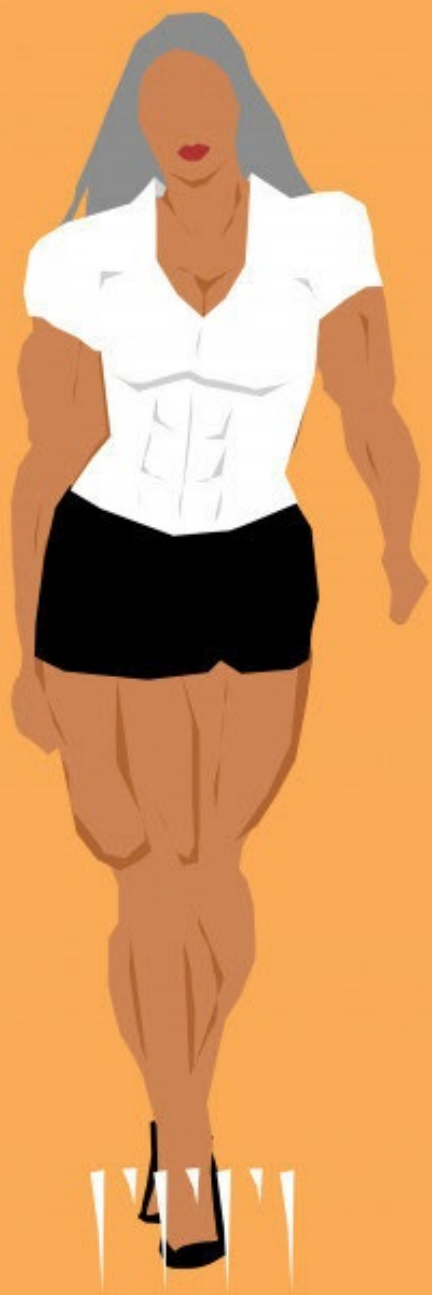


Becoming Her Mother

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Amber stared at her phone again. That was the fifth try this evening and still, her mother didn't answer. She groaned. Yes, their relationship was difficult. Yes, it was partly her fault. Yes, she probably should have acted quicker. But the feeling of dread that was rising within her, that was telling her that it was too late now ... It was terrifying. Ruben looked up from his paperwork:

“Any luck?”

“No. She won’t pick up. That’s the sixth day I’ve been trying to reach her.”

“The house was empty too. I wonder where she went?”

“I don’t know. I never understood anything she did. I mean, she wasn’t exactly making it easy.”

“You mean with the bodybuilding?”

“Yes. The bodybuilding. The fucking bodybuilding. Every day. All the time. Never a break, never a pause. And always the judgmental looks.” She mimicked her mother’s deep voice. “‘Oh, Amber, you should really watch your food intake. You’re getting fat.’ God, I was twelve years old!”

“That is pretty harsh.”

“You better believe it. I spent years trying to get over this.”

Ruben smiled at her. She was hot, that much was certain. She had long strawberry blond hair, a curvy body with a nice big butt, a pair of surprisingly perky breasts and the slightest little tummy with a cute bellybutton. Amber dressed loosely most of the time, but she liked showing off her bust and butt enough to keep him horny.

“Well, you are hot, so that’s gotta count for something ...”

She rolled her eyes:

“Ruben, that’s not the point. Mom’s a crazy person, but she’s good at making money. She always was. She always used her body to get what she wanted and she wanted everything. She had my dad pay for her training, all the while earning money on the side by selling pictures and videos to some horny freaks. And when he died, she just went through a bunch of sugar daddies, all the while getting people to donate money to her, simply because she told them!”

Ruben took a deep breath. He was happy he was sitting there, his crotch hidden from view. He was still ashamed that he didn’t tell Amber he already knew her mom from before they met. One could barely imagine his surprise when he stood in front of her and she realized it was her! The Masked Queen of Muscle – The woman he had been lusting after online for years. He had just stood there for a moment, his mind completely blanked.

Meeting Regina had been incredible. The woman was amazing. She wasn’t that much older than Amber, having had her in her late teens, before getting into bodybuilding big time. They looked rather similar, but Regina was a whole different person: She stood tall, was always dressed in skimpy, revealing outfits and never held back. No doubt she would have just grabbed and squeezed Ruben’s cock if Amber hadn’t been around. She was so aggressively sexual, it was downright intimidating. If she had asked him for a favor, he would have complied, regardless of what she wanted. Realizing that her online personality wasn’t a trick had shocked him.

