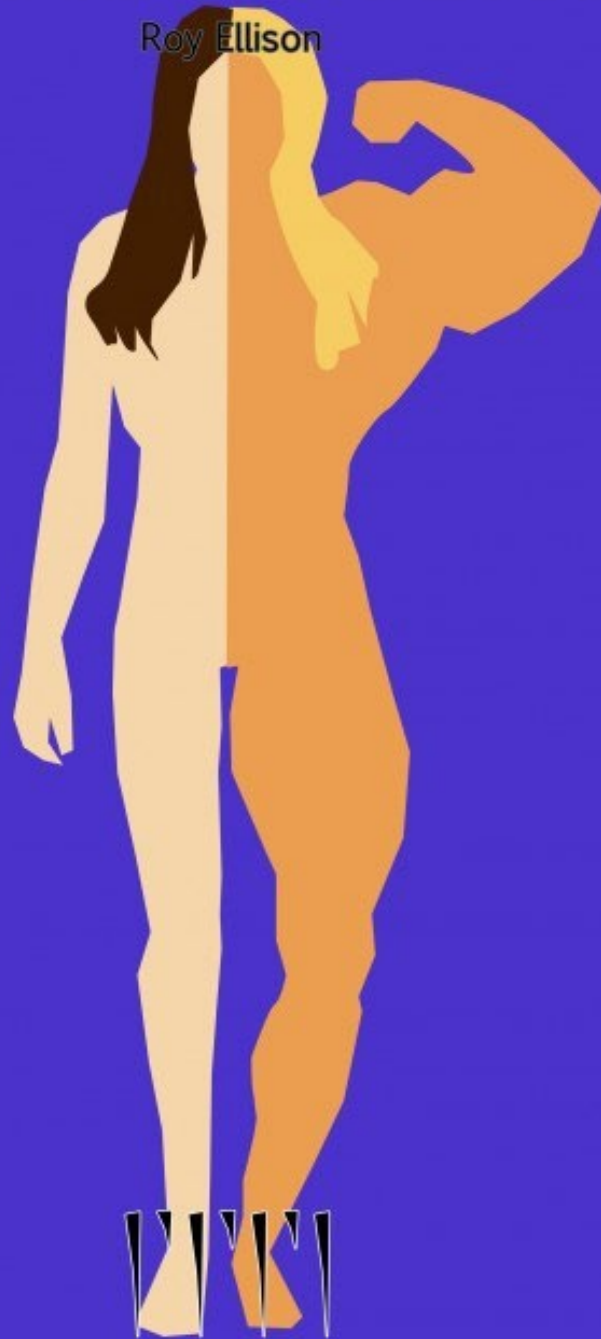


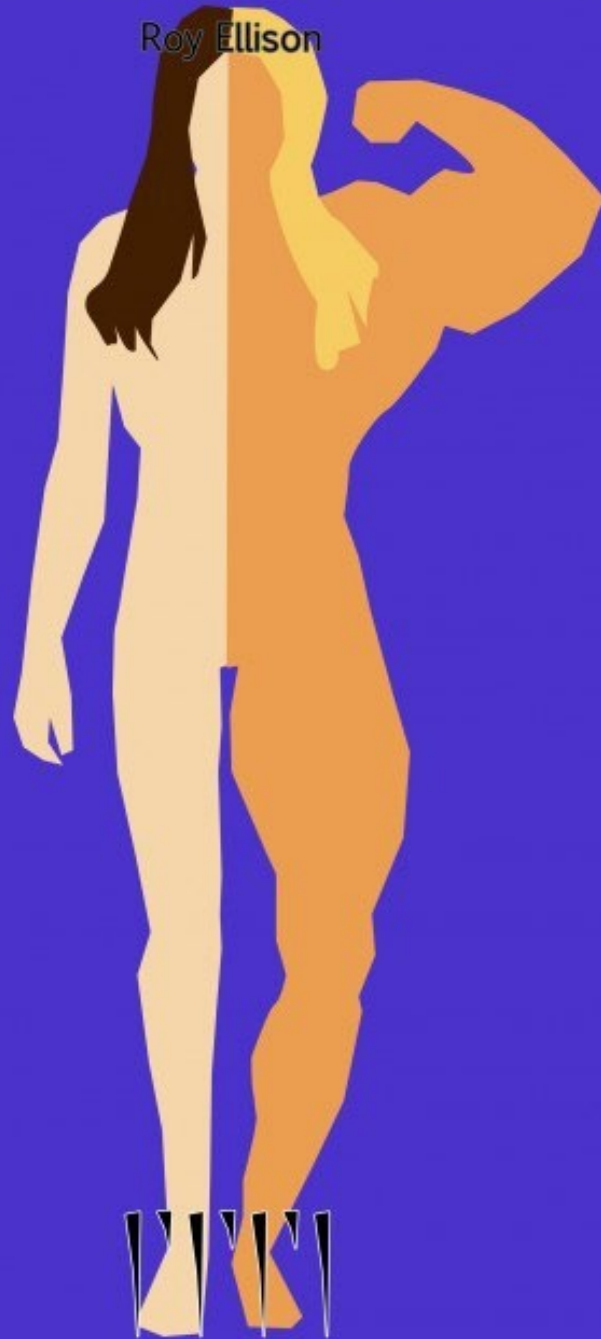
# A Turn for the Better

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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“Hey!”

Lana awoke from her frustrated daydreams. She looked around, blinking. Bev stood right next to her.

“Are you there?”

The young woman took a moment to realize where she was. Ah, yes. She was at the gym. Lana was the gym’s accountant and assistant manager. She didn’t much care about fitness. She much preferred number-crunching. That was why Bev had hired her. The gym manager was a big woman. Big, muscular shoulders gave her a wide frame, a set of powerful pecs and a pair of round, spherical breasts created a collar of steel flesh. Bev was a former championship bodybuilder and she was one of her gym’s best advertisements. If you wanted to go big, this was the place.

Lana finally managed to reply:

“Yeah, I’m really sorry. I sort of zoned out. I’m getting back to work right away.”

Bev smiled. She knew the look well enough:

“It’s Jimmy, isn’t it?”

“No!” She hesitated. “Well, yes. How did you know?”

Lana blushed. Her pale cheeks turned a deep crimson. Her already soft voice almost failed her due to the embarrassment.

“It was hard to miss.”

“Is it that obvious?” Bev nodded. “I see. Bev, I love him. I look at the guy and I feel there’s all the butterflies in the world in my stomach. He’s cute, he’s nice, he’s got a great body. It’s just ... I think he doesn’t even see me.”

Bev stretched casually, her muscles bulging against her tight gym clothes. Lana shivered. Whenever her boss showed off her physique, Lana felt intimidated. All those muscles really confused her. She had wondered what it felt like to be so built.

