

Mirror Reflexion



A steady one-two-three-four of workout music fills your ears as you finally set foot in the hot new gym in town, the Roaring Weights. They had a very aggressive advertising campaign going on, giving away the first day of working out for free. But despite the massive line, you managed to get in. You always made excuses not to work out, but the promotion finally convinced yourself to do so. Frankly, you are a noodle who never trained a day in his life, you *need* this.

The music dampens as you change into your workout clothes and go into the main training area, your face scrunches as your nose is assaulted by the sweat of the many people working out to the beat. Some are running on treadmills, while others focus on their core by doing push-ups and pull-ups, and the most daring people are out there on the bench pressing weights with a spotting buddy. You expected to see foul looks, but people seem to be disinterested in heckling you, they are probably too focussed on their own workouts to even notice you, it's probably for the better. You wander around a bit to see the different people going at it with different kinds of exercises, but eventually someone does notice your prying eyes.

"Hey pipsqueak," you shoot up, as the mountain of muscle racks his weight and looks straight at you. You gulp as you see his wet shirt clinging to his muscles, his defined abs poking through the thin fabric. "This isn't an exhibition. If you want to get anything done, then quit gawking, and run on a treadmill for all I care. Standing around and doing nothing shouldn't be the main reason why you are here." He turns around and continues on pressing his weight, trying not to be distracted by your still-inquisitive eyes. You quickly make your way out with a flushed face.

It doesn't take long before you find an unoccupied treadmill, a card explains what the settings are, and you set it for a short, four mile jog, to ease into your training. You get up to a decent speed, and keep up decently well with the machine. But after twenty minutes of running, you get worried. The remaining distance went down much slower than you thought, and your legs feel heavy from all the running. You sputter forward to look at the display, and your eyes go wide. You set the machine to miles instead of **kilometers**, making you run over half the extra distance. Luckily for you there is only half a mile left. It wasn't the end of the world, but it did leave you much more exhausted by the end of all that.

When you finally step off the machine, your exertion catches up to you. Sweat pours from your forehead, and although the workout wouldn't have been too hard, your general lack of exercise clearly shows. Huffing and puffing you drag your tired legs over to a bench and take a seat. Your mind wanders off as you take in the other people at the gym.

The machine you were on is quickly occupied by a lady who looks much more fit, with toned abs and lean leg muscles. With barely any effort she manages to get up to double your speed, keeping a steady pace. You quickly take your mind off of her, to not bother her like that weightlifter. You feel the adrenaline leaving your body, and your throat runs dry. You reach for a water bottle, but you are so woefully underprepared that you don't even have any water to cool yourself off with and hydrate. With some effort and sore legs, you reluctantly get up and go on the hunt for anything that could quench your thirst.

The halls of the gym wind as you navigate the place some for the first time. It doesn't take too long for you to notice a vending machine tucked away in a corner. One of the other gym patrons confidently makes his way to the machine and you are right behind him, admiring his delts and traps. With a clunk from the machine and a turn from him, you are able to see him from the front too. You admire his bulging abs and jutting pecs as he lingers there for a moment. As he notices you ogling, he gives you a quick flex and a smile, before laughing it off and heading back to his spot. This place is just trying to pop you a boner by the sheer virtue of its patrons.

Half of your sports drink is already empty before you even get back to your own spot, but on your way there, you spot a mirror. Glancing back over both of your shoulders, you decide to do something silly. Thinking back to the guy at the vending machine...

You already see yourself throwing your arms up over your head. It looks really silly, nothing like the stud who showed off to you, but the enthusiasm is infectious. You decide to follow along, taking a do stance, balling your hands into fists, and raising your arms in a double bicep pose. And you know what? It feels really damn good to do so. Even without working them out, you can feel them tighten under your effort. They feel so good that you keep holding the pose for a little while. You tighten your chest and feel the same tingling feeling in your chest and abdomen. Instinctively you feel your legs joining in on the party. You close your eyes just to take the feeling in, imagining yourself way bigger and way buffer. Clenching your limbs harder, even your ass. Your face turns a little red as you decide to take a breath. As you blink the stars in your eyes away, you could swear that the mirror image winked at you. But when you look back again, it seems to be more muscular, but still mimicking you as expect. Did they install a projector or some holograms into the mirror? You shrug to yourself and your mirror image and walk away from the reflective surface, but from behind your back, you can hear a familiar voice encouraging you...

"Go get 'em tiger."

