

DETHRONED

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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This is the story of how I got my life ruined and rebuilt. Please understand, I am a big guy. I was a tall kid, rather fat, but broad shouldered. I used to get picked on at school at first, but since I was pretty strong, I could easily teach the other boys a lesson and make sure they shut up. After school, I started working out. I just wanted to look good and to deal with my back pain, also, I decided I enjoyed just focusing on my training, keeping my mind off other things.

That was a great idea! I went from Mr. Bear to hunk in a year. Then I continued on and became a full-sized bodybuilder. A large one. I went to competitions, won a few ones, lost some, but settled for the gym eventually. In my normal job, I'm not that impressive. It's just routine. But at the gym, I was the king.

Seriously, people respected me. Nah. I guess they were afraid of me. The dudes at least. The girls were into me, that is those that weren't lesbians. And even those ...

It turned out that not only being huge and muscular, but also having a rather big dick was great for a certain type of women. Women I enjoyed fucking.

I could just walk through the gym, showing off my big muscles, giving people encouraging nods, correcting little errors and straightening out the boys who didn't know their place. Life was good.

That is, until she showed up.

Millie.

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not against women building their bodies. Some of the best fucks I've had were musclewomen. They know what they like and they have the means to get it. That's how it should be! But Millie ... I don't know why, but she instantly rubbed me the wrong way. Or rather, she didn't. I was just strangely fascinated.

She walked in one day, did a few exercises, then came to me and said:

“Hey, big guy, could you give me some pointers to start?”

No please, no thank you. I mean, she was a tall, lanky girl, maybe 5’10”, 120 pounds or something, but I was a little impressed. Not by her look. She was just some weird stick insect, with no attempt at being even slightly sexy. No, I just found the sheer disrespect astonishing.

So I let her do her thing.

I came up with a training schedule for her and explained the various exercises. I didn’t do this because I liked her. I did it because she asked and I accepted her seriousness. Besides, I liked to brag about my skills at training and show off how good I was.

I watched her do her thing. I have to admit, I was surprised that she stuck to it. Most people here at the gym just don’t have it in them. They start strong, if they even do, then their motivation breaks down within a month and they disappear, usually being ashamed of their failure.

Millie did not. She started training and continued and she stuck to it. She continued asking me for hints and I have to admit, I felt flattered. Not that she made any attempt to get me to feel respected. It was just her ballsiness. Also, the training was showing results. She was getting buffer slowly and steadily. Her shoulders got wider, her arms got lightly muscled, her abs appeared on her

midsection, she got muscular curves all over. Now, don't get me wrong: This was not her becoming a bodybuilder. She was just looking fit. Besides, she kept mostly covered up. I wasn't peeking or anything, but I couldn't help myself from looking either. It was an interesting transformation, that was all.

Of course, I eventually couldn't hold back anymore. I took her to the side and asked:

“Say, Millie, you've been working out here for three months and you haven't slowed down. Do you want to make some real gains?”

She looked at me with a smirk:

“And if I do?”

“There's a thing: The training is fine and all, but the real trick is the nutrition. If you want to make some serious progress, you need protein. A lot of it. Your current diet ... It's not going to cut it.”

“So you've got a solution for that?”

I don't know why I stayed. I should probably just have shrugged and returned to my training. But that sheer snark was holding me back. Was I going crazy? To my own surprise, I said:

“Yeah. I have a deal with a friend. He cooks my meals. If you want, I can get you on his list too.”

“Okay. Do that.”

And she turned away and continued her workout.

I stood there like ... I don't know what I was like. Like a fool? Like a complete idiot? Why did I let her do this? I don't know why, but I gave my friend a call.

How should I put it? Millie was starting to worry me. She was turning into my nemesis, or something. No, really. I was the king of this gym. The newbies feared me, the senior members bowed to me, the management was afraid of me taking my business and my body elsewhere. I was big, I was strong, I was ripped. I was disciplined as hell, I took no days off. I didn't do cheat food, I trained precisely. I was incredible.

I went to contests not to participate. I went there to win.

And now, this.

This woman ... She was starting to get buff. I couldn't see that much, simply because she kept wearing that ridiculous tracksuit, but I got glimpses of her developing muscles. And I hated her. I hated her so much. I even got one of the bunnies to check on her. Pinky or Minky or whatever her name was went into the showers with her to see what she looked like without that suit. She even

managed to snap a blurry picture of Millie.

Fuck. I couldn't believe what I was seeing on that girl's phone.

