

Jack stared at Ashley, slack-jawed. He moved his mouth as if to speak, but no words came out.

Ashley grabbed him by his shirt and pulled him inside. She couldn't let any of the neighbors see her. She shut the door forcefully behind them so that it jumped in its frame.

"Holy—what's going on?" Jack squeaked as Ashley put him down on the floor. She had always been a head shorter than him, forced to look up at him. Now it was reversed, and he had to look up at her.

"Ash, is that you?" he continued. "You look so... big."

"It's me, alright," Ashley said with a dumb grin. She rubbed her muscular arm self-consciously. "Yeah, things didn't exactly go according to plan with that cell regeneration treatment. Seems like this is just how I look now."

Jack looked her slowly up and down, taking his time. He swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing.

"You could've told me on the phone," he croaked. "I didn't expect anything like this."

"You would never have believed me."

"True that. I still don't think I believe it. Jesus Christ, are all those muscles really there?"

"Gross, huh?" Ashley said. She shrunk back a little, covering herself up as best she could. "Trust me, I didn't ask for this."

"No, no, that's not it at all!" Jack exclaimed. "I think it suits you. Really."

Ashley looked at Jack, biting her lip. "Honestly? You don't find it disgusting?"

Jack closed Ashley in a tight hug, his head resting against her bulging pecs. "Of course not. I could never find you disgusting."

Ashley breathed a sigh of relief. She hugged Jack back, resting her chin on top of his head. "Thanks, Jack. It means a lot to me."

"I'm sure it does," Jack said, his voice all croaky and muffled. "I can tell by how much you're squeezing the life out of me."

"Oh my god, I'm sorry!" Ashley let go of him, embarrassed by her own strength.

He stumbled back, catching his breath. “Don’t worry about it. I think I might have a few broken ribs, though.”

Ashley giggled and wrestled Jack into the sofa, taking care to be more gentle with him this time. There was something exhilarating about using her strength like that. She’d never been stronger than any of her male friends before.

She plopped down next to him, cheeks flushed and breathing quickened.

“So how’d all this happen, exactly?” Jack asked. He reached out and touched one of her biceps. She flexed obligingly for him, smiling sweetly. “Damn, that’s hard.”

“Well, a crazy doctor got me into this machine. She injected me with some weird stuff, and I turned into this. I passed out, and when I woke up everyone was gone. Including you, might I add.”

“Oh,” Jack said, sounding embarrassed. “I did see that giant pink lady come throw a bunch of stuff in a truck and drive off. I figured it wasn’t good to pry too much into that, so I left it alone.”

“That was the good doctor,” Ashley said, nodding. She sighed. “Let’s get wasted tonight. I need a lot of alcohol to wash down all this.”

Jack didn’t complain about that. They fetched a couple bottles of Steve’s fancy wine that he kept in the basement. He was probably going to be angry about that, but she was soon too drunk to care.

They drank, ate shitty ice cream from the corner store and played video games until late into the night.

They were about to finish the last level of ‘Streets of Smash’ when Jack suddenly paused the game and turned to her.

“Heeey, what was that for?” Ashley asked, stumbling on her words. Everything was going all topsy turvy around her. Maybe she’d had a little too much.

“I have to tell you something,” Jack said slowly. He spoke very deliberately, as if he was thinking about every single word before he spoke it. Typical of him.

“It’s something I should have told you a long time ago, really, I just knew I didn’t have a chance.”

“Jack—”

“I love you, Ash,” He had a pleading look in his eyes, like he really put all his heart and soul into those words. “I always have. I just can’t be quiet about it anymore. Not now that you look like this, it’s just... it’s too much for me.”

“Whaddya mean?” Ashley asked. “You saying you prefer me like this? All muscly and big and stuff?”

“Yes, of course I do!” Jack exclaimed. He took Ashley’s hand in both of his. “You’ve always been strong, Ash. Now the outside matches the inside. Powerful. Graceful. Perfect.”

Ashley bit her lip. She wasn’t in love with Jack—at least, she didn’t think so—but hearing him talk that way about her made her cock swell up against her leg. It was hot.

“You know, Jack,” Ashley said, pulling the young man closer by his collar. “I might consider picking you over Mike Leeds. You just need to prove that you’re worth keeping around.”

She could barely believe the words coming out of her mouth. This wasn’t her. It was the alcohol, the hormones, *something*. She couldn’t stop herself, though. Her cock throbbed painfully as her heart tried to hammer its way out of her chest. She was the predator, and Jack was the prey.

“I’ll do anything,” Jack insisted. “Just tell me. Anything at all.”

Ashley threw Jack onto the floor. She spread her legs and rubbed at her crotch. Her fat cock swelled up even further, thick as her forearm. It was impossible to miss, pressed against the fabric of the sweatpants.

“I got another perk from the treatment. Tell me, Jack—have you ever sucked dick before?”

Jack’s eyes bulged out. He got up on his knees, inching closer to Ashley. “A-are you telling me... that’s...”

