

Back on her Feet

ROY ELLISON



Back on her Feet

ROY ELLISON



Back on Her Feet

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

Copyright 2017 Roy Ellison

Loren sighed. On some days, being alone was harder than usual. Vincent, her husband, was at a trade show. He was now in his late sixties, but the company never gave him a break. Not that he would want it. He was a salesman through and through. For her, being confined to their house was usually annoying. Sometimes, it was hard. She rolled to the kitchen in her wheelchair. It was an electric one, way more comfortable than the hand-powered one she had used in the first years after the accident. Their car had been rammed by a truck on the

street and she had been crushed, shattering her spine. Today, she'd probably have suffered a few bruises, but thirty-five years ago, cars weren't built to save people's lives. She had to admit, Vincent had been loyal to a fault. She had always feared that he would eventually find another woman, but no. As far as she could tell, and she trusted him, he had been faithful. It was amazing. Part of her somehow wanted him to have this opportunity, exactly because he wouldn't cheat on her.

It was complicated. And today, not being able to get out of this chair frustrated her. The tablet she used to access the internet had broken down and now she felt truly locked up. She got herself some food. Loren was well-aware that eating so much while getting no exercise at all was a bad idea, but she had to keep some pleasures. She was grossly overweight and getting her out of the chair was difficult for Vincent. The weird thing was that her legs were really thin from lack of use. It looked grotesque. Her help, Maria, would usually be there for her, but sadly, she had to take care of a family emergency.

Loren put the tray on her chair and decided to look for Vincent's laptop. Maybe she could use that.

She found the device in his home office after a short ride on the stair lift. The thing was password-protected. She cracked her knuckles. Maybe she'd be able to guess it.

Fifteen minutes later, she was in and she was shocked. That's why people shouldn't go snooping around. Apparently, her husband kept a fascinating secret. It turned out he was, well, into musclewomen. Serious musclewomen. Not athletes that showed a hint of their strength. He clearly adored big, heavy women with swollen biceps, broad shoulders, cobblestone abs and bull necks. She browsed through his image folders and marveled at the ever more extreme samples of hypermuscularity. This was gross at first, but slowly, she understood the fascination. It was obvious, really. He was stuck with Loren's weak, flabby,

paralyzed body. No wonder he craved these perfect, unstoppable physiques. As for her, the pictures stung. She used to be fit when she was young. She had let herself go after the accident, and it was shit.

She shook her head as she shut the laptop back down. She had to fix this. She would try to get back in shape. At least a little, to show her willingness to make an effort.

Over the next weeks, she did her best. She watched her diet, reducing her weight a little. She also did all those pesky exercises her therapist had insisted on. It worked somewhat. She could feel her body respond better now. She could move a little easier and Maria seemed less frustrated with her chores. The young woman was clearly happy about this:

“That’s great! I must say, I didn’t think you’d do it.”

“You mean the training?”

“Yes, everything! I thought you had given up, but now, you’re really trying to turn this around.”

“That’s a bit much. I just want to get fitter.”

“Just tell me if you need any help. It’s great.”

The progress kept on for a few weeks, but then, it slowed. Loren was proud of what she had achieved, which was losing twenty pounds and building up her strength, but now, she hit a plateau. She was frustrated again. Vincent had noticed the changes and it was clear that this was interesting for him. He wasn't strictly turned on, but she noticed he occasionally sneaked a peek when she was doing her exercises or when she was moving herself. She used the mechanical wheelchair occasionally to continually train, but that was all. She just didn't seem to get any better.

As Maria washed her, Loren sighed:

“This is so frustrating. I really thought it would get better now.”

“But you made a lot of progress. A woman your age can't expect to turn into a fitness model in a few weeks ...”

“I'm not even thinking of this. I just ... I mean, look at my legs. They're just so thin, they look like sticks. Oh, maybe I should just tell you.”

“Tell me what?”

“Vincent is into bodybuilder women.”

“Ookay ...” Maria was confused. Why did Loren tell her this?

“He’s nice to me and he’s faithful and everything, but he’s really into big, tough musclemen. So I thought, maybe I can just ... become one.”

Maria was surprised by this revelation. Some things clicked into place now. She had noticed that Vincent had stared at her arms when she moved his wife. She was pretty fit, something which was necessary for her job. She thought about Loren’s problem, then she said:

“You know what, keep up your exercises for now. I might have an idea ...”

