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Roy Ellison





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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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All characters in this book are at least 18 years old.

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Amelia stared at the screen of her phone. She knew she was being stupid. She knew this was a scam. And a stupid one to that. Seriously, who could even believe in this? The commercials were so idiotic, it could not work. If it did, they wouldn't have to be so ... obvious about it.

She shook her head. Was she really this desperate? She looked down at herself. Of course, lying on the couch was even less flattering than anything else. She looked like a blob. She was incredibly overweight ... No. She was fat. Pure and simple. She had tried to sugarcoat it in her teens, but now that she was in her mid-twenties, she had to accept it. She was fat and blobby and repulsive. No wonder she was still single! She would still be a virgin if she hadn't fucked some stupid drunk idiot at a party at college. She definitely hadn't enjoyed that and had had no intention of ever repeating it.

There was this sting, though. She wanted to be beautiful, to feel sexy, to be desired ... The best would be if people in the street would look after her, rubberneck themselves into the hospital, get into car crashed, just to catch a peek. Right now, all she was causing was ogles of disgust.

At least it felt that way. Her best and only friend Emma kept telling her that she should just try and be more assertive, to play on her strengths and then, maybe ...

Fuck that.

She looked at the screen again.

Accelerano.

That was the name of the wonder drug that everybody was talking about. The people who made it claimed that it sped up natural fat burning and built muscles with no negative side effects! Just ten minutes of light exercise a day and, tadaa! Instant beauty!

Amelia couldn't believe it, but ... It was tempting. And it wasn't too expensive either. At worst, she would have blown a bit of her cash on some stupid sugar pills. At best, she would be like one of those women ...

She groaned. Amelia was painfully aware that she was overthinking this. She had to ...

Tick.

Her finger left the screen. She groaned, smiling at her own gullibility. Fuck. She got up from the sofa, got dressed and went to work, still sighing because of that stupid decision.

To her surprise, the package was there already when she came home. Now she was excited! She grabbed it, ran inside her house, cut it open and extracted the contents, spreading them on her kitchen table. There was a big bottle full of pills, a folder that explained the best use of the drug and some recommended exercises and a leaflet advertising the Accelerano Lifestyle Challenge.

“Post your transformation with the Accelerano Lifestyle and win a new wardrobe to fit your new body!”

She rolled her eyes at the picture of the fat, slobby woman on the left, with her oversized t-shirt and cardigan combo and the super-tight, super-stylish fitness lady on the right. God, that woman was gorgeous. Wasn't the same woman, though, probably.

However, it just might work. She decided to go for it. If it didn't work, as could be expected, she would just delete the pictures and never ever talk about them again. She put on her training outfit and snapped a selfie. God, how she loathed herself on this! The dangling, huge, yet flat tits, the flap of fat almost hanging over her crotch, the thick wings of grease under her arms ... Yuck.

Amelia looked at the folder again. Checking her weight and height, she found that she should take four pills every evening, then exercise for ten minutes. After eight days, she should start losing weight quickly and build up muscle. Eight days! She shook her head. Much too long.

She checked the net to see if there were any workarounds for quicker results.

“They say that you're only supposed to take three pills a day at my weight, but I tried six and it worked great. Amazing results in just four days!

“I tried two pills a day for a week and it was nice, but nothing to write home about. Then I raised the dosage and got up to six a day and that did the trick.”

“A friend of mine, who I already super slim, went up to eight pills a day for maybe half a week and ... Yeah, incredible!”

Amelia unscrewed the top of the bottle and took out a handful of the little green pills. Slowly, she started counting them out. Thirty-two pills. Eight times the dosage. That was a fucking lot! Well, big problems need big solutions.

She got herself a big pitcher of water and started downing the pills. By the time she was done, she felt nervous, but also excited. This would be great! At least if it worked ...

She put on her still pristine running shoes, slipped into her exercise jacket and started into the dusk, jogging at first, but soon falling into a run.