Ashley pulled down her pants to her knees, letting her girthy member pop out. Her balls were sweaty from being trapped in those tight pants all day, and the musky smell drifted from her crotch in waves. “Yup. That’s not a problem for you, is it?”

“No,” Jack said quickly. “That’s not a problem. I still love you.”

“Good. Then start getting undressed. Let me see that little body of yours—you’ve gotten me all excited.”

“Okay,” Jack said. He pulled his t-shirt over his head, revealing his skinny upper body. He fidgeted with his pants a little before getting them off. His body was completely hairless, almost like a girl’s, and his skin was pale as snow.

Ashley began stroking her cock. “Mm, that’s good. You’re so small and weak compared to me. Get your underwear off—let me see what you’re packing.”

“But—”

Ashley half stood off the couch, flexing her powerful muscles. “Don’t. Fucking. Argue with me. Take your underwear off, *now*.”

Jack obliged, slipping his boxers over his slender thighs.

Ashley sat back down on the couch, draping one arm over the backrest. She chuckled. “You call that a cock? I mean, I expected it to be small, but damn. I almost feel bad for you.”

Jack’s penis was indeed pitifully small, only a bit bigger than Ashley’s thumb even though it was fully erect.

“I’m sorry for disappointing you, Ash,” Jack said. He started rubbing his diminutive piece, whimpering like a puppy.

Ashley bridged the distance between them in a second. She took a firm hold of the base of her dick and slapped Jack across the face with it. He went sprawling on the floor, curling up into a ball.

“I didn’t give you permission to touch yourself. And that’s Miss to you from now on.”

“Yes, Miss,” Jack sobbed. “I’ll be good. I’m sorry. I love you.”

Ashley grabbed his hair and pulled him back on his knees. “Get yourself together. If you want to stand any chance with me, you have to please me. Now rub that pathetic little cock for me.”

Jack nodded and did as he was told, rubbing his small dick with his thumb and forefinger. Ashley watched on with a smirk, stroking her own engorged member. Globes of precum dripped down onto Jack’s face, and he flinched at each one.

“You always were the pussy out of the two of us, weren’t you?” Ashley mused. “I’m surprised it took me this long to realize it.”

“I’ll be anything you want me to be, Ash—I mean, Miss.”

“Good.” She put his foot down on Jack’s crotch. “I think that’s all you’ll get for now. It’s time for you to learn how to serve a real cock.” He let out a pained whimper, but didn’t protest.

She thrust her veiny dick in Jack’s face. He was happy to oblige. He darted his little red tongue out and licked up and down her shaft, going under her foreskin.

“Mm, that’s good,” Ashley groaned. she grabbed Jack by his hair and pulled his face up. “Eyes on me, though. Never forget who you’re worshipping.”

“Yes, miss.” Jack tried to take her cock head in his mouth, but it was too big for him. He could barely stretch his jaws around it.

“Pitiful,” Ashley scolded. She shook her head. “This won’t do. Not at all.”

“I’m so sorry,” Jack whimpered. “It’s just too big. I can’t get it in my mouth.”

“I’ll have to train you with that. For now, just suck on my balls. They could use a good cleaning; they’re all sweaty from today.”

Jack obeyed. He smushed his face against Ashley’s testicles, breathing in the pungent smell and licking the heavy orbs—letting her cock rest on top of his head. He weighed the testicles in his hands, barely able to hold them.

“How do they taste?”

“Thww wllly ghud, Mhiss,” Jack mumbled, trying to speak with his face smashed against Ashley’s crotch.

“Mm, you’re a little slut, aren’t you? You like being exploited like this.”

Jack nodded, taking his face off her balls to look up at her. His face was drenched with a mix of saliva and ball sweat. “Yes. I’ve always wanted you to use me, but I was too afraid to ask. I just couldn’t resist once you became like this.”

Ashley smiled. A warm feeling buzzed in her chest, almost a motherly sensation. She leaned down and planted a single kiss on Jack’s forehead.

“Well, there’s no need for you to worry anymore. From now on, you’re mine. Only mine.”

Jack nodded. “Yes, Miss.”

“Now help me cum. I’m aching to bust a load all over that pretty face of yours.”

Jack sucked Ashley’s dick—as best he could—and stroked her shaft up and down with both his hands. It didn’t take long before Ashley’s balls clenched up as she felt an orgasm coming.

She planted both her hands in Jack’s hair and thrust hard into his mouth. She managed to fit her engorged cock head in there just as she came. Sperm was squeezed out the corners of Jack’s mouth and through his nose.

Ashley plopped her cock out his mouth, still cumming. He coughed and wheezed as yet more thick ropes of cum landed on his face, getting in his eyes and his hair.

Jack came as well, a pathetic dribble that was hardly more than a few drops. He moaned, bucking his hips.

“Did I do good?” Jack asked.

“You did pretty well,” Ashley panted, wiping sweat off her brow. “For your first time at least. Now clean this up.”

“Yes, Miss.”