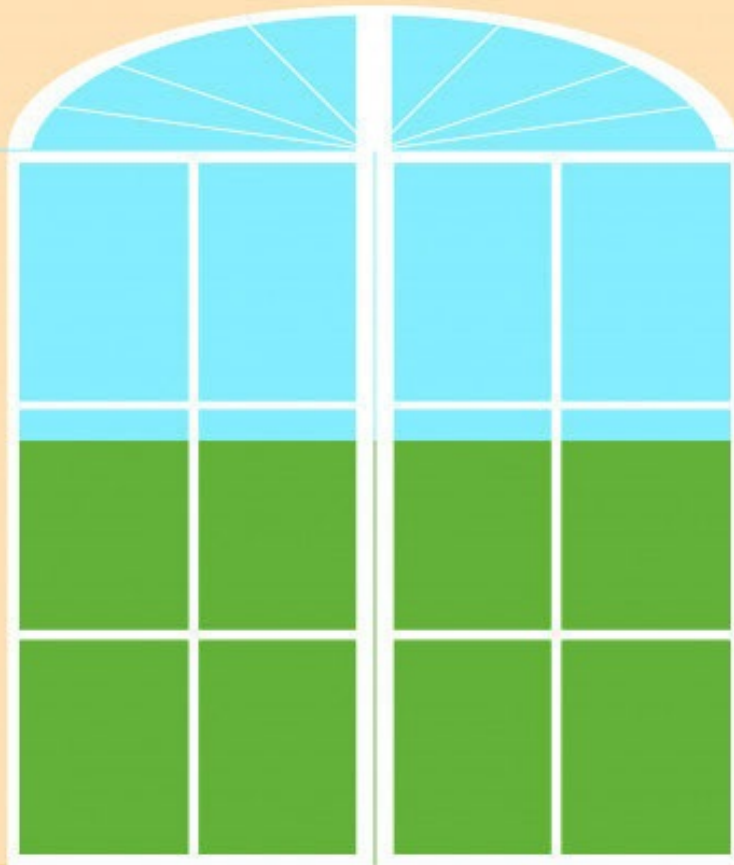


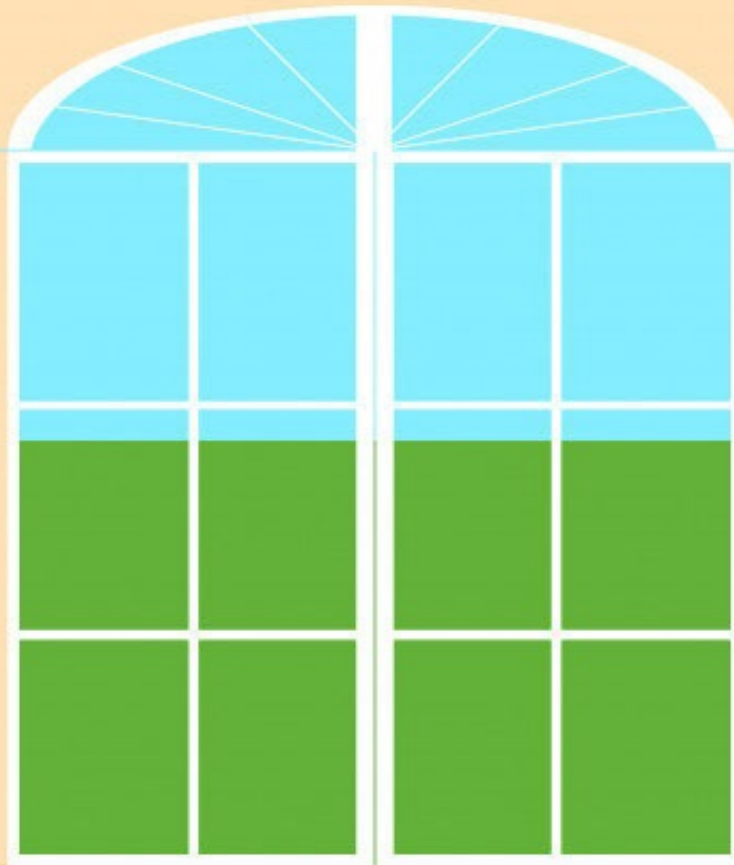
Decadence

Roy Ellison



Decadence

Roy Ellison



Decadence

von 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

"I gotta admit, I really couldn't make head or tail of your ad."

