My pussy's been twitching since I took the Trazo."

Susan sat up in bed reading a book on dietary preparation for bodybuilding, familiarising herself with the basics. Or at least she tried. She looked at the words on the page but her mind was elsewhere too distracted to notice John sensually massaging her thighs, kneading the deep muscular grooves like a masseuse.

"What's wrong? You've been on that page for ages now. I know that look when I see it." His

hand moving away from her thigh to her abs, it was clear John's intentions were deeply sexual, trying to get his wife's mind off things. He'd worked hard all day at the office and had looked forward to the moans from his better, bigger half. Moving closer, he kissed her on the neck, groping her bicep tenderly, but Susan was unfazed, still trapped in her head.

"It's Tiffany."

"Uh-huh?" John answered between kisses.

"I think she might be having doubts about going for the Miss Mass contest after all." Susan allowed John to maintain his passionate kisses as she battled with the thoughts in her head. "I knew I shouldn't have shown her that list. Wouldn't be surprised if she calls tomorrow morning and says she quits."

John raised his brow, curiosity hovering above him. He never knew Susan to be so negative as she appeared now. The last time she was, she lost the Miss Mass contest all those years ago. "List? What list?"

"I showed her the list of entrants for the contest in a few weeks and now she's all in despair about pulling it off because they're bigger than her."

John wasn't so sure about his wife's presumption. He took her hand caringly, giving them the moment to share a gentle smile. "I'm not so sure. Granted I know very little about bodybuilding, but I know dedication when I see it. You're direct proof of that. We may not see eye to eye on it, and you've made some decisions in the past that have caused some heartache—"

Susan rolled her eyes. She didn't need a reminder of previous transgressions, much less the guilt trip right now. "John—"

"—But...you've made some effort to correct that, which you can't be faulted for. We all despair. You were no different. But if your dedication to bodybuilding has rubbed off on Tiffany like I think it has, I'm sure your strength to fight tough battles will too."

"She's just a client, John. Besides, she was right about me using her as the means to an end. I used her as my revenge by proxy. I shouldn't have done that."

"Maybe not. But it doesn't change the fact she'll still want to see it through. The both of you will. And I'm confident you'll come up on top."

Her spirits lifted, Susan smiled. Her hand moving under the bedsheets, the couple looked at one another knowingly as Susan gripped John's shaft. "My, aren't you eager tonight?"

She chuckled, moving closer to straddle her husband, her hands gently touching his modestly sculpted pectorals. A thumb brushed the scar he got as a kid before leaning closer, her breath on his cheek. Moments like this were more frequent now following Susan's usage of the Trazo. Not that John was complaining if the raging boner rubbing against her abs was anything to go by.

The couple shared a gentle laugh before John entered his wife. Before then, the bed started rocking and the moans and grunts came.

Day had turned to night. Trent had lost his sense of time, his face buried under his mother's waiting bush he was forced to lick and suck while she fondled her nipples like a whore. The moon cast a flattering light over the gargantuan woman as she raised her arms into imposing double-bicep peaks Trent couldn't help with getting hard over, his cock rising into a monstrous hard-on.

The bed creaked in sync with Angela's moans of pleasure, the frame groaning in protest against her mammoth size. Trent held his hand to her thigh and rubbed it gently, as if in worship. The couple's evening was no less immoral than normal but was more intense with Angela now at the helm, completely dominating the situation, the wealth of Trazo coursing through her veins controlling her thoughts and actions.

"See? Why would you want to screw an inexperienced girl like Billie when you have a muscle goddess of a mum who can take your pleasure to new heights?" Angela felt the tip of Trent's cock press against her ass, its sharp and angular muscles flexing and rolling teasingly to coax him. "Just take a moment to think about that, baby."

And think about that Trent did, if only fleetingly as he saw his mother switch into the cowgirl position, sliding her twitching pussy into his veiny shaft and started pumping up and down hard. With each pump the woman's abs rippled and bulged, sweat-matted hair swept over her mammoth lats, the perspiration giving her muscles a glistening sheen.

"Ooooh! You've gotten-hhnng!-bigger down there, haven't you-uuuhh!-sweetie?" Angela bit her lip feeling Trent's cock swell up inside her, stoppering her hole like a cork, pressure building. "And it's all-eeehh!-mine to use and-uuuhh!-abuse."

Trent grunted as Angela took hold of his wrists to pin him to the mattress. Smiling, she locked eyes with him, but he didn't exactly reciprocate, his thoughts elsewhere with Billie, but not in the way his jealous mother suspected. He just needed answers to the question swirling around inside his head: how did Billie's body react to the Trazo so well?

Angela moved closer to kiss Trent on the mouth with such fervour that it felt like she was drawing oxygen from his lungs. He gripped the bedsheets tightly, her back muscles tensing from the motion of holding his head in her hands. "Life is going to be so much more interesting with me in charge, don't you think? The things we'll do together."

Angela sat up again, guiding Trent's shaking hands to her rocking hips, arching her body backwards which allowed a small dose of growth to burst to life, subsequently moaning like a whore again. God, the power she felt now was unlike anything she'd ever felt before in life. She didn't care about what the neighbours would think as the moans picked up in both volume and frequency, the bed rocking at a faster pace as Trent's hands moved to his mother's ass. He knew his position with Billie was nothing more than being her trainer, and his mother wouldn't believe that no matter how sternly he told her, but that wasn't his driving thought right now.

He had no real thoughts at all, just a blank space, lust drawing them out until only that was left.

He smiled.

Chapter 14

Billie had to check again, barely comprehending what she was seeing, as if her mind and eyes were contesting against one another. Half-naked wearing a pair of cute frilly socks and a cream-colored bra, she obsessively checked over her newly-developed muscles in the tall mirror positioned in the corner of her room. Striations formed on her pectoral tissue, a deep cleavage enhancing the body forged through iron after only a few short hours. Of course the Trazo Billie nicked from her unsuspecting mother did most of the work, but from what Trent had told her, it worked better than usual. As curious as she was by her friend's statement, being bigger sooner than planned didn't bother Billie. In fact, she saw it as a stroke of luck.

Luckily, Susan was still out of the loop in regards to Billie's plan to grow and bulk up to rival Tiffany. It was driven by spite, the realization that Susan seemed to care more for another woman's daughter than her own because they shared the same interests. Once she thought herself to be big enough, the next part of Billie's plan was to sign up for the Miss Mass contest. The majority of the roster had already been made up, but late additions, while rare, were allowed. Billie would take advantage of that.

"I'm gonna blow that Tiffany bitch outta the water."

The girl had very little posing training, but watching her mother do it to such an obsessive degree over the years seemed to rub off on Billie. Albeit a little bit stiff, the abs and thighs pose she struck was mostly correct. Moving her leg a little further out in front wouldn't hurt, but she got the ab crunch down to a T. Perhaps what Trent said was right, because each of her abdominals was brick-thick, a network of thick veins traveling up her waist. Billie held the pose a bit longer, forcing the crunch to come down harder. A bead of sweat trickled from her forehead, down to her cleavage.

The sudden knock on the bedroom door broke Billie's focus. She grabbed the old high

school leaver's jumper deliberately dug out from the storage space in the loft earlier that day to cover up her developments. Back then, the measurements were miscalculated so badly that it felt more like a bag, but now that her body was filling out more, at a rate faster than intended, it was close-fitting. A bit too close-fitting, even.

Billie opened the door, her sister Clara's face peeking out from the threshold. The younger girl didn't say much of anything at first, trying to cop a sneaky glance across Billie's shoulder at the computer on her desk displaying a bodybuilding-centric webpage.

"What is it?" Billie queried, moving her arm to rest her hand on the door's paneling, blocking Clara's prying view.

"Mum wants to know if—" Clara trailed off, looking intently.

With herself completely unaware, the sleeve of Billie's jumper tightened and stretched more and more the longer she kept her hand on the panel, until, catching both girls off-guard, the sleeve casually burst and ripped to reveal the young woman's burgeoning biceps underneath, laden with thick veins and a detailed split across the peak.

"Oh my god, it was *you*? *You* stole the Trazo from Mum's locker?"

Billie panicked, pulling Clara into her room and closing the door behind her. She was doing so well keeping her changes a secret up until now, with her sister acting like a town crier.

"How did you know?"

"A bit hard to miss, wouldn't you say?" Clara pointed out knowingly, gawking at her older sister's bulging frame, every sinew rippling with power. "Soon as that stuff went missing from her locker, Mum wouldn't stop going off about it. I just had no idea it was you."

"Well, I hope you're smart enough to keep quiet about this. I'm going to get back at Tiffany for being Mum's new obsession." A part of Billie knew she would have to let Clara in on why

she stole the Trazo from their mother. Though Clara was a bit too taken aback to pay attention that wasn't her sibling's burgeoning self. It wouldn't be remiss to think she was jealous. "Hey, focus on me, not my tombstone-thick pectorals."

Clara shook her head. "Uh-huh. Sorry about that, it's just...they're so developed."

Billie smirked. She knew it was impossible to negate her sister's compliment. Her pecs really were 'so developed.' Driving the point further, for as much as it was worth, Billie performed a quick rhythmical pec dance that caused the muscles to ripple and bulge, even strain her cute pink skin.

"You're threatened by a teenager?" Clara queried.

"No! I'm threatened by what that teenager's doing: she's completely undoing Mum's attempts to rebuild our relationships."

Clara wasn't so quick to agree. She thought what Billie said wasn't entirely fair, knowing Tiffany was nothing more than a client for their mother. Albeit an extreme one. But Clara also didn't know about the situation at the gym between Billie and Tiffany that sparked the older sibling's change.

"So your idea of getting back at Tiffany is beating her at the Miss Mass contest?"

"How did you—"

Clara pointed behind her sister at the computer in the corner that showed the Miss Mass contest registration page on the screen.