Just thinking about her muscles and her tanned, brutal body turned him on.

Amber tried the phone again, but it didn't work.

“And the other thing was ... She was always on edge when she dealt with me. I think she just wanted some kind of Mini-Me for her to do the same crazy stuff as she did, with all the training, the weird diets and the drugs ... When I said no, she asked again. Then I said no again, and she wrote me out of her will. Just like that!”

“I know, but we need the money now.”

Amber was on the verge of just tossing her phone away in frustration.

“I know! I know! I wanted to talk to her, but she's ignoring me.”

Ruben swallowed, took a deep breath, then said:

“It might be something else ...”

“What?”

“Well ... I've been on her website, and ...” She glared at him. He squirmed, then

continued: “And she hasn’t been around in a while. So maybe she really disappeared?”

“Fuck. So, what do we do now?”

“Well, I don’t know, but we gotta act quick. If she’s been missing so long, she might be declared dead and then, her money might go to charity. And then, you’re basically out of luck.”

Amber let that sink in. The idea that her mother might actually be dead ... It shocked her. Sure, there was little love lost between them, but if things went like this, if she was really dead ... She took a deep breath. Maybe it was all a misunderstanding.

“We’ve got to do something now. Any ideas?”

Ruben tapped his fingers on the table.

“Yeah, well, I really don’t have much of a plan, but what if you called the lawyer who manages her testament? You can act as if you’re her and make him change it back.”

“That’s stupid. You can’t do that over the phone. You have to do that in person. And I don’t see how that could possibly work!”

The young man hesitated. There was a way, but ... For a moment, a grin spread across his face. Amber gave him a skeptical look.

“What are you up to?”

“I have an idea. I’ll be back in a moment.”

And he left, leaving Amber to furiously stare at her phone.

He returned late at night. Amber had already prepared for bed, but she couldn’t calm down. When he came in, she asked:

“So? What’s your plan?”

He set a plastic bag on the couch table.

“You know how I worked as a janitor at that sports medicine clinic?” She nodded. “One of the docs there has come up with a treatment that will turn women into bodybuilders.”

She rolled her eyes:

“Yeah, sure, maybe. But I don’t have the time for this ...”

“It works instantly. There’s these pills ...” He showed her a bottle. “The women take them first. Then there’s a spray, it goes on the chest. Next, you have to put that cream on your skin, on the body parts that’ll look the best.”

“Mom kept insisting on her arms and her abs being the best.”

“Awesome. You’ll have to do that. And then, you get an injection with this into your arms, your legs and your torso. Yeah. And then, it should work!”

“And that’s really instantaneous?”

“As far as the doc’s secretary is concerned, it is.”

“What about her?”

“Well, one day she was fit and cute, and the next day, she was buff and ripped. So it must have worked.”

“Okay ... I’m still not sure about this, but ... Yeah. Okay, fine, let’s do this. It’s not like we’ve got any other options lined up.”

Ruben did his best to hide his growing arousal. That girl Audrey at the doctor’s office ... She had somehow turned herself into a tanned, muscular uber woman,

and now, he was going to get the same with Amber ... He felt both incredibly horny and kinda bad. After all, he loved Amber the way she was. But that other, potential Amber ... Oh God ...

She was already busying herself with the pills. Glass in hand, she swallowed them one by one, complaining about the size and the taste.

“Yuck. That stuff is ... bah.”

He gave her his most supportive look as she downed the final one. As she sprayed her chest as instructed, Ruben went to get some rubber gloves. Once he was ready, he said:

“Okay, let’s do the cream.”

“Make sure you get the arms and abs. If I have to do this, I want it to work!”

He started with her legs, rubbing the cream into her calves and thighs. She giggled.

“Hey, easy! Don’t rub my skin off!”

“Sorry. I don’t know how much is necessary.”

“Just be careful!”

He did as he was told, working his way up to her ass. There, he kneaded the goo into her cheeks, making her giggle.

“I wonder what it’ll feel like ...”

