

Big Competition

“And now for contestant number 6. Everyone can welcome to the stage, Mark Crawford!” The head judge announced as I walked out onto the stage. The lights, the clapping, the cheering; everything pushed me to smile wider and flex harder.

I strutted across the stage feeling my chest bounce and my poser ride high over my hips. I hit the end of the stage and did a double bicep pose and received cheers of appreciation. I continued my process; biceps, legs, glutes. Every pose I felt my muscles tighten and glisten under the harsh spotlights that hung from the ceiling. And when the music reached a crescendo I brought out the big guns, well the big chesticles.

My overly robust pectorals flexed and bounced as I moved my body from side to side. I could see the eyes of the judges as they bulged out at my oversized muscles. I knew this competition was in the bag. So what if I got a little help, but they would be able to tell. I gave one final pose; I bent over slightly, clasped my hands together, and pushed my tits out as far as possible. I smirked at the judges as they all excitedly scribbled notes upon their papers. But as my eyes moved from one judge to another I found that the most scrupulous of the judges stared at my body with contempt. A frown covered his face as he looked at me over the half circles of his glasses. I couldn't imagine what this fifty plus-year-old man could be thinking as I posed, but it didn't matter. I knew I had this in the bag, and I smiled in a way that proved it.

“Thank you, Mark. Everyone give him one last round of applause,” the announcer commanded. I walked away from the crowd, giving an extra sway to my hips as I returned to the wings of the stage. If the last part of me wasn't going to be my chest, I was happy that it could be my ass.

My red poser dug into the underside of my back and deep into the cleft of my buttocks. The strings of the poser cling to the upper side of my cheeks due to the shelf like nature of my glutes.

I sauntered into the backstage, heading towards my own station ready for the award ceremony. I practiced my award-winning smile in the mirror as the second half of the competitors walked out onto the stage. I paid them no mind while they posed or danced on the stage, attempting to garner the highest scores from the judges. But it was meaningless, they had no chance of winning this competition, especially with the latest additions to my appearance.

“Will Mr. Mark Crawford report to the judges’ room. I repeat will Mr. Mark Crawford report to the judges’ room,” a PA shouted from the shadows of backstage. I scrunched my face in confusion. The judges rarely spoke one on one with the competitors, and never spoken to me; even after the competitions. I wrapped my body in a loose robe and walked from behind the stage and down a hallway towards the marked rooms of the “celebrity” judges.

I knocked on the door and heard a deep gruff which I interpreted as my admittance into the room. I pushed the door openly quietly and strolled in; still curious as to why I was being called out. In my experience being singled out was usually to be praised by my teachers, friends, trainers. So I could only expect something positive. But some part of me feared that they had figured out my secret.

“Hello. I’m Mark Crawford. I was told that you -.”

“Stand in the center over there on the podium.” The older man ordered. I raised an eyebrow in annoyance at the order. Who did he think he was talking too? Without a word of defiance, I stepped onto the podium. “Do you know why you were called here?” The man asked. His words were like the bait used to lure in a fish. I had a slight suspicion but knew to keep my thoughts to myself. Ignorance was always best.

“No sir,” I said as I shook my head. He looked over his spectacles in suspicion.

“Really? Not a single thought? You must have some sort of guess as to why you were brought here.” His words hung in the air, more bait. I shook my head once more. “Interesting.” He pushed himself from a desk located in the corner of the room and crossed the room.

“You are being brought here for a physical exam.” I gave the man a strange look at his explanation. He let out a heavy breath of annoyance. “You are brought here for a physical exam because we have received reason to believe you have cheated.” There it was, the accusation. I knew it was a possibility even though I had taken every precaution to ensure all proof was hidden; no scars, no paperwork, and no witnesses.

“I don’t understand what you mean cheating sir. I don’t take any type of performance enhancers if that is what I am -.”

“We know you passed the piss test, Mr. Crawford. If this was as easy as a piss test you would have been disqualified from the competition without a second thought.” The judge circled my body, a pen tapping certain areas a few times before he moved to another area. I could feel my heart quickening as he grew closer to my chest. He tapped my left pectoral a few times. He lifted up one pec with the pen and did the same with the opposing pectoral. The judge watched as they jiggled and repeated the

process a few times. Each time I felt them drop I felt the weight hit my stomach as my nerves grew worse. What was he looking for? Could he see the scars even though they were microscopic?

