

Ashley came to slowly. Her face was up against something cold and wet. She lifted herself off the ground, a sticky white substance sticking to her chin and making strands down to the floor.

What the hell happened to me? Ashley thought. She had a headache hammering the inside of her skull, and the last few hours were all a blur. She remembered coming to the clinic for the procedure, and then...

Everything suddenly came back to her. She looked down at her naked body, except it didn't feel like her own. She was as muscular as a female bodybuilder, packed with thick layers of striated, veiny muscle. A thick cock hung between her legs, reaching almost all the way down to her knees.

"Oh no," she whispered. "Oh, no no no. This can't be happening. This can't be real."

Having come out of her lust-fueled high, she found her new body horrific, disgusting even.

How can this be possible? I just went in to get my leg fixed, I don't understand...

She banged against the door, her fists leaving deep dents in the metal. "Dr Rogue, let me out! Why am I still in here?"

No answer.

"This isn't funny! You need to let me out!"

Still no answer.

"Cunt!" Ashley blew air out from between her clenched teeth. She grabbed the edge of the door, letting her fingers sink adequately into the metal, and gave it a firm yank.

The door came easily off its frame. She let it clatter to the floor.

She made to walk out of the machine and hit her head on the top of the doorframe.

"Ow, fuck," Ashley said, rubbing her forehead as she stooped under the door. She hadn't hit her head when she'd entered the machine the first time; she must have gotten taller as well.

No one was in the room. There was no sign of Dr. Rogue. Even most of the equipment had been taken out, leaving the room bare apart from a few scraps of furniture and the machine Ashley had just left.

God, this is so fucked. I guess all I can do is get home, and then figure out a cure later. If there even is one.

Her old clothes were still there, lying on a stool in the corner of the room. Ashley lifted them up and a note fell out, lazily fluttering to the floor.

She picked up the note, which bore a few lines of scratchy handwriting. The pen had punched through and ripped the paper in places, making the words particularly hard to read.

*Sorry for leaving you all alone like this, but the police was all over me. We can't have my little operation being rooted out, can we?
I'll be in touch,*

R.

At the bottom of the note was a pink kiss mark.

Ashley ground her teeth, crumpled up the note and threw it away.

She struggled into her clothes, which were now painfully tight. Her black t-shirt clung to her stomach and showed off plenty of midriff, and the sleeves creaked ominously when she moved her beefy arms.

Her jeans were almost impossible to get into. She had to hold in her breath to even get them buttoned. They were too short as well, only reaching about halfway down her diamond-cut, heart-shaped calves.

Her cock was the worst part, however. She had to tuck it into one pant leg to fit it in her pants, and even then it made a sizable bulge down her leg. If anyone saw her, there would be no hiding her new, hideously huge member.

The rest of the clinic was darkened and abandoned as well, and the driveway was empty. Ashley concluded that Jack must have left without her.

Ashley's leg wasn't hurting anymore, as if she'd never broken it in the first place. She considered that the one positive of this experience.

She ran home. She was faster than she'd ever been in her life, her powerful legs carrying her with long, graceful strides. It felt effortless, like walking on clouds.

By the time she got home, half an hour later, she hadn't even broken a sweat. She snuck in the door, trying not to wake her mom. If she got wind of what had happened, Ashley would have a real shit-storm on her hands.

Her stomach grumbled angrily as she passed the kitchen. Inside ten minutes, she managed to consume: half a cake, left over from her mom's birthday; a handful of cold meatballs; a bottle of coke and a leftover sandwich.

Boy, getting turned into a roided up freak sure gives you an appetite, Ashley thought.

She gave a loud burp and hurried up the stairs to her room. She threw herself on the bed, kicked her pants off, and wrestled herself under the covers.

She was asleep practically before her head hit the pillow.

Ashley woke up early the next morning to the sight of her fat cock poking a tent in the covers.

She groaned. "Guess that wasn't just all just a bad dream then. Fuck."

She lifted up the covers, her newly formed six-pack and angrily throbbing member greeting her. A glob of clear precum beaded on her foreskin-covered tip and slowly dripped down onto her stomach.

She couldn't resist touching herself.

She wrapped her hand around the thick shaft of her cock, barely reaching halfway around it. She stroked it up and down, using her other hand to pull on her foreskin and rubbing the tip with her thumb.

"Mmm yeah," Ashley moaned. "That's good. I think I can get used to this." Her muscled legs tensed up as a wave of pleasure hit her, toes curling.

There was a knock on the door, the signature *peck-peck-peck-bam* of Ashley's mom.

Ashley threw herself under the covers as quick as a superhero diving on a grenade, keeping them all the way up to her chin so that no part of her freakishly muscular physique showed.

“What is it?” Ashley called. “I’m not dressed!”

“Nonsense,” came a girly voice. “I’m your mother; I’ve seen you naked more times than you can count, young lady. I’m coming in.”

Ashley’s mom entered. She was in her mid thirties, with platinum blonde hair and dick-sucking lips that were swollen and stiff after multiple procedures. She wore a pink mini skirt that just barely covered her privates and a pink cut-off tee that was so tight her pierced nipples could clearly be seen through it.

Ashley’s mom’s name was Erika, though she’d changed it to Faith when she took up her job as a stripper. She hated it when people called her Erika.

The first thing anyone noticed on Faith was her huge, surgically enhanced knockers. She’d had almost a dozen surgeries on them at this point—Ashley failed to remember the exact count—and half as many for her bubble-shaped ass. As far as Ashley knew, she hadn’t paid for any of it herself. Faith’s clients and old boyfriends were more than happy to do that for her.