"Oh, right. Yeah, that's what I'm going to do. Beat Tiffany at her own game. Just keep it away from Mum, right? Else this is all for naught."

Clara scoffed. If only Billie had actually understood what she was asking of her sister. It wasn't Clara who had to keep things a secret; It wasn't Clara who'd grown muscles overnight and had to hide them. "Sure. I'll keep it a secret," she said with a tinge of sarcasm.

Billie rolled her eyes.

Trent groaned as he rubbed his crotch sat at the gym reception desk with his legs spread open slightly to let his balls breathe. The situation with his mother may have blossomed to new heights, but it came at a cost. Angela's near-obsessive usage of the Trazo meant her sexual appetite was insatiable to the point where Trent struggled to keep up with it, as much as he enjoyed it all.

Admittedly, all of this affected Trent's management of the gym. Clients came and went as expected, no surprise there, but his now frequent daydreaming about his powerful mother gave rise to errors in the establishment's accounts. Even the side business of selling Trazo was struggling because he failed to keep up with appointments. Not to mention keeping track of stock.

While Angela now kept most of the Trazo supply at home to herself, what little was left had been routinely injected into Trent to keep up with her constant want to fuck, but it never was enough to balance with the freakish doses she used. Granted, Trent was still the biggest guy in the town's gym, and was no doubt going to retain that position until he popped his clogs, but Angela was the biggest person — period. The Trazo from Trent's most recent injection was still freshly flowing through his system, however, with every perceivable breath his chest puffed up and outward, his cock and balls swelling larger to match his frame, his shorts threatening to burst.

Angela may have been Trent's woman, but that didn't stop any of the clients from offering suggestive glances at him every time they passed, or feigned being helpless in an attempt to ensnare him, both male and female. Any other time Trent would've jumped at the chance on

such occasions, but now that his mother Angela had changed so much, he didn't even acknowledge them with a smile. All Trent thought about was his mother and what he would do with her when his shift finished up. He even got hard fantasizing about exactly that, his cock shifting to an erection under the table.

It was the figure now standing in front of him that finally pulled Trent away from his daydreaming. At first he thought it was Billie, which would cause a bit of trouble between them considering Angela's unhealthy jealousy. But when he saw the handbag looped over the shoulder and black blouse, Trent's views shifted to something more pleasing. It was his mother's friend Audrey. She didn't say much at first, taking a bit of time to size up and mentally eye-fuck Trent. He'd grown quite a bit since the night of the threesome. She bit her lip, looking at Trent's thick pectorals bulge under his straining shirt.

"Hi," she said weakly, not even trying to hide her arousal. Her pussy twitched just looking him. It was as if someone had already gone down on her and was eating her out feverishly, which she definitely didn't mind.

"Hey Audrey. How you doing? Surprised to see you here."

"Oh haha, just popping by." Audrey was never one to handle nerves well around someone she liked and it showed. Her panting, though moderate, was obvious, and she'd bitten her lip so hard that it bled. Her cleavage was on full display under the blouse she picked out, large mammarys practically begging to be groped and fucked. One thing was for sure, Audrey didn't pop by for a social visit, and in hindsight she knew Trent was smart enough to figure that out.

"Uh-huh."

Audrey knew there was no point dancing around the subject, much less try to lie about it either. Though that didn't stop her from twiddling her thumbs in an awkward silence for a few brief moments before gathering the courage necessary to tackle the matter at hand. "Actually, I'm here to talk to you about something. There's no easy way to say this. so I'm just gonna have to say it."

“Okay, I’m all ears.” Curious, Trent leaned back on the chair, his back muscles pressing against the leather. It was simple actions such as that, which helped emphasize Trent’s size, that drove Audrey around the bend – that got her firmly planted in the precarious situation she found herself.

“I’m pregnant.”

Audrey’s stark revelation had compelled her and Trent to change venues, now nestled in the corner of the gym’s locker room. Luckily all the clients were either busy working out or gathered separately elsewhere, otherwise they’d be eavesdropping on quite the conversation. It went without saying Trent’s mind run amok trying to process the information Audrey so casually revealed.

“What do you mean you’re pregnant?” He felt the need to ask that, hoping Audrey was pulling some weird trick on him for the sheer fun of it. But as much as he wanted that to be the case, Trent knew the truth of it to be so much different.

Audrey scoffed, resting a hand on her paunch. How Trent hadn’t noticed it the moment she first arrived confused him. But then again, black always was a color that worked well with hiding pregnancies. “What I mean is, you pumped me with so much cum during that threesome with your mother that I’m now carrying triplets. Your triplets. Let’s not forget that detail.”

Trent’s eyes grew wide. Triplets? How the hell did he manage to knock Audrey up with triplets? What was even more confusing was the math. It just didn’t add up. The threesome was only a few days ago, now Audrey looked like she was nearing her second trimester. “Are you sure it isn’t your husband’s?”

“Fat chance. He and I haven’t even locked lips in months, let alone touched one another long enough to get into foreplay. It was definitely you who got me pregnant.” Audrey knew

Trent was in denial, but there was no disagreeing with the fact the kids she was now expecting were his. His own body was proof of that. He was a six-foot, three hundred pound alpha male whose every breath and involuntary flex reared heads - straight, gay, lesbian or bi, people wanted him. He even had some questioning their sexualities. "You shot so much cum into me the night of the threesome that I spent an hour cleaning myself out in the shower back home. But you just kept flowing out me to the point that the bathtub drain bunged up. Had to get a plumber."

Trent's head was spiraling. He should've known not to expect what he wanted to happen to actually happen. It was just going to make things difficult. But as if knowing he was to be a father wasn't enough, Trent couldn't help but notice Audrey's expression shift to something more wanton than he cared to appreciate in the given moment. Licking her lips, she moved her hand under his crotch and squeezed his jackfruit-sized balls stretching his shorts, then made a not-so-subtle attempt to fondle his cock. He winced, then moaned. As much as he wasn't a fan of the larger situation, he definitely liked the woman brazen obscenity.

"The size of these things, Trent. It's no wonder I'm carrying three kids. Though I am surprised to be the first you knocked up." Audrey moved closer so her comparatively tiny frame came between his mammoth muscularity and trunk-like cock. Then with a sigh, she took a knee.

"Audrey, stop. If my Mum finds out—"

"Your mother won't find out." Audrey didn't even bother trying to hide the fact she was hungry for dick, pulling down Trent's shorts so his erection sprang to its full length. She admired the young man's appendage for a moment, listening to the thrumming pulses of his balls bulging with anticipation, thumbing the tip. It was this cock that knocked her up, this godlike, trunk-thick superhuman cock that drove her mad with lust. "Least if we make a point of not telling her. It'll be our big, dirty secret."

"And your husband?" Trent grimaced as Audrey squeezed his cock with her hand, pre-cum already trickling down his shaft in a thick, white, almost creamy texture not dissimilar to ice cream. He had wondered how Audrey's better half had reacted to the news of her being pregnant. Even if he wasn't the one to do the deed, it was hard to miss the fact her body had

changed so much, so quickly.

Audrey shot a displeased glance at Trent, though their eyes barely managed to meet on account of his thick chest blocking her upward view. Seeing his every breath make his pectorals ripple and bulge to the point that his shirt started ripping at the seams only heightened Audrey's arousal and make her annoyance a fleeting sensation. "There's no need to worry about him, Trent. You're stronger, bigger and more virile than he could ever hope to be."

"That's not what I meant. Don't you think he should at least know? It'll be hard to miss."

"No. No, if you tell him, your mother'll find out. God knows how she'll react."

Trent knew exactly how his mother would react, of course. They didn't sleep together and let him cum inside her so often just for the thrill of it. There was always an end-goal in mind Angela had: to get pregnant by Trent. Though if she were to find out Trent put Audrey in the family way instead, there was no telling what Angela would do in retaliation. If she was capable of killing her own husband to get with Trent unhindered...

Trent was so deep in his head that he didn't notice Audrey was in the middle of deep-throating him, her eyes rolled back in ecstasy at his thickness poking her esophagus. Fondling her breasts, she mimicked a gag in an effort to spur Trent on, but his mind was elsewhere. This wasn't what Audrey anticipated. She'd sucked off guy's Trent's age before and they liked it, so why was he mindless to her whoring exploits?

"What is it? Am I going too slow?" Audrey pulled at her blouse to expose her breast, which had the intended effect of getting Trent's attention, compelling his erection to intensify, his cock stretching upwards as if actually growing larger too. The thick veins pulsed, his balls sagging under the weight of their growth. It seemed the Trazo still had some 'oomph' to give. Audrey smiled. "That's it! Whatever you're on, it's working wonders. Now come here! I may be pregnant, but that's not going to stop me from wanting a top-up."

Chapter 15

The Silverlight center was a multi-billion investment designed and built specifically for sports events, so its use for bodybuilding contests was pretty much a no-brainer. Climbing well over one hundred and fifty feet tall, and built wholly out of glass, accommodating over five hundred thousand attendees, it quickly became a marvel in its own right. Susan had only heard of the Silverlight on occasion in recent years after her retirement from bodybuilding. The contests she took part in were previously held in the city hall, where things were more intimate. Now they felt like a soulless extravaganza, turned more into expos with merchandising. Bodybuilding had changed so much since Susan retired.

Tiffany's opinion on the matter was different, of course. She could scarcely believe how flashy things were. In some cases this was quite literal, as paparazzi and fanboys bombarded the biggest stars in the bodybuilding scene with photographs, practically begging them to flex on camera. They didn't seem to mind, of course. The stars themselves were all oiled and pumped up so their powerful bodies were on perfect display, some even winking suggestively at observing attendees. Tiffany desperately wanted to break off from Susan and explore.

"Can I just—"

"No."