“So Dr. Jenson is still doing work I see.” It wasn’t a question, but more of a statement. “Barely any scars either. How many CCs? 400? 450? I can’t really tell with the muscle on top. Very nice though.” He places his pen on a nearby table and placed his hands on my pecs and squeezed. My oversized nipples fell between his fingers and were pinched, causing a yelp of surprise to come from me. “Oh and still some sensitivity. He has gotten better,” he said surprisingly. “Okay, that is all I need from you. You may be gone now.” He said dismissively as he walked back to his desk.

“What are you going to do?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

“Well, obviously you will be disqualified. Barred from competitions. I would like to thank you for your time, and good luck Mr. Crawford.” He turned back to his papers on the desk and began to scribble notes, his actions clearly dismissing from his prescience.

“You can’t do that!” I shouted as I stepped from the podium and towards the judge.

“I can’t do what? I can’t stop a cheater from competing in a competition where it CLEARLY states that there will be no exceptions for any use of drugs, bribery, or SURGICAL ENHANCEMENTS.” He nodded towards my pectorals. I crossed my arms covering my pectorals from his accusatory looks.

He was right there, I did have a little help from a doctor. But why is that a bad thing? Why is it okay for a woman to have breast implants during their competitions but when a man does the same thing he is disqualified. I looked at my chest, I should be proud of these babies. Even though both were filled with many CCs of silicon; I still put hundreds of hours in the gym to make them bigger. I know I had to take a few pills here and there to control the amount of fat being deposited in my pectorals so my gyno wouldn’t return, so why should this matter!? My face was growing red with anger the longer I stared at the gray-haired man.

“What’s it going to take for you to look the other way?” I asked. I had nothing else to lose. So why not try a different approach. The man placed his pen on the table. And turned around in his chair.

“What could you possibly give me, that I don’t have already?” I looked down at his unsightly outfit and could see a slight bulge in his groin. Maybe I could use exactly what he was using against me. It hadn’t been the first time I flirted with men to get what I needed. Even though I was straight I knew my body was the best weapon to get what I wanted.

“What do you think of these?” I asked as I flexed my pectorals. I saw his eyes jump as they followed my tits as they bounced. “Dr. Jenson said I shouldn’t have gone this big, but I wanted them a little obscene.” I grabbed a hold of my right pectoral and gave it a squeeze. I gave a higher than normal

groan of enjoyment. “Weirdly he gave me female implants, slightly modified ones, of course. You can’t tell can you?”

The man crossed his legs as he stared at me, his eyes narrowed to my chest and looked me up and down. There was a silence that hung in the air that I could not discern. Was he buying into the act? Or was his look one of contempt, one that would have me escorted out of the building by security and a sexual harassment lawsuit with my name on it.

“You sure about this?” Were his only words. I weighed the negatives and positives of giving in for this one time to this older man. I nodded. He took his tie in hand and slowly undid the knot. “Come here,” he ordered. I stepped from the podium, attempting to give a little bit more shake to my hips while I tensed my muscles. “Don’t do that,” he snapped. I paused.

“I didn’t ask you to whore yourself out to me, so don’t expect me to enjoy it. Just walk over here like a god damn man.” I felt my face flush red in embarrassment, the few times that I had done this; all the men had enjoyed my overtly sexualized approach. I finished crossing the large room walking normally, feeling how my chest bounced with even the weakest of steps.

“Much better,” he grinned as he rubbed his dick through his trousers. “Must make you a little self-conscious feeling those jugs bounce when you walk doesn’t it?” He reaches out his hand and squeezed my chest roughly while his other hand continued to massage his growing dick. “Wrote bitch tits on my notes when you came out. The judges and I all joked about their size too. There was no way these could have been real,” he teased. I felt a twitch of embarrassment behind my eyes, one that he caught.

“Oh hit a nerve did I? Don’t worry, I told them I would examine you to see if my assumptions were true.” He pulled his free hand from his cock and began to knead my other pectoral. I stifled my moans as his kneading began to grow my sensual. His fingers worked deep into the muscle and silicon beneath the skin. His hands moved around the large orbs of my implants until his fingers reached my nipples.

“I can see the that you had gyno too.” He pinched my fatty nipples. I turned away from his face in embarrassment. “Oh is it a sore subject?” He teased once more, obviously happy to have found a sore subject. He pulled his hands away and began to unbutton his pants. Fear filled my eyes.

“Go ahead and pinch them,” he ordered as he pulled his cock from underneath his unsightly boxers.