Jennifer looked around. This place was posh. Her potential employers had taste. The walls were decorated with abstract art, there was a family portrait in oils between two large windows. Old money. The leather couch was just as well-

kept. The owners of the mansion sat opposite her. Jennifer wasn't too good with names, but the woman was Anne-Louise, the man was Philipp-Wilhelm. The kind of names you had to be able to back up with money. When Jennifer saw the ad at the gym, she had wondered what kind of people they were.

Jennifer had been a gym regular since her sixteenth birthday. Within eight years, she had reduced her tummy and built an athletic physique. She was no muscle woman, far from it, but she was fit.

The ad on the noticeboard had been clear:

"Married couple seeks female companion and tutor with athletic experience willing to engage in personal and physical commitment."

The sum below was nice. Way more than what she earned as a social worker. Maybe she could finally afford a vacation or even a future.

Philipp-Wilhelm spoke first. He was slim, not too tall. His hair was accurately parted, he was perfectly shaved and sat there in his own living room with suit and tie. He even had a matching pocket square. And all this at not even forty.

"I agree, it is a little ... unusual. But do not worry, we could hardly be more precise without scaring off potential candidates."

This didn't help much. Jennifer was still trying to see where they were heading. He continued:

"You see, my wife and I have certain ... needs. We would love to pursue them and we need your support. I have examined your CV and I must say, a first look suggests you fit the bill. Is it not, Anne-Louise?"

Just how formal could you get?, Jennifer thought.

Anne-Louise, an equally slim, tall woman with an updo and an upper-class suit, nodded:

"I think so too. I believe we can go into more detail." She turned to Jennifer. "My dear, I like you. Now here's an unusual request: Could you please take off your jacket?"

Jennifer hesitated. All this seemed a little dumb. Her roomie, Thorsten, had suggested more formal attire. After all, that's what those snobs in the posh parts of town would prefer. She decided on a "come as you are"-look despite initial apprehension. So it was leather jacket and tank-top. She hadn't expected to be seriously considered.

Also, she didn't really care.

Jennifer got up, pulled off her jacket and laid it on the cream-colored sofa. She pushed her brown locks to her back and showed her well-trained arms. The veins were easily visible.

Anne-Louise was clearly happy. She clapped her hands. Philipp-Wilhelm nodded.

The young woman asked:

"So, what about that job?"

The wife recovered and smiled:

"Well, my dear, Philipp-Wilhelm and I ... we have a common pleasure. We love athletic bodies. Especially female ones. We don't mind men, absolutely not, but we appreciate the tension between soft femininity and hard muscles. It is ... arousing."

Jennifer sighed. The older woman tried to get to the point despite this being all embarrassing for her.

"Anyway. Your job would be to be with us. To train for us. To pose for us and to ... let's say, stimulate us. We will pay you well. The offer is a live-in position. We will provide you with food, your own room and all the supplements you might need. We would especially appreciate it if you would use the time with us to further gain mass."

Philipp-Wilhelm laid her hand on his wife's arm:

"Anne-Louise, you are going too fast. Our dear guest might need some time to process this. Let her think about the basic idea before piling on our ... tastes. We'll talk about gains later. Although we would pay a bonus. What do you think of 500 euros per kilogram of muscle? Would that be okay?"

Jennifer stared at the two perverts in front of her. Were they serious about this? Was she on candid camera? She waited for a second to see if somebody would burst in and clear this up. When nothing happened, she heard Philipp-Wilhelm say:

"... think about it ..."

She looked at her arms and thought about the offer. More muscles, but more money. Getting paid to train. No real work, just be a jerk-off help for a couple of madmen. Hm. Whatever. She could just leave if it got too dumb.

"Okay, I'm in. Should I start right away?"