Faith’s newest guy—Steve—stood just behind her, sipping on a cup of coffee. He was your classic, straight-edge gentleman. Always wore suits, always acted polite, never got violent. Needless to say, he was better than most of her mom’s boyfriends.

“Good morning, sweetie,” Faith said cheerily with an almost blindingly bright smile. “You need to get up. You’ll miss your seminar if you don’t hurry.”

Faith groaned and buried her face in the covers. “I’m dead. Go away.”

“You most certainly are not, young lady,” Faith said. “Come on, get up.” Her voice was so feminine it practically dripped of sex. She was the reason Ashley had never been able to keep any of her male friends—apart from Jack, of course. As soon as they saw her mom, they all wanted to fuck her.

Reluctantly, Ashley peeked up. Faith was standing by her bed with her arms folded under her massive knockers, looking expectantly at her daughter.

“Your mother and I will be going out tonight,” Steve said, adjusting his tie. “You’ll have the house to yourself. Don’t do anything irresponsible.”

“My little cupcake would never do anything irresponsible,” Faith said, sounding offended.

She slipped Ashley twenty dollars and gave her a discrete wink. ‘Don’t bring over too many boys’ she mouthed.

Ashley couldn’t help but grin. “Of course. I’ll probably just have Jack over and play some video games or something.”

That wasn’t really far from the truth. Mike’s party would be tonight, but Ashley obviously couldn’t go with her freak show of a body.

Faith and Steve left Ashley to her privacy, mom taking the bus to the strip club and her step-dad driving out of town for business.

She quickly decided that she wasn’t going into university that day. She’d rather stay in bed and mourn the loss of her slim, feminine body.

She needed to talk to someone about it. She was going crazy keeping it to herself.

She called up Jack. As always, it took him an obscene amount of time before he finally picked up.

“Hello?” he said, the sound of machines beeping in the background. “Ash, I’m at work. Is this important?.” Jack worked at a fast food restaurant called Big Billie’s.

Just hearing Jack’s voice calmed Ashley down a bit. “Something crazy happened to me last night. You won’t believe it.”

“Why, is something wrong?” Jack asked, sounding concerned. “You were at that clinic for a long time yesterday. I couldn’t keep waiting around, so I had to leave. Tried calling you, but you didn’t pick up.”

“Yeah, sorry about that. It was a bit of an ordeal. I’m fine though, I guess. Not hurt, anyway.”

“Okay, so what happened in there? Why didn’t you answer your phone?”

“It’s kind of hard to explain. Do you think you could come over as soon as your shift ends? I think it’s better if you see it in person.”

“Ash, you’re kinda scaring me here. Alright, I’ll come over after work. Stay put until then.”

“Thanks, Jack. Bye.”

Ashley hung up and tossed the phone on her mattress. She rubbed her temples, breathing out slowly.

I guess I'm gonna have to learn to live with this now. Might as well make the most of it.

She got out of bed, still wearing her overly tight clothes from yesterday. She stripped down and stood in front of her full body mirror, looking at her reflection.

She could hardly comprehend how muscular she was now. She looked like a bodybuilder, with freakish amounts of striated muscle definition and exaggerated vascularity around her arms and stomach.

She pinched her abs, looking for any sign of body fat. There was none.

The thing she hated the most about this whole experience was that she didn't *actually* hate it. As she looked at her new, rock-hard body, her fat prick rose to attention, bobbing up and down like a fishing lure.

This time, there was no one to interrupt her when she masturbated. She stroked her big, fat cock, moaning every time she rubbed the ultra-sensitive tip.

"Oh my god, this is actually kind of hot," Ashley breathed.

She used both hands to jerk off, but occasionally let one of them wander up to her stomach to rub her six-pack.

She came with a bestial grunt, covering the mirror in her thick baby batter. She wiped the sweat off her forehead, grinning happily.

There was still a deep, underlying shame to it all, though. She wasn't meant to be like this, it wasn't natural. She was a girl, not a man. She shouldn't have a penis, she shouldn't have muscles.

Ashley had always been girly. Her room was dressed in pink wallpaper, with dozens of teddies and stuffed animals strewn around the room. She had a proper makeup stand and everything that her mom had given her. Now, all that seemed like an ironic joke. How could she be girly like she'd used to, now that she looked like this?

She went for a shower and got dressed. All of her panties just ripped as she tried to squeeze into them, so she settled for a pair of formerly loose sweatpants with her cock going down one leg; along with a t-shirt one of her old boyfriends had left. They still just barely fit her, stretching around her muscular figure.

Ashley spent the rest of the day eating, watching TV and masturbating. She felt like she could no longer ignore all her deep, primal urges. Cumming just once wasn't enough. She would masturbate two, three, four times in a row.

Every time, the cleanup was a nightmare.

Around 5 in the afternoon, there was a knock on the door.

Jack, Ashley thought with a sense of trepidation. She hadn't even dared go out to get the newspaper for fear that someone would see her this way. But there was no way to keep it from him. He was her best friend.

She slowly made her way over to the door, wincing every time another knock came.

"Ash, are you in there?" Jack asked. "I'm coming in."

"No, wait!" Ashley said. She rushed over and put her hand on the door handle, keeping Jack from pushing it down. "Just... this might be a little hard to see."

"What's going on?" Jack asked. "Are you sure you're alright? I'm getting really worried over here."

"Yeah, just... alright, here goes. Promise you won't be weird about it."

"Uh, sure, I promise," Jack said. It didn't sound very reassuring.

Ashley took a deep breath. She opened the door.