"Not even for a min—"

"No."

Tiffany grumbled, rolling her eyes. It was no fun hearing all the laughing and open conversation in such a lively place and not being able to chime in. It was like attending a fun fair and not being allowed to go on the rides. Susan had her reasonings, of course. Not to mention the fact they were here at all was because of Tiffany being her protege. They just needed to find—

“Where the hell is—?”

“Who we looking for?”

“Someone I know.” Susan realized she’d gotten so self-involved in the search for her friend, for lack of a more appropriate word, that she neglected to fill Tiffany in on some basics. “Looks like a Texan, with a cowboy hat and everything.”

Tiffany refrained from asking about the cowboy hat. In fact, she chose to not ask about this friend’s getup in general, instead looking ahead when they came to a stop at a “supplements” stall. Susan couldn’t resist looking at the options. Since someone stole the remains of the Trazo she had, it forced the woman into looking for a suitable replacement. But none of the items on display packed the same ‘oomph.’

“Is that him over there?” Tiffany nudged Susan, the surprising force causing the older woman’s shoulder to ripple and its bones to rattle. The teenager stifled her laughter as she pointed, hearing the cowboy-esque’s American Southern drawl all the way from the corner they stood at. So this friend didn’t just *look* like a Texan. They *were* one. “Oh my god, his accent is sooo thick,” Tiffany jested.

“Enough.” Susan intended to maintain a professional demeanor around her American friend, but didn’t want to openly admit, all those years back, she acted the exact same way as Tiffany did just then. “Now come on. I want you to meet her.”

Tiffany’s eyes grew wide. “It’s a woman?”

Cyndi Beth Nash could easily have been described as — and mistaken for — a stereotypical Southern American cowgirl, because that’s exactly what she was. Born and raised on a farm in Texas, Cyndi Beth was the eldest of a rich oil tycoon’s three daughters. When growing up, Cyndi Beth rarely had much time to watch TV, so when she did, it more often than not had quite an effect on her. In one particular case, it had such an effect on the woman that it changed her life

forever.

Up until she turned sixteen, Cyndi Beth had no idea bodybuilding existed. She thought it was such a strange thing for someone to want to show off their oiled muscles on stage. But that was why she liked it. The willingness to do something different.

Tiffany could see Cyndi Beth's calves bulge out of her cowgirl boots as she approached with Susan. The leather creaking and groaning, the American shifted her stance slightly, folding her thick arms over her chest as she sized Susan up from calf to trap. It seemed as though Susan was as unimpressed as Cyndi Beth, scoffing at the Southerner. A moment of rising tension, much to Tiffany's understandable apprehension.

Then came the shared smile between both older women.

"Ahh, it's good ta see ya, susan." Cyndi Beth moved to take Susan in a bear-hug, lifting the woman clean off her feet. It was at that moment Tiffany's brain finally registered the size difference between both women. Cyndi Beth was largest of the two, as wide as Susan was tall. She had the strength to match that size, unwittingly pressing her arms into Susan's spine. Eventually, the Southerner registered Susan's complaints in the form of sharp gasps, placing her back on the floor. "Ya've lost some meat. Wouldn't bellyache ifin' still waaahd as a linebacker"

Susan chuckled nervously, rubbing her neck. God, did she forget how strong Cyndi Beth could be without realising sometimes. She could see her bicep as big as her skull bulge under the fabric of the flannel shirt obviously too tight for her, the seams splitting and pulling apart for space. It was a good thing Susan and Cyndi Beth were friends because otherwise the former would've been jealous of the latter.

Cyndi Beth noticed Tiffany next, smirking at the near-bloated teenager for knowing she was looking at her for the same reason as most other teens – completely mesmerized by the woman's sheer size and width. But Cyndi Beth had her own reason for looking at Tiffany with particular intent. The American knew she wasn't either of Susan's daughters, having met them before. So... "Takin' awn a protege, eh?"

“Heh, still sharp as a tack,” Susan said.

“Eend big as a bull.”

Tiffany’s eyes bulged out in disbelief at Cyndi Beth’s pecs visibly roiling and bulging in a rhythm, as if to tease her smaller counterpart. And that wasn’t all. They could actually hear the American woman’s muscles move in their flexes too, like squishy fruit turned pulpy. Tiffany gulped.

“So, what’re ya hair for? A tour?” Cyndi Beth eyed Tiffany, postulating Susan’s visit had something to do with her. The teen was understandably confused by the American’s questioning. Surely, she wasn’t implying—

“Wait. The Silverlight’s yours? You own it?”

“Oh yeah. Invested a lot awf taahm an ballast into this big gal.” Cyndi Beth’s ties with her oil tycoon of a father came in handy over the years. She opted for something other than oil when her business sense sharpened. What better a thing to invest in than what she was most passionate about? Bodybuilding. “Pays for herself now, what with all thuh events an stuff.”

“Is the new stage built then?” Susan wanted to keep the more prominent conversation on track. They were far from pressed for time. It was just— Susan preferred they keep their focus on the contest.

“Yep. Construction work finished last week. It’s a thang awf beauty, Susan. Investors made syhaw awf that. Sumthin’ truly worthy awf thuh miss ma-yus contest.” Cyndi Beth smiled, proud of her statement. She knew the stage was something to behold, and that both Susan and Tiffany would marvel at its magnificence. But the American’s smile faded at a certain realization, shooting a glance at Tiffany. “You puttin’ her awn thuh stage?”

Susan should’ve known Cyndi Beth would’ve eventually caught on, but had hoped she was

actually none the wiser. She competed alongside Susan that day all those years ago. They both had no idea how demanding the Miss Mass contest would be, and that, in hindsight, neither had the willpower to win. It's what caused Susan to retire. But it didn't seem to affect Cyndi Beth that much, evidenced by her now being bigger than ever. "Yeah, but don't you worry about that. I know what I'm doing."

Cyndi Beth's eyes narrowed, unconvinced by Susan's words. In point of fact, the American had a hunch that her English counterpart had no real plan and was actually winging it the whole way through. It was in the eyes. "Susan, ah don't think—"

"—I said I know what I'm doing!"

A tense moment of silence between the two women followed. Tiffany thought about breaking it with a question that either woman could answer, but the glare they shared towards one another implied neither would have courteousness, nor the interest, to do that.

It was Cyndi Beth who broke the glare, turning away. She didn't want things to get off on the wrong foot after, what, four years? "Raahyt. Thuh stayge."

Cyndi Beth's stifled snickers spoke for both her and the collective moment, seeing Susan and Tiffany's expressions as they saw it, eyes bulging out in disbelief. They were warned, after all. The stage was built from sheer gold, glistening and sparkling beautifully from the overhead lights reflecting off the surface. When the American cowgirl saw Tiffany's giddiness start getting the better of her, she turned to Susan.

"She's a lively one, ah'll tell ya that."

Susan agreed, though didn't say much to suggest the fact, the contentious moment with Cyndi Beth still fresh in her mind. She was too occupied with that to notice Tiffany had veered off to climb the stairs leading up the stage to get a better view, looking ahead at the auditorium.

The emotions unexpected flooded. She was going to be in that exact position for real in just a few short weeks' time, the onlooking audience either cheering her on or being indifferent. They would be the true deciders of the girl's future as a bodybuilder, not the judges.

"Show us what ya've gawt." Cyndi Beth folded her arms, the fabric of her shirt pulling in protest, small sheer rips forming under the armpits. But she clearly didn't care, more impressed by the teen's confidence. "Ya'll 'ave t' do it eventually."

Tiffany looked to Susan for approval.

"Go ahead."

Tiffany's giddiness swelled. Positioning herself confidently, heaving a breath, she presented a front lat spread pose first. Her ears picked up the ever-exciting sound of stretching fabric as her muscles shifted into gear to flex. There were still some kinks here and there in the girl's form, but nothing that couldn't be ironed out.

"Nahce width. Keep yo-wr stomach tucked in, that's raahyt. Now abs eend thighs."

Tiffany followed through with Cyndi Beth's order. Pulling her leg out to the front, her abs were crunched down with such force the veins in her midriff rose to the surface of her skin in powerful throbs. It would've been deemed concerning if not for the fact it was something each of them were used to seeing by now, from experience or otherwise.

"Abs ahr nahce eend thick. Like ya've gawn an swallowed bricks for breakfast."

Tiffany wasn't sure whether to chuckle or blush. Hearing Cyndi Beth's comment about her abs made the girl look down, seeing them in a new light now. They were powerful as ever, more defined and larger than Susan's were at that age or could ever hope to be.

Cyndi Beth turned to Susan as Tiffany maintained her impromptu posing. Seeing the teen's physique so defined had given rise to a question in the cowgirl's mind. "Okay, how ole is? like,

sixteen, eighteen? How's sumone like her that built at such an age? She's bigguh yun both awf us at thuh same age. In fuh-act, she's bigguh yun ya ahr now.”

Susan knew where Cyndi Beth was coming from. She had the same concern but didn't want admit it, knowing it would likely get in the way of the contest. But the longer something this 'big' was held off, the more likely it would come back to bite Susan — hard. “Genetics come from the father, a bodybuilder who had a one night stand with the mother. I've been meaning to take Tiffany to see him.”

“She ain't yo-wr kid.”

“I know, I know. But she still deserves to know who her father is.”

Cyndi Beth nodded. Turning back to Tiffany, she saw the teen's left calf swell inexplicably with growth, the size of the muscle mismatching that of the other leg. An odd display.

“It maahyt be worth doin' that sooner rather than later.”

On that Susan agreed.

Chapter 16

After Tiffany's posing practice, the trio decided to get lunch at the Silverlight's food court. A swarm of bodybuilders had already gathered there, conversing about their impressive lifts, gorging on food, casually comparing the sizes of one another's muscles— it was a sight to behold. And Tiffany was sat where she could see it all unfold around her. Susan and Cindy Beth sat chatting about God knows what, catching up on the other's escapades in their time apart. The American Southerner chuckled heartily at Susan's joke, her pectorals rippling in sync with the guffaws, straining the fabric of her check shirt.