It turned out to be a very bad decision. In no time, her body was rebelling, sweating profusely, soaking her clothes and shoes. She was aching all over, her legs felt as if they were burning, her arms stung, her heart was beating up to her throat and her stomach was cramping up in every way. She felt horrible!

However, for the first time in her life, Amelia didn't immediately give up. Instead, she clenched her jaws, fought down the urge to hurl and soldiered on, her fat body wobbling and shaking. She felt ridiculous, and the agonizing pain did nothing to increase her comfort.

This was hell!

She ran on, her sprint turning back into a jog, then into a kind of stumbling run. Still, she didn't stop. She closed her eyes tight, the sweat burning as it soaked her face. She just managed to open to make sure she didn't drop off the side of the road. She was hot now, the inside of the jacket sweltering. Amelia wanted to throw up, to stop herself and this idiotic quest for some miracle cure. If this was what it took to get slim, she could just as well have joined a gym!

But she continued. Although her body was just a mass of jiggling pain now, with every awkward step sending pulses of hurt through her muscles, she went on and on. She climbed that stupid, pointless little hill behind her street and went up and up, the sweat in her shoes squelching with every step. The gravel slipped under her soles and she had to be careful not to slip and fall.

She was not only in pain, she also felt ridiculous. Amelia was just happy it was so dark because no one would see her humiliate herself!

At last, she reached the top of the knoll and collapsed on the grass. She laid there for a while, the sweat quickly cooling her body. Her heart was still pumping like crazy. She could hear its thumping up to her skull. Was she going to have a heart attack now? Was this her moment to die?

She was cold, she was exhausted and she was miserable.

Worst of all, she was also far away from home. It might actually only have been a couple of blocks, but to Amelia, it felt like the other end of the world right now. She felt the urge to throw up.

Then, slowly, she recovered. Her body was hurting all over, but at least, she was alive. She got to her feet carefully, muscles she had never felt suddenly exploding into pain. She staggered home, occasionally pausing for breath. Her entire body was wet and cold and hurting. She was so glad she didn't meet anyone on her way back.

Finally, she reached her house, unlocked the door as she shivered and ran inside, shoes and all. Well, "ran" might be a big word. She more or less stumbled into

her bath and tore the sweat-filled running shoes from her feet.

She felt sick from the exhaustion, but at the same time, she was incredibly relieved to be back in a safe, non-disgusting place. That's when she noticed her calves. Somehow, they had become slimmer. Suddenly wide awake and a bit hectic, she pulled down her sweatpants as fast as she could, the drenched fabric reluctantly getting off her skin.

Amelia could feel her heart jump as she understood what had happened.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck yeah!

Her legs were ... She was having a hard time finding the right words. They were incredibly ... tight. Tight and muscular. They were covered in thick, corded, ripped muscles. They looked as if her bodyfat had melted away into nothing, revealing an anatomy-chart-level muscularity. Only her muscles were even bigger than that.

They were amazing!

She ran her fingers over their bulging muscle-heads and through the deep groves

her lack of bodyfat had left. She could touch the thick veins and feel their pumping ... It was a completely otherworldly sensation. With a bit of experimenting, she tightened her muscles, which only looked more absurd and powerful as she flexed them. It was shocking and incredibly satisfying.

She breathed in sharply.

That drug had worked perfectly. More than perfectly. She would never have imagined looking like this. Those thick, strong muscles were beyond anything she had ever expected. They felt intoxicating! So much strength, such power! She was starting to feel woozy.

Amelia let her thighs swell, the quads exploding into shredded masses that would have won her a bodybuilding show hands down. She went upwards, freeing herself from her soaked panties and pulling off her training jacket. Somehow, the pills had worked their wonders up there too. Her waist had melted down, somehow making the masses of fat and skin disappear. Compared to her legs, her torso still looked, well, normal, but it was an incredible improvement.

She got on her feet, stood on the tips of her toes and just enjoyed the view. Damn. She felt incredibly sexy ...

She should definitely shower, but tomorrow, she would push on and harder. The mere thought of what would happen made her horny ...

