

Birds of a Feather

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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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“Come here, my little bitch!”

Ron was sitting by the table, his huge, muscle-packed legs spread. He had just finished reading the news. His cock was hardening as he watched Mary crawl towards him on all fours. Every movement sent a ripple through her gigantic,

over-muscled back. She was looking up to him, shooting a glance at his hard abs and his broad, superhero pecs. Actually, they were more like supervillain pecs.

“Who told you to look up?”

She put her bald head back down, producing a whimpering sound. The ring through her septum touched the floor. Ron lifted his mighty leg and put it on her shaved, gleaming head. The steroids had destroyed her beautiful locks and now, she was just left with her brutish bare scalp. And she loved it. He pushed her further down. She felt the pressure of his powerful calves and thighs on her head. Her own bullneck resisted intuitively, which only made her master more willing to squeeze her.

“Lick my feet.”

She complied, carefully rolling her head to her side. Her tongue came out, brushing against the nose-ring before running over Ron’s foot. That was more like it. He could see that she was feeling good now. She knew her place and she knew that he wouldn’t have her little provocations.

After a bit of licking and sucking on his toes, he was calm again. He had her lift her head, caressing her smooth skull. She purred, her baritone voice turning it into a low growl. She rested her head on his swollen thighs. His cock started to rise. He adjusted his stance.

He ran his finger through her ring and pulled her off. She squirmed, then complied. He dragged her over to his erect cock and lowered her mouth. She eagerly engulfed it, her enormously broad back filling out the space between his

legs completely.

As her head bobbed up and down, Ron remembered.

They had both been overweight customer service idiots, sitting next to each other for a few weeks before finally ending up lusting for one another. Since neither of them had any chances for fancy dates and no money either, they ended up together clumsily, but happily.

Things went well for a time until she discovered his secret fetish. It had just been a matter of letting his phone lie around. She had been nosy, but she immediately regretted it. Or actually, she didn't. She didn't as much as confront him with it as tell him that she understood and wanted that too.

So she started handing over her life to him. He would be her master. It started with little games in the bedroom, but soon, it spilled over into their daily lives. Simple things like having her ask him whether she was allowed on the sofa or whether she could have another helping at dinner. Ron liked it, but he soon realized that this was a lot of work. Being dominant meant a lot of responsibility. He did manage.

Interestingly enough, his growing assertiveness gave him an edge when he applied for another job. The extra money was welcome.

After a year or so, they had a strange conversation. It came out of the blue for Mary.

“So, what is your secret fantasy? Tell me.”

She blushed. She hesitated. But he was her master, so she had to answer. No point in safewording this. Ron knew he had found a weak spot. He liked those.

“I love muscles. Big muscles. On men, on women. Maybe it’s because of the superhero comics, maybe it’s because of the American Gladiators. I don’t know. It’s just a thing.”

Ron smiled. He was fine with that.

“So you’re going to train a lot and get them. That’s an order.”

Ron came with a grunt. His cum filled her mouth. She swallowed it eagerly. He waited until she was done, then allowed her to get off his cock.

“Turn around.”

She complied. Her huge arms and legs worked as she brought her muscular, ripped ass into view. It was covered in old needle marks and well-stretched. He pulled the butt-plug from it. The thing was connected to her big pierced clit with a chain. Ron got down to her, resting his hands on her massive back. His biceps tightened as he pulled her closer, shoving his cock down her ass. She clenched it tight, her buttocks rippling as she held him. He grinned. This felt amazing.

With a grunt, he started pounding at her ass, his balls slapping against her butt. The hanging butt-plug started to swing, pulling at her clit and making her gasp. Her brutish body was starting to shake as he intensified his pounding.

Their first attempts at bodybuilding had been pathetic, but soon, they found out how to do this. They started all natural, but they quickly understood that they weren't in this for health reasons. Instead, they went to the deep end fast.

Within half a year, they started using steroids and growth hormones. The effects were instantly obvious. They had more acne than a bunch of horny teenagers, their bodies got covered in hair and stretch marks and their sex drive went through the roof. They were basically fucking all the time then. They also fought a lot since the testosterone shortened their fuses, but it usually ended in make-up sex or wrestling.