“Holy fuck,” I muttered as his monster sized cock flopped free. It was a monster. I had always known my cock was average and the amount to LEGAL supplements I took caused a slight shrinkage in

my private's. I was still averaged size, slightly below depending on the day. But the pouches I wore during competitions lifted me enough just to give me the extra size I needed.

He sat before me stroking his cock, and I just stared in awe. His balls were the size of limes and his cock was larger than a monster can. Short gray hairs covered his cock, obviously trimmed. A self-confident smirk sat on his face as the awe still covered mine.

"What's taste?" I asked, pointing his cock in my direction. A droplet of precum sat at the tip of his cock, ready to be licked.

"I'm not gay!" I shouted, a little too loudly and he laughed in response. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Suit yourself. They always say that in the beginning. But shouldn't you be tweaking these nipples?" He asked with a raised eyebrow. My hands moved to my nipples and slowly began to pull and twist them intermittently. My knees grew weak with every tug and his urges for me to pull harder. I silently obeyed all of his commands; I twisted my nipples, I jiggled my pectorals and even was ordered to show off my ass to him.

I could see that he was getting close by the harshness of his breathing. His dick had grown to a deep red as the stream of precum leaked onto the floor. I was disgusted by his heavy flow but also somewhat hypnotized by the way his cock jolted and jumped whenever he wrung out the extra cum within his cock.

"Fuck baby get on your knees," he shouted. I fell to them obediently. He released his cock and positioned it between my beefy pectoral muscles and thrust his cock between the muscles. His loud groans of pleasure caused my own cock to become fully erect. The air was electric with sexual energy. His cock left lines of cum along my pectorals as he pushed in and out between the two, lubricating them as he tittie fucked me. "Big breasted freak!" He screamed as his hands grabbed onto my nipples, and pulled my chest in time with his thrusts. "God there're so big! God, what I would give for them to be bigger! Can you imagine making them bigger and not seeing your own tiny cock anymore?" My hands snaked into my posers and began to massage my own cock. The pleasure became too much for me to ignore.

"Fuck make them bigger," I moaned as I enveloped my 5-inch dick in my oversized hand. "Make me a silicon freak!" I begged as his thrusts became longer and more aggressive.

"Fucking right bitch! I loved watching you show off like you were some huge god! But all you really are is a bitch you need to be grown! Say it! Say you're a fucking muscle bitch!"

“Ugh!! I’m a muscle bitch!” I cried as he twisted my nipples one final time and launched his load over my face. My own cock exploded in my hands the stream hit the underside of his cock and the judge’s body as my body shook from orgasm. I closed my eyes as I felt his load cover every inch of my face; my eyes, my hair, my lips. I could only imagine what I must have looked like covered in his load.

The judge’s cock fell from between my chest, as a dull heat formed between the two; a slight Indian burn from his intense fucking. I stood up from my position as I heard the judge say look. A bright camera flash filled the room as he snapped repeated pictures of my face.

“Just wanted some proof in case it was ever needed,” he said matter of factly as he began to wash himself off in the sink and readjust his outfits. “I will be seeing you in the winner’s circle, Mr. Crawford.”

“I’m not disqualified?” I asked, excited that my sexual exploration would have not been for nothing.

“No. You are not disqualified. I will mark that the examination was thorough and you passed. But I will be seeing you and those tits very soon,” he said tauntingly.

“What?” I had expected this to be a one and done type of scenario, but it seemed like the judge had a much different plan forming in his head.

Enhanced

It was safe to say that my win was in the bag after what had happen with the judge behind the scenes the night of the competition. When I walked out onto the center stage and was given my award, I stared out into the audience and could only see the judges self-satisfied smirk as he leaned back in his chair. I looked at the trophy and then back at him, still feeling the sensation of his cock as it slid through my medically enchanted pectorals. It was then that I pledged to no longer cheat my way to the top. I would work harder and more often than any of these people on the stage, and the next competition I would enter would be mine; fairly. But that mindset didn't last.

I came to realize that the body that I yearned for; the body that won competitions, the body that men cheered on and woman fondled, was much harder to achieve than I had originally assumed. The sizable pectorals that I already seemed minuscule next to the men that I worked out with. Even though they were much larger than the average person's, they seemed to looked smaller as every day passed. I tried higher calories, lower reps, newer routines and exercises but nothing seemed to catapult me forward to the size that I wanted. So I thought, fuck it. I won once with a little medical help. Why should it be considered cheating if I still worked out and paid it with my hard earned money. It wasn't any different than using supplements or buying a trainer. That's what I told myself, and in a moment of desperation I called my doctor and set up another appointment for more assistance.