She put her tanned rough hand on Lana’s wrist and said:

“I’m sorry to tell you, but you’re not his type.”

“Seriously? How do you know?”

“I keep an eye on my staff. In my business, that’s always a good idea.”

“Okay ... So what is he looking for? Is he ... gay?”

“Not at all.” Before Bev could interrupt, Lana asked:

“Does he want one of those beach bimbos?”

Bev laughed:

“You’re really blinded by love, aren’t you?”

“Okay. So tell me!”

“We shouldn’t be doing this in public. It doesn’t look good for the customers. Also, I’ve got some work to do, and so do you. However, once I’m done, come to my office and we’ll talk.”

Lana almost shouted:

“Sure! Thank you.”

“Don’t worry, I know how to get this sorted out.”

Bev left, leaving the accountant to her numbers and daydreams. That’s when Jimmy walked to her desk. Lana’s mouth dried up. The big guy asked:

“Hey, Lana, I have a question about my wage.”

She sighed.

“Yes?”

Without even acknowledging her look or her disappearing voice, he showed her a slip of paper and started asking questions about his payment. What a disappointment!

When she was finally done with all the paperwork, she noticed that Bev was also finished. She gave her a sign that she was ready. Bev nodded and pointed at the office door. She came in and sat down. It was a weird room. There was a lot of old stuff. Some trophies from bodybuilding competitions, photographs of Bev surfing, wrestling and posing with celebrities from decades ago. It was odd: Bev was clearly in her forties, the tanned skin and the low body-fat making her look older, but she must have been around for quite some time. She also looked pretty much identical now. Lana wanted to get a closer look when her boss walked in.

“Sit down. Coffee?”

“Yes, please.”