Ron was earning good money now, bullying people into paying him and generally being a horrible person. As for Mary, she stayed at home, filling her days with training and masturbation. She also insisted on going full fifties housewife, something which looked increasingly weird as her muscles exploded and her face turned harsh and brutal.

Still, she would greet him enthusiastically, take off his coat from his gigantic shoulders, undo his tie, take off his shoes and put on his slippers while handing him his protein shake. She would patiently wait until spoken to, then ask about his day and admire him for his assertiveness and success. She would usually top it up with a blowjob.

He shot his load happily, then told her to lie on her back. She rolled over eagerly. He smiled at her huge, muscular chest. Her pecs had completely devoured her once big and hanging tits. She had a reduction surgery at a point to get rid of any

remaining flab, including on her belly. This left her with a hard six- to eight-pack, depending on how strict he was on her diet. Her abs were pushed outwards by her thick gut and her mighty lats pushed her arms to the side. With her huge, massive arms, the whole impression was one of a hulking she-man. She was certainly big enough to compete in men's bodybuilding. Interestingly enough, championships never interested them. This was their thing, not something for anybody else.

As a result, they usually hid their insanity when in public. If they had to go somewhere, she'd either dress as a man, usually opting for a butch lumberjack look or wear a full veil, hiding her massive body under shapeless fabric. Ron would dress up as a devout radical and they would go about their shopping. As for their friends ... Once they understood that this wasn't just a phase, they accepted it awkwardly. It didn't change who they were as people, did it?

Ron got down on her, their big muscle guts brushing against each other. She growled, her square jaw and distended face a strange picture of ecstasy. He fucked her hard, pushing her over the floor as laid her legs on his. Every thrust was power.

Eventually, he came with a grunt, his brutish face an icon of sexual rage.

He pulled out and got up.

“Lick it clean.”

She complied, the plug still dangling between her legs.

For Mary, this was a strange heaven. Living her own fantasy had certainly changed her perspective. She would push herself to her limit every day, training until it hurt and beyond. She would gorge herself on protein until she was about to throw up. She would inject herself with ungodly amounts of ever stranger drugs just to wring out that extra bit of power. She would punish her body for its weakness and she was richly rewarded. Her muscles grew and grew, becoming thicker, harder and more outrageous. Thick veins would swell and show through her skin. She would tan, she would shave, she would get pierced in strange places. She would stretch her asshole and fill her muscle cunt with vibrators to make herself cum whenever she had a moment for herself.

She would watch as Ron turned from a fat slob into a Greek god and then beyond into an insane caricature of a bodybuilder, with a shaved head that looked tiny amidst his insane shoulders and pecs bigger than cinderblocks. She loved him. She loved to serve him, to do everything to make him feel good.

She would wake him on the weekend with a blowjob, she would wash him and shave his back and cook his food. She would let him fuck her into every orifice and be thankful for it. The nose-ring was her latest addition and she already loved it. She looked like a bull, so why not live like one?

Now that his cock was clean, Ron relaxed. His balls felt empty for now, so he said:

“It’s time to train. I want to see those muscles in action!”

She loved that part. He made a gesture for her to get up. She shoved the butt-plug back up her ass. Then she did as she was supposed and walked behind him

to the basement. They had set up enough equipment to challenge them. Mary was finding it harder and harder to focus. She didn't want to play around with herself now. If Ron noticed, and he would, he would punish her by withholding the training and the drugs from her. She hated it when that happened.

He nodded and gave her an encouraging pat on the head. Then he pointed to the fridge.

The huge woman walked over, got the syringes for the session out and waited for Ron to be ready. He bent forward, showing her his hard, muscled ass. She shot him up. The man took deep breaths, then got dressed. Their outfits were pretty enormous now. They were stretchy and that was definitely necessary. When he was ready, his big bulge in his pants still growing, he said:

“Your turn.”

“Please, master. Shoot me up and make me big and strong!”