Now Millie wasn't a bodybuilder yet, but damn ... She was well on her way. Her muscles had definitely grown, her shoulders had become wider, her arms more ripped, and her back ... Okay, that was getting into bodybuilder territory. As was her ass ...

Shit.

I knew I was a good coach, but I couldn't believe such little support helped so much ...

Now here's the thing: I was starting to fantasize about her. Was this a thing? I mean, wasn't I supposed to be lusted after? I expected Millie to look at me, to admire me, to want to feel my muscles.

No way. Instead, I found myself watching her as she trained, trying to sneak another peek at her body. I did my best to purge this from my mind. I wanted to stay the king. And yet, somehow, she was gnawing at my power.

One day, maybe after seven months of training, she walked up to me and said:

“Hey, King, thanks for the hint with the food. It's working great.”

I acknowledged her with a grunt. “King” ... She had a way of saying this that made me cringe. There was no respect in her voice. She just said it as if it were my name.

She continued, watching me train. There was no admiration, no fawning. Just seeing what I was doing as a matter of fact. Eventually, I couldn't bear it anymore and growled:

“Is there anything you want?”

“Yeah. I heard you could get me some gear.”

I stared at her. Seriously? I mean, of course, I could get anything I wanted, even the crazy stuff not even I used regularly, just before the important competitions. The stuff that had so many sides you had to pick which ones you chose as wanted effects just to calm your mind.

I should have just told her to fuck off. Enough already.

I didn't. Instead, I shushed her and said:

“You shouldn't use that stuff. You don't need it. You can get buff and fit naturally. Just eat right, train, and you'll see.”

She grinned and replied:

“Yeah, no. I want that stuff. I want to get big, you know?”

I tried it once more:

“Seriously, Millie, that stuff is dangerous and it can fuck you up. You shouldn’t even think about it.”

“Whatever, King. I look at you and all I see is that it works. So I want this too. So get me some.”

I wanted to just tell her to leave me alone. I couldn’t. The King doesn’t beg for people to go. But somehow, I couldn’t just make her leave without coming across as pathetic.

“Okay. I’ll get it. But be careful, okay.”

“Yeah, no problem.”

And she left, again letting me stand like an idiot.

Soon enough, I got her the stuff she wanted. Nothing too bad. The usual gear the

girls tended to use. No heavy side-effects, probably. Just some stuff to boost her workouts. I showed her how to handle it, she produced a vague thank you and off she went.

Again, she didn't show me any respect. I mean, I guess she didn't have to. After all, I might be the king of the gym, but since she was doing her own thing ...

I know this is starting to sound pathetic, but ... I was obsessing over her. She wasn't even remotely interested in me. Even the lesbians at our gym tended to like me. They would work out with me, we would usually talk about current crushes, sports, the usual. Some of them were good friends. Not Millie. She stayed distant, and it bothered me incredibly. I hated, hated, hated this.

And still, every time she showed up, I would look up, relieved that she was around. If she missed a workout, I started worrying. Was I in love? Was it just obsession?

It certainly wasn't lust. The only thing that changed about her wardrobe was that she got a bigger, roomier tracksuit. I got PinkyMinky to get a look at her in the showers again, but this time, she didn't take a picture. Instead, she was blushing deeply and said nothing.

I asked her:

“What happened? What did she do? What is she looking like?”

My voice got pretty shrill. PinkyMinky just gave me a shocked look, probably because of my outburst, and walked away.

That moment was probably the turning point. Something must have gone very, very wrong.

The thing was, whatever PinkyMinky said to her friends, they were starting to lose interest in me. Up until then, I could just pull off my shirt, grab the heaviest dumbbells I found and do a few reps and the bimbos would be all over me, fawning over my big muscles. They would giggle when I posed and blush when I shot them a look.

It was still there, but ... It started to feel like an act. Was this for real?

What was going on?

Millie just continued her training as if nothing had happened. She would pump iron close to me, she would even ask me to spot for her and of course, I did just that. The thing I certainly noticed was that she was getting quite strong. Nowhere close to me, but for a woman ...

At night, when I tried to sleep, she would appear in my dreams. She would pose in that stupid suit, I would see hints of her muscles, but never the whole picture. Just a fantasy of her pulling down the zipper, and yet, just before I could even see her pecs ... I'd wake up, sweaty and exhausted.

Shit.

Now I tried to avoid her, but she wouldn't let it happen. She would just come and train, she wouldn't talk to me, she would just do her routines, ignoring me completely. And still, she was always there.

