

AMAZONS & ADVENTURES

by Roy Ellison



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Smashwords Edition

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

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Sarah looked over to Will. There was quite a crowd in the basement. The music was playing loud enough to cover the hushed conversation he was having with Chelsea. Sarah tried to ignore the slim woman. Chelsea was a little taller than her, with long blond hair, nice blue eyes and something of a figure. Sarah didn't have anything of that. She was of average height at best, her hair was mousy brown and she was out of shape. Worse. Out of shape would imply she had been in shape at some point. That had never been the case. She had always been

chunky, with a big butt and a fat belly. She wasn't even zaftig. She was just ... Ugly. At least, she felt that way. Will didn't notice her. Of course. He was blinded by Chelsea's boobs. The girl had chosen a low-necked shirt that showed off her cleavage. The universe had decided to annoy Sarah some more: When she gained weight, it always went to her waist, never to her breasts. She couldn't even compensate.

Will was looking good as always. He had long blond hair in a ponytail, a black t-shirt with a local band's logo on it. Unrepentant Savagery. He had broad shoulders and had something of a Viking warrior. Being into fantasy herself, this was just her thing. Chelsea, on the other hand, seemed to be interested in his buff body and his charm. He had just finished telling a funny story, at least it looked that way: Chelsea laughed happily. The other partiers were equally relaxed and enjoying themselves. Will's family had allowed him to use the basement and he had turned it into a very comfortable place. She hung out here most of the time. Every few days, they would meet to watch movies and usually make fun of idiot plots and bad production values. It was great fun. There would be other friends of his, and she was starting to feel that he maybe thought of her as just "one of the boys". This wasn't comfortable for her. She just wanted to be with him and he didn't even see her.

She took another sip of her soft drink. She was just too young for him, probably. After all, she was a freshman and he was a senior. With no looks and no interesting aspects in her life, what chance did she have?

Five years later, Sarah stared at the lesson announcements. There he was. Will. Right there. She hadn't seen him in forever. His parents had moved to the north and she had stayed here, her love unconfessed. She had finished school and had managed to get into college without too much trouble. She had to work on the side to pay for her daily life and would probably spend the next decades paying off her student loans, but for now, everything was alright. She was still single, but maybe this would change now. She signed up for the class. Technical English. Why not?

It turned out that classes on Monday morning weren't too popular. She arrived early, completely stunned by her lack of sleep and the excitement of seeing him again. She hadn't even managed to sleep at night. Her roommate had eventually thrown her out when she couldn't stop playing around on her phone. She had done her best at covering the dark circles around her eyes and she had put on one of her old t-shirts so he'd make the connection. It was a little tight up top, so yeah.

Not that Sarah had much to show: She was still rather chunky, and all the stress had worsened her complexion and hair. Her roommate, Inez, had offered to style her, but when the poor girl realized that this meant getting up at six am, she retracted her offer.

Anyway, Sarah was ready enough and was looking forward to seeing him again.

The door opened and he came in.

Not bad.

Sarah gave him a good look. He was still tall and strong, and his taste in clothing still reflected his choice of music. His professional concession was a tweed jacket he wore over a Corpsedefiler shirt. She grinned. His hair was still as she remembered it, maybe it was a little cleaner than before. He took out his notes and looked around. There were a few sleepy students and right in the middle, Sarah, shiny and beaming.

He did the roll call and smiled at her when her name came up. Then he started his lecture.

When it was over, he stopped at her desk and asked:

“Nice to see you again. How have you been?”

“Good, I guess. I was busy and everything.”

“Do you have time for breakfast? When I do the early lecture, I usually eat when I’m done.”

Her stomach agreed with a growl. He laughed and said:

“It’s my treat.”

They walked over to the professors’ break room and he held the door for her. Sarah blushed. That didn’t look too bad, did it? They ate, Will producing some scrambled eggs and toast in no time. He served the food quickly and sat down next to her.

“I hope you don’t mind. It’s simple and fast, but when you’re a teaching assistant, you have neither time nor money.”

“It’s perfect.”

She smiled. He was amazing. Nice, cool, handsome, fantastic. She decided to do it. She would tell him about her feelings. Maybe not right now, of course, but she’d keep a close watch and find out what he thought about her. And then ...

