



Desires

Roy Ellison





Desires

Roy Ellison



Desires

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 2019 Roy Ellison

I always wanted a cock.

There, I said it.

Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to have a penis. It was just too fascinating. All the boys had one, and I always felt I lacked in that department. Now, don't get me wrong. I didn't want to be a boy. Just the dick was enough. Maybe it was the "pissing standing up" thing. Maybe it was the whole having something dangling to play with shebang.

I don't know.

But for as long as I can remember, I always craved this. When I hit puberty, things got more intense. I became a woman, with breasts and a butt and everything, I had sexual desires, and I realized that the most important one was having a cock.

I did quite a bit of experimenting. I managed to find guys who were willing to let me try out a strap-on with them. I have to admit, I liked that. It was the second best thing. The guys would lie between my legs and suck my fake dick, I would shove it into their assholes and give them a good hammering. Some would let me do that more than once.

I also experimented with girls. Of course. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not a lesbian. Actually, I'm starting to believe that I might not have a normal sexuality. I think that I don't much care who I am fucking as long as I can do it with my cock.

One day, I had my first revelation. It was amazing.

I watched some porn with a friend of mine, a very butch lesbian that shared my appreciation for strap-ons. Ulrike! A tall, rough girl with freckles and blue eyes.

We didn't fuck much, but we liked to masturbate together, usually while watching some of the rougher porn.

Now, here's the revelation. The movie we watched was the usual inane shit, but they had this huge bodybuilder woman with a rubber hood. She just turned up, her clit looking like a little dick. It was maybe an inch and a half long. But as she got it licked, it got erect.

In that moment, I decided that I wanted to be a bodybuilder.

Yeah, seriously. I kinda liked the look and the idea of getting my clit to grow bigger and bigger ... Happily, Ulrike turned out to know a few people. She also showed me a few tricks at the gym. To be honest, I went in way too hard. I immediately started out with the full program, completely overdoing it at first. I'm just happy I didn't get hurt. I did end up being very sore for weeks, but it soon started paying off.

You see, I trained hard from day one, I picked the toughest diet and I started using gear as soon as possible.

Damn, did that give me a push! You couldn't imagine it. I went from flabby and unsexy to hard in under a year. I just pushed and pushed, forcing myself to change. I wanted this so much, it fucked up the rest of my life.

I alienated a lot of my friends, I lost my job and Ulrike really suffered. When I lost my temper, I would explode in a rage and just fight anybody. Poor girl! I guess she must have liked it in a way. She just kept getting me more of the stuff, even coming to shoot me up.

All those roids really busted me. I got big fast, but I sure paid the price. I had really bad acne, I ruined my voice, my face started looking amazingly bad. I had to shave my fucking back and bits of my chest. But I did get what I wanted.

I got seriously buff.

When I started, I was overweight and out of shape. I had some nice soft tits and a big butt, a fat belly and some thunder thighs. I was rather gross. With that strap-on, I have to admit that I looked weird.

A year later, I was a beast. I had lost most of my fat, I was fucking ripped now! I had a six-pack, a hard, gaunt face and a broad chest, with little, bag-like mini-tits. But my pecs were amazing. And my shoulders? Fuck yeah! I was thick and buff and I had this crazy v-shaped back. My thighs were as big as before, but now they were all muscle and power.

People just stared at me wherever I went.

But the best, the amazing, the coolest part about all this was that the roids had really fluffed my clit. It had grown like crazy. Okay, I also got myself a penis pump and started sucking it bigger all the time. Just watching my clit stretch in that fucking tube ... It was enough to make me cum. Fuck it. Just thinking of it makes me wet!

So I got bigger and harder and thicker and I got it pierced. I mean, it was still tiny, but it was a start. There were some women who wanted to try this. I'd get a

double-header, sink one side up my cunt and fuck them with my clit on top of the rubber cock.

Just rubbing my mini-rod against their clits was amazing!

And the men liked it too. That was the most surprising part. I don't know why, but ever since I turned myself into a fucking muscle-studwoman, the boys all wanted to fuck me. Maybe I was a challenge, maybe they wanted to get their asses handed to them, I don't know. I don't care.