“And then she said,” Susan continued between her chuckles, “I'd better have that drink now then!”

The two women burst into a shared laugh so loud it caught the attention of some bodybuilders at their side. They didn't seem particularly bothered by it, close enough to have heard the joke themselves. It was just that Cyndi Beth's laugh in particular was noticeable. Deep, almost husky in tone. The oil tycoon's heiress had taken her fair share of steroids over the years, so it was no surprise they had taken their toll on her to some degree. But that was the case with everyone at the expo. And anyone who claimed to be all-natural was a bare-faced liar.

Tiffany smiled, turning back to the sandwiches she bought, so hungry she could eat a horse. There were some bodybuilders with enough food on their plates that it may have been the entire weight's worth of a horse been shoved into their gullets. It was a good thing Cyndi Beth was rich, else there was no way she could afford to foot the bill for all the food eaten, let alone expenses for the expo. The teenager and American locked eyes for a moment, equally curious about one another. Cyndi Beth had been scratching her head over the display with Tiffany in the stage room. In all her years as a bodybuilder, she'd never seen anyone's muscles like hers casually grow. It was odd yet also fascinating. It had to be something related to the girl's father, whoever he was.

“So, Tiffany. Whut can yawl tell may bout chursel?”

“Well, I like working out. It’s one of my—”

Tiffany was cut off by Cyndi Beth raising her hand. She didn’t quite expect that, hoping to tell a story about her first workout. But the truth was—

“Naw, naw, naw. Everyone who iz hare lahks workin’ out. Ahv heard all thet before, so yore naw difernt in thet.” Cyndi Beth leaned in, the food court’s table groaning in protest as the weight of her arms pressed down on it. Sure, the table was bolted to the floor, but that didn’t stop the tiles from cracking under that same pressure. “Ah wanna know bout YOU. Tell may bout Tiffany.”

The girl didn’t know where to start, feeling put on the spot. She looked at Susan for guidance, but this was something that had to be done on her own. To tell the story about her first workout was one thing, but something that singled her out from the hundreds of other bodybuilders? Jesus. There was one thing that stuck out, but Tiffany wasn’t sure if it was something tangible – something Cyndi Beth would give a shit about. But that thought was in the girl’s head, and Cyndi Beth knew that from the glint in her eye.

“I guess the best place to start would be that I never knew my father growing up.” Tiffany looked at Susan. The older woman already knew this much, but Tiffany knew she’d have to go deeper than that to get Cyndi Beth’s attention. And judging by her expression, coupled with pressing down on the table even more, she was at least intrigued.

But Tiffany hesitated. In truth, she knew more about her father than what was previously let on with Susan. She just kept it bottled up. It was probably best that way, she thought, thinking twice about the whole thing. But seeing Susan and Cyndi Beth look with keen eyes made the girl realize it was too late for that.

“Go on,” Susan said affectionately.

“You remember me telling you that he was a bodybuilder, right?” Tiffany could see from her expression that there was a slight hint of anxiety about Susan, as if wary about what was to be said. Suppose the apprehension in the teenager’s tone was a giveaway. “Well, from what I’ve been told by my mother, he was obsessed with getting bigger. It was all he cared about.”

Tiffany sipped from her glass of water, trying to recollect the exact order of events her mother cared to share all that time ago. She felt the glass crack slightly in her grip. An honest mistake, not knowing the full extent of her strength. It was the day of the high school’s big football game Tiffany was told the truth.

She continued. “Eventually, his size had gotten the attention of some really big sports companies willing to throw down a shit-load of cash to make him their mascot. He agreed...to the company offering the most money: Monarch Enterprises.”

Cyndi Beth’s interest waned. She thought Tiffany’s story would be different, but it was starting to sound cookie-cutter. Everyone at the expo had connections to big companies willing to throw cash at them. Tiffany’s father at the time was no standout individual. “Again: Ahv heard thus before. Everyone hare has connections.”

“I’m not finished,” Tiffany warned. She noted Susan’s soft smirk, then Cyndi Beth’s scoff. “As time went on, my father eventually plateaued. Monarch had raked in billions from him being their face, so you can imagine their disappointment.”

“What happened?” Susan asked.

“They put the money to good use, developed new technologies to boost his growth. A lot. He was his regular old self again, growing twice as fast in half the time. At first. Then three times. Eventually, Monarch wanted to protect the investment they made with my father and had him housed with them.”

“Jesus,” Cyndi Beth blurted out in disbelief.

“How did your mum find out about all this?” Susan had her suspicions that what Tiffany said earlier wasn’t exactly the truth. Nothing about this conversation was anything like the one they had with Tiffany’s mother Jackie earlier. This was a whole different story.

“My mother worked as a secretary to Monarch’s CEO. She heard the stories about my father from the news when he started. She was already a fan of his at that point, and that only blossomed when she found out he was living under the company’s care.”

“Whayer do ya come in, in all thus? How wuz ya, ya know...?”

“Apparently Christopher and I was conceived at a party held by the company after my father’s latest big win at a bodybuilding contest. At that point, my parents had already developed a relationship that Monarch wasn’t aware of. One that could’ve jeopardized their reputation.”

“What happened then?”

That was where the details ended. Tiffany wanted to know. She deserved that much. But her mother Jackie was adamant that some particular details weren’t in her best interest to be privy of. Her response to Susan was a nonchalant shrug.

Susan and Cyndi Beth looked at one another. That was quite the story.

The two women had every intention to press the issue further, but their thoughts derailed by the sudden clamouring of fangirls just outside the food court. A swarm of females of both varying ages and sizes had already gathered around the subject of such flagrant admiration by the time Susan and Cyndi Beth noticed. They came in a pair, but Susan had her eyes focused on the largest of the two, not simply due to her largeness, but rather because of who that woman was.

It was Tamara Woodcock, the woman Susan lost the Miss Mass contest to back in the 90s.

She had gotten so big since her win that her shadow loomed over the doe-eyed fangirls, almost swallowing them. Susan knew custom-sized clothing when she saw it, but Tamara's was a cut above all that. Everything seemed just so extravagant and comical in terms of length, breadth and thickness, but even then her gargantuan musculature pressed against every inch of it; snug, tight and likely one flex away from being torn to shreds.

Tiffany noticed Tamara's daughter, Ginger. She was by no means as comically large as her mother but gave Tiffany a run for her money. With every gentle breath, the redheaded teen bodybuilder's chest rippled and bulged, forcing its meaty thickness to press against the fabric of her top. This was Tiffany's top opponent in the upcoming contest? There was no way that was even remotely true, surely? Ginger looked like she could eat Tiffany for breakfast!

"Ah didn't expect tuh say her hare so early," Cyndi Beth mentioned. She looked at Tamara as she and Ginger did autographs for the swarm of fans. "Shay wasn't supposed tuh bay hare fahwar another couple uh airs."

"You were expecting her?" Susan shot back, her tone rather cold towards her old friend. In truth, Cyndi Beth expected that much from Susan, deliberately keeping that knowledge from her. She didn't want her to know. "You failed to mention that."

"She's wanna thuh judges fahwar wanna thuh expo's posin' contests."

"Susan scoffed. "Figures."

One of the fangirls gawked at Tamara's quads rather intently, instinctively clenching her fist. It was almost as if, much like most other people in her powerful presence, she wanted to squeeze and grope the mammoth limb worshipfully. Tamara wasn't just the biggest female at the expo, but rather the biggest person- period. Just simply standing was enough to make her presence known, to both fans and haters alike, as she wasn't without those jealous towards her.

"Miss Woodcock, would do I have to do to get quads big as yours?" the girl looked close to fainting, looking at the woman's mesmerizing muscle so intently she might've forgotten to

breathe at one point. Tamara had gotten these cookie-cutter questions at every expo she attended as a judge, or in this case—

“You can find out all you need about that in my seminar after the show.” The woman’s voice was deep, arguably a touch masculine in tone. This was of course a result of the years of steroid abuse she didn’t even try to hide. She publicly admitted to abusing during a contest and still took the trophy. This was after the Miss Mass win decades earlier, which only stung Susan more when she found out. “I’ll be sure to not hold anything back there.”

Susan blinked, turning to Cyndi Beth. “A fucking seminar, too? How long’s she been doing those for?”

Again, Cyndi Beth deliberately neglected from pointing that out, knowing Susan wouldn’t be best pleased by it. But the truth was: Tamara had played a major part in bodybuilding expos ever since taking the Miss Mass win. Much like now, people queued up just to simply get a glimpse of her. And Ginger was no different in that, amassing a crowd of her own.

“She is fucking massive, though,” Tiffany said with a tone that suggested admiration, holding an expression not that dissimilar to the one shared by the fangirls swarming the woman. Her traps jut out like knives, her arms even in their relaxed state must’ve been somewhere well over fifty inches. But then, Tiffany was looking from a distance.

“Yeah,” Susan agreed coldly, wracked with jealousy in the knowledge that could’ve been her over there instead.

“Tell me, Ginger, do you have a boyfriend?” one of the fans queried. She didn’t look that much older than Ginger herself, handing over a poster with Ginger in a crab most muscular pose plastered on the front, but judging by the lack of proper conditioning and smaller mass, it was obvious she was an amateur.

Ginger chuckled, taking the poster to sign it. As she wrote her in beautiful cursive, the celebrity girl’s bicep casually bulged with the motion. “I did. But when I grew twice his width

and started dominating him in the bedroom, something he didn't like, we split up. I'm a free agent now."