The mere mention of this, the slight excitement in her voice, made him hard. He continued on the small of her back, then moved forward. Running his fingers over her tummy, he grinned. Soon, if everything went well, this would be a hard brick wall of muscle ...

She gave him an odd look as he went for her crotch:

“I don’t think the lawyer is going to look there, do you?”

“Oh ... Yeah, obviously. I just didn’t want to leave anything uncovered.”

“Whatever.”

He went up and up, working on her breasts. Instantly, he started playing with her nipples, then cupping her tits. She rolled her eyes:

“Focus, Ruben ...”

He chuckled, apologized and did her back next, then her shoulders. He massaged the cream into her arms, thoroughly soaking her upper arms with the stuff. Then he said:

“Okay, just the neck and the face, and we’re done.”

She nodded.

“Alright, let’s get it over with.”

She closed her eyes and he got it done, her face now glistening from the cream. Then he asked:

“Want to watch the show?”

She hesitated, then said:

“Sure. Get the mirror from the bedroom.”

He carried it over and set it up. Then he said:

“Ready for the injections?”

“Do it before I change my mind.”

“You would?”

“Just do it!”

As he pulled out the needle for the last time, he was breathing heavily. She frowned at him, unsure of what he was pulling. Then she asked:

“So, how long until it starts?”

“I have no idea.”

“We should have done this in the morning ...”

Her voice trailed off as a big bead of sweat dropped from her forehead. She took a deep breath.

“Is it me, or is it getting hot in here?”

Ruben took a step back, unsure of what he was dealing with. She shivered.

“Oh my God ... This is ... Wow ... I feel so hot ... I ...”

Her face was covering itself in sweat, as was her bust and soon, her entire body. She was closing her eyes to keep it from burning as it ran into them.

Then she shook herself, more sweat dripping off her. She wiped her brow and groaned:

“Oooh ... Ow ... I ...”

She seemed to cramp, taking deep breaths to deal with whatever was going on. Ruben stared at her skin. As the sweat was pouring from every pore, her skin was somehow drying. The glistening liquid seemed to take the fat away with it. Her body seemed to get tighter as he watched, her skin getting darker and darker. It turned older and harder, almost leathery ...

She wiped the sweat away once again, running her hands through her sticky hair. In this moment, the color seemed to fade, turning to a mottled, peppered mix. She gasped as she suddenly saw her reflection.

It was her, but it wasn't ... Her skin had turned a deep chestnut tone, stretched tight over her small muscles. Somehow, she looked as if her entire bodyfat was gone. It wasn't a pretty sight, but then she saw Ruben. Fuck. That guy was rock-

hard. He was so horny, he couldn't even hide it anymore. What was wrong with him?

That's when the second phase of the transformation hit her. To her surprise, her muscles started to swell, stretching her skin and straightening her stance. She watched as her arms expanded, thick masses of muscle emerging as deep cuts and harsh veins rose. Her dark skin made everything painfully visible. What followed next was her chest. She was in for a surprise.

While her breasts had somehow been sweated out in the previous stage, they were now filling up again, but now, they no longer looked natural in any way. Instead, they seemed to be spherical and huge, with perfectly centered nipples, but also bizarrely shaped dents that appeared to suggest implants. Just as her mind tried to process this transformation, a pair of brutal pecs rose up, lifting those fake tits up and out, while packing more and more muscle all around. Her shoulders spread and grew, her back turned into a mass of valleys and gorges surrounding mounts of muscle. Her neck grew thicker and ripped, with fully exposed sinews and thick chords framing her throat.

Then she seemed to fold on herself as her abs tightened and grew. It was unbelievable to watch. Her muscles turned rock hard and forced themselves together into a kind of cobblestone assembly that framed her bellybutton. She painfully tried to straighten up again, watching her thighs blow up almost twice their size, thick veins and cable-like tendons and sinews appearing.

What have I done to myself?, her mind asked.

Ruben watched his girlfriend's ass expand and crumple into a brutal X, each cheek covered in perfect striations. He just barely managed to stop himself from just masturbating right in front of her.

However, Amber's transformation seemed to slow down. Her calves seemed to be the final part of her body to change, welling up into a pair of cut diamonds as she managed to stand up straight again.

Finally, she was done.