Once she had her cup, Bev sat on her desk, revealing her long, muscular legs. She said:

“About your love.”

“Yes?”

“Your heartthrob is not looking for a beach bimbo. Far from it. However, you’re not going to like it.”

“Tell me. Please!”

“The truth is, he’s into women like me. He wants big, strong, tanned women, with deep voices, big fake tits and a sense of telling him what to do.”

“What?”

“Haven’t you noticed? Every time I tell him to do something, he almost creams his pants.”

Lana found the expression outrageous and revolting. She pouted. Bev laughed:

“Oh, come on! Does that really shock you? I mean, look at him! He’s always building his body, fussing around with this part and that. He lacks confidence and he’s desperate for someone who will tell him what to do. He’s a classic submissive.”

“Really?”

“Sure. Wanna see?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Just watch me.” Bev strode out. Lana peeked from behind the door. She heard her boss speak:

“Jimmy, get over here.”

“Yes, Bev, I’m coming.”

“Now!”

“Right away!”

He almost fell over his feet running to her. She smiled at Lana and told the young man:

“I noticed you’ve been really hard at work on your calves.”

“Thank you, I have!”

“Good. Let me give them a test.”

“Okay ...”

Jimmy suddenly seemed a little out of his water. Bev laid her hands on his shoulders and pushed him down. The young man immediately tried to resist, but the older woman just leaned on him. He struggled, but Lana couldn't help noticing that his pants were tightening. Before anything awkward happened, Bev released him and sent him on his way. She returned to the office.

“You see?”

“I understand. But how can I ...”

“That's a good question. You know, I was once like you.”

“What?”

“Not quite. I was a bit more in shape. And I was a red-head. I like your dark hair, but that's probably going to go.”

“You mean you’re going to help me?”

“Sure. Why not? I like you and I want both you and Jimmy to be happy.”

“So how is this going to work?”

“A long time ago, I had a guy I was crushing on just as hard as you are now. I had no chance. I was young, wimpy and definitely not his type. So a friend of mine, a crazy guy which nobody should have trusted got me a little something that changed me. And here I am. I sort of froze at age forty. I don’t know why, but this is as old as I seem to get.”

“Seriously?”

“Have you looked at the pictures?”

“Yes.”

“Exactly. So what I’m going to do, is I’m going to hand you the three gifts of the Magi, if you will.”

Bev walked over behind the desk and unlocked a file cabinet. Then, she took out a small safe-box and opened it. Inside, there were three vials. She took them out and said:

“This one is a dose of a special testosterone compound. I have no idea how it works, but it will make you much bigger. This will give you huge muscles and an attitude to match. Right now, you can’t imagine how strong and powerful you’ll feel. Your body is going to be so massive, people are going to shit their pants just looking at you.”

“Whoa. Seriously?”

“Definitely. I got this as a final boost if I ever wanted to get even bigger. I never used it, so you can have it.”

“Thank you. And the others?”

“Well, this one contains a concentrated lotion, you have to prepare it with baby oil. You put it on your skin and it will prep it for the transformation. It makes you look older, but then, you stay there. If you use this, you can say goodbye to your youthful looks, but you can be sure Jimmy’s cock is going to be rigid.”

“I’m sorry, but can you not talk like that?”

“Why not? That’s what it does.”

Bev came closer to Lana. And closer. Too close for comfort. Her bulging muscles gave her a dominant gravitas Lana found intimidating.

“You’re about to become a man’s sexual fantasy. Act the way!”

“Okay. I’m sorry.”

Bev gave off a rasping laugh. It sounded otherworldly, neither male nor female:

“I’m just messing with you.”

“So the cream makes my skin look old?”

“In a way. Actually, it makes it tougher and more vascular. It’ll get really tight and strong. Also, you’ll have the tan of your life and you’ll be able to count each of your muscle fibers.”

“Wow. That sounds ... weird but also, I don’t know, impressive.”

“You’ll see. It is.”

The intimidated younger woman asked:

“And the last one?”

“It’s like a mouthwash. It changes your voice. It’ll make it fit your new body better. Also, nobody takes a pipsqueak like you seriously.”

Lana had to admit that Bev’s deep voice was much more imposing.

“That’s incredible. Thank you.”

“My pleasure. But be careful: There’s no way back. If you take this, you’ll be changed. Your youth will be lost. Think about it. And if you really want it, do it. If not, bring the stuff back.”