The fangirls talked amongst themselves excitedly at the response they didn't expect, watching Ginger hand the poster back to the woman. They followed the duo as they pressed on further into the exhibition centre, veering right into the posing practice stage Tamara would judge on.

Tiffany could barely keep her excitement in, needing to say it. "I want to meet her."

"What?" Susan shot back.

"Come on, it can't be that bad. Sure, she beat you at the Miss Mass, but she looks so genuine and nice. She doesn't strike me as the kind of person who'd gloat about it."

Susan scoffed. "It's a front. Trust me, the first thing she'd do upon seeing me is gloat about the win."

"Then I'll go myself. Or Cyndi beth can come w—"

"No. Fine, I'll take you. But the minute she pisses me off, we're leaving. Understood?"

Tiffany nodded. Susan hoped she'd have second thoughts about this, but it was clear her protege was resolute in meeting Tamara, for whatever reason. Susan had her suspicions. She just hoped they weren't true.

Chapter 17

Tamara and Ginger had made names for themselves as judges for the Miss Mass contest. They were meticulous, forthright, unforgiving and oftentimes cruel, never settling for any kind of excuse and expecting girls' A-game every time. Tamara was especially brutal; she would frequently cast a potential contestant down just for the way they looked at her, not confident enough in herself around the legendary woman, or simply coughing too loudly. There were stories that the mother-daughter duo was so harsh towards the hopefuls because they didn't want their positions threatened. Understandable, if self-serving.

Of course, the new batch of girls who'd been enthusiastically hounding the pair since they arrived knew this and had brought their A-games to the stage, their outfits all swapped for bikinis. It was just a practice run in the few weeks left before the Miss Mass contest would be held, but the current world champions of the title, each with a double-digit streak, made it feel like the real deal anyway. There was no audience, yet Woodcock's eyes held the power of thousands.

"Now remember, girls: if you don't impress me now, don't bother signing up for the contest." Tamara leaned forward, her seat groaning in protest against her momentous weight. One of the legs had already warped under her, the remaining three somehow managing to cling on for dear life. Her elbows dug into the table, hands closed together, biceps casually swelling to their mountain-like 50+ inch peaks. "It saves us all both time and effort if you just give up then and focus on a career elsewhere."

The row of girls on stage nodded in unison. They held their heads up high in confidence, but some were already inwardly wavering. Just hearing Tamara's thinly-veiled warning was enough for them to think differently and find their heads swarmed with doubts. Was going for the Miss Mass the right idea? Do I have a chance of impressing her? Was picking bodybuilding as a career a smart move?

“Let’s begin.” Ginger’s voice contrasted her soft peachy skin. It was rough, rugged, almost masculine in tone. The girls on stage didn’t expect that from her, caught off-guard from the get-go, their trains of thought teetering on their tracks. It was almost like a test in itself: to see how the girls would react to such a tone of voice. If something as simple as a voice could make them waver— “Front double bicep.”

The girl moved into their positions, spreading themselves apart for space. The short-stack blonde, who must’ve been no taller than five-two, puffed her chest out with the pose to better amplify her presence. Her biceps were blocky in shape, a bit soft around the edges, contradicting the taller redhead’s harder peaks. The brunette at the end of the stage needed some work.

So far, right out the gate, Tamara wasn’t impressed. All nine girls were big, bigger than a Ms or Mr Olympia could ever hope to be, but their openings were weak for Miss Mass tier presentations. The mousy pink-haired girl at the left-hand end of the stage was the biggest of the nine: her biceps, even with their obvious hindrance of being unequally sized, were still bigger than all the others’ thighs. But even then it still wasn’t enough. Miss Mass demanded explosive opening poses. Something this band of girls was lacking in.

“Side tricep.” Ginger watched the group shift into the pose as commanded, eyeballing their collective efforts to impress. The brunette barred her teeth to make her neck muscles bulge out, a display of sinews twitching and throbbing followed suit. But that wasn’t what they were looking for. It was superfluous if anything. Ginger wasn’t impressed anyway. There were more, far stronger sinews in her glutes than in any of the nine girls’ own. That much was given. The girl leaned to whisper in confidence to her mother who nodded, trying to hold back a stifled chuckle.

“Abs and thighs,” Tamara said, clearly trying to stop herself from breaking out into a fit of laughter. What was it Ginger said? A joke? Perhaps something at the nine girls’ expense? At any rate, the girls kept at it, pushing themselves to keep going. It was here Tamara noticed that while the pink-haired girl was still overshadowing the others in regards to size, she wasn’t so fortunate in regards to conditioning; her abs didn’t show through so well as the smaller redhead’s, and

her quads didn't show the otherwise great sweep from the side compared to the front, like the short-stack blonde's.

Tamara held her hand out to stop. She couldn't believe it. This was the best this year's Miss Mass hopefuls had to offer? Even the one they did let through for the contest back then, albeit begrudgingly, was better than any of these wannabes. It made Tamara wonder if there was any point in being a judge for the Miss Mass going forward. There was absolutely no potential in any of these girls. Well, the pink-haired girl was the biggest of the bunch but was still too small. And her conditioning was laughable.

"Forget it. I can't deal with this anymore. You're all, frankly, pathetic. The other girls at the Miss Mass contest would eat you for breakfast, you're so insignificant compared to them." Tamara knew her words would've cut into most of the girls' hearts like a knife, but she didn't care. It was embarrassing that she had to live through that. "You with the pink hair. What's your name?"

"Lucy," she said, holding back the trembling.

"Lucy, you're the biggest here. There's no denying that. But it's not enough. You're still a pipsqueak compared to even the smallest Miss Mass champion." Tamara leaned back on the chair. She knew Lucy's potential wouldn't be entirely wasted. She could still compete in Miss Olympia. All nine girls could, thinking about it. Lucy would just be the guaranteed winner of the bunch. "You still have a bright future ahead of you in women's bodybuilding, though Miss Mass isn't for you. Or any of you, for that matter."

"I can triple my steroids dosages if that helps." Lucy's tone seemed to slip into something suggesting panic or upset. "This means so much to me."

"This isn't up for debate," Tamara explained. "Besides, if it meant so much as you claim, you would've been using triple dosages from day one. Your heart isn't in it."

Ginger nodded.

The girls were distraught. Now what were they supposed to do? Most, if not all of them, had worked hard to get where they were now, standing in the presence of the greatest Miss Mass champion, ever. Though perhaps they wouldn't be in their shared predicament if they heeded her advice just then: triple dosage from day one.

“Ginger. Why don't you show the girls here how it's done, how a Miss Mass winner wows the crowd.” Tamara grinned almost devilishly. This would be quite the show for everyone involved; a thrill. But most importantly, a lesson. She watched her daughter move from the table and past the rows of seats, hearing the subtle comments from the girls on stage as they shifted to the side. Ginger hadn't done anything, yet already commanded a presence matching her mother's. She was admired by fans from afar, but now that the stage was hers, there was a distinct shift in tone. Gone was the liveliness present a moment ago, replaced with a sense of anxiousness. Dread, even.

After a preparatory breath, Ginger moved her leg out to the side. Even then it was already noticeable, an obvious shifting motion coming from under her joggers. Lucy noticed Ginger's shoe bust, her eyes growing wide to reflect the shock progressing through her system. As Ginger pulled her arms up into a flex, everything changed. It happened at a pace neither of the observing girls could imagine, positively dumbfounded by her display.

Ginger was growing before their eyes!

Her biceps climbed higher, inches at a time between each breath. Her body fought itself to make space for the abnormally fast developments, but it never seemed to keep up, skin creaking and tearing in contention to preserve any sense of decent human shape. But Ginger just grew, grew and grew, barring her teeth into a cheesy grin as she felt her neck muscles bulge violently, the same display the now comparatively tiny brunette expressed earlier.

Ginger's glutes expanded to rub against the fabric of her joggers, teasing the edge before ripping through and keep growing even then. Ginger's respondent moan was whore-like. Finally, her body was beginning to let itself free. Finally, she was given the rare opportunity to

cut loose and show off her champion physique. This was why she and her mother were winners and the tiny girls they observed never would be. God, it felt so good! It felt so good to be god-like.

Lucy watched Ginger shift into a lat spread, the pacing of her freakish growth not slowing down. It quickened; by the time Ginger had taken her next breath, a whole foot worth's of mass had blossomed into existence, seemingly through sheer will alone. Yet there was even more still to come. With the pose held, Ginger tensed and grinned. With that came a dose of growth so powerful it caused her clothing to explode into nothingness and the weakening floor at the monster's feet to finally crack like an egg. The shuddering moan and involuntary twitch from Ginger suggested she had succumbed to her growth, love juice oozing down her naked, chaffing quads.

Tamara's response was predictable, bursting into celebratory clapping. Then came the pointed finger and smirk. "Haha! That, girls, is what you call a Miss Mass champion. A ten-timer at that."

Lucy gulped. "Just how big is—"

Ginger's arm careened upwards into a boastful flex, rumbling in its wake. It climbed, climbed, and climbed, its shadow encompassing the group of girls entirely. Veins could be seen even from the group of hopeful's position in the corner, visibly and audibly throbbing with an excitement befitting the champion's. The words rolled from Ginger's tongue with a sense of knowing as if spoken casually. "These are one hundred inches even, with plenty of growth to follow."

"Oh my God! That was amazing."

The voice took the Woodcock by surprise. It didn't come from either of the girls now sheepishly gathered in the corner, brought to a deafening silence by Ginger's flawless display. Unbeknown to the duo was that both Tiffany and Susan had been observing their judging from the beginning, stood way up in the back against the walls. Of course, Tiffany wanted to get

up close to Tamara the moment she set foot in the stage room, but Susan kept her back.