He smiled benignly and gave her ass a good slap. She felt the drugs roar through her body, unleashing her inner beast and destroying what remained of her inhibitions. She roared with muscle-lust. Ron frowned, but let her have fun.

They took a snort of coke and hit the weights. This was heaven. Mary felt her muscles swell and grow with every mighty pump. They did barbell curls, starting with 180 pounds. Every time she lifted the weights, she grunted lustfully. She could feel the strain and she loved it. She was a hulking monster and she was going to get even bigger. She felt the blood pump through her body, gritting her teeth as she finished the set. This was amazing!

She looked over to Ron, who had just finished his own set. He was sweaty and hot, his tanned skin stretched tight over his pumped muscles. The hard training and the constant flow of over-the-top drugs had put her into the position of keeping up with him. She had opted for this once she realized that her regular, female body was unable to produce the necessary mass of muscle. Once she turned her back on it, the sky was the limit.

The pair grinned and Ron said:

“Let’s go to two hundred.”

She nodded, took his barbell and loaded the two extra plates on it. Then she did her own. The two muscle monsters took up position opposite one another. He smiled and told her to start.

They pumped the barbells up and down, their muscles swelling harder and harder with every movement. This was tough. Despite all the chemical help, Mary could feel the bite. It turned her on. She knew she could do this. It was her dream. She wanted to be an abomination, a huge half-human creature that terrified people as she walked past. She was his devout servant, his slave. His assembly of holes to be fucked. And he deserved the best and strongest.

She looked at him, the sweat pouring from his body as he grunted and fought to get his barbell up again and again. The pain was rising in her, but she welcomed it. It was nothing. She could master this. She could get herself to her happy place, where she was safe from her own obsession. She could be his fuck-toy and lose herself completely. The pain was irrelevant. It would have broken her mind, but she wouldn’t let it.

The set ended. She wanted to scream as her muscles signaled the all-encompassing destruction they had gone through. Her arms were so pumped they looked completely unreal. With her wide chest, her thick pecs and her rounded, swollen abs, she looked like a parody of a human anatomy chart. Any normal person would feel sick just looking at her distended, caricature body. Her skin was a cratered, stretch-marked mess, hard, leathery and bruised.

Ron grinned and said:

“Twenty more.”

She hesitated. This would push her beyond her limits, beyond anything she had tried yet. Was it just the coke talking or did he really think they could do that?

When he saw her doubts, he added:

“I expect you to do this.”

She nodded and loaded the bars to 220 pounds. The weights looked dangerous even as they just lay on the ground.

Then she hoisted her bar up. Even doing this almost made her throw up. Ron nodded encouragingly as he readied his own load. Then they started.

If it had been hard before, it now felt downright impossible. She gritted her teeth and barely managed not to curse. This was so heavy. Even her own, perverted muscle mass was struggling after two hard sets. Still, she decided she'd go down swinging. Or rather not, since she vowed to not use the momentum. This had to be done right.

With a monstrous growl that even made Ron stare, she lifted the bar and started her set. She pumped beyond her max now. This was bad. Her body was sweating, her muscles were way above their limit. She could literally feel the fibers in her arms tear up and explode. By the fifth rep, she was shaking, by the tenth, she felt she was going to be sick. She only managed to keep herself straight when she saw Ron fight as hard as she did. She realized she was done with half soon. Now she had to keep it up. She had to struggle and win. She understood she could succeed.

Mary focused on her hands. They were enveloped in gauntlets of pain. She could feel the steel grip bite into her hard, leathery skin. This was even straining the callouses on her fingers. She just hoped she wouldn't injure herself. The idea of missing training made her sick.

Two more ...

One more ...

And she was done!

Done!

She felt as if she could fly. She lowered the barbell down, her arms abruptly rising the moment she opened her hands. Ron grinned. He was just as exhausted, but he loved the way she tried to hide her distress. He walked to her, pulled her down a little by her ring and embraced her gigantic body. Their chests collided, a strange phenomenon that was more akin to continental drift. His uber pecs mashed into hers, the touch hardening their nipples.