Sure, they never wanted to be seen with me in public, except for some perverts, but they all turned up to suck my little dick.

I liked that. Having one of these guys munching at my cunt, bobbing his lips up and down my she-dick, that was quite some sight.

Things only escalated from that point.

A while later, I heard about a special treatment they had developed for porn stars. They used it to get bigger, because bigger cocks meant more jobs. It was a super illegal, highly risky thing you could only get by knowing just the right people.

I knew what I had to do.

Thus Rodna Steele was born.

Seriously. That was my porn name. I don't remember who came up with it, but it was so stupid it stuck.

I loved it. I would appear all pumped up, my muscles glistening and my clit sucked to size and fuck everyone in sight. At that time, I was doing even more drugs, and I must admit that I could sometimes feel my mind slipping. I had put on some thirty more pounds of muscle, and I was pretty much a heavyweight bodybuilder now. I especially loved my big, thick legs and my incredibly hard pecs. I had the remains of my boobs removed at that time. Rodna Steele didn't need those little bits of tit. I thought about getting implants, but in the end, having massive pecs won out. If I put in all that work, I really wanted to show them off.

During this time, I met my original inspiration. I got to shoot a flick with that bodybuilder that originally inspired me. Her name was Tammy, but her name in the business was Kelly Kocks. We spent a lot of time giggling at the names when we were high. It was fun working with her.

I was really surprised to see her face. She always had that hood on and when I saw her the first time without it, I would never have thought that this was her. The thing was, Tammy was a cute little grandma. At least facially. She had a body like a beast, but with her graying hair and the old face, she mostly looked like she was about to bake cookies for everyone.

And then she did!

She wore the hood because she was afraid her grandkids would recognize her.

That was great too.

Anyway, Tammy and I ended up having great fun together. We would hit the gym together and we'd find some boys to fuck when we were all horny from the stuff we were shooting. I really inspired her to push herself some more and she started building her body even more. After a year, when we did the Muscle Cocks sluts Retroseries, which was just an endless stream of us two fucking each other and a bunch of other people, we had both pumped up to huge size. I was getting close to male levels and I had this incredibly thick neck that made me look like a roided up bull.

So, now that I was established as a kind of legend in my own stuff, I asked around for that procedure. It took me several tries to get the stuff. Apparently, the drugs were originally developed to fix some weird animal problem, but if they worked, who cared?

When I started the treatment, my whole body went haywire. Fuck. You can't imagine this. I was having it all: hot flushes, shakes, cramps, fucking seizures ... That stuff was nasty. The roids had been bad enough, but those drugs really almost killed me.

The other guys who had tried it had warned me and nobody knew what it would do to a woman anyway. I managed to survive it, though. Soon enough, my clit started growing. A little at a time, but as I was drifting back out of my weird hallucinations, I was getting bigger.

After a month, I had added an inch.

Half a year later, I had a nine-inch she-cock dangling from my cunt. I was still pumping that thing hard, and it was getting pretty thick. I loved it. I could almost suck myself now. It I only got a little stretchier and my cock got only a little longer, blowing my own clit was on the table ... For now, I had all the others do it for me.

Ulrike came back into my life. She had been following my career online and she was a big fan. She did show her appreciation.

When I had my comeback, the fans went crazy. Some thought I had gone too far, but I didn't care. I had almost reached what I wanted. My clit would get all hard and erect and I would fuck all those people with my big, hard muscular body.

Rodna Steele was becoming a true star. I did a bunch of gay porn and the boys really appreciated my work, but I also stayed true to the boys and girls. When I had my first titfuck scene, I knew I was getting there. Watching that girl with her big fake tits bob up and down my she-cock was amazing.

I even got my clit molded as a dildo. I think that's the moment you know you made it.

Around that time, some crazy guy came up with a special implant that could make your cock thicker. The boys were all for it and once I saw the kind of massive rods they had after that, I knew I needed that.

Just so you know, I was a fucking hulk around that time. Rodna Steele was as

big as a middleweight male bodybuilder, with an eleven-inch clit and a face only a mother could love. I didn't care. I was a roided-up she-monster, completely crazy and probably very dangerous, but as long as I could fuck, I could deal with it.