It did take a few days to set up the contract. That thing turned out to be a massive pile of paper, huge enough to make that "Fifty Shades of Grey"-guy look like a laid-back pothead. Jennifer showed it to a friend who okayed the thing with a sigh. She packed her things and said goodbye to Thorsten. She was quite certain she'd be back at their apartment soon. Riding her bike, she struggled up the hills to the mansion.

At the door, she was greeted by her new boss. Philipp-Wilhelm greeted her courteously and led her to the west wing. He showed her her room. Jennifer smiled: She had never had this much space. There even was an attached

bathroom, everything baroque, fancy and stucco-laden. He set down her bag and explained:

"I think you'll be comfortable. I'll send Helmut up in an hour and a half, he'll take you to the gym. Please be ready by then."

Jennifer wanted to ask who Helmut was, but Philipp-Wilhelm had already left. So she didn't find anything else to do then to jump on the bed, stuff her clothes into the very squiggly wardrobe and charge her phone. She had agreed with Thorsten that it was a good idea to call him every evening, just to make sure everything was okay.

Eighty-five minutes later, there was a knock on the door. She flushed, pulled up her pants and went to the door. There was a very small, ancient man in a dress coat waiting for her. She asked:

"Helmut?"

"Precisely, Miss Jennifer. The Mistress and the Master await you in the gymnastics hall. Why aren't you dressed?"

"Jennifer blushed and grinned:

"I'm sorry. Just a moment."

She shut the door and slipped into her sweatpants and her sports bra. She slipped on a tank top and a jacket and opened again.

When Helmut saw her, he seemed a little disappointed.

"Well. If you allow me to say, Miss, this will probably not impress them."

"Should I change again?"

"Let it be for now. Just come along, we don't want you to be late, do we?"

Jennifer followed the old man through endless halls. Eventually they reached a large double door, which the butler opened briskly. A bright, sunny room with large windows and a view of the garden in full bloom welcomed her. Jennifer was amazed. From the street, the mansion had looked big, but not this huge. The garden had probably been hidden behind those large hedges.

The couple was sitting on sofa and examined her outfit with light skepticism. They exchanged glances, then Anne-Louise said:

"It's great you're here. Begin."

"With what?"

"Well, to train. Show us what you can do."

Jennifer looked around. There was a training mat on the floor. Some dumbbells and heavier weights were also available. Anne-Louise added:

"Helmut can get you other things if you need them."

"No, it's alright, I'll manage."

She got on the mat.

"So, normally, I just start with a little stretching ..."

"You don't have to do a running commentary. Just do it."

Philipp-Wilhelm added with a friendlier tone:

"Just do like you always do. We trust you."

"Fine. Well then."

Jennifer crouched down, rolled her shoulders, did a few exercises for her abs. The couple seemed interested at first, but soon, they looked bored. Eventually, Anne-Louise said:

"Are you done warming up now?"

"I think so."

The woman made an impatient gesture.

"Then go on. Maybe do a few push-ups?"

"As you like."

Jennifer knelt down and got into position. She looked at her observers. Anne-Louise nodded encouragingly. Jennifer nodded and lowered her body. She went all the way down slowly and pushed herself up with great precision. And back down. And up. On the fifth push-up, she started to sweat. She gritted her teeth and went back down. Her muscles started to shiver. She wasn't used to doing these exercises so slowly. Still, she managed to do ten of them and even returned to her crouch. She looked at her spectators. They were mesmerized.

Jennifer was covered in sweat and shook her arms to recover.

Philipp-Wilhelm said:

"Take off your jacket. I want to see your arms."

She did as she was told.

"Not bad. Now flex your biceps."

Jennifer hesitated, but an impatient gesture let her forget her doubts.

Her movement let a visible oval mass emerge under her skin. Nothing too fancy, but her audience was elated, smiling.

"Nice."

"Gorgeous."

Jennifer decided to improvise and flexed both arms. Then, she pushed them down and also showed off her biceps.

The pair watched her intently. Anne-Louise remarked:

"You are doing this very well. I think that we will greatly enjoy having you

around."

Jennifer was still a little skeptical and said:

"That's nice to hear. What's next?"

"Oh, that was just to get a first look. Take the afternoon off, turn in early. Come tomorrow, you will earn your bonus."

"What do you mean by that?"