Loren was grateful that she could just talk about her problem. She didn’t expect a solution.

The next day, Maria came to pick her up. She said:

“A friend of mine works at the university and she told me that they have a special clinical trial for the military. I didn’t get what it was about, but they’ll probably be able to explain it better than me.”

All through the drive, Loren tried to figure out what was going on. She was supposed to go to the hairdresser and get her hair dyed again. The red was starting to fade and she really wanted to look her best for Vincent’s and her anniversary. Forty years was a long time. She still had a week to get everything ready, but she couldn’t waste much time.

They arrived at the university and Maria got her out. They reached one of the

more remote buildings that was surprisingly well-guarded. A woman in her forties greeted them and brought her to a conference room. She said:

“My name is Nakayama. I am working on a project to recover wounded soldiers for duty. We are looking for early-stage test subjects and you could fit the bill.”

“I’m not exactly the military type ...”

“You don’t have to. It’s the nature of your accident and the biological parameters we’re interested in. It’s a combination we want to study, so if you participate, that would be great.”

“I don’t see what you’re up to ...”

“Mrs. Patrick, we might be able to get you back on your feet.”

When she recovered from the shock, Loren asked:

“Okay, I’m in. How does this work and are there any risks?”

“It would be too complicated, but the basic idea is to reroute the information through another level of the nervous system. It does have a weird side-effect though: It really builds up muscles. Some people find that uncomfortable. Also, the military agency doesn’t want their soldiers to get too heavy, so they need this bug ironed out.”

Maria grinned and gave Loren a hidden “thumbs up” signal. Loren asked:

“Just how much muscle are we talking about?”

“We haven’t been able to do a lot of human testing, but we’re usually talking about a fifty to one hundred pounds of gained muscle weight per week. Also, this drug needs to be regularly administered. If it isn’t the effects drop, then reverse, often leaving test subjects worse off. Finally, there are plenty of other problems, such as a decline in fertility and several others, but thankfully, you are too old to experience them.”

“That’s the first time my age is a blessing.”

“I assume so. Are you still interested?”

“How could I not be?”

Back home, Loren was nervous. The injection she had received was hurting badly. She felt as if her body was reknitting itself. Maria was unloading the boxes of drugs she was going to use. That stuff looked dangerous. Only as her help prepared her food did Loren notice that the pain was reaching into parts of her body that she hadn’t felt for decades. Despite the sting, she was happy.

She decided to keep this a secret from Vincent. She wanted to surprise him. Also, she didn’t want to be too optimistic. Caution was advised. There had been

so many so-called miracle cures she had skipped only to find out that they were harmful later. Her skepticism had been rewarded. This one, however, seemed promising.

After two days of treatment, she began to feel a little tingle in her legs. It wasn't pleasant, but she still couldn't help smiling. Things were looking up. Two more days went by. Now, her feet were hurting. It was painful, but she loved it. Two days before the anniversary, she asked Maria to help her to her feet. The assistant obliged. She was just as amazed as her ward.

Slowly, carefully, she helped her from her chair. Watching her weakened legs support her was miraculous. Loren could only stand for a few moments, but this was a triumph. She grinned broadly. Then she had to try again. By the time Vincent came home, she was beaming. This would work. She had even managed a few shuffling baby steps. The next day was frantic training. She wanted to prove that she could do it. She stumbled along at first, but the drugs seemed to work better and better. Maria was now only holding her hand. They noticed that her legs had started to recover. They looked amazing. Decades of disuse had left them thin and weak, but now, the muscles were returning. The effect was increasing. It also seemed to spread all over her body. She could feel a new firmness under her skin and layers of fat.

Maria was fascinated. She liked the transformation her client was going through. The idea of being physically fit pleased her, that's how she had initially found her calling, but watching Loren recover made her a little jealous. Still, she was mostly happy for her.

The day of the anniversary arrived. Loren was now walking cautiously on her own. She did her exercises and fixed dinner. It would be a feast. She also got her hair done, refreshing her red color and getting a full manicure, pedicure and facial. The beautician remarked that her skin had firmed up a little. Loren was pleased. She also bought some lingerie. Nothing too fancy, of course, but maybe

...