When I signed up for that implant, I picked the biggest size they could get me. The doctor had never tried that thing on a woman, because seriously, who would want that, but she said she would try her best. I'm going to spare you the details on the potential risks. When I got out of surgery and she told me everything went fine, I was in heaven.

My return on the scene took a while, but fuck, did I make an impression.

Most of you will know the scene, it's been turned into a meme and used for pretty much any context.

Three girls are discussing what they want to do that evening. I come in out of nowhere (yay, porn logic!) and say:

"I know what you want."

Then I flap my clit on the table. It looks like a goddamn baloney. I was at fourteen inches then, and my clit was twelve inches around. Seriously. And I wasn't even fully hard yet.

Then I fuck their minds out.

Things got a bit difficult after that. People started complaining that my dick was just too big. I was turning into a novelty, I guess. Only the craziest women would dare getting fucked by that thing. The boys were a little more adventurous, but the bigger I got, the harder things became. Literally.

At the time, I was getting close to three hundred pounds of ripped hard muscle. I was as feminine as a lead from an eighties' action movie and I basically started to feel the problems I had been ignoring. All those hormones were killing my liver, my social life was a wreck and my sex was getting tougher. I still found plenty of people who wanted to try, but I was getting tired of being the butt of jokes.

Also, that's when I realized I had a huge clit, bigger than the vast majority of cocks, it still wasn't one. That was annoying.

It was around that time that I was introduced to Jamila and Yunus. By Ulrike, no less. She was still a fan, even if I hadn't seen her in forever, and things clicked immediately. Her friends were a couple she met over her job as a bodyguard. Once she realized what they liked, she knew who to talk to.

It turned out that this couple had been long time enthusiasts of fat cocks and they were looking for a live in dominator. I definitely fit the bill.

With them, things turned around. I found my new calling. I moved in with them and took control. They instantly loved me. Stretching out their asses and Jamila's cunt was my new pride and joy. I would master them, order them around and make them please me.

And they only wanted me to get bigger!

Happily, I obliged. With their kind of money, I could buy all the drugs I ever needed, even a new liver and another one to spare. Everything to get more massive.

Finally, it was around that time that I had my clit modified to be able to piss through it. It was a small thing and it certainly didn't make my life easier (I could barely pee standing up now, let alone do it sitting down without a specially designed urinal.), but it was the thing I had been longing for quite some while. Just doing this the first time felt incredible.

I also had my face fixed so it looked a little more human. Just a courtesy for when we were in public abroad. At their home, I was usually veiled up when outside, so no one was any wiser. Don't get me wrong though, I still looked as if I was able to bite other people's heads off. And I probably could.

My slaves did their best to accommodate me. They trained hard to pleasure me, even getting modifications to be able to accept my gigantic she-cock. And you know I kept pushing it bigger and bigger. I was never satisfied.

Back then, I was huge. I had those mega-traps that almost ate up my ears, with pecs as thick as cinderblocks and abs like baseballs. I still had something of a taper, but it was just absurd now. I shaved my body mostly. If I forgot about it, I'd turn very bushy in no time. And with my gigantic she-dick, that looked pretty insane. I mean, that thing hung down below my knees, and it got seriously squished by my thighs. I wore a kind of special codpiece to keep it out of the way. With my quads looking as if somebody had stuffed some watermelons

under my skin, that was for the best. And my calves ... Let's just put it this way. When I wanted new boots, they had to skin a new cow.

Of course, Jamila and Yunus would get me everything. I was the gift that kept on giving.

When I wasn't fucking them or ordering them around, I was using my ridiculously large arms to squeeze them. One could have called that wrestling, but that would suggest they had a chance.

They didn't. I was just too strong for them.

And then, one day, things turned sour.

It happened without warning. I was pumping up my muscles in my own private gym, blasting my arms with the huge weights I tended to use, when I heard Jamila gasp. I asked her what was going on and she showed me.

It turned out that my friend Tammy had been busy building up a new star. She was quite old by now, but still kept fit. Her protégé, on the other hand, was serious competition for me.