The next day, she brought food. She had cooked it herself and it was actually good. Hand-made real pizza. Something quick, tasty and filling. Will was so happy. They ate together in silence, only stopping to drink and grin. Then, he said:

“Wanna meet some friends of mine? I don’t know if you’re still into nerd stuff, but I have a roleplaying group and we have a session tonight.”

“Sure. What do you play?”

“D&D 3.5.”

“Still?”

“Yeah, we tried 4th, but it was too much like a tabletop game.”

“I don’t know. I never even tried that.”

“We might switch to fifth edition eventually, but for now ...”

“It’s no problem. I’m in.”

“We’re playing pretty low-level stuff. We usually retire the characters at level 10 so people that are not wizards can still have fun. You can still pick your character without too much trouble.”

“Okay. What do you have now?”

“Patrick is a wizard, Hassan is a rogue, Duke is a cleric and Lisa is our resident ranger.”

“Sounds as if you needed a fighter-type.”

“Oh yes. By the way: no druids.”

“Of course not. So I’m gonna try something new: A barbarian. I never played one of those.”

There was a slight nuance in his voice.

“Cool ...”

That evening, Sarah arrived at the assistant's common room early. She had her lucky dice with her and her geek chic on. She wore a rather tight t-shirt (which concealed a push-up bra) with a deep neckline covered in lacy fabric in the shape of a d20. She also washed her hair and did her best to look good.

She handed him the character sheet and he looked it over. Once again, there was something strange.

“Strength 16?”

“I rolled my stats. This was the best I could do.”

“No problem. The character is fine.”

“I even drew a picture.”

She pointed to one of the sheets. He looked at it and she noticed he did a double take. She was a little proud of this. Sarah had spent three hours of introductory lectures drawing a big strong barbarian woman in fantasy getup. No chainmail bikini, but still sharp and a little sexy.

“I had no idea you could draw this good.”

“It’s not that good. Besides, it took forever.”

“I like it.”

She smiled and blushed a little.

The evening was great fun. The other people were teachers or assistants and they were really enjoying themselves. When they had left, Sarah stayed to help Will clean everything up and put away the glasses and gaming material. He thanked her:

“That’s really nice of you. But don’t expect me to give you a better grade or anything.” He added with a grin.

She made a face and said ironically:

“Shit. I really thought I’d be able to go to college and not learn anything.”

“You know how it is.”

Sarah decided to press her advantage:

“So, wanna show me what else there is to do in this town?”

“Sure.”

Somehow, she had expected more enthusiasm.

It turned out that she was headed for the friendzone at full speed. He did show her a few clubs, an artsy cinema and some of the sights of the town, but he never made even the slightest move. He was just being nice and all, but completely uninterested. She even wore a little more revealing, even rather slutty (for her style) outfits. Nothing.

The only time when she noticed any kind of albeit well-concealed interest was during their roleplaying sessions. When Kinra Igrisdottir went into full-on rage and her strength and constitution grew, she described her bulging muscles become harder and her body seeming to turn bigger. Will would nod enthusiastically and enjoy the show.

But that was all.

She was getting frustrated.

One day, she met Chelsea again. It was really a chance encounter at the pharmacy. Chelsea was just in town for a week to visit some relatives and was in line in front of Sarah. When they recognized each other, they went for a coffee. Chelsea asked:

“So, how have you been?”

“Well, I am studying to be a technical writer and I’m still a big nerd.”

“I could tell.” The blond woman pointed at her shirt that said “My other outfit is plate armor”.

“Yeah. Also, guess who I recently met again?”

“Who?”

She hesitated.

“Will.”

“Will? Oh, Will. Yes. How is he?”

Sarah breathed a hidden sigh of relief. There was clearly no interest. She had panicked the moment she had brought up his name and had wanted to stuff her words back into her mouth.

“He’s a teacher here. For English.”

“Cool.” Chelsea cocked her head. Then she added: “So you still have a crush on him?”

“Me? No. Never. Why?”

“Seriously? You were crushing so hard, I could tell. Everybody could tell. Except for Will. Is it the obliviousness that makes you nerds or is it the other way round?”

Sarah shrugged:

“Okay, you’re right. I still love him.”

“Well, good luck with that.”

“What do you mean?”

“He’s nice and all, but you’re not his type.”

“I know that. He’s more into girls like you ...”

Chelsea sighed:

“Nope.”

“Wait. What? So what does he like?”

Instead of an answer, Chelsea took out her phone and searched for a picture. He showed it to Sarah. Her eyes went wide.

“Seriously? You’re not shitting me.”