Tamara looked over her blocky shoulder. She didn't immediately catch Tiffany. Instead, her eyes narrowed as they were drawn to Susan, laser-focused on the woman she'd brought to heel all those years ago, snatching the Miss Mass from her. It was a glorious moment in Tamara's career. And she was never going to live down reminding Susan of that. The two women locked eyes for a brief moment, like a heroine and villain looking at one another fatefully before a grand confrontation.

"Now get out of my sight. All of you," Tamara commanded the girls on stage, her tone thinly veiled with annoyance. They scattered quickly, leaving only Ginger on the stage. Her muscles were beginning to recede, relax and shrink back to their earlier, familiar size as she descended the staircase, back to her mother's side.

Of course, at that moment Susan knew she'd have to come face-to-face with her rival for the first time in years, decades even. Susan was ever of the mind she was robbed of the Miss Mass victory that should've been hers; was ever of the mind that Tamara cheated her way to victory. But back then the judges thought differently. Or were biased. Susan's anger towards her loss had been bottled up for just as long, and seeing Tamara approach made her want to uncork it and lash out. But she had to be the better person, seeing Tiffany's toothy grin after a glance.

"Ah, Susan. It's been far too long since we last saw one another. Hope you're keeping well and still training." Tamara's words may have appeared casual and innocent enough, but even then Susan could already detect the smug undertone. Tamara didn't even try to hide it, offering a quick smirk as she made a passing glance at Tiffany. She was bigger than Susan. There was no denying that, with her top tight and snug, maybe even a breath or two from bursting like confetti. And those bare quads of hers; sweeping and striated, barely any water retained. She was clearly in the process of conditioning for a contest. "And who's this chunk of meat? Your daughter, I presume?"

"No, this is Tiffany. My protege." Susan didn't want to admit the truth. That would just be something else Tamara would gloat about, seeing Ginger stand there like a naked, budding hulk.

“She wanted to see you, leaving quite the impression.”

Tiffany giggled like a fangirl.

“A protege? Interesting.” Tamara sized Tiffany up, comparing her with the smaller Susan. Her words didn’t quite add up though. Tamara knew Susan retired from bodybuilding on account of her loss at the Miss Mass. It stood to reason that motherhood would inevitably follow, which, hearing from the grapevine, Tamara heard to be the case. So why would Susan opt for a random girl as her protege and not her daughters? Unless... “I had thought your daughters would follow in your footsteps like my Ginger here.”

Susan knew she’d have to tell the truth now. Otherwise, Tamara would just figure it out on her own. And then God knows what would happen. Likely, it would be something else for the woman to gloat about. She probably would anyway. Susan steeled herself, knowing Tamara would have a thing or two to say afterwards. “They’re not interested in bodybuilding like me.”

Ginger stifled her chuckle. It was priceless, hearing that. In truth, Tamara wanted to do the same but managed to hold a sense of professionalism.

The duo’s response cut into Susan all the same. She knew neither of them would resist mocking her, one way or another. Tamara may have known Susan for longer, but Ginger was no different than a smaller version of her; the same drive, ambition and self-serving characteristics.

“How did you do that?” Tiffany’s mind was still on Ginger’s spectacle, dying to know more about how she was able to force her body to grow as it did. It was as though the true extent of her musculature was hidden, tightly compacted into her frame and finally allowed to let loose, to breathe. How was it possible? “How did you keep your muscles compact like that? How big can you get?”

Ginger chuckled, her pectorals rippling like waves between each movement. She’d been asked that question countless times over the years and have never gotten tired of telling. Her gruff

tone was still a bit surprising to Tiffany and needed time to get used to it. “It’s a new technique we picked up. Miss Mass champions get taught it.”

“Oh.” Tiffany didn’t quite expect that kind of answer. So the only way for her to learn something like that, to get as big as she wanted and hide it for either convenience or a surprise, would be to win the Miss Mass. It was still a few weeks away, but hearing that drained Tiffany’s enthusiasm.

“It does look like there’s some real potential in you, girl.” Tamara could feel Susan’s deathly glare as she squeezed Tiffany’s shoulder tightly. There was some prime, quality beef there for sure, But that potential she spoke of was wasted under Susan’s tutelage, something that could be unlocked if put under a real champion’s wing. And Susan knew all too well what Tamara was aiming to do.

“She has a trainer, Tamara,” Susan said.

“Oh, I’m sure. I just feel Tiffany here has so much more in her.” Tamara could tell from just looking at the girl that Tiffany wanted to say something, but was restrained by some sense of guilt or loyalty she was bound by. Tiffany wouldn’t have gotten this far if it weren’t for Susan. “Tell me, girl: do you feel held back?”

Tiffany didn’t say anything, unsure if it was wise to. Her eyes turned away as if in shame. Shameful of what Susan probably thought of her for keeping so silent. Because, of course, the dots connected themselves. If Tiffany felt like she wasn’t being held back, she would’ve said. But the silence was her enemy.

Susan looked.

“Ah. Well, in that case...” Tamara reached into her handbag hooked over the seat she sat in and pulled out a business card. She handed it to Tiffany with a smile. Tiffany wasn’t so quick to take it though, impacted by how Susan might react. But she just stood there, stiff. So of course Tiffany took the card. “My offices are open twenty-four-seven. Call whenever, then we can

discuss bringing out the best in you.”

Susan offered a glance at Tamara as she passed, leaving the auditorium. Tiffany felt a tingle of shame, then. But not enough to think twice about taking Tamara’s business card.

When Susan and Tiffany returned to the car park to head home, it was obvious there was a clear divide between them, created by Tamara. Tiffany had been looking at the woman’s business card since she took her place in the front passenger set, thumbing the cursive gold lettering as she mulled over whether it was worthwhile to seek out Tamara. But again, there was that sense of loyalty to Susan that drove Tiffany into confliction. Loyalty was pitted against potential.

As the car turned into the dual carriageway, Susan could tell from her unease that Tiffany was building up to say something, mustering courage. So Susan broke the layer of ice between them, making the first move. “Don’t worry. I’m not mad at you for taking the business card. There’s no harm in looking at other options for trainers. Believe me, because I did the same.”

Tiffany simply looked, glancing at Susan anxiously. She was still unsure what to say, filtering out and sorting the pros and cons of each possible outcome based on her phrasing. But perhaps it was best to say nothing and just listen. After all, Tiffany had gotten this far with Susan’s guidance. But Tamara was the one who realized Tiffany had so much more potential and that Susan was the one holding her back, despite how far she’d come.

“And about holding you back: I’m doing that for your own good.” Susan knew Tiffany wouldn’t want to hear that, but she had her reasons. She could practically feel Tiffany’s eyes draw off her. To Susan, this felt like teaching Billie a life lesson after a disastrous date or falling out with a friend. Things don’t always go one’s way. “You’ve got great growth potential. You and I both know that. As advantageous it might be for Miss Mass, it can also be dangerous if we don’t take time to understand it.”

“Understand it?” Tiffany queried with a curious tone.

“I don’t know if you have, but from time to time I’ve noticed your muscles growing from doing nothing.” The car turned out of the dual carriageway and into the streets, passing local shops. “Again: great growth potential and has its advantages, but...that’s not normal.”

“But don’t you want me to win?”

“I do, I do. But I want you to do it right and safely.”

“I don’t understand why you’re so controlling over my workouts. You’re acting like you’re my mother, which you aren’t.” Tiffany had reached her boiling point, was now thinking twice about not the offer Tamara extended, but her loyalty to Susan. Maybe Tamara was right about Tiffany’s potential being wasted. “You keep caring more about me than your own daughters.”

Susan gulped. That stung a little. They’d went down this road once before, but it was no easier than then. In fact, this reminder hurt more than the initial one. Because despite her promise, Susan hadn’t done anything to make amends with Billie and Clara. “You’re right, I’m not your mother. But as your personal trainer, it is my job to make sure you train safely. There is such a thing as too far, too big.”

“Tamara and Ginger seem to be doing alright, considering.”

Susan was reaching the end of her tether. Why wasn’t Tiffany paying attention to her warnings? Granted, Susan realized her hypocrisy about playing things ‘safe and right,’ given her history with steroid use. But Tiffany was different. Or rather, something about her had changed. She had used steroids herself at the beginning, but now her body, her chemistry had changed somehow to allow itself to grow at will. And that scared Susan. “Tamara and Ginger aren’t natural, Tiff. Being able to compress their musculature like that: I haven’t seen it before. There’s something off about them. They’re...freaks.”

Tiffany had connected the dots that Susan had no idea she’d laid out. She’d called Tamara

and Ginger freaks over doing something that hadn't been done before. In the same vein, Susan had pointed out Tiffany's inexplicable and random growth as abnormal. So...

“Are you calling me a freak?”

“What, no. That's not what I'm getting at.” Susan's breath was shaky. Tiffany had twisted her words, but could understand why she thought that. Tiffany was a mystery; Susan didn't know whether to call her body's spontaneous growth a condition or an ability. It wasn't her place to say.

“Sounds exactly like that's what you're saying.” Tiffany drew her eyes off Susan. The layer of ice and silence between them had returned. They were no better off than then they left the expo. Susan hated herself for it, knowing there was now a wedge between mentor and student.

Tiffany thumbed Tamara's business card, looking intently at the phone number on the top right hand corner.

Chapter 18

Some weeks later...

Tiffany stared into the mirror, obsessively analyzing every iron-forged, HGH-enhanced protuberant inch she was endowed with. The Miss Mass contest was only days away now, the prospect of unveiling her assured trophy-winning physique to the judges inducing both a thrill and stimulation only her hormone loading could bring. The veins in her cannonball-sized biceps had since meshed like a road network, some thicker and others, yet all fed by the hormones she'd packed into her being with uninhibitedness, clearly going against Susan's advice.

