



# Guardian

Lance was going through difficult times, he didn't seem able to keep a job for more than two weeks, his lack of talent and clumsiness put him in situations of which he was not able to get off well. He had lost his job as a security guard in a small local shop for a couple of days by now, it was seen coming as he was too puny and coward for this kind of task.

Dan made his entrance, luckily for Lance. His best friend who had not appeared for a couple of days came with a brochure, some unknown genetic research company was hiring and they had many positions available but the details of the jobs were kept as secret until the interview. He read carefully the piece of paper, different sections with different requirements, he paid special attention to the underlined section by his friend and although it seemed strange that a specific physical complexion was requested, his very own, he saw his possible paycheck at the bottom of the text and so it was decided.

He arrived to the appointment at the arranged schedule and he felt as in a stereotypical scene of some *noir* film in the middle of a lonely alley, at the back of it a door was waiting for him. He knocked a couple of times and some eyes behind a small window received him, they examined him from top to bottom before allowing him to enter. Lance walked in and went down a long hallway without finding the person who let him in; quickly he arrived at a small room with five doors, where a person dressed in white, with his face covered received him and handed him a form.

He read carefully, the paper mentioned that if he agreed to join the company he would provide security services after an intensive training, he would receive a juicy salary and a change in his life that would transform him completely. Despite the ambiguity of the latter, Lance signed, just at the moment of taking the pen away from the paper, it released a small cloud of gas, enough to put it to sleep.

He woke up in a round room, whose decorations gave the appearance of being an ancient colosseum. Seated by the front of the only door of the building was a man of colossal dimensions, with muscles and veins all marked in a grotesque manner, it could be said that this man was 4 times larger and wider than the puny one to whom he was to train. And so the test began, it were two weeks of defending himself, enduring hard beatings, learning to move fast, developing reflexes, eating a disgusting special diet, isolating himself from the world... his body gained resistance but his mind forgot basic social skills. The only phrase the coach repeated, and often, every time Lance fell to the ground injured or hurt was this: "It has to be like this, you can only train with this body, first you have to gain agility, because with the new body you would be very clumsy, you

would waste our time". The first time he heard him puzzled, by the end of the preparation period the words no longer made sense, it was just a meaningless catchphrase.

That next day was different, the door to the colosseum remained closed in his room and instead another one opened, this took him through a long and dark corridor, he walked through it for a couple of minutes until his eyes began to glimpse a white light, weak at first but growing in intensity. When he reached the room that ended his path the light was so intense that it almost blinded him, a few minutes passed until his eyes got used to it and he could see what looked like a doctor's office.

The man in white coat and covered face received him and placed him next to a gurney and told him to remove his clothes and keep just the underwear, Lance obeyed a little confused. The doctor, as we'll call him now, examined his patient's body by touching it, palpating the extremities, torso, face... despite the vigorous exercise routine he was still a weakling; the doctor took little interest in this task and just confirmed the candidate was perfect. He approached a cart with a dozen of syringes and a lot of vials with colored liquids, he took five with a brown content and a syringe and warned: "this process will be very painful and once it begins there is no going back".

Even with the intense physical routines and beatings received, Lance was still a scrawny guy, blond, just 5'5 high and about 154 pounds of weight, the doctor approached with the brown liquid and stuck it firmly in the left arm, pushing its content through the muscle, a small red drop made its appearance as the metal needle came out of his arm while an intense burning invaded his limb. It burned like direct fire as the arm deformed, his veins started to swallow throbbing as they wanted to explode while the muscle expanded, biceps, triceps, forearm... They grew up in an alarming unimaginable way, suddenly he understood it all as he noticed how his muscular arm was four times bigger, like the body of his coach.

He lost his balance due to his extra weight and fell on the gurney, which made the doctor's job easier. One syringe in the other arm, two in the legs and the last one in the chest. The same burning feeling invaded him completely, running through all his body, feeling the agony of his body expanding all over his hard rock muscles, just when he was about to faint from the pain it ceased. He rose with difficulty to breathe, his organs finished to settle, the lungs slowly filled with air.

The doctor approached, took one of Lance's huge hands, placed it on his chest and began to guide it all over his body so that both felt the splendor of the muscles, this second check seemed to excite the doctor more than the first one, at least that's what the bulge below in his pants could tell. He asked him to flex his biceps and then to caress them, he put an ear over his pectorals to listen to his heartbeat, as he stroked the muscles feeling the volume. The doctor looked with lust at his new creation... then he inspected the legs, and although flaccid, he noticed the colossal lump in Lance's underwear. He

released the penis to contemplate it better, it was not uncut so he lowered the foreskin to examine the glans, he needed both hands for such a task, the balls hung majestic full of semen. The doctor finished admiring his new experiment and proudly mentioned that the formula improved with each application.

He gave Lance his new uniform, a tank top, a black vest with the lab badge, cargo pants, military boots and a helmet. He was ready to take his place, and just in time as an alarm started to sound loudly, it was time to test himself. The doctor walked away to open another unknown door, and on his way out Lance couldn't help but see the pile of colored vials, some whose label showed the name of an animal, others with names of some other person, even some with the name of a mythological creature, without thinking, took a handful of them and put it in his pants while he went out prepared to attend his duty.