A tingle crawls down your neck and you whip around, you see nothing more than an empty hallway and your toned mirror image looking confused. You try to not think too hard about it. You're here to work out, and standing around doing nothing would get you nowhere, so you trod on back to the workout area regardless.

With your legs having had their own fill, it would be time to give your core some action. You spot some monkey bars and make your way over to them. You always loved to play around with these when you were smaller, but with your added weight, they may pose a challenge. You start with a set that's at your hip's height, and push off from them. It's a relatively easy exercise and it didn't feel fulfilling. After three sets of reps (at least, that's what you thought they were called) someone approaches you.

"Hey dude, first time hitting the gym?"

It's a guy around your height, in a simple shirt and shorts, they obviously work out more than you do, his toned muscle being proof of that. You nod at him in acknowledgement.

"This place used to be a rundown joint, but the new owner breathed new life into it. Weird name though." he says with a chuckle.

"Yeah, I found a coupon online and got in for cheap," you admit.

"Doesn't matter, you at least got into the gym and are trying to work out. Now..." He trails off as he checks you out. "Do you want me to help you out? Such a low bar won't be much of a workout for you."

You agree with his help and he picks a more challenging height for you, these are at chest height. Now you need to use your arms and core to actually lift yourself up higher, above a height that you are comfortable at. Pushing off from the bar is easy, but your impromptu buddy urges you to remain in place for a few seconds, which takes some serious effort to fight off atrophy.

"That looks like the right amount of challenge." He says with a smirk.

Your muscles burn with the exercise, and you feel the tingling sensation returning. With each repetition, you can feel it becoming easier, bit by bit., Over time, tingle propagates through your whole body, making the workout feel better and better the more you work out. With some more reps, you work up some sweat from all that nice work. Your buddy smiles at you throwing yourself at the exercise and shifts his focus to the other people in the gym.

"If you keep it up, you'll be big in no time, just take a look at all the other people here in the gym, they all had to start from somewhere." You follow his gaze and take a good look around and see all the different people working out at the gym. Your exercise slows down a bit as you can see that other people are doing a much better job at it than you do, harder exercises and more frequent repetitions. It was kind of demotivating, until..

Off in the corner you see someone in the mirror who looks just like you. Same shirt. Same shoes. And even the same face. But it couldn't be. His muscles are much better defined than yours, and his ample red body hair is in stark contrast to your sleek shirt-covered chest. He pushes himself off the bar with no effort, matching your rhythm with ease. With his latest push off he turns his attention to you with a broad smile. He mouths something, and despite the noise in the gym, you can tell what he says, as if he's right next to you.

"Looking good there tiger."

The more you look, the more it clicks, and in realization, your body rumbles. The tingling returns with a fury, but this time your eyes are wide open, and you actually notice what's happening. The tiger grins as you feel your core tightening, your legs bloat with muscle as your body becomes heavier and larger. You're actively fighting against an oncoming moan, and almost lose it when you feel your arms overcoming the added weight. Your chest rumbles with the effort of holding it all back. You feel it throughout your body and can't stop it. All over, you could the pinpricks of body hair pushing out to match the reflection. Like a spring, your excitement coils in on itself, you almost can't stop an oncoming primordial roar, but a certain someone pulls you out of it.

"Yeah! Just like that dude! I knew those muscles weren't for show!" your impromptu gym buddy cuts through your thoughts.

For show? You look down at yourself and then at him, your muscles burn, pumping much larger than his, they bulge with the same intensity as the ones you saw in your reflection. That's what was causing the excitement, or was it arousal? The emotions were so close that you couldn't tell.

And that isn't even all of it. Your workout buddy was at your eye level at first, but now you look down on him. A small voice in your head tells you that you should flex for him, that he *wants* you. That he would be able to satisfy your urges, that you could have him all for yourself. Under his gaze and your perverted thoughts, the growing bulk of your body pounds in your head reverberating through the very sinew of your muscular body. The pulsing in your loins betrays your arousal, you have to blow off some steam. *Now. Do it now, right here, before you lose that feeling. That precious pride has been filling your chest, fueling your thoughts. You have to get down and get lewd.*

But you fight against those thoughts. That isn't you, it couldn't be you. This is your first time in a gym, and you're already looking like someone who pumped iron for breakfast. Something is wrong, and you have to get away. You push off from the bars and dash out of the room. The bars wobble from your strength, leaving your admirer utterly confused in your wake. Mindlessly you run through the gym. Multiple rooms fly by until you take a turn off to the side and find yourself in a dusty darkness. Your legs throb in jubilant exertion as you feel your calves bulk from the exercise.