Once, as I was preparing my pre-workout, I heard the bimbos chat among themselves.

“... And she's like, so big now ... Like, you know, for a girl, and stuff ...”

“Yeah, like totally! So awesome. I dunno, but I like kinda wish she would like notice me.”

“Hey! I like saw her first! She's like my crush, not yours!”

“Quit shoving, you'll ruin my new suit!”

“Oh sorry, I didn't want to ... I like keep forgetting it's like your only stylish one!”

“You're mean!”

“Girls, don’t worry. You don’t have to like beat yourselves up over Millie, cos she’s like totally into me anyway!”

“No way! You’re a liar, Lizzy!”

I’d heard enough and went to my station. What the fuck?

I did my best to keep to myself. Sure, I was fantasizing about Millie pretty much all the time. At night, when I went to sleep, I would masturbate to my image of her. I had no idea what she really looked like under that damn suit, but ... I manage to fill in the blanks all the same.

Oh God.

I thought about her big, hard muscles, about her pecs which probably were thick and ripped by now. About her broad shoulders, this at least I could deduce from what I saw. Oh damn. She was getting wider and stronger and it was my fault. Fault? Maybe. Anyway, I thought about her abs. I knew about her diet and the focus of her training, so they should be defined and powerful by now. Oh, to lick those blocks of powerful, hard meat ...

I could tell from the way she walked that her thighs were getting bigger and bigger too. She had to be literally packed with muscles now and I was being excluded! I hated her so much, but I was completely helpless.

I stuck to my training, desperate to keep up appearances, but the other guys at

the gym started noticing I was slipping. Now, in most gyms, there's a bit of horseplay and talking shit, but when it comes to getting big, the boys will stick together. After all, that's our common passion. However, being king is more difficult and the others were starting to grumble. I kept them down by showing my superiority, but I was having doubts.

Also, I noticed how Millie was hanging out with the boys more and more and how she was beginning to keep up with their workouts. Fuck.

Then, she showed up unexpectedly while I was training. She spotted for me with a friendly grin, egged me on and did her best to support me. Now, the king doesn't need support. The king does what he wants and gets people to help him when he wants!

I wanted to shoo her away, but she just didn't take it. Instead, she just continued, counting out my reps, encouraging me.

When I was done, I felt challenged. Not just as far as my training went: She did bring a little extra energy to my pumping. No. I was also feeling shitty because she had subverted my authority. I shot her an angry look, but she just smiled and answered:

“I wanted to return something for all the help you gave me.”

I couldn't say much.

Then she asked:

“Oh, by the way, could you get me some stronger gear? I feel as if I maxed out the stuff you got me.”

I tried to say no, or at least to warn her of the side-effects, but she just shook her head, put her hand on my forearm and said:

“Don’t worry. The boys already told me everything. I’ve got it under control.”

And she left.

What was I to do?

Of course, I could just not have done it. I could just have ignored it and not done anything. Yeah, right. By that time, I was so deep down that rabbit hole that I couldn’t resist her anymore. Besides, more roids meant more muscle: I wanted her to be huge because I lusted after her, so if I gave her what she wanted, I would get what I wanted. Of course I did it.

I handed her the package and wanted to say something, but she just took it, eagerly said thank you and headed off.

She left me standing there, completely lost.

With that stuff, she started juicing heavily. I could tell that she was blowing up, devouring six to seven meals a day and just pumping like crazy. She was growing fast, probably too fast, but she loved it. The sides were getting rough on her, her voice dropped, her face got harder, but she obviously loved it. She got herself a bigger suit again, still depriving me of my rightful prize. I was horny and frustrated.

The girlies swarmed her, the boys surrounded her, admiring her form and encouraging her to pump more, to do longer, harder sets.

I was left to my own devices, trying to impress some newbies, but I was starting to feel ridiculous. It made me furious, but there was nothing I could do. I was losing my mind, but she just continued her thing, teasing me, provoking me, making me look like an idiot. I cared about her, she didn't seem to care about me.

At the same time, I was completely obsessed with her. I started paying PinkyMinky to snap some pictures of her, and she did that, but they were always super blurry! When I told her I was unhappy, the bimbo just giggled and said something along the lines of "Yeah, like, I kinda tried, you know, and stuff, but it's like, why don't you like ask her?"

So much for that.