This was another thing she had noticed: The ability to feel went deeper. After her accident, her mind had rerouted her sensuality to other parts of her body, her breasts, her lips, her arms. Now, it was returning at full force and she was finding it hard to keep herself under control. She felt as if she was going through a second puberty.

At home, Maria helped her put on her outfit since she still lacked the proper motor skills. She also prepared all the necessary pills, creams and injections for the evening. As the evening came, she got on her chair, hid the lingerie under her nightshirt and thanked Maria for her help. The assistant wished her great fun and left to her rooms. Then she waited. She gleefully twiddled her toes. The drugs she had prepared would top up her transformation. And then, Vincent would be amazed!

He came home smiling, put his hat on the rack and hung up his coat.

“Hi, darling. I’m sorry it took so long, but ...”

“Don’t worry. Just come on in.”

He walked in in his slippers, brushing his thinning hair into a hairstyle that reminded her of his look decades ago and handed her the flowers and candy. She smiled.

“Thank you!”

“It’s not all. It’s our fortieth anniversary and I checked: Ruby.” He handed her a tiny box. She opened it and it did contain a necklace decorated with a crimson jewel. “It was the only thing that went with your hair anyway.”

She kissed him.

“That’s amazing. It’s really beautiful.”

“Should I help you put it on?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll do it.”

She took it out and closed the binding in her neck.

“I love it! Thank you so much!”

“I love you. It’s wonderful to be with you.”

“I love you too.”

“Should I water the flowers?”

She smiled:

“Wait a second. I do have a surprise for you too.”

“A surprise?”

“Definitely. Please sit down.”

He did. And then it happened.

His eyes went wide.

Carefully, she got up and stood on her feet. He stared at her.

“But how?”

“Don’t get too used to it. For now, it works. But ...” She walked slowly to the table with the drugs. “I have something else you will love.”

She took the pills, swallowed them in the correct order and washed them down with a glass of water. She felt the compound dissolve in her stomach. Loren waited a little, then took the cream, spreading it on her thigh. It reduced the sensitivity and reduced the pain of the injection. Finally, she took the syringe and removed the cover. Taking a deep breath, she shot the needle into her thigh and depressed the plunger. This hurt like hell. Ever since her feelings had returned to her legs, she hated these injections. But it would be worth it. She removed the needle and flipped the safety over it. Then she turned to Vincent.

He was still confused. Then, she felt something deep inside her. She smiled. This hadn’t happened yet, although Doctor Nakayama had said it might. She looked at Vincent and tried to calm her breath. No sense in panicking now.

Then, she felt something. It was like a strange heat that slowly expanded from her legs upward. As it spread, it got faster and more intense. She couldn’t bear it anymore. She had to show Vincent what was going to happen. She grabbed the collar of her nightshirt with both hands and gave it a sharp pull. Her muscles were now quite strong and the fabric gave way with a loud tear. He stared at her in complete confusion, but then, his face turned to a smile.

She freed her upper body and let the ripped textile fall. Vincent saw the lacy outfit and seemed stuck. Happy, but stuck. The lingerie looked quite nice on her. It tightened her belly, supported her breasts and hid the many small imperfections. Also, stay-ups were a nice way to emphasize her recovered legs.

She could see Vincent's pants tighten. It was clear that he liked her fitness.

And then, the drugs abruptly kicked in at full power. She gasped in surprise as her muscles started to expand all over her body. The heat that had built up in her suddenly released itself as a massive growth surge. She could literally watch her muscles spring to life and grow. The first part that exploded into strength was her thigh. The stockings stretched to accommodate her muscles, the growth reaching down to her calves. They expanded, turning into twin packs of hard flesh. Her thigh continued to throb, the muscles growing more ripped as she watched. Her stance changed to make room for her swollen thigh as the expansion spread to her other leg. Loren could feel her muscles grow firmer and firmer and this really gave her stability. The power of her lower body amazed her. After decades of infirmity, she felt strong like an ox.

Vincent was having a hard time processing all these insane changes. He was practically salivating as his dreams came true without warning.

“But how is this possible? How are you doing this?”

Loren laughed and said:

“It’s a miracle, it’s science!”