The young woman was standing there, breathing deeply as her giant breasts rose and fell. Young woman? It was hard to believe. The transformation had aged her brutally, her face now gaunt and hard, with many small lines adding to her character, but also making her look way more than her mother.

She stared at her reflection. Oh God. What now? Was that even real? Was it some kind of crazy dream?

Then she noticed Ruben's expression. Oh God. That wasn't real, was it? The young man was practically salivating, his cock tenting his pants and his whole expression telling her he only wanted to fuck her. Her? She didn't look much like herself now anymore.

Was this creep really just into her mother? Gross! She took a step back from him, surprised by the feeling of weightlessness her tremendous muscles gave her. Not only that, but her transformed, buff yet slim body moved differently. There was a kind of tension to her every action, a hidden power that was on the verge of bursting out. And the breasts ... They just had a certain inertia to them, swinging stiffly as she moved.

Amber stared at her tits. Breasts was certainly not enough anymore. Those were huge! She had never seen breasts like these in real life. Besides, they looked absurdly fake. She had no idea how that worked, but she could almost feel an implant in them. They looked taut and bouncy, as if some globes of silicone had been stuffed into them. She touched them, hesitantly at first, but once she realized how fake they felt, she gripped them hard. The skin was wrinkly and almost coarse, and whatever had formed in them made them almost rigid to the touch. She sank her aged fingers into them, feeling those bizarre dents between her fingers and reaching for her nipples. They too had grown, having turned all stiff and pointy. Somehow, just touching them turned her on ...

Her mind drifted off for a second, but then, she returned to Ruben, who was still standing there, trying to believe his luck.

She caught his eye and asked:

“What is wrong with you?”

He blushed, hesitated, then said:

“You look incredible ... It worked, didn’t it?”

“Yeah, well, duh. I just ...”

“I think it won’t be a problem passing as your mother. Just tell the man that you had plastic surgery. It won’t be much of a challenge ...”

Amber frowned at him. He was just trying to save his skin, wasn't he? She approached him with two quick steps, caught him by the neck and pushed him. She was surprised by how easy this went. He stumbled and fell, landing on his back. She towered over him and said:

“You're into this. You're into bodybuilders like my mother. Don't you dare deny it!”

He was still dazed by his fall, but he whispered:

“Yes ... You're right ... I mean, I loved you the way you were, but this ... It's just so much better.”

“God ... That's ... I can't believe this.”

“Come on. You want your mother's money, so what were you going to do? This is just as we planned!”

Amber struggled with the situation. In no time, she had turned herself into, well, a spitting image of her mother, a person she loathed, and that guy ... She shook her head. Then again, the sudden strength was intoxicating. The effect she was having on him ... She had never had anything like this. The more she thought about it, the sexier she felt. It was odd: She got stuck in a body like this in so little time, but her mind already seemed to adapt to it.

She changed her stance intuitively, her muscles making her stand more upright, with her muscles jutting from her enhanced frame. She was naked, and for the first time, she felt confident and relaxed like that. She looked at her reflection while Ruben tried to figure out what she was going to do next.

Her long hair was now mottled in grey and her face looked older, but there was a certain majesty to it. Maybe it was the tan, maybe it was the newfound slimness, but she radiated power and ... well, hunger. She ran her fingers over her abs, impressed by the depth of her cuts. If anything, she was in a better shape than her mother had ever been. She licked her lips. Maybe that was it.

She could remember her mother's endless complaints about her struggles with her perfect lines and proportions, and there she was. Muscular, powerful, ripped to shreds, perfectly tanned and strong as an ox.

Ruben was a weakling and an asshole and he'd have to apologize for the shit he did, but that didn't mean that she wasn't allowed to enjoy this.

With perfect grace, she walked over to him, got down above him and easily pinned him to the ground. Not that he offered any resistance, but she knew she could easily dominate him without even a thought.

Without warning, his hands went to her lats, and she swatted them away, making it sting.

“Not yet, Ruben. I'm still angry with you.”

“Sorry.”

She pushed him down completely, her still sweaty body slippery. He tried it again, with unsurprising results. Then she said:

“I tell you when ... I have to say ... It feels good. I’m not sure I want this to be true, but there it is.”

She laid on him, her now heavy body weighing down on him. He took a second to adjust, her heavy, rather unyielding tits squeezing against his chest.