The couple just smiled blissfully.

The next day started shockingly early. Helmut threw her out of bed and informed her that breakfast was ready. Jennifer wasn't too happy about the treatment and got up grumbling. After showering, she felt a little better. Next to the entrance to her room, she found a box, wrapped like a present. It contained super-modern training clothes, very tight, very revealing. Some very fancy training shoes. She put the clothes on and looked at her reflection. She had to admit, she wasn't looking half bad. Jennifer couldn't stop herself from striking a few poses. As she flexed her abs, she saw a hint of them, but they weren't visible yet. That would be next.

Jennifer entered the dining room, which was more of a massive hall. It was gigantic, with crystal chandeliers, mirrors and a winter garden. It was open and Anne-Louise and Philipp-Wilhelm were already sitting there.

He said:

"Nice of you to be here. Did you sleep well? Do you like the outfit?"

"Yes, yes. I slept just fine. The clothes are nice too. A little scanty, maybe?"

"Don't worry about this. We want to enjoy this, don't we?"

Giggles.

Jennifer sat down next to them. The morning was still cool. Helmut served breakfast, under a cloche, no less. When he lifted it, Jennifer was surprised to find some salad, chicken strips and a protein shake. She looked at her bosses. They grinned encouragingly as she ate. Anne-Louise said:

"Wonderful. Now that you have your supply of proteins, it's time to get to work!"

Moments later, she was led to the garden by a stout, strong man called Ulrich. He subjected her to the most grueling training program she had ever experienced. It didn't take long, but she was sweating like a pig. When she was done, she laid in the grass, completely exhausted. Her bosses sat on the veranda and enjoyed the view. Anne Louise added:

"You did wonderfully. Time for a massage."

This turned out to be just as bad. Ulrich hoisted her on a massage bench and started to knead her like dough. Somehow, nothing seemed to relax. This was just even more horrible. She saw her bosses smile encouragingly, but she had to close her eyes to cope with the pain.

Finally, she was showered and put to bed. She was fairly certain she had done something in the afternoon, but she was too exhausted to remember.

On the next day, she was aching all over. Apparently, she had a rest day, because she was being fed and left alone. Jennifer managed to relax a little. Eventually, yesterday's horror faded. When she turned in, she hoped this had just been a unique event.

She was wrong.

A few weeks went by. Jennifer had adapted to her new life. At one point, Ulrich switched her to a weekly rhythm and only gave her one day off. Mondays were arms, Tuesdays was her stomach, Wednesdays shoulders and back, Thursdays legs, Fridays were chest days and Saturdays for her butt. The change in nutrition provided some results: The thin layer of fat had melted away. She now sported a tremendous six-pack and visible muscles all over her body. According to her scales, she had gained three kilograms of muscle. With a blissful smile, Anne-Louise handed her an envelope with 1,500 euros. That was a lot of money, but it was also a lot of sweat.

The pair was at every training session and observed her as she flexed and relaxed

her muscles and pumped heavier and heavier weights. They admired her as she ran along on the treadmill or forced herself around the mansion.

One evening, they sat together, chatting. Jennifer told them of her job as a social worker. Her bosses listened to her as if she was talking of life on another planet. Eventually, Anne-Louise asked:

"Say, would you be willing to build your muscles quicker? Don't get me wrong, you are doing fine. We'd still love to see more. Would that be a problem?"

"Not at all, but I don't think Ulrich can torture me anymore."

"That's not what we were thinking of."

"What were you thinking of?"

Anne-Louise straightened her posture even more and said:

"Would you be willing to use anabolics? Of course, it'd happen under medical supervision."

"Isn't that illegal?"

Philipp-Wilhelm laughed:

"Who cares?"

Jennifer hesitated:

"But it's dangerous. Aren't there some horrible side-effects?"

"Of course. But we do have excellent doctors. And as you probably know: If it has an effect, it has a side-effect."

"Can I think about it?"

"Sure, but this would be such a nice evening."

"I don't follow."

The pair looked at each other in love. Anne-Louise explained:

"Well, this is a wonderful evening. Philipp-Wilhelm and I have admired you while you trained, and now, we'd love to finish this. It would mean a lot to us."