You let the pulsing run its course and let the excitement ebb from your body. The space seems to be some kind of storage room. In the corners, there are cloths hiding what you presumed to be old equipment. It's creepy to be alone in the gym like this, but the last thing you need are distractions like that reflection, or the constant *bulking* from training. Being all alone, you slowly calm down and come to your senses. You don't want to go out to the gym floor for a while and lose yourself in the process. Instead, you decide to look around in the dark room instead, especially those covered machines are interesting. You reach out for the cloth, but your hand is stopped short before you could even reach it. A massive and fuzzy thing intercepts your hand and blocks its path. You try to poke at it, but it pokes right back, and as you trace the arm back to its body, you realize your grave mistake.

The hit of growth is immediate as a tiger man pulls back his hand and flexes his arm in front of you. You can't even fight against the tingling euphoria as an equally proud smile is plastered on your face. Your whole body rises higher, glutes hardening, abs strengthening, bi- and triceps rising like mountains and shoulders broadening. They all contribute to the general growth you're experiencing. Even your shorts aren't safe as your dick tents in its confines, not wanting to be left out of the party. Your muscles won't stop working, expanding with each and every second you stare at your more muscular form. You feel a pressure on your chest as you look down and see your pecs becoming even more defined under your shirt, straining the very fibers it is made of. They struggle at your might, even at rest, your form rips the garment up into countless pieces, raining a fibrous confetti down on the floor.

A chuckle and a smile grabs your attention right in front of you again.

"Come on tiger," your reflection says, "You shouldn't discourage yourself from being a stud. Live a little, let it all flow over you, and indulge yourself in your gains every once in a while."

He reaches out over your form and begins to massage you through the reflection. Anywhere he touches, you can feel the warm embrace of his fur over your own form. But as he lets them go, you can still feel the warm embrace. Even in the darkness you could see why: Bright orange fur has taken over your bare skin and it quickly spreads out from over the points of contact. The sudden wave of fur feels like someone petting you all over, and you can feel a tail unleashing itself from your back. Your mouth pushes out and stretches into a maw, filled with dangerous fangs. Lastly, your ears shift to the same resting place as your reflection. The delightful tingle now hits you as a wave of lust, you barely keep standing as your dick surges and leaves a wet spot on your gym shorts as your roar.

And as sudden as his caressing started, it stops. "I'll let you be for now, stud. Your call for an admirer will be answered sooner rather than later."

"Wait what do you-" You stammer out, but the reflection doesn't answer anymore. Light floods the room as your reflection snaps to mimic your feline shape. In the doorframe stands the gymbro who admonished you for staring at him when you came into the gym. With all of your size and muscle, he seems so tiny in comparison to you. The urge to do unspeakable things to him is only held back by your shared bewilderment.

"Who... the hell are you?" he wonders.

You stammer, not having a good explanation as to why there's a towering tiger stud in an unused part of the gym. But before you can let out an answer, he has already grabbed a full hand of pec fur. The feeling is godly as he brushes through your pelt, a low rumble leaves your lips as you inch higher towards the ceiling. The feeling immediately breaks your euphoria as you push him off.

"No! Wait! I'm not a tiger! I'm-" you stammer.

But before you can stop him, he's already on you again, tracing a path through your abs. Your rumbling continues as your abs peak and valleys deepen against his touch. You melt in his ministrations, and half-heartedly try to get him off you regardless. Despite the low effort, your muscles still win out against him, leaving you with some distance.

"Look, I understand that you like how I look, but..."

"But?" he questions.

"I wasn't born a tiger, I'm human!" He gives you a skeptic look. "No! I swear! There was this reflection who coaxed me to become bigger. And... And at first it looked only a bit toned, but after a bit it looked like... This!"

He laughs at you in response, he didn't buy the truth at all, but you try to convince him regardless.

"I was that scrawny guy you admonished for gawking, remember? You were pumping weights and I was looking at you for too long."

"You're a funny guy, dude. I met you at the gym multiple times before. If there's anyone who should be punished for eating too much eye candy, it should be me~"

He advances to you again, arms outstretched, with no sense of personal boundaries. This guy was mad, he didn't recognize you, and now he's gaslighting you into thinking that you were always a giant buff tiger dude. You try to get past him this way and that way, but you are cornered, the only way to get out was to get past him, and that would lead you right into his arms, becoming more and more of a buff tiger dude. Stronger, more buff, more admirable and-

Another human thought manages to pierce through. "Why don't you leave me alone?!"