They called her the queen. Of course they did. And here I was, lost. She was massive now, but I was still trying to wrap my head around it. I mean, the others couldn't even see how big her muscles were, and they adored her? Always that shitty tracksuit. But they got to feel her muscles, didn't they? I mean, I guess I

could have walked over to her and asked her, but ... No. I couldn't. I couldn't admit defeat. I was still the king! Yes! That was me. I was still the best and the biggest! I was great! I worked out as hard as before, harder even! I could do this.

PinkyMinky was still with me. I don't know why. Maybe she pitied me. She probably did. We had something like a relationship. She was the only thing that was left for me now. Sure, she tried to make me happy, or at least brighten my mood, but that wasn't enough. I needed the love!

At least, PinkyMinky liked my big cock. That was the thing I had left. Watching her suck me off was the last thing that kept me sane. When I saw Millie pumping iron like a madwoman, surrounded by her groupies, I felt down, but I was still the sexual alpha around here. That was good ...

She was gone.

I couldn't believe it. She disappeared. Just like that. She said something about it being a thing she had to do, something-something-medical stuff, and she was gone. I was happy. No, not just happy. Elated! Amazed! In total bliss! Fuck! This was the best news in forever!

It took me a while to realize it, but yeah, she was gone.

Gone, gone, gone!

I had to stop myself from dancing through the gym. At the same time, I realized

that I had lost her. Fuck. I was never going to see that wonderful body!

I crashed.

I had obsessed over her for so long and now, I was going cold turkey.

I was on an emotional rollercoaster. I did my best to be happy, but I couldn't help myself trying to stalk her. It didn't work. She had fallen off the face of the earth. I ask some guys from the gym that were in law enforcement to see where she had gone, discreetly, obviously. Nothing. She had left and disappeared without a trace.

Despite the pain and confusion, I got my life together. Time to retake my place!

Things went well. I was back! It was good to be king again! No, not again. I was still the king. Yes. She never had a chance. She left because I finally outclassed her after all! I was still the best. Yes. The best! That was me. That was who I was!

The people at the gym flocked back to me. I was once again the center of their universe. PinkyMinky got to be my first and best. After all, she stood by me in my direst hour. She deserved that at least.

The problem was, that was outside: Inside, I was losing it. Every night, I crawled endlessly through the net, trying to catch a clue on what had happened to her. I dreamed of her. I imagined her returning. I wanted her to come back to me. I

wanted to know! I deserved to know after all I did for her!

I even thought about getting PinkyMinky on the gear. I could train her. I could build her into a better Millie! One that liked to show off. One that would acknowledge my superiority, but still be ... her.

Fuck.

That wouldn't work.

I dropped it. Instead, I clung to my throne, being brash and awful to everybody. I had been challenged, and I didn't take it well.

The manager of the gym threw me out. He got one complaint too many and had to act on it. He was nice and all about it, but he said he had to run a business, so ...

Fuck.

I said goodbye to everybody and left. I did my best to hold my head up, but yeah. All good things must end. Losing this crushed me. I stayed home for a week or four. I lost my appetite. I stopped training. I went to the deep end.

PinkyMinky came to visit, but I didn't want to talk to her. She spoke to me through the door, telling me of what happened at the gym. Apparently, people

missed me. I didn't believe her. That was just an attempt to cheer me up. Fuck this. I sent her away.

There was now only one thing left, and that was getting back to Millie. I needed her. I needed to know. Oh God.

I was home the evening she came. Of course I was. I was always home.

She knocked on my door and I struggled to get up. I was still buff enough, but I was losing my shape. I stumbled to the door, trying to figure out who that might be. With a growl, I opened the door and stared.

It was her.

She stood there in that stupid tracksuit, just like that. And that thing was tight, I tell you.

“Hi. You were kinda hard to find, you know?”

I stared at her, wondering if that was real. Was I hallucinating? Had I finally gone crazy?

“I just ... live here?”

“Still hard to find. I heard you got kicked from the gym. Shame.”

“You think so?”

“Yeah.” I noticed how her voice was deep and powerful. “I wanted to finish this with style. But I think I’ll manage it here too.”

There was a wicked grin on her face.

“Mind if I come in?”

I nodded.

“Yeah, no problem.”

She got inside, moving her shoulders inside with a little turn. She was obviously wider than the doorframe now. Fuck.

Not knowing what to do next, I asked:

“Can I get you a drink?”

“Sure. Glass of water.”

I hesitated. When she didn't continue, I replied:

“Okay.” And went to the kitchen. When I returned, she stood in the middle of the room and I could get a better look at her. She had grown massive. My room looked small around her. Fuck. She was probably bigger than I had been at my best. I walked over to her, trying to hold the glass straight. Holy crap, I was getting hornier and hornier ...