"If you insist ..."

"Splendid. Helmut, the little bag."

Helmut brought a small black leather case. Anne-Louise told Jennifer:

"Please expose your buttocks. This will sting a little."

"Right now?"

"Right now!"

Jennifer did as she was told and pulled down her pants. Anne-Louise took a sterile swab from the case, disinfected an area of Jennifer's ass, set the needle on the syringe and stuck their employee's butt with it. Jennifer winced. Her boss called her husband to her.

"Now, Philipp-Wilhelm."

Together, they pushed down the plunger. It burned a lot and Jennifer couldn't make out any immediate changes. Before she could say something, Helmut asked her discreetly to leave. From the corner of her eye, she could see the pair roll on the couch.

Still, Jennifer had to admit that something had changed. The next day, her

training seemed to be harder. Her bosses were amazed when she forced herself through the dumbbell exercises and she passed her previous max. Within a few days, there were the first noticeable changes. Somehow, her muscles seemed to transform. Up until now, they had been growing along lazily, now, they appeared to explode! Within a month, she looked at herself in the mirror and was amazed. Her formerly slim and fit body had been replaced by a kind of muscular splendor. Her muscles were easily visible and defined. She looked like a lightweight bodybuilder from the internet.

Jennifer went through her poses as Ulrich had taught her. One muscle group after the other was flexed and relaxed. She was fascinated that her biceps and triceps were now separated by deep furrows. Her shoulders had grown broader and gave her an hourglass look when combined with her slim waist and her rock-hard butt. A muscular hourglass.

There were more changes. Her face seemed harsher, her voice was a little lower and her stance was much more confident, maybe more male. Strange.

At one point, her breasts had disappeared. The combination of her diet and the hard training had raised her pecs and given her a ballet dancer's chest. Jennifer wasn't sure she liked that.

Now, Jennifer understood what was going on with her bosses. Every time they saw her train, they came. When they injected her with anabolics, they were about to explode. For them, this was THE thing. Good for them. On the other hand, Jennifer had to admit that she was now getting very horny. No evening passed unmasturbated. It was getting time for some real sex. She had to talk about this. Working full time, around the clock, left no time for romance. They had to work out a solution!

On the next morning, she got her injections after her breakfast, which already made the two perverts shiver with horniness. Jennifer turned to them and rubbed the injection site.

"Tell me what you think: I am horny and I really need to fuck. Can I have an evening off?"

The pair looked at her in surprise. Then, Philipp-Wilhelm said:

"That was a little ... blunt."

"Blunt is better. This way, you know what's going on. So?"

"Well, we did want to ask you anyway."

"With you?"

"But of course. We didn't breed this magnificent body just to look at it."

Anne-Louise put her hand on Jennifer's cheek.

"Shall we?"

Jennifer was once again amazed just how broad and massive her body was next to her boss'. She nodded:

"We shall!"

She grabbed Anne-Louise and ripped her clothes off. The older woman produced an aroused "Gently!", but she didn't seem to mean it.

Jennifer revealed two elegant little breasts in a tremendously expensive lace bra and put her powerful hands on them. She gave them a rather rough squeeze, then threw the thin woman on the sofa. Before her victim could say a thing, she pulled down her skirt and threw herself at the completely drenched lace panties. Anne-Louise gasped for air as Jennifer let her tongue glide over her clit. Jennifer felt her boss' legs around her head. In this moment, she noticed that Philipp-Wilhelm had joined the game. He pulled down her underpants and began rubbing and caressing her cunt. Jennifer was getting wet. Moments later, he sank his cock in her. While she almost drowned in Anne-Louise's juices licking for her dear life, she felt his cock hammer her snatch.

Eventually, she turned around. She sucked him off and swallowed his surprisingly big dick while Anne-Louise sank her face between her legs. Jennifer never had sex like this. The two fetishists completely lost themselves. When they finally lay on the ground, Jennifer's massive body between her bosses', she managed to catch her breath. She felt their fingers running all over her body, caressing her muscles and running through their ridges.

She said:

"So, what would you say if I really blew my muscles up? Like a real colossus?"

She noticed that the mere thought made the pair cum.