“Never. That’s his thing. He hates it because it’s embarrassing, but he’s stuck with it.”

“Interesting.”

“Weird, mostly. Also, he wouldn’t dream of mentioning this. I just found out because I caught him jerking off to that picture. That was also the end of our relationship. It was strange, really. I felt insulted first, but then, I felt pity for him.”

“Pity?”

“Being into musclegirls is not a hip thing. He’d be better off gay.”

“I dunno.”

They managed to switch the subject, but Sarah was excited. She had finally found the lever she had been looking for.

That night, she had the most bizarre dream. She was back at the basement of Will’s house. He was there, still a teenager and she’d walk in on him, sitting at desk, writing up the next adventure. She noticed that there was something weird about her stance. She felt strong and straight. As she looked down on herself, she was surprised to see that her body was covered in strong, heavy muscles. She could see every little line of hard flesh on her body. She walked with a swagger and she exuded confidence. Sarah had no idea where all this came from, but she just rolled with it.

She cleared her throat and he looked at her, transfixed.

She heard her voice:

“Will. Come here.”

His eyes opened wide. He stared at her as if she were a goddess. In a way, she was. He dropped on all fours and crawled over to her. She smirked and said:

“Nice.”

She felt his hands on her calves. She looked down and couldn't help grinning. He was running his fingers over her strong muscles. Lustfully, she lifted her foot and set it on her toes, forcing her calves to grow even bigger. He tried to dig inside them, but she just pushed him on his back with the relaxed easiness of superior power.

Sarah put his foot on his chest. He tried to get back up, but all it did was make her thighs bulge. She said:

“Don't try anything funny. Not that you could. I'm way too strong for you.”

She lowered herself down on him and put her strong arms on his shoulders, holding him down. Her tight abs brushed against his waist.

“Oh Sarah. This is amazing.”

“I know. It’s just how I am.”

She gave him a kiss. Her nipples touched his broad chest. She watched his eyes and said:

“It’s the arms, isn’t it?”

“Oh God. Yes.”

She lifted her right arm and flexed it. She was surprised to see it bulge and swell as it piled on muscles like crazy. There was a fat vein snaking over her amazing biceps. Her arm was so big and heavy, she really wondered how anybody could build his muscles so huge, let alone herself. It was strange that she’d dream of this.

Will touched her arms and slid his fingers along the grooves of her muscles. He was getting harder and harder. Sliding back on his body, she put him inside her. It was strange to dream this. She was still a virgin, so she half-wondered how she could dream like this, but it felt good, so she didn’t really care. His hands were now all over her muscular chest, tracing her tight abs and caressing her gigantic lats. She was a muscular goddess and he worshipped her.

She was roughly woken by her roommate:

“What the fuck, Sarah?”

She opened her eyes and stared at her. What happened? What had she seen?

“Girl, it’s okay that you’re horny, but please, calm down. Maybe take a shower. This is really ... I don’t know. Gross. Seriously.”

Sarah apologized profusely and went back to sleep, this time dreaming of last year’s finals. Great.

The next day, she went to the college gym and signed up for a basic fitness class. It took her a while to convince one of the coaches there that she actually wanted to build muscle, but he soon accepted her passion and assisted her. The training really stuffed her schedule. She now not only had to attend her classes, she also had to train, cook her meals, eat them and relax according to schedule. The coach was surprised by her drive. Usually, it was young men that came to get his help, and most of them gave up after a few weeks. With Sarah, he found someone who showed potential.

Having a focused beginning athlete around, especially one interested in bodybuilding, was nice. There was a scholarship for “unpopular” sports available and he signed her up for it. Facing the threat of growing international competition, a federal agency had set up a fund to build up expertise and potential athletes. Without warning, Sarah found herself on the receiving end of quite a bit of money. It was nothing compared to a basketball or football scholarship, but still, she was able to pay for her food and her supplements.

About the supplements: Her long suffering roommate was getting desperate. Not only did Sarah annoy her with her nightly masturbatory excesses, she also made their room look like a pharmacy. There were bottles of pills everywhere, boxes of protein powder all over the place, and sweaty clothes on the furniture.

Sarah didn't care.

Instead, she signed up for martial arts classes and trained sword fighting. If she was to be a barbarian queen for him, she'd not only have to look the part, she'd have to have the skills.