She awoke incredibly early the next morning and ended up being terribly hungry. Somehow, she managed to avoid the sugary treats, instead craving protein and more protein. Then, she went for a light morning jog. It felt as if she was flying.

Every step propelled her in the air, her powerful legs pumping like crazy. It was incredible! She felt light as a feather, despite her still shapeless upper body. Well, she knew what she had to do!

She sprinted to the town center, burst into the sports equipment store a little too enthusiastically and ordered a full weight set to be brought to her home this afternoon. The clerk just stared at the flabby woman in the shapeless tracksuit and tried to process her hyper-excited shouting. Then he nodded, took her order and assured her that everything would be ready later on.

Amelia basically swooped back out in one fluid motion.

She raced to the company, arriving in no time. She was sweaty and a little tired, but mostly pumped. The lady at the reception just stared at her as she ran through the lobby, then went to take a shower. Once she was dressed in her now too big corporate outfit she normally reserved for business occasions, she dove into her work.

The moment she could leave, she packed everything up as fast as she could and literally burst out of the office door. She headed home, running most of the way, still fascinated by the sheer power of her legs. It felt incredible to sense the pounding on the concrete as she raced towards home. Out of sheer cockiness, she ran up to the garden fence and simply cleared it with a running jump. She landed in the grass, giggling.

Wow. This was the best!

She glanced over to the boxes on her porch. So many weights!

Amelia carried them inside as fast as she could. This was hard work. There were so many of them! She set everything up according to the instructions. Then she yadda-yadda-ed the safety instructions warning users not to overdo it. Yes, yes.

Instead of worrying about this, she stripped out of her clothes, amazed by the bulk and hardness of her legs. In no time, her upper body would match those ... The thought made her horny. She licked her lips, then got the big bottle of pills. She counted out thirty-two more and started downing them, shivering with delight. This was going to be amazing!

Once she was ready and done, she snapped another selfie to record her progress, then got on the bench she had assembled and grabbed the bar above her. She had loaded a bunch of plates on the thing and a little voice in the back of her head told her that this was a lot of weight, probably too much ... She ignored it, and lifted the bar up.

Well, at least she tried to.

It didn't budge. She groaned. Did she really have to get up and remove some of the plates? She shook her head. Nah. She just had to push herself harder, just like with the running. She tried again, growling furiously as she managed to lift the bar the slightest bit. It clanked back down.

Okay, so maybe she overdid it for now ...

One more try! She shook her hands and cleared her muscles. Let's do this once

more!

She pushed the bar up with all her might. Amelia howled as she forced the bar up and up and ...

Fuck yeah! She had it up there. It was swinging there and there, but she held it above her body, her muscles shaking. This was so amazingly heavy, and yet, she was holding it up. She grinned like a madwoman. Focusing on her muscles, she started lowering the bar down over her chest. It felt as if her body was going to be torn apart. Her arms were screaming for mercy, her chest seemed to explode. Still, she managed to hover the bar above it, then, with gritted teeth, she forced it back up.

With absolute slowness, the weight rose again, her arms masses of pain. Her heart was pounding like crazy. Normally, Amelia would have panicked and tried to get rid of the load, but now, she knew what was going to happen. If it took this to be powerful and sexy, then so be it!

The bar went down again and again and the young woman could feel the exhaustion set in. Her arms were in total agony, her chest seemed to be ripped to shreds, everything in her body was soaked in sweat. She was sticking to the leather of the bench and she felt sick.

Amelia stayed focused. If she managed to get through this, the reward would be incredible. She soldiered on, hoping for the best.

At last, she racked the bar, her upper body a sweaty, aching mess. Her arms stayed upright for a moment, apparently not realizing that the weight had been

lifted from them. Amelia felt amazing. Yes, she was in pain, but there was this excitement at her coming transformation. She was going to be fucking enormous! She grinned as she realized that the change was happening right now, in front of her eyes. She saw the fat recede and the muscles emerge. Stumbling, she raced to the full-length mirror she had kept covered for the last few years and hit a double biceps pose.