The next days were full of hectic planning. Her employers were completely excited. The day after her declaration, a specialist turned up to set up an incredibly complex blood analysis. Then, a nutritionist arrived to construct an amazingly elaborate diet. The cook wasn't too happy about it, but eventually accepted her orders. Also, more training equipment was delivered.

They started soon after. While Ulrich could only be described as a torturer until now, he was now a full-on sadist. His exercises were harder, more difficult and required even more precision. The slightest error meant a chewing-out. Within a few minutes, Jennifer regretted her decision. When she finally dropped into bed, she felt ground up. Her body was pain.

She was completely exhausted, lying there like a bag of meat, her porcupined ass in the air. She was certain that Anne-Louise was riding Philipp-Wilhelm right now, the thought of Jennifer's future making her ecstatic.

The exhausted woman tried to see all this pain as a contribution to something worthwhile. That was hard. She rolled clumsily to her side and examined her flat, trained stomach. Admittedly, her body was incredible. Maybe she could do with some bigger boobs, but other than that, she fulfilled every fashion magazine's ideal perfectly. Was it worth the pain? Her grandmother used to say: "Beauty needs suffering". Jennifer wasn't sure she meant that.

A few days later, her bad mood dissipated. She noticed some first successes. And they were amazing! Her muscles developed quickly. Her formerly fist-sized biceps was now big enough to be barely covered with one hand. It was the same all over her body. Her abs locked themselves into a brickwall of muscle, her shoulders spread, her pecs swelled and her legs were wrapped in thick bands of steel. Jennifer examined her amazing physique and smiled.

She was now easily able to lift heavy furniture and even throw it. Her bosses insisted. The armchair flew quite far before crashing into the lawn. Other things were easier too now. Lifting a washing machine was easy, doing squats with Anne-Louise on her shoulders and Philipp-Wilhelm cradled in her arms was nothing. She was now using the heaviest weights Ulrich had purchased.

The hard training increased her growth more and more. New, more effective medication was continually being added to her schedule.

A year and a half later after she moved in with them, Jennifer was unrecognizable. Her muscles had grown enormously. There was nothing left of any classic femininity. Her arms were large enough to challenge any male bodybuilder, her shoulders were broad enough to warrant double doors. If it were not for her slim waist, anybody would have taken her silhouette for a man's. And yet, she was clearly female. Despite some changes in her face, it was still feminine, her long, wavy hair was perfectly kept. All in all, her demeanor had changed. While she had previously ignored fashion and style, she was now perfectly dressed and followed Anne-Louise's upperclass look. When she turned up at invitations with her bosses, wearing stilettos, a pencil skirt and a blazer, she was a freak. When everything was done and they'd be driven home in the limousine, Anne-Louise and Philipp-Wilhelm would throw themselves at her. They'd fight for who'd lick her hard enough to make her cum. Jennifer let them compete, although she made it clear that she could always close her giant thighs and pulverize their heads.

Most of her time was just four things: eating, training, sleeping, fucking. That was it.

Philipp-Wilhelm was obsessed with her legs. Whenever he could, he'd crawl around her feet and lick her toes and calves. Jennifer let him, but added the occasional kick to his sides just to make sure he knew his place. She'd laugh as he'd wince. He'd try to get up, but she'd just put her leg on his chest and push him back down:

"No, sir, you only do things like these when I tell you. Know your limits."

He'd protest and try to get up. She'd just put more weight on his chest. The man paled and she laughed:

"Would you believe that? You're stuck. You thought you'd be in charge, but you were wrong."

Philipp-Wilhelm whimpered. Her calves expanded further.

"Can you feel the weight of my giant muscles? You made me into this and now I rule you. So, beg me to release you. You have no chance against my incredible power!"

"Please. Please! You're hurting me."

"That wasn't too convincing. You can do much better. More begging! Go!"

"Mercy! I beg you! Your legs are too strong."

"Hah! Pitiful. What kind of a man are you? You can do more piteous!"

"Help!"

Eventually, Jennifer released the weakling. Even while he was trying to get up, she'd kick him and send him to the ground. He'd crawl away on all fours and try to hide behind the sofa. She laughed:

"What are you doing? Do you think this will stop me?"