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"Oh good morning Mr. Crawford," The receptionist welcomed me cheerfully as she stood from her desk. I could see her eyes immediately flow up and down my body as she took in my form. I was dressed in a low cut v-neck shirt, which ran between my bulging pectorals, showing off the deep crevice between the two. The shirt clung tightly to my biceps and showed every muscle that made up my arms. My lower body was just as revealing as top. A pair of short shorts hugged my rounded glutes and the ample pouch of my groin, putting both on display for anyone with eyes to enjoy. I smirked at the sight of her as he bit her lip. She was cute, maybe I could get her number after the consultation.

"Morning Cindy," I said, extending my smile until all of my perfectly, over-whitened teeth. "I'm here for my -."

“The ten thirty!” She screeched a little too excited. “I know. They are waiting for you in the back consultation room. I can show you the way if you like!?” She offered, nearly yelling at me with excitement.

“I think I know the way,” I said, holding up my hands in defense.

“Oh I don’t mind,” She said, offering a second time.

“I think I’m good Cindy,” I countered as I opened the door to the back of the medical office. I watched as she sat down with a disgruntled oomph. “Scratch that nutcase,” I told myself. Mentally crossing her off the list of potentials that I ran in my head. Some girls just didn’t have any control, when I walked into the room, guys either. Ever since the time I spent with the judge I felt like more guys were staring at me. More men at the gym came up to me and touched my muscles, and commented on my size. I noticed more glances in the locker room whenever I was changing, or coming from the shower. I couldn’t remember, had they always been there? Or had something changed since my encounter with the judge? I pushed those thoughts aside as I entered the doctor’s office.

“Morning Doc!” I said, putting on the same cheerful mask as I did when I first entered the office. Dr. Jenson was a portly man who looked like a cross between Shrek and Zac Galifianakis; somewhat above average in height, a bear, a round midsection, and a pair of strong hands that looked more ready to move a boulder than to reshape a nose.

“Mark! So good to see you!” He said as he stood from his desk and shook my hand. We both squeezed slightly tighter than necessary, but it was a fun battle of strength to see who would give up first. It was usually him. He waved his hand, feigning any real pain. “Gonna have to watch myself with you. If you get any bigger I don’t think I am going to be able to do any work after our next handshake.” He joked. I gave a soft chuckle as I took my seat. “Oh don’t sit down. You can actually go ahead and stand over there. I want to get some pictures first. There is a new system that I have been using with my patients. It’s called the Art of the Possible. It uploads visuals and allows me to edit it to a very lifelike resemblance.” I grinned wildly at his words. I wasn’t sure how big I wanted to go, so this would be the perfect way for me to say.

I crossed my arms and gripped the hem of my shirt, feeling my biceps push down on my beefy pectorals feeling them press down against my body. Damn, they were already so big. I couldn’t see my nipples without looking in a mirror, and I could already tell my back ached if I didn’t stand straight up. Was it really worth making them bigger? I looked into a mirror across the room. An image of them inflating as if by balloon filled my imagination, and the answer was a so YES.

Dr. Jenson watched me carefully as I peeled my shirt over my head. Both of my pectorals lifted and then fell against my torso with a soft clap. I walked over to the blank wall and stood straight as I Dr. Jenson snapped multiple pictures of me as I smiled.

“Oh come on muscle boy. You need to pose some. I know you do competitions.” Dr. Jenson urged. Muscle boy? Where had I heard that name before? I ignored this nagging feeling in the back of my head that started to grow as I posed. I lifted my pythons upward and flexed my biceps hard as I leaned in towards the pictures. I turned to the side and tensed my triceps, letting the dense muscle show through under the skin. “No not those. We don’t care about your arms. Let’s see those boys dance.” Dr. Jenson ordered. His voice fell from the usually friendly cadence that held his voice. I turned around and bounced my pectorals a few times as he continued to take more pictures. I could hear soft moans of delight come from him with every flash of his camera.

“Do we have enough?” I asked, feeling slightly exposed as his grunts of enjoyment grew louder.

“Oh, yes. More than enough. Now just bear with me for a few moments and I can go ahead and upload these images.” He walked back to his desk, but not without adjusting his crotch. Was it just itchy? Or did he actually get a boner from me posing? What was really happening? I nervously took the seat opposite of the doctor and waited while he tapped away at the computer. I moved to put my shirt back on but he gave some halfhearted excuse about possibly needing more. I accepted it and sat with it across my lap. His eyes darted back to me multiple times as he tapped away at the computer. He said, he was updating information with the potential implants but I felt that there was a much less kosher reason as to why he kept looking at me.