"You're just playing hard to get, I get it." He says with a wink that makes your stomach churn.

You push past him without any regard for him, despite his grabby hands, and your sheer size, you manage to power through the intrusive thoughts from his heavenly touches. He makes you feel stronger, more powerful, an object to be worshipped- A fucking tiger, while you are supposed to be a human!

You make a mad dash for the exit, coming closer and closer to your way out, but you are stopped by an idea entering your mind. You try to reason against it, but your paws have other ideas and instead of leading you out, you once more stand in one of the workout rooms. Your presence demands attention and everyone turns to look at you, their piercing and inquisitive eyes makes your fur stand on end. You try to will yourself with all of your might to get out of there, but their stares compel your body to soldier on. You purr without any input, you can see something you haven't done here. One set of exercises wouldn't hurt right? You are here to cultivate a strong body after all, how could a stud like you leave without doing any strength exercises?

Your footsteps have already made up your mind and you stand in irreverent silence in front of a rack full of weights. You shake somewhat as you stand in front of them. Is it nervousness, or excitement? You clench your hands to get them still, and move your clawed paw. You could be losing yourself here to your changing body, but isn't this change everything you always wanted? Being a giant buff dude who would rub his physique in other people's faces and let them worship him? This is what you *want* and you're just afraid again, afraid of consequences that aren't there. Turning into a giant buff tiger is an *opportunity* and here you are chickening out at the last possible moment, once more, just before you could achieve greatness. You had to put those muscles to good use, just one hefty exercise to satiate your body and you'd be able to go home. That won't be too hard, right?

All kinds of colorful weights are laid out in front of you, reds, yellows, greens, purples, their color and size denoting their weights. Your hand hovers over a pair of 1kg weights, but quickly passes over it to go to the four kilo version instead. You grip one tightly, squeezing the rubber coating with ease and lift it up. If there ever was a definition of a paperweight,

then this is it. With a breeze of an ease, you curl it up and let your arm go slack again. The tingle is there, but feels more like a speck of dust landing on a mountain. No, this isn't it. How could this ever satisfy your statue of a body?

You hover over the rack and gently drop the weight in its designated spot. Apparently it wasn't built to support its weight as it makes an audible clang and bends before wobbling back into shape again. The sound rips you out of your concentration, as you awkwardly look around to see if anyone gave you dirty looks for such a loud and sudden sound. Instead, everyone looks at you in awe, dumbstruck by your casualness. Their gazes are piercing, and make your whole ordeal even more awkward.

You revert your gaze back to the rack, and pick out a new weight that looks somewhat larger, and probably more challenging: six kilos it reads. Taking it from its resting place requires a bit of effort, at least it is worthy of being lifted. You give it a few curls and feel your muscles do their work.

"Go get 'em tiger," you mumble to no one in particular, except yourself. Your hands tremble with excitement. When you first came into the gym, you wouldn't even have dreamt of doing this in public, much less during your first time in a gym. But instead of embarrassment, there's a sense of accomplishment, with people admiring your progress.

The first few reps give you a pleasing burn, those waves you have felt before rippling through your arm. The exercise feels good for a little while, until your physique kicks in and makes your exercise too light again. Out of boredom, or maybe even frustration, you switch to your other arm, but a curl or two from the opposite side has the same effect. In other words, none. Several kilos should have been much harder to lift than that, you've had issues with carrying bags of rice and potatoes that weighed two kilos for extended periods of time, and here you are, getting bored with lifting weights with triple that mass.

You move to return the weight to your resting place, but immediately shoot up from a touch from behind. You whirl around and look down on the guy from the unused training room. He has *found* you. You growl in annoyance, but he laughs in response. He feels your hefty pecs, which fill out in response to his touch, your anger melts away in a purr as his ministrations shift lower, draping his hands all over your abs, they tense in response, without you even making any effort to hold them tight.

"Oh yeah, babe." He moans, utterly lost in the palace of your body. You're still bewildered by his forwardness, your mind eeling from the growing sensations as he glides off your body and reaches your loins.

"Nggh, dude, not here, there are people watching." You groan out, feeling oddly comfortable despite your reservations.