With a quick movement, she'd throw the piece of furniture away and follow him. Eventually, he was cornered. She grinned.

"This hunt is turning me on. Sir, you owe me satisfaction."

With these words, she let her panties drop and pushed her muscular, taut and dripping cunt in his face. The man protested, but she'd just grab his head and squeeze him in. Soon, they both came, happily grunting.

With Anne-Louise, these games were a little different. Usually, they started with the boss watching the hulking woman train. When Anne-Louise was around, Jennifer would choose the heaviest dumbbells and would perform her exercises with special care. Soon, her muscles would be pumped and swollen magnificently. At one point, the boss would get up and walk over to her. While Jennifer continued sweating, the older woman would start touching and squeezing her muscles. Then, once Jennifer was done, she'd grab Anne-Louise and toss her on the bed easily. She'd hunker down on her and push her into the soft mattress. Her massive thighs would lock the smaller woman's waist and she'd flex her arms. From Anne-Louise's perspective, Jennifer's face would be eclipsed by her taut pecs. Jennifer would feel her victim's arousal. She'd wrap her legs around her waist and hold down her hands. The boss would struggle, but she'd have no chance against the hulking woman's power. Jennifer would force her arms apart, laughing at her futile attempts to free herself of this triple vice. Eventually, Anne-Louise would lie crucified on the mattress. Jennifer's thick pecs would lie on her boss' tiny breasts.

"You have no chance. I am too strong, my muscles are too hard."

"Oh yes. This is incredible!"

Jennifer would squeeze her legs together. Anne-Louise would be about to cum, but her torturer would relax in the right moment.

"Too early. I want you to suffer my strength first!"

With these words, she'd let her go for a moment, throw her around and grab her legs. Jennifer'd pull her tiny feet to her with one hand and would sink her other into Anne-Louise's panties. She'd start to squeal like a pig. Jennifer's fingers would be gentle at first, then grow more and more brutal. The other woman would

try to get up, but there was nothing she could do. Whenever she'd be about to cum, Jennifer would release her.

"But ..."

"No but."

She'd be thrown about abruptly, suddenly finding Jennifer under her, but she was still the victim. Indeed, she'd be caught in a rack and would be pulled apart by the monstrous woman's huge arms and legs. Anne-Louise's head would be locked between her employee's legs, her arms spread wide. Then, Jennifer would bend forward and sink her powerful tongue into Anne-Louise's cunt.

There was no escape.

A few days later, Jennifer asked her employers to meet her in the living room. She stood in front of them in her training outfit. She waited a moment for them to be ready, then she said:

"I've been spending quite some time with you and I enjoyed it a lot. I had the opportunity to learn a lot about myself and I have descended into depths I would never have dared otherwise. Still, I want to take a look at other things now."

The pair was clearly disappointed. Maybe, there was a hint of anger. Jennifer calmed them down with a gesture and continued:

"Don't panic. It's not for today. As agreed in our contract, I'm hereby giving you my three months' notice. I'll even go beyond that: If you like, I'd love to stay for half a year."

There skeptical looks.

"Half a year you should be willing to invest in. As you remember, you offered me five hundred euros per kilogram of muscle. I earned this bonus seventy times. Within the next six months, I'd like to earn it some more. I thought of fifty, maybe sixty times. And as always, you can watch."

Anne-Louise looked at Philipp-Wilhelm. Her expression was telling. The man hesitated for a moment.

"Fifty to sixty kilograms of muscle ... Are you certain?"

"I think I can do it. Why not? With your support, I'll manage."

"Incredible. Well, darling, you have the final word."

Anne-Louise looked stunned.

"Of course."

Jennifer nodded.

"Perfect. Then I look forward to leaving this meekness behind."

From this day onwards, there was no stopping her. Jennifer focused her entire life on building her muscles. She struggled with herself with extreme prejudice. No day on which she wouldn't collapse into bed completely exhausted, no day on which she didn't manage to stuff some more protein into her. In the gym, there were ever-growing stacks of weights using in newer, harder exercises. Ulrich had been forced to set up an entire crew of experts to set up new and more cruel training routines. The medical staff advised against a further escalation, but she no longer care. It was all or nothing now. Every week started with a heavy step on the scales, and soon, the enormous transformation was becoming obvious.