She did her best to conceal her progress from Will. She would usually cover up her tightening arms and generally wear wide clothing, but occasionally, she would tease him. For example, she'd arrive at the morning class all sweaty from her early morning workout session, dressed in a tank-top and leggings. By then, she was one of three students still able to participate, the others long since having dropped out due to the early schedule.

She sauntered in, all fresh and red, her strong, pumped arms lazily hanging at her sides and her tight butt stretching the fabric of her leggings. He'd almost spit out his coffee and stare. Sarah'd bask in his admiring looks and casually brush some hair from her brow, showing off her strong shoulders and arms.

During the lesson, he'd stare fixedly ahead, probably hoping for a pair of sunglasses.

It got more extreme when Sarah started to use fatburners and breast enhancement creams to improve her figure. She was shedding the pounds

quickly, her remaining fat concentrating in her boobs. They were still on the small size, but her overall reduction and her strong pecs actually made them look bigger. She'd spent quite a lot of time at home posing in front of the mirror, further exasperating her long-suffering roommate.

Then, one day, she decided to go all in. After she was done training, she asked her coach:

“Say, what if I wanted to get even bigger?”

“Bigger?”

“I'll be honest. I don't much care about athletics. I want to be big and strong and muscular and I want to look good.”

“I thought as much.”

“So, can you help me?”

“Maybe ...”

The next day, she found an unaddressed package in front of her door. She opened it once her roommate had disappeared with a harrumph and was amazed by the vials of clear liquid in it. There was a printed letter explaining that those were steroids, that the use was illegal and that she'd be banned from competitions if

she was caught.

She grinned. She'd do her coach the favor of doing one show, and then, she'd gain some serious size.

The roleplaying group met at the school gym. Hassan asked:

“So we're going to watch Sarah jump around in a bikini?”

Duke grinned:

“I don't mind. Bikinis are great.”

Lisa sighed:

“Guys, there'll probably be no jumping. It's going to be mostly posing.”

“Fine with me. Posing it is.”

Will arrived late. He was wearing some strangely wide pants and a long t-shirt. Lisa asked:

“What’s up with the outfit?”

“Don’t ask. I have my reasons.”

Patrick gave him a knowing look. He had deduced his friend’s taste a while ago.

They sat down and waited for the show to start. There were quite a few people, something which naturally came with bikinis and buff men in their underwear. The competition was soon underway. When Sarah was announced, the group looked expectantly. There was a beating of drums.

She strode on stage to the theme of Conan the Barbarian. She was clad in furs, sweating hard under the stage lights. She carried a sword with her and did a few expert stabs and swings, demonstrating her skill. Then, with a quick pull, she dropped the outfit, revealing a tanned and very toned, no, muscular body clad in a chainmail bikini.

The roleplayers jumped up, hooting.

She smiled at them, then did a few poses with her sword, which actually looked very sharp and real. She flexed her muscles, making them swell and tighten. There were striations all over her body. Her midsection was ripped beyond belief, with thick veins all over and an amazingly defined six-pack. She put down the sword and finished with a double biceps pose and, grinning at Will, with a most muscular that tented his pants.

Then she picked up her props and disappeared backstage.

When she reappeared, the group cheered some more. She thanked them, then walked over to Will. She whispered in his ear:

“That was just the beginning.”

His eyes went wide and he almost creamed his pants.

From this day on, there was no holding back anymore. At the gym, she was working heavier and heavier weights, groaning under the load, but persisting. She gorged herself on protein, tortured herself at full power and pumped her ass full of roids. The effect was shocking. While she had built her body slowly but safely before, she was now growing at an amazing and somewhat worrying speed. Her daily routine of supplementation was an endless shopping list of ever more complicated chemicals and she was enjoying it.

Soon, she passed lightweight bodybuilder shape. She could barely conceal her muscles now and she stopped caring about it anyway. Her roommate, now growing desperate tried to get her to move out. Sarah just gloated. She was getting massive and complaints like these were just ridiculous. She was a beast and she tolerated no squawkings by lesser people.

Her martial arts training was progressing quickly now and her whole stance had changed. Her movements were smooth and flowing, with perfect control. When she stood, she was ramrod-straight, her shoulders wide and her expression serene and powerful. People didn't want to get into arguments with her. Her assertive look was enough to force annoyances into submission.

Will was now deeply into her. He constantly tried to get a good look of her muscles and he had to calm down and relax before playing so that he didn't wreck his train of thought on the way. She enjoyed the attention.