“I will!”

Just as she was about to leave, Bev called her back:

“One last thing: Take this.”

She handed her a single pill:

“Take that before injecting the testosterone.”

“What does it do?”

“You’ll see. And you’ll like it.”

“Thank you!”

A few days later, Lana invited Jimmy to her home. She came up with a pretense. Something about needing help moving the furniture. She had spent the last days fantasizing about him and their relationship. It was odd to do that. She had stood in front of her bedroom mirror and imagined herself looking back at her. She’d have big, bulging muscles, bigger than Bev, with dark, almost chestnut-colored skin and wrinkles, but her body would be rock-hard and full of strength. She’d look down on Jimmy and say:

“Get on your knees! Don’t look me in the eyes! Who allowed you to lift your head? Don’t you dare do this again!”

She squirmed as the words came out all wrong. With her little voice, she sounded ridiculous. She tried again, maybe speaking a little deeper. It came out as a wheezing croak. This wasn’t good. She somehow longed to have a deep, powerful voice now. Bev had definitely put this idea into her head and now, she couldn’t not think about it.

She had sighed and gone out to get some stuff. She had no idea how strong she'd get, so she bought outfits in several sizes, completely confusing the saleswoman. Then, she'd gone to the hairdresser and had her hair bleached and dyed blonde. It looked weird on her. The pale skin and the blonde hair made her look even paler. The hairdresser had told her that this wasn't a good idea, but she had insisted. Once she was done, she wrapped her hair in a scarf. No sense in spoiling the look beforehand. Finally, she bought a pair of dramatic heels and got ready.

She went to the bathroom and carefully mixed the skin-cream. Then, she applied it, working with utmost care to reach every part of her body. The cream had a weird smell to it, a bit like shoeshine. Still, it was a weirdly satisfying experience. Every part of her body she covered sort of held the future of the transformation in it. She finished her legs and got to her privates. The cream stung a little. She wasn't sure whether she was supposed to put it there too, but then decided to go with it. Next came her waist and her chest. She covered her little breasts and bit her lips as the cream touched her nipples. It was odd, but there was a certain arousing quality to this. Next came her arms and her armpits. Using a wooden spoon and a piece of tissue, she went to work on her back. This was quite difficult. She was careful to put the cream on evenly. At last, she was done. Now came the hardest part. Her face. She was vaguely aware that nothing would happen right away, but then, she couldn't be sure. She applied the cream to her cheeks, then to her nose, her chin, her ears, her front, even her eyelids. Then, she did her lips and finished with her neck. Finally, she did the soles of her feet. The ground felt slippery and she felt stupid, standing there all sticky and shiny. Still, the idea that her body would transform in such a short time made her all anxious.

She prepared the mouthwash and took a swig, pressing it between her teeth and around her tongue before gargling. The taste was pretty awful. It remembered her of that strange smell that leather-ware produces. She gargled a bit more, careful not to swallow it. She had no idea what this stuff would do to her if she swallowed it. She preferred not to think about it. Then, she spat it out. The taste lingered for a while, then she was ready. She felt odd about all this, but the excitement was growing. Somehow, she was making baby steps to her goal and

the way back was becoming longer and longer. Eventually, she'd hit the point of no return.

She took out the pill, swallowed it, drank a sip of water and walked to her wardrobe.

Jimmy was exactly on time. She liked that about him. Punctual and willing to help. She decided that this was perfect if you wanted to dominate such a person. She had put on some make-up and a blouse and skirt, as well as some sheer tights. She checked herself in the mirror. This was the last time she'd look like this. This childish body was about to disappear. Instead, she'd be huge, strong and tanned. She'd be a beast. A big, dominant woman, not a girl. Someone not to be messed with. She'd have Jimmy at her heel and she'd laugh at his weakness.

The thought made her grin. It was a bizarre thing to have such a fantasy and to know that it would be reality in a few minutes. A small part of her brain still insisted that Bev was putting her on. She'd talk, she'd do and then, nothing would happen.

Still, there went nothing. She opened the door and let him in.

Jimmy smiled at her. It was a nice, friendly smile. A smile reserved for friends and cute animals. Lana sighed. He just didn't see her as a woman. She led him in, offered him a drink and had him sit on the couch. She must have somehow hit the right tone because he complied instantly. She grinned to herself. Jimmy asked:

“So about that furniture?”