“Oh God, Amber ... You’re so hot ...”

The now aged looking woman pushed her hand into his face:

“I told you I was still angry. Don’t provoke me.”

“Sorry ... It’s just ... This is a fantasy come true. I ... I gotta confess, I always found ...”

“You always found my mom hot? Seriously?”

“No ... I always loved musclevomen.”

She wanted to refute him. She really would have liked to say that he was a stupid pervert. But then again, she could feel the incredible strength of her new body, the raw sexiness, the absurd size of her tits, the whole package ... He was a liar and a pervert, but he was at least right about this.

He put his hands on her hips, impressed by their brutal rippedness and their muscular bulk. He gave them a good squeeze, or at least tried to. She felt his hands against her aged skin, and as he ran his hands upwards, touching her waist, gripping it tightly, then tracing her abs, she started to feel hot.

Amber tried to control herself, but somehow, the fascination got the better of her. She let him worship her. With a sigh, he reached her chest, tracing her thick pecs, then squeezing her huge tits, before moving on to her shoulders. She was astonished by their width. Gone was her previously slim frame. She was now bulky and strong, her muscles giving her a massive silhouette. She felt him exploring her body and she lowered herself down on him.

In mere moments, they were kissing, her peppered hair cascading from her shoulders. With unexpected ease, she rolled on her back, taking him with her. She was surprised that her breasts now stood proudly from her chest, all round and fake. She grinned as she saw his expression. He was completely enraptured, caught up by her incredible new look. His cock was rock hard.

Amber grabbed his shirt collar and ripped it apart without effort. Ruben stared at her as she freed him from his shirt, quickly tossing the rags aside. Then she went for his pants. She undid his belt with nimble fingers, then tore them open and got his cock out.

Grinning, she gave it a rub, almost making him explode. She held him a little tighter, calming him back down as she made it clear she could just squash it in her strong, tanned hands.

He gave her a pleading look, although she couldn't tell whether he begged for mercy or for just getting fucked. Probably both. He was obviously completely under her control.

With perfect ease, she tossed him off and saw him scramble back on all fours. She was feeling horny too now. She wanted to feel this body, but she certainly didn't want to have him annoy her.

“From behind ... Do it from ... behind ...”

He agreed with a grunt and scrambled to her, mounting her like a dog in heat. She pushed him away with a swift kick of her muscular leg.

“Slowly ...”

She raised her butt, and as he came at her again, she caught his cock and directed it into her waiting pussy. Amber grinned, surprised by her assertiveness. Then she bit her lips. That felt great ...

He started pounding her and she could feel her muscular body tense. Never before did she feel all of this so intensely ... She could finally understand why her mother had been so ... active. Amber tightened her muscles and bent down,

taking him all in. This was great! She started to moan lustfully as Ruben fucked her, her heavy breasts brushing against the floor. She reached between her muscular legs, found her clit and began working it.

It was perfect. Her husky voice surprised her, but she was just enjoying her new self now, as her dazed young lover took her higher and higher.

The next day, Amber stood in front of the mirror and grinned as she saw her reflection. She until yesterday, she would never have dared dress like this. She was wearing an outfit only her mother could handle: A leather pencil skirt that clung to her powerful thighs, a white blouse that emphasized her tight, muscular waist, and just the hint of the new bra she had just bought today. It was black, lacy and huge. Amber had been astonished when the assistant had brought it. Its cups were big enough to fit on her head and leave some room. She had also put on the black choker her mother liked to wear to emphasize the girth of her muscular neck. She had her hair dressed in the flamboyant classic Hollywood style her mother adored and had completed the look with some very crimson lipstick.

God, she was a vamp now. When she looked at herself now, she couldn't find a trace of her previous self. It was just too intense. At the same time, she felt incredibly powerful and confident. Her thick, ripped arms almost burst out of the blouse's short sleeves, while her heels brought out her diamond-hard calves.

She took a deep breath, making her breasts swell, then said:

“Good afternoon. My name is Regina Collins and I have to change my will.”

She cleared her throat, then tried again, aiming to hit her mother's inflection as exactly as possible.

“Good afternoon.”

That was better. Okay. She was ready. Ruben came in, stared at her and just stopped as if his mind had crashed. It probably did.

She grinned, then said with her mother's deep voice:

“I'm going. Don't make a mess until I'm back.”