Amelia cackled with glee as she saw her back spread like wings, her shoulders swell and her arms explode with size and power. Now this was a sight to behold. She could watch her breasts retract into her chest, thick, engorged pectorals taking over instead. This was not some “average” muscularity ... She was turning into a massive amazon, bigger than most musclepeople she saw on TV or the internet. She could feel her pussy throbbing. Her body was becoming incredible.

Her arms grew and grew, their weight making itself felt now. She was so much stronger now that it didn't matter. Deep grooves worked themselves through her pecs and shoulders, turning them into ripped masses of steel. Damn straight! She was turning into a goddess.

She barely managed to stop herself from beating her chest like a gorilla. Instead, she started fondling her thick, supernatural muscles, flexing them and admiring their bounce. She sighed. Tomorrow, she'd work on her midsection, and then she would be perfect!

Before going to bed, she hit the weights once more pumping her legs and arms to exhaustion. It felt so good, she barely managed to stop herself.

Amelia woke up the next day, surprised by how tiny her bed felt. It was strange. Back when she had been fat, she had always thought that her being “big” meant

that she would need a lot of space, but now she realized that she had been wrong. With her new enormous shoulders, she took up the full width of the mattress and the sheer mass of her muscles had seriously squeezed it down.

It took her a moment to get up. The heaviness of her muscles strangely held her back. Only when she sat up did she notice that her pecs were so huge that they practically blocked her view. She grinned. Now this was a change of perspective!

The next revelation was that none of her clothes fit anymore. Not even the worst muumuu was able to cover the colossal girth of her upper body. She didn't mind. Far from it, she found this exciting. Amelia called her company and took the day off. Then she hit the computer and ordered some outfits online. While she waited, she did a couple of relaxed curls with some five dozen pounds of weight. Nothing too fancy. Then she ate, examined her muscles and took a long bath. When she got back out, she looked at her reflection. With the exception of her waist, her body was loaded with muscle. And soon, this would be too ...

At last, the packages arrived. Amelia tore them open quickly, revealing a bunch of very tight, very minimal outfits. Those that covered a bit more of her physique looked like superhero-suits. The skimpier ones were more like porn outfits. She grinned. She would never, ever have dared to imagine herself wearing something like that. If only her stomach fit the rest of her look ...

To her surprise, she went for a jog. This time, the hill was not even remotely a challenge. She reached the top in no time and returned home quickly. She'd have to come up with something else. Being at this level would need some serious challenges. She also couldn't help grinning when she raced past a bunch of builders who just stared at her, too stunned to even whistle. This was amazing! And tonight, she would be even sexier!

Finally at home, she took one more selfie, then prepared everything for the big moment. She set up the bench just right, deciding to film her workout this time. Then she prepared the drugs, checked everything once more and went to work.

The musclemethod woman swallowed the pills, still fascinated by their miraculous effect. Soon, she would be perfect! She grabbed two massive steel plates, laid them on her chest and got in position. Now, she would do crunches until her abs would fit. She knew it would hurt, but at the same time, she was incredibly horny. She said to herself: “Hold that thought!”

Then she started pumping.

It was worse than expected. While her previous transformation had improved her overall strength and fitness, it had also made her upper body much heavier and the added weights made things even harder. In no time, her body was hurting like crazy. She went through the first set and wanted to scream in pain. She was struggling, she was sweating and she was cursing under her breath. Still, after this set, she got herself another plate, stacked it on her pecs and started again.

And again.

And again. She tortured herself relentlessly, forcing her muscles to completely exhaust themselves. She wanted to get everything out of this. She howled in pain. Her midsection felt as if it was going to break apart. Her muscles had turned into mush. She was at the end of her forces. In the end, she only managed some weak-ass wobbles that couldn't count as crunches even for the weakest people.

Still, she didn't give up. She took a minimal break, more weight, more reps. No step back. She was crying now, the tears mixing with the sweat. This was an ordeal, but at the same time, she was incredibly turned on.