Then, one day, she decided to make her move. It would be glorious. He was already losing himself, but she would push him over the edge. She pumped hard at the gym, admiring her huge body. She was now at a level appropriate for a middleweight competition. Few women her age had that level of muscle maturity. She was tanned, ripped and very hard. Like a diamond.

She came home all pumped and checked out her big muscles. She was lucky. Her breasts were now round and heavy, made perky by her overtrained pecs. They went well with her broad shoulders and tight waist. She was amazingly sexy. Sarah picked her nerdiest t-shirt, the d20 one, and some rather constricting pants. She looked as if she had been poured into her outfit. She had to be sure not to make any sudden movements or she would just destroy them. After she did her make-up, she picked the special vial she had recently acquired. It was a Chinese special. Something they used on their athletes immediately before competitions to give them a boost after any drug testing. It was dangerous, but she knew that rewards needed risks.

Sarah walked over to his home briskly. She could feel the drug working in her. There were changes, and she was getting worried. She felt her muscles contract, shiver and twist. Had she made a mistake? She was certain of what she wanted, but was it worth the risk? Shaking her head to herself, she pushed these thoughts aside. No point in panicking, she had made her choice.

She reached his door and rang.

It took a while for him to get down and he opened the door, wondering what she might want at this hour. She had covered her body in a wide cloak, but as soon as she was inside, she dropped. He asked:

“Hi. Can I help you?”

Instead of an answer, she dropped the cloak. His voice trailed off. She smiled nonchalantly and lifted her arms in an elegant flex. Her movements were elegant and she shot him a seductive look before moving her attention to her swelling biceps.

“Oh, I just wanted to come over and show you something. Something you might find interesting ...”

With these words, she went into a full flex of her biceps. With a snap, the seams of her shirt’s sleeve popped. Her majestic muscles emerged, tanned, heavy and amazingly ripped. The drug was now doing its work and even as they watched, her arms seemed to grow bigger. She added:

“Wow. I didn’t expect this to happen. Well, there goes nothing.”

Rolling her shoulders forward, she went into a crab pose, blasting the sides of her shirt. She locked her hands and stretched her arms over her head. The shirt was struggling valiantly against her tremendous muscles, but it gave up with a crack. Before his eyes, she destroyed her top in an orgy of shocking flexes. The rags dropped to the ground and she stood there, her humungous breasts lifted high and her abs a brickwork of muscle.

There wasn't much he could do. She stepped forward, pushed him down on the floor and ripped off her pants. She declared:

“Watch this. Isn't this the perfect body?”

He nodded, his mind fighting to understand the situation. Then, the drug hit her fully. She barely managed to hide her panic as her muscles cramped up in turn, relaxing moments later before tightening again. With every mighty spasm, they grew bigger and bigger. Her body was turning into a huge sculpture of outrageous muscles. Gone was the strong liveness she had built for the competition. Even the fit, strong muscles had faded. Instead, there was now pure, brutal power. Her muscles seemed to grow stronger and bigger as they watched. It was a sight to behold.

Within a few moments, she had turned into a heavyweight bodybuilder, her entire physique enormous and sickeningly ripped. Her skin seemed stretched thin by her huge muscles. She dropped down on him, forcing the air from his lungs. There wasn't much he could do. She was just too strong and heavy.

She ordered him:

“Kiss me.”

He hesitated. Was he afraid? Could he bear to lose control?

She growled:

“Come on. Do it now.”

“Yes, right away.”

She laughed as he tried to close the short distance. She just pushed him away.

“Say please.”

“Please.”

“Cute. There’s more where that came from.”

“Please ... Please let me touch you. I ... Those muscles ... It’s incredible.”

“I know.”

She let him lay his hand on her biceps. It was still expanding slowly and it was clearly getting obscenely big. She felt his rock-hard cock against her leg.

“Amazing ... Who knew you’d love this so much ...”

She leaned back and pulled him with her, using her flexibility to get him on top of her. She grabbed his head and pushed it against her eight-pack.

“Lick it. Lick my muscles!”

He struggled for a moment before realizing what was before him, then he dove right in.

She grinned happily as he lost himself in her amazing body. Finally, she had him where she wanted him.

With a quick rip, she destroyed his shirt and exposed his chest. She grabbed his head and kissed him. He managed a “I love you” in the short moments of freedom. Sarah held him tight. Now that she had him, she wouldn’t let him go ...

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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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