For some time, she now needed help to wash and shave. She also had to get help to undress and take care of her hygiene. The effect was shocking. Within a few weeks the muscular young woman had hulked out completely. And yet, she was certain this wasn't everything. Still, she asked Anne-Louise and Philipp-Wilhelm for a few weeks off. In this time, she'd intensify her growth. She was pretty certain that this would intensify the effect. The pair reluctantly agreed.

They went on a short vacation. Meanwhile, Jennifer increased the intensity of her training further. At some point, it was just a juggernaut of iron, protein and sweat. As these weeks ended, even Ulrich started to be afraid. He stared at the enormous, hyper-defined body of his ward and had difficulties even understanding her outrageous mass. He stuttered:

"They won't understand. No one will ..."

Jennifer looked in the mirror, took a deep breath and said:

"Wow. And that's all me."

When Anne-Louise and Philipp-Wilhelm returned, Helmut told them to go to the living room. They did not immediately understand the reason for this, but then it dawned to them. They freshened up and sat on the couch. Helmut dimmed the light just as Jennifer told him. The pair felt heavy steps on the floor. The door opened and bright light blinded them. From the side, a giant silhouette entered the cone of light. They couldn't understand what they were seeing at first. Jennifer stood there, lifted her arms and flexed her gigantic muscles. She went through a few poses, showed off her insane back and her monumental shoulders. The young woman marched through the room on her full, swollen legs, heavy with muscles. The bright light went down and other lamps illuminated her physique.

Anne-Louise and Philipp-Wilhelm couldn't get it. They had never seen such an enormous, grotesquely muscular body. Jennifer's head sat on a swollen, terraced mass of steel flesh that was her neck. Her head-sized pecs stood out horizontally. They led to absurdly broad shoulders that held the most muscular arms imaginable. Even relaxed, her biceps alone were the size of cantaloupes. Her forearms were so overloaded that they squeezed against her biceps when the young woman flexed them.

Under her heroic chest, the wonders continued. Instead of a six-pack, she now sported a bizarre structure of cobblestone muscle blocks. The whole thing was so huge that it was clearly struggling for space. She had a kind of gut of steel muscles that made her look as if she were pregnant with pure strength. Only now did the perverts realize that Jennifer only wore the flimsiest possible outfit, a leotard made of a few strategically placed strings. The part that covered her cunt

completely disappeared between gigantic thighs, which each were bigger around than Anne-Louise's chest, easily rivalling Philipp-Wilhelm's. The muscles were so big they almost hung down over her knees. Under these, there were even more overtrained calves that seemed to rub against each other when she took a step.

She fled and let her ridiculous outfit explode. Its remains drifted to the ground. She stood in front of her employers and asked:

"Convinced?"

The pair was completely speechless. They had never seen anybody like it, they hadn't even thought this was possible.

Jennifer advanced on them and presented her muscles. They stuck to her like leeches, touching every bulge, caressing every line of her surreal body. Jennifer smiled haughtily. She could literally see their minds explode. The arousal seemed to swallow their brains whole, breaking their consciousness.

At last, she threw them to the ground. She stood above them and said:

"You can now try to satisfy me."

Jennifer was surprised. The two puny creatures almost strangled each other trying to make her hot. Their passion was almost ridiculous. They tried to reach her legs, but Jennifer just easily pushed them back. They were about to bite into

each other, so the titaness had some mercy. Before she realized it, she was getting licked and caressed by them. She dropped to the floor and let them have fun. When it got too much, she gave them a slight squeeze of her legs. It took a while, but eventually, she let them cum. The pair was sticky and exhausted. The muscular hulk smiled, covered them with a blanket and left to please herself.

In the end, Jennifer decided to stay. Anne-Louise and Philipp-Wilhelm were completely enraptured by her and fulfilled her every wish. Slowly, she trained her body to a level that almost made her immobile. She was just too muscular. So, she let herself be served and satisfied, leading a life of lust, muscles and decadence.

###

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.