"Come on dude, give them what they want, you've teased them for long enough." You try to sputter a reply, but a loud purr leaves your throat instead as he feels your bulge trapped in your jockstrap. You forgot that you went to the gym in those with the intention of making way too many people jealous on such a busy day. You try to wrestle him off you, but a familiar voice cuts in before you can get him off.

"Hey tiger,". Your eyes shoot open as your reflection has found you again. This time, you see the back of your boyfriend, choking on your cock, keeping down a load that would overflow within seconds. You see yourself, utterly eclipsing his form, your reflection's expression overtaken by utter bliss as his balls pulse with the waves of cum flowing through his rod.

You realize that you're still smaller than your reflection, and when those thoughts are allowed to ruminate, shockwaves reverberate through your body, delts expand, biceps explode and any semblance of clothes are atomized. Your jockstrap is nowhere to be found as your dick is finally freed from its prison, smacking your admirer straight in the face as it throbs in front of your abs with needy anticipation. Your barbed manhood pumps itself even larger, turning red from sensitivity, anticipating an imminent release

You hang onto your boyfriend as your body throbs and rumbles in a race to match your reflection, your newfound partner only reaches the base of your cock as he's pushed into your balls. The semen sloshing in your manorbs bring you down to your knees as you can still feel your body gorging itself on your lust. You try to tell him to stop, but he has already found the head of your mighty sword and is licking the precum that has been collected by your growing ordeal. His ministrations are infectious as the walls close in on you.

You'd never thought that this would happen, but the whole floor has fallen silent except from your satisfied purrs and growls. Few can stand to admire you from afar and approach you without hesitation, clambering over and around your boyfriend to worship the temple that is your body. They flood all over you, feeling you up and down. Your legs, your delts, tris pecs, abs, groin neck. Everywhere their little hands touched, you could feel their infectious energy be absorbed by your body to fuel your natural growth. Your tail whips behind you as you scream in ecstasy. You can't hold it anymore, even for someone as strong as you, there is a weakness to be found. With a mighty roar, your already leaking rod explodes with alabaster fluid, choking out your feeble human boyfriend and blasting him out of the room.

The remaining humans remain though and keep your arousal at an all time high. It all has its effect, your form swells with pure power, pushing you broader and taller. Your devotees scramble to reach the ever-expanding mountain of your body, but your growth outpaces their efforts. The ceiling creaks as your back effortlessly breaks through the concrete, demolishing an entire floor, but the infectious ministrations still reach you, even from afar, making you grow larger and larger. You can feel your whole muscular body work, grow and expand as your rod is again at peak hardness with your balls straining with stored cum.

It all reaches its peak as you explode once more. You can feel every muscle burning with size and power as you easily break through six stories of buildings, and tower over the wreckage even taller as you get to your feet. Your dick spewing kiloliters of cum over the building that once dared to contain you. You huff and moan in satisfaction. Basking in the glory of your towering form.

The whole town now looks like a toybox in comparison to your scale, and your dick is still bouncing in excitement. Down below, the ants which are your followers gather around, wanting to see you show off, and you throw some poses to them in response, feeling those massive guns rise in your shared excitement. At your enormous size, you are inevitable, and

you can actively feel your worshippers admiring you. But in contrast to your explosive growth, your form doesn't grow any appreciable amount.

It isn't enough. You need more.

There seems to be a tug on your mind. A familiar feeling of the gaze of someone else. Something that you somehow recognize, but never fully understood until today. You're led by gut feeling to a glass-clad skyscraper. With massive footsteps you trudge over to it, not even distracted by the mere ants scrambling out of your way. Despite your macroscopic size, it still towers a good meter or two taller over you.

As you come closer, a familiar form takes shape and shows off to you: "There you are, handsome. Took you a while to notice me. Did your fans convince you to get over here?" It's your reflection again, still larger than you are, just like in the gym.

You give him a puzzling look "How did you get so big?"

"I'm a reflection of your ideal self. You wanted to grow bigger, Bigger and BIGGER and I merely helped you reach that goal. And each time you did, I've always helped you go even further." he says, kissing your biceps in excitement. "I've got to admit, that it was all fucking hot. And now, I'm helping you grow even larger," he says with a grin.