For a moment, Ron remembered their past life. Their soft, weak bodies, uneasily rubbing against each other in bed. He liked her big, soft tits and her belly, also her butt. Cute. Their uncertainty had turned everything into a ridiculous display. She had hesitated to suck his dick. She had hesitated to get on top. She wouldn't ever have thought about taking his cock into her ass. And to be perfectly honest, all those porn movies had only left him with the certainty that he was just as helpless and unattractive.

Now, on the other hand, he was a god.

They caressed each other, their muscles rippling under their skin.

“Mary, you were amazing. You did well. You have made me very happy.”

She dared to look up, her puppy eyes looking weirdly out of place in her distorted face.

“Let's finish this and then, we can fuck for real!”

They practically ran to the bedroom, at least as fast as they could. Their huge thighs were in the way just as some doors in the house were getting quite narrow now. Mary produced an excited giggle which sounded completely odd in her deep, masculine voice.

And then, they were on the bed. The thing was a reinforced contraption that was able to hold their massive weight and their crazy antics. He reached to the nightstand and took out a chain. Calling her to him, he hooked it into her nose-ring and laid down on his thick back. His hulking body filled out quite a bit of the mattress, especially since he now locked his arms behind his head. He was glowing. Mary would often sleep in front of the bed, usually when she deserved punishment for one thing or another. Now, she was welcome. He pointed to his erect cock, squeezed a big goop of lube on it and said:

“Ride me.”

She nodded and climbed on him.

“The other way round. I don’t want to see your face.”

She nodded again and turned around, her overcharged calves swelling as she changed position. He grinned. She pulled out the butt-plug and unhooked it from her clit-ring. Then, she started riding him hard. They grunted lustfully. This was incredible. The drugs were putting their already insane libido into overdrive. Deep inside, they might just have prayed that their hearts wouldn’t explode.

But now, there was this.

Fucking like machines.

He imagined her expression as he grabbed her gyrating, musclebound ass. It was rock-hard. Mary was salivating. The lust was completely overwriting her mind, destroying her thoughts. There was just one thing she wanted and that was to get fucked, to please him, to make him be her master. Ron found into the rhythm, reciprocating her pounding.

Then, he shoved his fist down her ass. The surprised Mary came with a bizarre, guttural howl. Then, she started riding him even harder, dropping on her mighty arms.

Ron stayed hard. He let her work herself up again, but just as she was about to cum again, he gave her chain a little yank.

“Hey. Stop it right now. It’s not too respectful to have all that fun alone.”

She instantly apologized:

“I’m sorry, master!”

He pushed her forward, throwing her off the bed. She caught herself with her gigantic arms and stayed like that, her ass in the air. Ron grabbed her huge legs

and stuck his cock down her wet cunt. Then he started pounding her snatch like a jackhammer. She held against it in this weird upside-down position, her slobber now running up her nose. He reached around his cock, found the ring through her clit and gave it a little pull. She literally erupted under him.

He threw her to the ground, her heavy body landing with a weird bounce as her titanic muscles contracted. He gave his cock a good rub and shot his load all over her. She eagerly lapped it up, purring like a full-grown lion.

He flexed his arms, making them swell to their outrageous size, then went down on her, wrestling her to the floor. She fought back, the testosterone and the cocaine making her cocky. Their huge muscles collided, their outrageous physiques resembling antique sculptures of fighting gods. The chain tinkled as they locked arms, pushing each other around, stumbling and crashing into each other. His arms locked around her neck. She gasped for air, her snatch dripping with arousal. He squeezed. She grabbed his arms and tried to break the hold, her equally powerful muscles slowly forcing them apart as she came again. She stood up, stumbling about as her colossal thighs and calves swelled. He pushed her against the wall and rammed his cock into her snatch again. They were sweaty and exhausted now, their eyes burning and their bodies slippery.

She growled, he screamed and finally, they calmed down.

They glided to the floor, tired and satisfied.

She ran her hand over his herculean chest and sighed. This was perfect. If only she could get even bigger and stronger ...

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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.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.