“And. We. Are. Done! Come take a look at the new and improved Mark Crawford!” He announced as he swiveled the computer screen around and showed me the model of my potential future body.

“Holy shit!” I shouted. They were huge! They were massive! They were obscene! I looked like some blown up bimbo. They protruded so far from my chest that I didn’t even know if I would be able to see my dick or my feet at that point. I definitely wouldn’t be able to button any of my shirts around those puppies either. “They are so..so..”

“Sexy,” a deep voice growled behind me. I immediately turned around and saw that the door had opened and inside slithered another man. It was the judge from the competition.

“What are you doing here?” I shouted as I began to stand up from the chair.

“No don’t stand.” He said as he raised his hands. “I’m just here to check on you. And see a good friend. Nathan, how are you and our friend Mr. Crawford doing?”

“Oh, perfect time Anthony. I was just showing him the upgrades we were going to do.” He said as a Cheshire grin covered his face. “Aren’t they magnificent?” He asked as he turned to me. His eyes blazed with excitement. “You would be my finest creation yet. Just imagine your pectorals so huge and bulbous.” He said as he leaned backward in his chair and openly rubbed his cock through his trousers. “God, you are gonna be a silicon monster by the time I am done with you. Go from your pecs to those lips, to that ass. It’s already so big. I bet you have trouble finding pants to fit around those cheeks. Don’t you? He asked as he fantasized about my future enhancements. I sat dumbfounded as he continued to list what he wanted to do to me. I didn’t know what to say, and when I began to speak I felt the hands of the judge grab onto my chest. His fingers gripped tightly onto my pecs and squeezed.

“OHH!” I groaned as I fell back into the chair. The intense, surprising, squeeze of my nipples caused my cock to inflate immediately. If it wasn’t for my shirt then, both would see my now rigid cock as it bulged against my shorts. “Please stop,” I begged. My words almost a whisper.

“But why? These babies need to be worshipped. I couldn’t stop thinking about them after that night. I jerked off every day waiting to get a call from Dr. Jenson. I knew you wouldn’t be able to resist growing these even bigger. You’re addicted. You’re a silicon muscle boy, and you can’t help but want more. I know. It’s okay. Just accept it.” He leaned towards my ear as he continued to tease me, and humiliate me in front of Dr. Jenson. Who was now pantless and jerking in his seat?

“We both know you want to be a monster. A muscle slut pumped up like a balloon. Look at that screen. See how big they are, see how round they are, see how massive they are. You would be made into the perfect boy for us to worship. God, I can’t imagine how great it would feel to have my cock wedged between those two pillows. I bet doc could even make these babies even bigger and more sensitive. That right doc?” Anthony the judge asked his friend as he began to flick the hardened tips of my nipples.

“God yes! Make them big saucers to go with the huge titties I am gonna craft him. I call first fucking once they are done. We can even give him some drugs to make them leak whenever he gets hard. God, I’m gonna cum!” He groaned as he shot a small load of cum onto his desk as if it were normal. I reeled back away, not wanting any to potentially hit me. Which only gave Judge Anthony more allowance to milk and fondle my chest.

“I know you want it. I know we want it. Just think how great it would be to be bigger than everyone else at the gym. To walk out onto the stage with those babies, and let everyone know that you were here to be worshipped. That you are a plastic god here for women and men to throw themselves at.” The more he talked the more I could feel myself wanting it. I wanted to be huge. I wanted to be a

god. I hated myself but the idea of those massively fake implants hanging from my body only made my cock even harder. The thought of my body being pumped and grown to sizes beyond normal capacity thrilled me. Why should I have to work harder than everyone else? I was better than everyone already, and with these new enhancements, everyone would be able to see that too.

“UGH! Do it! Pump me huge! Make me a god!” I screamed as my cock spurt into my shorts, soaking the thin fabric with a load that was coerced out of my body by the constant friction of my nipples. Judge Anthony twisted and milked my nipples until my body finished convulsing and I fell back into my chair tired with a pair of deeply abused nipples.

“Perfect. Now Nathan. Did you have the other examples that I sent over? I wanted to run them by Mark before we get him prepped for surgery.” The judge asked as he took the seat beside me.

“Prepped?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Crawford. Dr. Jenson has his calendar cleared just for you today. So take a look at that reflection, because when you wake up. You are going to be very different.”