She could see from the tent of his pants that he wouldn't be able to comply.

Amber walked into the lawyer's office. She felt incredible. All the way there, she had turned heads like never before, with one guy literally running into a lamppost as he rubbernecked to catch a glimpse of her. Sure, she had transformed herself into a strange copy of her mother, but then again, she liked the appreciation. Besides, she was intimidating enough that people didn't try anything stupid.

The lawyer greeted her quickly and asked what he could do for her. Focusing on her voice, she told him that she wished to change her will and that she wanted all the things she had deposited here. She had to be very careful not to say “the things my mother has deposited here”, but she managed it without as much as a stumble.

The man nodded, but then, he had to ask:

“You look different, Ms. Collins.”

She smiled faintly:

“Thank you for noticing. As you have doubtlessly noticed, I’ve had a little ... touch up. It was time. And of course, these!” She pointed at her enormous breasts. “I’ve been thinking about getting them for a while, and here I am.”

As far as she could tell, he wasn’t very attentive to what she was saying anymore. The lawyer gave her the paperwork to her mother’s, no, her own house, and the key she had deposited here. She changed the will to put “her daughter” back in her well-earned place and signed it using the signature she had practiced back in her school days. Then she said goodbye and left, leaving the poor soul completely mesmerized.

Soon after, Ruben and her went to her mother’s house. She unlocked the door quickly and had to step over a heap of junk mail.

“So she hasn’t been around in a while ...”

Ruben nodded:

“I wonder what happened to her ...”

“Does it really matter? My mother always went her own way without as much as a thought about other people’s lives.”

She checked out the different rooms of the house. It was similar to before, maybe with a little redecorating ... She’d have to deal with the fallout of her decision anyway, so that place might just help her. She found her mother’s calendar soon enough. If she was to keep up the charade for now, she’d have to make sure there would be no surprises.

“Fuck.”

Ruben asked from below, still busy checking the mail:

“What is it? Any problems?”

She returned back down:

“My mom had a bodybuilding show coming up in two weeks.”

“So?”

“My mom never missed a show. Never.”

“Yeah, but who cares?”

“Ruben, they’re going to ask questions. You don’t know the scene. I’ve lived with weird muscle-heads all my life. They are crazy and they’re always competing against each other, but they’re also a bunch of nerds that’s always looking after each other. I might look enough like my mother to fool that lawyer but I don’t want any closer investigations by the rest of her friends.”

“Okay, that sounds reasonable. And what does it mean?”

“Well, it means that I’ll have to compete.” She saw his crotch tent. “Oh, come on!”

Two weeks later, Amber, no, Regina flopped naked on her hotel bed. She was exhausted and hungry, but also proud. She had blown away the competition. She knew most of the other people there from before, but it had been odd how different they treated her now that she “was” her mother. She could literally see the envy in their eyes. Sure, that treatment had made her even better than her mother had ever been: With only the bare minimum of dieting, she had turned up in perfect contest shape, her muscles defined with laser precision. The new boobs were just the cherry on top.

The posing had seemed a bit more difficult, but then again, the treatment had somehow made her body smoother and more flexible. It was enough for her to want something for it to fulfill it. She had no idea how that worked, but she was easily able to outpose the competition.

She grinned, looking at the statue they had given her. It was a muscular warrior woman brandishing a massive sword. Corny, but what would you expect from that bunch of muscle geeks? It'd look great next to the others.

The others ... She'd do some more competitions soon. This was actually fun! If she followed a tight training schedule, she could keep her shape, maybe improve it here and there, practice her posing and ... Oh God, she was turning into her mother!

Amber hesitated. Was this a bad thing? As far as she could tell, Regina's life had been great. It was her own that had been shitty. Maybe she deserved this break? Besides, it was easier to deal with life's hardships if you had the body of a goddess!

Just then, Ruben came in, bringing the burgers and fries she had ordered. Good boy.

She grinned and said with her deep voice:

“Give me the food. I'm starving.”

He handed it to her and wanted to get on the bed next to her, but she just chuckled and said:

“No, no, you stay down there. I need to relax.”

She spread her legs, her aged skin glistening. Without a word, the young man dove in.

Regina smiled. Being herself wasn't that bad after all.

###

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.