

## ***Biggest on the Stage***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*

Toby couldn't hide the smirk from his face after hearing his name being called as the winner of the Overall Physique category. There had never been any doubt in his mind that he would be declared victorious, but he was alone in that perspective. The other men currently on the stage with him had most definitely been blindsided by his dominance. After all, just an hour ago they had been tormenting him for being completely out of his league. How could a skinny twink like Toby ever compete with huge muscular alphas like them? They now all had their answer: quite easily!

Before accepting the trophy, Toby strode to the front of the stage and ran through his routine once more. The sold out crowd hooted and hollered as he struck each pose, with his massive muscles bulging and tensing with each flex. Toby was proud of himself for not tenting out the front of his posers, because showing off his incredible physique was nothing short of an erotic sensation for him. He'd always loved the sight of hard muscles and now he had some of his very own that he could show off for an adoring public!

Nobody in that audience would ever know that the champion bodybuilder before them was a walking magical miracle. The men who he had siphoned his new muscles from could try and tell whoever they liked but nobody would ever buy their story. They'd be painted as sad and bitter for losing to a bodybuilding rookie on his very first show, even if it was a little suspicious that all of the images on Toby's social media profiles showed him to be a skinny runt of a young man up until that very morning...

The thunderous applause that greeted Toby with each new pose was a stark contrast to the response he'd received earlier in the day. It had begun when he'd arrived at the competition sign-in desk, when the beefy muscle bear behind the desk had burst into laughter upon seeing him. It cost almost five-hundred bucks for somebody to enter themselves into the competition, which was a steep price to pay, but the winner left with



five-thousand in their pocket which helped soften the blow. “You must have way more money than sense,” the bear remarked, entirely bemused as he handed over Toby’s pre-printed identification badge. “Good luck out there, little dude. Trust me, you’re gonna need it!” Rather than rising to the bait, Toby simply took note of the name on the bear’s own ID badge - *Marc* - and silently vowed to reunite with him later in the day.

As he moved from into the backstage area of the venue though, Toby was only met by further laughter. He was an ant among giants; every single person there was at least a hundred pounds heavier and a whole foot taller, regardless of gender and weight class. More than one person presumed that he was an intern working with the event staff and ordered him to fetch them a cup of coffee. As with Marc before them, Toby simply took notice of the name on their ID badges before explaining that he was actually there as a competitor and moving on before they could really think twice.

Upon reaching the locker room, Toby stripped right down to the pair of black posers that he wore underneath his pants. The garment was rather loose-fitting and threatening to fall down to his ankles, thanks to his flat ass and the uninspiring lump in the front. Even with his back turned to the rest of the room, the twink could feel the eyes burning into him from every direction. He turned to meet them with not just a brave face, but a smile that was positively daring the other competitors to say something. Indeed, that really was what he was doing. Unseen to everybody else, when Toby had been stripping out of his clothes, he had taken a quick swig from a small violet-colored bottle that had been hidden in his jacket pocket. The contents of that bottle was far beyond any everyday nectar. Indeed, it imbued Toby with the power to turn the tables on those who would seek to humiliate him!

“Hey, little boy, did you lose your parents?” a heavily-bearded bodybuilder growled from nearby, leering at Toby from a pair of beady eyes. In the immediate aftermath of making the comment though, the bearded giant experienced a shiver down his spine. It was nearly impossible for the naked eye to see, but his height dropped an inch and five pounds instantly vanished from his massive body. He continued to wear a wolfish grin on his face, but internally he felt like the wind had been taken out of his sails. It bothered him that Toby didn’t seem at all intimidated by him or perturbed by the comment; shouldn’t such a shrimpy little man be quivering at the sight of him?

Toby had barely taken two steps before the next jeering comment was fired his way: “You ever thought about eating a sandwich, kid?” This wisecrack was made by Kevin, a bald-headed bodybuilder with mature lines across his face. As with the bearded man before him, Kevin was struck by a sudden blow to his confidence that prompted his arrogant smirk to momentarily falter. The real damage was done to his carefully fine-tuned physique though, as he lost two inches of height and ten pounds of muscle. This time the changes were a little more noticeable, but there was no mystery as to

where the height and weight had gone. In the past minute, Toby had grown three inches taller and was packing an extra fifteen pounds of lean muscle. He was still massively undersized compared to the muscular behemoths around him, but even those slight changes made the world of difference for him.