In the end, she had to stop. She couldn't even contract her abs anymore. She let the plates slip of her torso and they landed on the floor with a clang. Amelia just hung from the bench for a while, hoping for any feeling to return to her body. She just couldn't bear any more strain.

After what felt like forever, she flopped off the bench, then fell asleep from exhaustion.

She awoke not too long after, feeling confused. Once she realized where she was, she grabbed the camera and started the recording. She could see the transformation happen right in front of her. It was mesmerizing to see her abs emerge from her fat a pair at a time. First a single row, then two, then three. She breathed in sharply as the six-pack formed, framed by rock-hard obliques. Then came the best bit: Her body was now so pumped and ripped that even a fourth row rose. She licked her lips. Oh God. This was incredible ...

She ran her fingers over her cobblestone abs. She could feel every striation, every vein, every little shred of muscle. Amelia gasped, then her hand went deeper.

It was after midnight when she found the time to really examine her amazing body. She stared at her reflection and was both fascinated and disappointed. It was a strange sight. Her legs were very muscular, yes, but they were nowhere near the level of her arms and chest. And her waist ... This was so far beyond any normal muscularity, she couldn't help wondering if there was anybody that was even close.

Amelia's point was, this was nice, but it wasn't ... balanced. She frowned at her reflection. She had to fix this. Maybe a bit more on the legs, a little more muscle on the shoulders and lose the last bits of pointless fat ... This could work.

She grabbed the bottle and noticed just how empty it was. Had she really emptied most of it? She chuckled. It had paid off, but ... whoa. Still, she had to finish this. She took the remaining pills chugged them and started working out again. This time, she watched herself constantly in the mirror. She had to hit it just right.

She began with her legs and glutes, powering through set after set of heavier and heavier loads. She could literally watch her calves grow to be visible from the front and her thighs turn into tree-trunks. Her butt-cheeks swelled beyond their former size, only this time, they were made of deeply striated, rock-hard muscles. They formed a perfect X, covered in the most incredible packs of sculpted meat.

Just glancing over her huge shoulder to get a look at her ass turned her on. She would look amazing in one of those tiny swimsuits. All the guys would stare and lust after her and all the girls would wonder how she did that and hate her for it.

However, as she continued her workout, she noticed a kind of tension in her skin. This was weird. Okay, it was expected to be tight now that it was stuffed with such absurd masses of muscle, but still ... She wondered what was going on. When she looked at her reflection again as she prepared for her upper body workout, she spotted another surprising change.

Somehow, her face looked older. There were fine lines at her eyes now, and her

lips had lost their fullness. Were those grey strands in her black locks?

To her confusion, she didn't dislike the look. It made her more sophisticated, more experienced, more confident. She just wondered where it came from and whether it would go away again.

Amelia switched to her upper body now, carefully increasing the load to shape them into perfect harmony. As she grew bigger and harder, she felt that she looked even older. Also, her breasts started growing again, turning into nice, round C-cups.

She probably should have been worried, but instead, the transformation only made her hornier. It was now way in the morning, she was still evening out the last imperfections of her body. Then, at last, she stopped.

The woman in the mirror was ... different. Sure, it was still her, but at the same time, she had become a more mature and seductive version of herself. She did have some MILF vibes to her. Licking her thin lips, she flexed her super-defined, huge arm. Fuck yeah.

Was she still Amelia? It was hard to tell. But whoever she had become, she loved it. Some little voice in the back of her head nagged her, insisting that she shouldn't have taken so many pills in such a short time. She dismissed it easily.

Instead, she cleaned herself up, slipped into her ultra-skimpy swimsuit and threw a big bodybuilder shirt over her shoulders. She stepped into a pair of tiny booty shorts and packed up her things.

Time to cause a commotion at the beach.

Hours later, she was lying in the shade, deeply satisfied. She took out her phone, called up the online shop and started typing:

“A real miracle! First time user, loved every moment of it. I feel like an entirely new person ...”

###

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.

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