But Tiffany didn't care. Not only was she stubborn in her goal to win the contest, doing whatever to ensure that, but over the recent weeks had also taken Tamara's words to heart. Her dependence on hormones germinating notwithstanding, Tiffany knew she had potential. Potential she felt was being curbed under Susan's tutelage. Nevertheless, Tiffany didn't come this far with her to lose now. She was unwavering in her *need* to win the contest, would daren't think about what to do if she didn't. There was the win, and only the win.

Even though the pace of her growth had picked up significantly over the past few weeks, Tiffany still felt small, an overbearing deep-rooted notion that she had to keep growing. She faked becoming sick in order to conceal her obsessive devouring of the steroids she'd ordered online, knowing Susan would've been dispirited by the knowledge. But now Tiffany's supply was low and her need for more mass before leaving for the contest was at an all-time high.

She grunted. Her tone almost masculine at this point, her cheeks breaking out into a violent rash, the same veins on her arms goading themselves into thickening as the remainder of the hormone cocktail galvanized its way through her bloodstream to offer more mass. Her customized top stretched as it vainly tried to keep the colossal girl decent, but futility of it all was what

made Tiffany smirk all the more. Nothing would stand in the way of her growing self. Nothing would stand in the way of her win.

She craned her arms upwards into a double bicep flex. As that happened, knocking came from behind her door. Tiffany's mother Jackie stood holding a large plate stacked with several steaks and a protein shake. The woman's hands were shaking. It was anyone's guess where it contributed to the mountain of meat's collective weight or knowing her daughter's lust for mass was too much even for her at this point. At any rate, Tiffany opened the door, offering a begrudged glare at her mother for having the guts to interrupt during her egocentric self-worship.

"I was just wondering if--"

Tiffany slammed the door shut with such force the years-old family portrait hanging by it came loose and cracked as it smacked hard off the adjacent side table. As a result, it didn't give Jackie much time to finish her sentence. Knowing how reclusive Tiffany had gotten in the last few weeks leading up to the contest, Jackie was beginning to think Susan was right after all: that taking steroids was dangerous, even if speaking from experience.

The swollen girl didn't hesitate to gorge on the food her concerned parent took the time to cook, grabbing one of the steaks and cramming as much into her mouth as possible, negligent towards the possibility of choking, but her jaw and neck muscles had toughened and grown so much over the last while that doubtful to happen.

Nevertheless, Tiffany needed all the meat she could get. Placing the fresh plate atop the pile of previously used dirty ones, she burped loudly. So much had been eaten that day, food piling atop itself inside her chiseled stomach she almost looked pregnant. But Tiffany didn't care; she needed all the meat she could get her hands on, willing to eat her brother and mother out of house and home to ensure that.

The half-eaten steak in one hand, Tiffany lowered arm to grab the sweat-greased dumbbell near her bedroom window with the other. A preparatory breath followed, forcing her top to

stretch and pull further. Her heavysset pectorals thrust themselves outwards to burst clean through the fabric with laughable ease, finally letting the mammoth girl breathe without trouble.

“Not...big enough. Gotta...win...uuuhhh!” Tiffany grunts conveyed a tone similar to a caged beast. She felt like one, knowing Susan had been keeping her potential in check. Tamara was right; words the girl had been playing in her hormone-obsessed mind continuously like a mantra. With each pump Tiffany could feel a tempestuous fire burn within her distended arm, making sure to take measured bites of the steak between reps. Each mouthful and rep mattered, fighting through the pain to ensure more mass would pile itself onto her frame, as inevitable as iron attracted to a magnet’s pull. Her veins twitched as though they had lives of their own, coiling and twisting around her arm like a snake around a tree branch, the pain shooting through them like acid burning through her skin. But this was the kind of pain Tiffany longed for, knowing she’d never have felt anything like it under Susan. It was a kind of pain equal only to pleasure, feeling so much of it, in fact, she caught her salivating reflection as her bulk turned to the side catching her triceps distend and mushroom.

A smile.

“God, I’m such a fucking beast!” Tiffany feigned a strained grunt as she pulled into a crab most muscular, her teeth barred to grind, nostrils flaring like a bull readying to charge. “That bitch Susan was wrong for letting me cut loose. Look at me now! Hnngh!”

Tiffany’s top ripped vertically up her mammoth spine, granting her barn door lats the much-needed space to breathe. Thereon, that meant the girl’s entire body was laid bare for the mirror to reflect back in all its brilliance. The slightest breath allowed her pectorals to ripple, striations with such detail they could easily rival Leng Jung’s paintings.

Tiffany was so transfixed on her near hyper-muscular bulk that she didn’t notice her mobile phone buzzing on her desk. Or maybe she was aware and just didn’t care for it, knowing Susan was the caller. Alongside faking illness, Tiffany had been dodging the woman’s calls as well. A part of Tiffany’s consciousness knew if that kept up, Susan would eventually visit, then all hell

would break loose with the knowledge her protege had disregarded the warnings about steroid abuse. But, as with everything else lately, the majority of Tiffany's essence didn't care about that. She was bigger and stronger than ever!

She pulled back a bit to get a better, wider view of her monster-sized dimensions, inching close to her bed that had recently been braced with cinder blocks to support her weight, though they were already starting to succumb to the great girl.

On her bed was the posing suit Tiffany was supposed to wear at the contest. She had sent off the measurements in advance per Susan's recommendation, but that was before Tamara's words were taken to heart and Tiffany started taking steroids like candy. Considering that, the outfit was now at least a couple of sizes too small. But Tiffany saw that as an achievement, a reminder of how much she'd grown. And she was far from finished. If anything now, she needed to test herself.

The family car parked outside was perfect for that test. It was hefty enough for Tiffany to handle like a weight. Or rather, a weight heavy enough to offer a decent level of resistance compared to the dumbbells. A smile; Tiffany recognized the feat ahead of her would indeed be a challenge, almost Olympian.

The girl didn't hesitate to set her callused hand on the vehicle's undercarriage, thumbing the metallic grooves softly in preparation for her performance. An neighbor walking their pet dog offered the quickest of glances as they passed, hearing Tiffany's macho grunts as the car's bonnet was hoisted slowly clean off the driveway, the tires angled parallel with her quadriceps.

Tiffany snorted like a bull, her blimp-like biceps puffing up under the strain brought on from her effort, but she resolute to push on past it. She affirmed her footing, Veins snaking up her calves, she applied more force to her lift, biting her lip to fight back the urge to shout out.

The car was raised higher, its bonnet now pointed skyward. This was a feat in itself for most

people, but Tiffany was far from done, her exploit only halfway done. Moving inward so her feet were lateral with each side of the car, she shrugged in preparation for the final step.

Tiffany had seen it done before countless times on TV with special effects, but knew it couldn't be achieved in reality, which was Tiffany's motivation in changing that. She enveloped her distended arms around the car's frame like a bear hug and pushed inward to squeeze. It didn't take much effort before the vehicle's frame started to warp under her crushing strength, the chassis groaning as though in pain, the fuel filler opening up to expel the liquid out onto the driveway and pool near the garden. But Tiffany was oblivious to that, hearing only the metallic whining and smiling as the car's frame lost its shape and bent backwards, its bulky shape now flattened to become a wreck, a shell of its former self that was hastily liberated from the girl's beastly strength when its weightiness was no more.

Standing over the new scrap heap, Tiffany shifted into a crab most muscular in celebration of her feat, wincing as she felt the veins bulge and move to fork across and surround her pectorals. Then a deep laugh. She never felt this much of a rush before, felt as though she could do anything. She felt like an absolute monster!

“WHAT THE FUCK?!”

It was only then Tiffany remembered: her mother probably wouldn't have liked their car being turned to scrap. She turned from the car and looked at her mother, whose expression spoke for itself; a blend of shock, anger, bewilderment and even a bit of awe. Blinking, the mother tried to process what she'd just witnessed. “What the FUCK did you do that for?”

Embarrassment shot through Tiffany, rubbing her roid-loaded neck as she tried to come up with an excuse. But there clearly wasn't a point.

“I'll buy you a new one?” the daughter shot back with an awkward chuckle, trying to diffuse the tension. But Jackie just glowered.

Chapter 19

The next day...

The sounds of pleasure came in a rhythm; where the thick slap of a cock against skin ended, a drawn-out moan took its place. The clock had just struck ten, bringing about a new sun-blessed day, but the riotous pairing had been at their escapade since night fell. With a casual glance to his side, Trent noted the small gathering of spent condoms on the floor. There must've been at least five there, all gummed up with his load. He had since then elected to go raw. A smile; he was impressed by how much he was able to give. Thankful, even. Though a part of him was equally surprised by how much his counterpart could take...and want.

Presenting her firm angular glutes in a traditional doggy-style pose, Trent's mother Angela eagerly awaited her next injection. Moaning slightly, she could feel his cum ooze and trickle out of her pussy. Its sticky fluid had already stained the bedsheets, but the horned-up slut didn't care. All she wanted was dick right now. The same dick she'd both craved and had been servicing for the past twelve hours straight. No doubt the neighbors would've heard the noises and had a thing or two to say, but Angela would just shrug it off. She winced, feeling Trent enter her for the bazillionth time. They were having so much fun.

Trent's hands glided across his mother's mammoth back muscles. Taking the Trazo was doing wonders for her body, even in such crazy doses. Angela had practically blown up in size to overtake the Impossible Bulk comic character! Her unflexed arms were easily the size of monster truck tires, quadriceps holding more definition in her quads than a dictionary and delts even the Greek god Zeus would be envious of. It was size and power like that which got Trent going, but fatigue was finally starting to catch up with him. And his mother wasn't particularly pleased by that.

"Nuh-uh! You're not stopping now. Not until I know you've gotten my pussy good and

flooded.” Angela shifted position, moving in to kiss Trent. She pushed him over the bed so his back laid flat on the quilt. The Trazo had made his mother more dominant, which Trent had come to like. But everything had its time. As much as he wanted to keep going— he looked at his cock, disheartened by its inability to get harder than he wanted it to. He’d already shot a good amount of cum into his mother, so surely she already was ‘good and flooded?’