“The furniture ... Ah. Well, that was just a pretense.”

“A pretense? For what? And why?”

“Jimmy, I’ve been in love with you since I first saw you.”

He felt a little creeped out:

“Okay ... Listen, Lana, I don’t want to be blunt, but ...”

“... I’m not your type.” Once again, she noticed how he accepted her interruption. “I know. I also know what your type is.”

“No.”

“Of course. I’ve got eyes in my head, you know. You want a big, muscular woman. Not a young one, though. You want a mature, strong woman who will tell you what to do.”

“Listen, Lana, really, I’d rather be on my way.”

For a second, Lana felt uncertain. Was this just some stupid trick of Bev's? She shook her head, chasing the doubts away.

“No. You stay.”

He stayed. Not bad.

“I know it and it doesn't matter to me. It doesn't make me unhappy. It ... makes me think of the possibilities. And it turns out I found something that might help us.”

“What are you talking about?”

She showed him the last vial.

“This is a special, hyper-powerful testosterone that will transform my body. It will turn me into the woman you desire.”

“How is that even possible?”

“Who cares? If it works, you will have your dream woman. If not, does it matter?”

Jimmy was confused. Was Lana making sense? He wasn't too sure about it.

“Listen, Lana, I admit that what you're talking about is turning me on.”

She laughed and pointed to his crotch:

“I could see that.”

He blushed, but continued:

“I really like you. But you don't have to do this. Not for me, not for anyone.”

“That's good, but I want it myself. All this fantasizing made me discover what I want. And now I found it. So, you're going to stay here and watch me. And I swear, by the time this is over, you will desire me.”

Jimmy stared at the pale, thin woman. She was all sweet and soft and yet, she was talking about turning herself into a monster. Even though his mind told him to stop her, his desires flooded his brain and screamed for him to shut up and let her do it. The mere idea of such a transformation made him rock-hard. He rearranged himself on the sofa to hide his hard-on and said:

“Okay, then, go ahead.”

“Like I’d need your permission.”

With these words, she took the vial. She unwrapped a needle and stuck it on, then she hit herself with it. She gently sank the plunger until the testosterone was in her system.

At first, nothing happened. Jimmy’s excitement seemed to fade. Honestly, he didn’t know what he expected of this. Lana herself was a little confused: She had expected something to happen right away. The idea that this had all been a stupid joke made her angry but also ashamed. She just wanted to be with him. She blushed awkwardly.

“Err ... Jimmy ...”

He looked her in the eyes and seemed oddly disappointed. What was that supposed to be? She continued:

“I’m really sorry, I thought ...”

That’s when her voice trailed off. There was something happening inside her.

“Oh, Jimmy, it’s working. There’s something going on!”

She suddenly felt spasms under her skin. Something was happening alright! She looked at her hands. They felt all tight and strange. Her skin had lost its

suppleness. It felt as if it was shrinking. She saw it contract. At first, she didn't believe it, but it was happening. It was getting tighter, then thicker. That felt extremely odd. Her hands were also darkening. The effect was subtle at first, but it was getting faster and faster. The tightness began to spread to her forearms at the same time as it began in her feet. She shifted her stance as the transformation spread to her upper arms. By now, her hands had become a deep tan. She could see all the little lines perfectly etched into her skin. Lana could almost hear it crinkle and tighten. Her veins began to emerge from her skin. She turned to look at her mirror. Next to her Jimmy was gasping. He seemed strangely aroused by the transformation.

Lana stared at her tightening body. The transformation had now hit her chest and she could see how the color flowed together, tightening her breasts. They suddenly became very perky as the skin pulled them up. That's when she felt a first, bizarre growth. Her breasts, which had rested cozily in her bra, now stood to attention and began to fill out. However, they did not look natural. They were changing shape rapidly and they were inflating at an alarming rate. Her breasts soon became rounder and rounder until they looked like two handballs stuck to her chest. She stumbled forward, not expecting this weight.

“Oh crap!”

She was shocked. Her voice was actually deeper now. It was husky and rough now, as if she smoked four packs a day. She put her fingers against her throat:

“Listen to this, Jimmy. Does this turn you on?”