He reaches to his cock and you subconsciously follow his lead. Before you even grasp your feline pole, you can already feel his larger claws wrap around your length, massaging it erect in an instant. Your pole grows in admiration, taking your whole body with it. Your abs push your arms out of your dick's way as you feel your pecs crowd your chest, arms widen in your wake and your legs expand even wider. The stroking of your cock continues as the growing lust within you is enhanced by your growing stature, matching the building and the reflection held within. Your image coos in worship as your growls grow louder and his stroking increases in frequency.

You can barely stand as your balls churn in anticipation. You hang onto the skyscraper that is slowly shrinking in your embrace. The reflection can't satisfy you enough anymore as you frot the building itself, the cool and smooth surface allowing your barbs to get rock hard, making you moan and roar harder. The building slicks with your cum as the world blacks out and stars take over your vision. You can feel the slick surface slip out of your grip as you shoot way past it. For minutes on end you cum, growing tremors wrecking your body each time you do so. There was no stopping it, and you black out from the exertion.

It takes a while before you're conscious again, and when your vision comes back, the black is exchanged for white. The whole city is painted in your cum, and the skyscraper you were hanging on to is like a toothpick, you probably wouldn't even feel it if you pushed it down your dick.

With mighty heaving huffs you try to steady yourself, still reeling from the orgasm. With each rise and fall of your chest from your simple breaths, you can feel the complex muscles do their magnificent work. You rise to your feet, leaving the rubble of the skyscraper for what it is, and as you ascend, you realize how far you tower over the city. You now eclipse the city,

a god given flesh, able to crush mountains with a mere footstep. Your rising feet cause tremors felt in the next few cities over, striking the fear of god in all those who would be wise to follow you.

You bask in your size, rumbling in satisfaction. But somewhere in the back of your mind, you can't help but feel that this isn't the end yet. You could always be better, bigger, stronger. And as if someone heard, you hear a faint voice from over the horizon. Your tail swipes behind you, casually causing property damage, and making survivors of your growth dodge the rubble. Your ears swivel this way and that way, until they lock on to the sound and point you towards the ocean.

Your enormous, statuesque body effortlessly carves through the city like a sword through jelly. You can feel the fearful masses worship you in fear, to make you stop, but you couldn't care less for the insignificant specs who could only add mere decameters to your size at a time. You are still laser focused on that siren's call. And as the sound becomes more distinct, you begin to recognize it. Of course you would, he has been guiding you on this path this whole time. Why would he stop now? Just when you know you want to become larger?

"Yes, that's right you fucking deity, claim an even greater prize. You deserve every millimeter of size. I've been waiting so long for this"

The port quickly becomes a sea of quaint little flames as you reach the waters of the ocean. Your eyes gleam with joy, of anticipation, of belonging as you see him doom from the surface of the water. His head was larger than your whole body. Even for a deity like you he is a mountainous creature. Your complete being tenses, and you are already at full hardness as you approach the edge of the water. You power through whole jabs of growth as you begin to match his size.

"Fucking god, you are already growing from the mere thought of overtaking me."

With booming steps, putting extra work in those leg muscles, you can feel them explode with size, you stumble as your left leg painfully overtakes your right, but with one massive boom from the other, you already right yourself. Your balls can't handle the sudden growth and quickly bulge out and explode with semen, shooting straight out into your cock, making it grow reckless abandon as you fall forwards to catch your breath.

In the water, your reflection still towers over you "Come on stud, you can do better than this, I know you can. Just fight it! Show the world the god they will worship!"

You roar in determination and rocket out of the water, your arms bulking with power as you do so the accumulation of stored power evaporating the water around you as you explode with more bulk, and more cum spewing from down below. Your reflection laughs as he throws out some poses and you match him without any hesitation. Feeling your body quickly overtaking his. With massive abs that could crush planets and pecs that attracted its own orbit by its heft. Your reflection shrinks below you as the curvature of the planet rounds out into a ball beneath your feet. Quickly you are surrounded by a dark void and stars as the earth is like a football to you. Utterly insignificant with specs of dust still admiring you from afar, every single little atom working in utter devotion to you.

With even a mere move you could destroy this and many more planets in this galaxy, but you exist, motionless, basking in the sheer tingling power of your being. By merely existing, you can feel your traps growing. Your pecs hardening, your abs rising. Your legs never stopping their bulking. Your whole body still grows despite you slowly outgrowing the galaxy. But deep down, there's this thought. That this isn't the end, that this couldn't be the end. There is always **more**.

And with a mere thought, a mere feeling, your body explodes out even further with growth, and you feel a pull the set off and chase the urge again.