She was cut short when her abs started their expansion. The effect was astonishing. She had lost a bit of weight before, but now, the fat quickly melted away. He could watch her muscles appear like cobblestones under a thawing icy road. Every part of her abdomen seemed to cover itself with hard muscles. Her navel emerged as the fat disappeared and ended up caught between two steel rows of power. She ran her manicured fingers over the bumps and said:

“This is amazing!”

Her chest was now expanding too. It spread, the breasts in her lingerie shrinking, but being quickly overtaken by a pair of outrageously ripped, feathered pecs. Just watching her fill the cups with slabs of hard muscle was a sight to behold. Just then, her breasts returned with a vengeance, swelling quickly into round, taut spheres. They looked bizarrely fake on her inhuman chest. Her nipples were now perfectly centered. She gave her new assets a satisfied squeeze. The feeling was amazing. Her already sensitive nipples were now straight up orgasmic. By now, Vincent was rock-hard. She wondered whether he’d rip his pants.

As her shoulders grew and her arms loaded themselves with powerful muscles, she walked up to him and grabbed him by the belt.

With a grunt, she tore off the buckle, sending it flying. Another quick movement and his pants were torn open. His penis spilled out. She grinned. It was perfectly hard.

“You always wanted this, didn’t you, Vincent?”

“I ... It’s true. How did you know?”

She had to pause because another discharge hit her muscles. She had to close her eyes as her arms wrapped themselves into more and more muscle. Her biceps were now easily as big as apples and they were still growing.

She stood up straight, even arching her back and improvised a double biceps pose. Her lats spread like wings and she gasped with pleasure as her tits rose.

“This is incredible!”

She ran her hands over her hard chest and perfect boobs and added:

“I checked your laptop. It wasn’t on purpose.”

“But it was lucky. I love this.”

He embraced her. Her heavy, powerful arms locked themselves around his back. She nibbled his ear. She hadn’t done things like these in decades and they felt absolutely right.

He moaned as her strong hands squeezed his back muscles. She said:

“I love you ...”

“I love you too. It’s like a dream.”

“Let’s not wake up too quickly.”

She dragged him to the sofa and pushed him on the pillows. Then, she lowered her still growing body on his. She was enormously strong now, her movements elegant, yet forceful. She radiated confidence and enjoyed this power she had over him.

Loren carefully rubbed her sex against his penis, gasping as she rediscovered these pleasures. He stared at her compressed pecs. She squeezed her absurd tits between her overcharged arms. They were deliciously heavy. As she continued her gyrations, he noticed the strength was tightening her body. Somehow, her face seemed stronger and younger. She still had the experience, there was no denying it, but she had become more youthful.

She kissed him deeply, her strong tongue pushing apart his lips.

“I have missed all this so much.”

“We never should have stopped.”

“I felt guilty.”

“You didn’t have to.”

“I couldn’t help myself. There was always something missing.”

“I should have told you about my desires.”

“Well, you got them anyway. Touch my muscles, Vincent!”

He ran his hands over her lats. The hardness and their weight shocked him. His wife, previously frail and out of shape was now turning colossal. He could hardly dent these powerful muscles. Vincent touched her shoulders. They were continuing to grow and suggested unstoppable strength.

Her traps called him next. Her neck was growing ever more bullish. Exploring her muscles, licking her sweaty skin, squeezing her hard biceps, all this was a lifelong dream. And now that it came true, it was even better.

Vincent had always hesitated. He knew of his desires, but he never wanted to act on them, and now, here he was, pinned under his magnificent wife. He grabbed her hard butt and said:

“We should do it now. Who knows how long this dream will last?”

She nodded.

As the couple got into bed, Loren noticed that Vincent was looking younger, fresher and more relaxed. It seemed as if a burden had been lifted off his shoulders. Was it really happening? He seemed stronger and fitter now. She covered him in kisses, then climbed on top of him. It was amazing.

She felt him inside her and started riding him hard. Her heavy breasts jiggled as she pounded his crotch. She was young again, but better than ever before. And somehow, she could only now really appreciate it. So much had been lost and now they could have a little back.

As the ruby glinted in the early morning light, she caressed his chest with her strong hands. He smiled:

“What a night.”

Loren was completely relaxed. Her muscles were still amazingly big, her entire body easily as broad as a major bodybuilder, with had striations and deep cuts. She grinned:

“Let’s make it a morning too, shall we?”

###

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. Rates upon request.