She slipped her hands down to her blouse and opened it. It was just getting too tight. If she didn't do that now, the buttons would simply be torn off by her expanding assets. She undid her bra clasps and immediately felt relieved. God,

those were heavy. She touched them, surprised by the rough tightness of her skin. She squeezed the twin spheres. It was amazing how taut they were. This was what implants must feel like. She pressed them together.

“Not bad, huh?”

Lana could see that Jimmy was getting ever more excited. She clearly had him in her power. She smiled. A look at the mirror confirmed her expectations. Her face had become tanned and for lack of a better word, old. She didn't look tired, though. She looked confident. Like a queen. There were little lines around her eyes and next to her lips, which had lost their color in the excitement and become harsh and strict. She smirked and immediately oozed confidence. Jimmy was so weak next to her. But still, something was missing. She frowned. The creases on her forehead deepened. Bev had fussed around about her strength and that was it? She growled:

“Oh, come on!”

As if responding to her command, her body shook and shivered. She grunted, her voice resounding in her ears. And then, it happened very quickly. She suddenly became aware of her muscles fighting against her skin. The feeling was really strange. Even before, her body had felt as if he'd been shrink-wrapped. And now, it started to tighten mercilessly. She looked at her arms.

“What the hell ...”

Her formerly inexistent muscles started to grow and expand. She could see her forearms swell, the veins blowing up as she could almost see her blood pulse

through them. The growth spread to her upper arms. She felt her biceps swell and immediately rolled up her sleeves. Indeed, there was a bulge and it was rapidly expanding. As she watched in confusion, her shoulders began their own growth. They showed no signs of stopping. Within moments, her arms had gone from a little bump to apple-sized biceps. And they were still growing.

Lana heard her skin creak as her chest and back widened to accommodate for the expanding muscles. The blouse, already stretched, now became really tight. The same feeling had long since started in her legs. She shifted her stance so she could see them and was amazed to witness the expansion of her calves and thighs. They were swelling so quickly that she could see long, spreading tears in her tights. Within these gashes, her leathery, tight skin with its big snaking veins and crosshatched muscle fibers appeared.

She looked at Jimmy. The poor guy was blinking as fast as he could so he didn't miss a single moment of her transformation:

“Jimmy, this feels so good. It's incredible. It's like absolute power.”

Her voice now sounded like a gravel chute. It was deep, rough and full. She gasped as the transformation spread to her unmentionables, her muscles there tightening and expanding. The mere thought about what these could do almost made her come. She felt her butt perk, then fill out, then become an x-shaped mass of shrink-wrapped muscle fibers. Her glutes were now so hard she could break open walnuts with them.

Her abs soon followed suit, both tightening and expanding, the absurdly deep tan bringing out their creases and lines. As her back and pecs finally hit their full potential, she felt as if she could spread her wings and soar.

She was once again forced to shift her stance, simply to make room for her massive thighs and to rest her arms on her lats. Her clothes hung in tatters from her heavy, perfectly built body. She was a bronze statue of the perfect muscle woman now. With a simple pull, she tore off her devastated shirt and the sorry remains of her bra. Her proud and humongous breasts swayed, not even slightly losing their bulging roundness. She squeezed her nipples, glorying in their tight roughness.

She whipped off the headscarf, letting her blonde hair tumble down her tanned, massive shoulders. With another quick pull, her skirt dropped, revealing a hairless, chestnut-brown and thoroughly muscular sex. Her voice exuding absolute power, she growled:

“This is what you wanted.”

There was no question. Her aged, perfectly controlled face with its erect chin and its disdainful look left no room for debate. Lana had completely embraced the transformation. She was who she was meant to be. This was her, it always had been her. It was like the end of a chrysalis. She had revealed her true shape to the world and she was confident that the world would have to conform to her power. First of all, Jimmy.

Lana tore off his pants, her tremendous strength destroying the fabric. His already rock-hard cock sprang to attention and he pleaded:

“Don’t hurt me!”

Her voice sounded like rumbling rocks:

“Or else? You are mine. Quit your whining!”

She straddled him, lifted her loaded arms and flexed, her skin groaning from the incredible strength and size of her muscles. She felt his cock become so rigid it must hurt. It was good to be a goddess!

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at [El\\_Roy\\_1999@gmx.de](mailto:El_Roy_1999@gmx.de). Rates upon request.