But Angela took control anyway, sliding into Trent. His slick cock fit perfectly, allowing a small bulge to show under the woman’s cervix. God, even Trent’s father couldn’t reach that deep. As eager as he was to perform, however, Trent knew he was spent.

“We’ve been at this for hours already. I mean look!” Trent pointed out to the sunlight trying to cut through the curtains. Birds tweeted in the trees, a car or two passing by, and some kids giggling in the distance as they no doubt played in their back garden. “It’s a whole new day out there. I’m not against spending time with you. It’s just...there are other ways to do it.”

Angela’s eyes narrowed. Trent did have a point. Besides, as much as she hated to admit it, deliberately avoiding the inevitable, there were things around the house that needed doing anyway. Trent sighed with relief as he felt his mother’s vice-like grip around his cock release, the half-hard appendage splurting what little was left of his cum onto his abs, the balls throbbing. He tucked an arm behind his head and watched his mother get up to throw the comically undersized bed-gown on to retain some level of decency around the house.

“It’s just us, so....do you really need to be wearing that?”

Angela smirked. Another good point made. She untied the robe, letting it fall behind her to reveal the bodybuilder-shaming muscles underneath. Trent had already spent a good amount of time around those great muscles, but seeing them revealed like that always made him feel something. He could see his mother look at him through her makeup table mirror, so they shared a sort of knowing expression only known between lovers. “You’re better at sex than your father ever was.”

“I know,” was Trent’s smug response, grinning. He reminisced about the revelation his

mother made about killing Trent's father out of a crime of passion to him so that they could be together. There never could be a more iron-clad expression of love than that. Trent was in love with a murderess. That would be a hard pill to swallow for most, but Trent?

His cock twitched, hardening just enough to push itself off his chest.

"I've got some things to do around the house. I shouldn't be too long. When that's all done, maybe we can hang out in the garden for a bit?" Angela could see Trent's brow curled with curiosity.

"Should I bring anything?"

"Whatever you feel could make it more interesting. Though I'm sure you can think of something."

Whatever you feel could make it more interesting...

Trent response to that particular remark was exciting, if a bit predictable. Seeing the woman laid out on the deckchair in the garden, he approached his mother holding two items: a bottle of oil and measuring tape. It'd been a while since he took note of his parent's burgeoning musculature and glazed it with oil to emphasize the exceptional details right down to the last rippling inch. The bottle was placed on the small table at his mother's side, the tape still held firmly in Trent's hand.

Angela was taking in the sun completely naked. She didn't care about the hole in the fence being large enough for the old neighbor lady Missus Jenkins to give her a heart attack if she happened to peek through. If anything, the old prude could do with something excitable in her life, right about now. The house phone was sat at Angela's side just a couple of inches from her rock-hard ass.

“You know, I’ve been phoning Audrey every day for the past week now and haven’t gotten a single response.” The mother grabbed the phone, looked at it curiously for a few moments before placing it on the table, swapping it for the bottle of oil. Trent caught his mother’s words and froze. He had a sneaky suspicion as to why Audrey was dodging his mother’s calls - and he was at the center of it all. “I hope she’s okay.”

Angela started applying the oil, working her way up from her calves. She always worked her up for the reason that she liked teasing Trent. He seemed to have a particular affection for her biceps, as mammoth-sized as they were, so made sure to do those last. Even then, her calves did a decent job in revving her son’s engine too. Looking at him clench the measuring tape eagerly, she knew he was desperate to get started.

“Well, go on then. Measure it,” she said, holding her leg out.

A grin formed across Trent’s face, bending down on both knees to get started. Now, if memory served him correctly, the last time he measured his mother’s calves, they came in at twenty-seven inches – easily larger than Trent’s own! But that was weeks ago, now. Without having to even take the fated measurement Trent knew his mother had grown since. But by how much?

Angela winced, feeling Trent’s cold hand touch her skin as he took the tape to her calf, wrapping it around the meaty limb with excitement. God, just how much bigger had she gotten? Trent was desperate to know.

“Well? Where we at this time?”

Trent gulped. He read the measurement mentally twice, first, making sure his eyes weren’t playing tricks on him. But nope – the result was the same. His cock twitched at the fact.

“You’re thirty-eight inches solid this time. That’s—that’s a whole eleven-inch in two weeks!” Trent couldn’t believe it. Fucking hell, was his mum growing fast. And it looked like she wasn’t anywhere near slowing down anytime soon.

Angela scoffed, seemingly unimpressed by the result. It was strange because it was the most any of the duo had grown thus far, yet the monster-sized mother clearly expected a higher number.

“Not large enough. Hnnghh!”

Trent watched his mother flex her calf, overcome with awe as he saw the powerful muscles twist, contort, grind and convulse to grow even larger than they already were, pressing against the measuring tape to snap it in half like nothing. Even beyond that little spectacle they continued growing, the woman’s skin shifting and creaking to make space for the mushrooming muscles Trent couldn’t keep his eyes off. His cock that twitched with excitement had since grown into a full erection poking through his shorts for Angela to gawk at with a smirk.

“Oooh. Seems someone’s enjoying the show.”

“How-how did—”

“Ever since I guzzled a whole batch of your Trazo stuff, my body’s been reacting a bit differently than normal to it. Now it just grows when it feels like it.”

Angela’s calf stopped its growth seemingly without warning, the thick veins twitching for a moment before settling. It was a shame about the tape snapping, because Angela was curious to see the measurement now. But if she were to take a guess—

“That looks at least fifty inches. Whatcha think? Maybe a bit bigger, like fifty-five?”

Fifty or fifty-five inches. Jesus Christ, the fact his mother’s calf was bigger than Trent’s skull was itself enough to make his cock twitch, let alone boasting such a boggling size as they were. With every subtle movement Angela’s calves throbbed and spasmed as though, even in spite of their growth having stopped, they yearned for more, fighting for space.

His mother's whore-like moans certainly didn't help with the situation, her other leg slumping to the side so her pussy would be displayed freely. Of course Trent couldn't stop himself from looking at it, seeing the fleshy mound bulge out a bit, all the hormones from the Trazo doing their work there, too. God, she was so thick. Sure, Trent had penetrated his mother countless times by now, but he hadn't brought himself to simply look. Her clit was like a small dick, thickly-meated with veins of varying width forking and twisting. It was a beast of its own nature at this point, as though latched onto the woman more than part of her, her moans soft but heavy.

"Get the oil. Start rubbing it," she said between moans.

Trent didn't so much as hesitate, grabbing the bottle to lather some onto his hands, then inching closer to his mother's waiting mound. As if knowing what to expect, it visibly bulged, forcing the woman to moan harder than ever, her back arching a bit. God, that Trazo more than worked a treat on Angela. Even when not even growing, she could feel its intensity force its way through her, manipulating her insides in ways not thought possible. It felt like she was being massaged by a ghost, her grand muscles kneaded and caressed, toes curling like she was edging towards an orgasm.

Then she felt Trent's hands run across her clit. The sensitivity was enough to make the woman cum just a little bit, more brought on by the Trazo's electric buzz flowing through her than Trent's gentleness. The feeling of the drug running through her was, at times like this, better than the most passionate sex. Angela loved Trent. She really did. But the Trazo— it hit her in spots no human ever could. It was like cum flowed through her veins, its thick gloppiness rushing through to make her eyes roll, biting her lip, shuddering.

Trent watched as his mother's clit bulged once more, this time visibly swelling to match the size of a grown man's thumb. He wasn't exactly sure how to react. It was hot, in its own little way, but also weird seeing his mother's clit push out to mirror the monster-sized woman. Everything about the woman was mammoth-sized now. Everything. With it came a heightened sense of arousal.

“Get in there deep, baby. Mamma wants to feel alive!”

Before Trent had a chance to even formulate a response in his head, his mother grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and thrust his mouth to her muff, his lips now firmly pressed to the muscled genitalia with the expectation of servicing her once more. Trent may have had enough foreplay and sex for a while, but Angela, frankly, was just getting started. She could feel his tongue on her, gentle and slow. Fuck, he knew exactly where to hit. A shuddering moan.

“That’s it, baby. Ooooooh, right there.” Angela may not have had any breast tissue left, but that didn’t stop the woman from reaching out as though she did, fondling her nipples in rapturous ecstasy, eyes rolling as her toes curled. Trent was all too willing to continue, grabbing his mother’s thighs to better support himself as his pace quickened, his thumb brushing the distinctive bulging vein running from her knee up to her waist. As odd as it looked, fuck was it hot. Each vein the woman boasted was testament to her power. Perhaps it was right of Angela to take as much of the Trazo as she had; perhaps it was right of Angela to be the one in control now. Trent had never been submissive in a relationship before, but, as ever, there was a first time for everything.

One of the veins in Angela’s inner quad elongated, breaking off to fork and twist around her genitalia like a python around a tree branch. It throbbed, which Trent saw, enough to get him hard again. Trent just...loved veins. The freakier, the better. And who better to have them than his mother? Fuck. It felt like they were sharing a dreamscape. Maybe they were! It certainly felt as much.

Trent dug his hands in deeper, inadvertently scratching his mother’s thighs enough for them to bleed a bit. Either she wasn’t bothered or simply couldn’t feel it, so caught up in everything else to even notice, but Angela didn’t so much as blink. When Trent noticed, he panicked a bit, pulling his mouth free.

“Mum...”

“I don’t care. Keep going!” Angela shoved Trent’s face back into place, her eye twitching and she felt some kind of sensation swim over her, her pussy clenching to almost clamp down on her offspring’s wagging tongue. “Oooooohhh!”

Her eyes rolled back again....