Emboldened by the progress he could see his own body making, Toby continued to make his way around the backstage area and elicit comments from the various competitors nervously waiting for their turn to take the stage. He was met by sneers and expressions of disgust any time he came near to anyone, but it was only when the bodybuilders voiced their displeasure that the magic coursing through Toby's body activated. Each time it did, he took a little more height and muscle mass from each source. Within ten minutes he had reached five-foot-ten and one-hundred and eighty-five pounds, but that wasn't nearly enough for him. He wanted - no, *needed* - to take even more!

It didn't take Toby all that long to make his way back towards the sign-in desk and when he did, he was hardly surprised by the fact that Marc failed to recognise him. He had been eight inches shorter and sixty pounds lighter, after all! Given that he was no longer so diminutive that his size was the obvious thing to mock, Marc instead took umbrage with the way this supposedly new arrival stared so intently at him. "What the fuck are you looking at, creep?" the bear growled, his upper lip curling into a scornful look even as the magic within Toby pulled precious resources out of Marc's body and into the former twink's own. The hairy bodybuilder's generous donation finally pushed Marc over the six-foot mark and his weight settled at an even two-hundred pounds. His posers now sat far more comfortably around the solid curves of his ass, and the front pouch was also notably fuller. While both of those things were definitely appreciated, it was the sudden muscular bulk packed beneath his heavily spray-tanned skin that delighted Toby the most. He felt like he could bend steel with his bare hands!

"Just a punk with a bad attitude," Toby fired back, safe in the knowledge that making disparaging comments towards others wouldn't cause any magical activation. Rather than sticking around to egg Marc on further, Toby returned to the backstage area. It was only a few short minutes before his group were due to be called on stage. Despite the newfound muscles upon his frame, he was still rather undersized when compared to his competition. Toby wasn't concerned though - in fact, he had anticipated that happening. "I hope you're all ready to lose to me," he remarked boldly, already knowing that such a brazen comment would get under the thin skin of the egotistical men surrounding him. Sure enough, they fell into his trap and began to hurl derogatory comments in his direction, failing to notice that they were growing smaller and weaker with every bitter word that left their lips while the reverse happened to Toby.

When the group finally realized what was happening and fell into a stunned silence, the former twink now stood at a mammoth six-foot-eight and was two-hundred and thirty-eight pounds. He was the tallest and most muscular of the bunch, not to mention the most handsome! It seemed that with these latest activations he had done more than just take the height and muscles from his tormentors: he had stolen various other aspects too, such as the square jawline from one, the thick mustache from another, and the wavy mane of hair from a third. The man made from this amalgamation was nothing short of drop-dead handsome, with All-American good looks that were perfectly matched by his hard muscles!

The dust had barely settled on Toby's transformation when the group were summoned onto the stage. He strode up the stairs and through the curtain with his head held high and a proud smirk upon his face, while the other men entered with a much more sheepish demeanor. That set the scene for the display of dominance that was to follow: Toby found himself moved to the very center of the stage, where he hit each of his poses with extreme confidence. While he wasn't really that much taller or more muscular than the other men on the stage, their lackluster performance compared to his own show-stopping routine made him look like a giant among children.

After collecting the medal that recognised his easy victory, Toby stared directly into the camera and gave the biggest grin possible. He spent a brief moment thinking about what had set this plan into motion: Kieron, the heavyweight bodybuilder boyfriend of Toby's flatmate, declaring that he wasn't "a real man" simply because he had never stepped foot in a gym before. That comment had wormed its way under Toby's skin and provoked him to take admittedly extreme action.

It was no coincidence that Kieron was at the very same convention center that day, ready to compete for his IFBB Pro card. Most people believed that Kieron would walk away with an easy win, but Toby had other plans in mind. The magic currently coursing through his veins would still be active for another hour, and that was plenty of time to not only rival Kieron's size but get even bigger! Of course, Toby would be taking the most from the arrogant brute who had brought him so much misery. He couldn't wait to see the shock and horror on Kieron's face when he discovered the true identity of his newest rival!



*When we're done here, I'll be the "real man" and he'll be the pathetic shrimp, Toby thought smugly to himself. Let's see how he likes that, shall we?*