She was young, she was hungry and she was huge. Bigger than me. Billed as "Killa Kock", she wore the same style mask as her mentor and she outdid me on every level. Of course, at first, I tried to talk this down, but deep inside, I knew that she was beyond me.

I did my best to keep on top of the game. I worked harder, I tried to keep my sponsors' attention, but I could only delay the inevitable.

And once they dropped me, I was crushed. Totally.

I had a bad time. It felt as if someone had pulled the rug out from under me. Soon, I was spiraling, and before I knew it, I was losing myself.

I ballooned, losing my muscles and generally looking gross and out of shape. I hated myself back then. I didn't know how she did it. That woman was half my age and twice my size, so to speak. I just wanted to find out her secret.

In the end, I called in a few favors in the business and got a job behind the camera. Work was okay. Most people didn't recognize me. Killa, as people called her, continued her movie making while working for Jamila and Yunus. It was a crappy arrangement, but she didn't want to give up on it for now.

After a while, I managed to get a position as her masseuse. As you'd expect, we got talking. She liked me, I guess. It also turned out that she had been into me. That's what inspired her to go this way. Of course, now she no longer thought too highly of me. After all, I'd become second rate next to her.

And then, one day, she revealed the trick.

She had found a special genetic treatment that allowed her to customize her

body. It was super-experimental and she had only found it because her boyfriend invented it. He was her ex now, but she didn't care much.

For me, that was the moment of revelation.

The next day, I quit everything and got on a plane to meet this ex of hers. It turned out that he was still angry about her. So when I offered an opportunity for revenge, he was all in!

Getting ready took forever.

I would like to say that we had a kind of developing relationship at the time, but that was bullshit. That guy was not into my stuff. He was just fantasizing about humiliating her. Very well.

When it was time to get the treatment, I was super excited. The stuff he told me would happen was terrifying. I was going to have so much fun!

He got me the injections, hooked me up on those weirdo drugs and nutrients and hit it.

Now, how do I describe my transformation? It's hard. Let's put it simply: I was alive. My muscles were expanding like crazy. It hurt so much ... I felt I was going crazy. I could see my body grow. My fat was just melting away and I could see those huge muscles emerge like a whale breaching the water. It was so awesome ... I just wish I could go through it again, simply because it felt so

good.

I was turning into an ultra-bulky monster version of myself. When the whole process was through, I weighed maybe six hundred pounds, most of it muscle. I could barely move from all that power. And my cock? It went down to my ankles. Fuck yeah! I had no idea how to live like that, but right then, I didn't fucking care.

I was a monster, a goddess, the absolute best.

The best part was that my guy there had prepared a little bonus. I could shrink down a little and unfold all that mass at will.

So you guessed it.

I went back on stage.

And when I announced my comeback, Killa laughed. I was looking the way I used to. I smiled and challenged her to a cockfight, if you will.

Poor girl. She thought she had me.

She never had a chance. She tried, though. I was too much for her. When my body exploded with muscle and my cock burst from my clothes like an ICBM, that wannabe could just gasp. I was fucking gigantic. That weirdo had included a

little extra when I triggered the growth next to his ex. I grew and grew, turning into a muscle mountain in a matter of minutes. My head looked tiny amidst all those masses of strength.

Although I was surprised, I also was very turned on. She tried her best to flex and look a little larger, but I wasn't caring about her anymore. Instead, I just came. Her ex had modified my cock without telling me and I was cumming like a geyser. The poor tiny musclegirl was getting soaked in my cum. It wouldn't stop and I was only getting hotter and hotter.

Damn. Just thinking about it now makes me hard. I have to move my desk now. Don't want to flip it over. Shit.

Yeah.

So. Back to my story.

I was beyond the pale now, too much, too big, too terrifying. Jamila and Yunus begged to have me back. I allowed them to send me money. That was all. I was still disappointed and they deserved my disdain.

However, once I was back to mostly normal, that is huge and muscular, but able to move, I realized I needed Killa. Without her, I couldn't get as big as I liked. It turns out that she was still my biggest fan after all. I had her modified to fit my uber cock and, yeah, things are great now. I have my own personal mega-cocked slave, I'm swimming in cash, I have muscles on top of muscles and I got what I always wanted.

A fucking amazing cock!

###

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.