This was a dream come true. I held out my hand and she took it, making a strange, convoluted gesture to get it to her lips without making her arms and pecs collide too hard. She took a sip and smiled as she saw my expression.

“Yeah. That's how big I am now. And it feels great!”

She probably noticed the sweat coming breaking from my brow and added:

“You want to see my muscles, don't you?” I tried to stop myself from nodding, but no chance. “I get why. I am amazing. I know you've been paying that girl to spy on me. She told me everything.” She grinned. “It's kinda both cute and pathetic. So ... If you ask nicely, I just might let you see.”

I literally fell to my knees.

“Please! Please!”

She grinned sadistically.

“Wow. I didn’t expect you to be so weak. But okay. Let’s do this.”

And she took a deep breath. Her muscles spread, straining the fabric of that already weakened outfit. She relaxed again, but the next time, she swelled even harder. I could hear little cracks and snaps as the seams started to give.

Was she really going to do this? Was she going to flex out of her outfit just by breathing? I stared at her, completely shocked.

“Oh God ...”

She was smiling blissfully as she lifted up her monstrous shoulders once more, spreading them even wider. Could I see the striations of her muscles through the suit? That had to be my imagination running wild ...

She took another breath, her body swelling up and then, with a lustful grunt, she leaned forward and hit a most muscular pose.

The top of her suit literally exploded from her body. Seriously, the tension was so big that pieces of fabric flew off as masses of ultra-shredded she-beef ripped through it, her muscles surfacing through it like a whale breaking through the

ocean water.

I gasped, falling on my ass. She laughed, ripping off the last vestiges of her outfit.

And then, I finally saw her.

She was truly huge. I had been big in my prime, back when I was still relevant. She was bigger. Her shoulders were as big as her head, maybe even bigger, and they were absurdly ripped. I could see all the carved lines all over them, and they led me to her brutal traps that looked as if they would swallow her neck and head whole.

She just grinned, her face looking a little lost on top of those enormous muscles.

“Is that your mind breaking?”

“Guh ...”

She flexed her giant pecs, making the feathered striations appear, rippling and quivering under the tension. They were bigger than the biggest tits I had seen in my life, and they were just muscle and more muscle!

I was completely lost. She laughed at my helplessness and flexed her arms, making her brutally carved biceps swell higher and higher. I had no idea how she

did that, but ... Fuck. It was just too much. I could feel my cock tent my pants, the precum soaking them thoroughly.

She noticed my helplessness and just smirked:

“Yeah, thought so. Just enjoy the sights, it’s not going to last.”

I stuttered:

“What do y-you ... m-mean?”

“I will destroy you. So have fun while it lasts!”

She turned sideways, her absurdly big pecs resting on her bloated, overloaded abs. Then she trusted her arm down, flexed and made her triceps almost burst out of her arm, doubling its girth.

I clung to the floor, hoping the room would stop spinning. She walked towards me. There was something weird about her gait now. Of course, it was already bizarre because of the mindboggling size of her thighs, but ...

Fuck.

She ripped apart the top of her pants and stepped out of them as good as she could, and then I saw it. There was her juiced up clit, easily two inches long and thick as a thumb, but under that, there was a giant ... cock.

It was massive.

I stared at it. Now I was losing it. This was some kind of weird nightmare, wasn't it?

At the same time, I could feel my own dick getting hard.

She laughed as she saw my expression.

“Yes, that's right. This is what you see. It's really there.”

She ran a strong, calloused hand over her clit and her shaft and they both started to rise.

“I found some crazy doctor who got me this special genetic uber cock ... It's so great, you wouldn't believe it ... Especially since yours is kinda pathetic!”

She rubbed it harder and it swelled and swelled. I was so turned on, I had no idea how to deal with this.

At last, I managed to ask:

“But ... why?”

She gave her cock a long, thorough stroke, her eyes rolling to the back of her head and her muscles hardening. I could see its head swell up. Was she going to cum?

She sighed:

“Why? Because you were a pathetic fuck. I just wanted to cut you down to size, to see you fall ...”

She rubbed her cock with one hand and stroked her clit with the other.

“And it felt so good. I just love being strong, and, somehow, I guess you were right ... It’s good to be king!”

I stared at that brutal display of supremacy and my mind broke. I had gotten what I wanted. I finally got to see her monstrously muscular body. I got to feel its heat so close to me, to witness its power, the thick veins all over it, the hard, shredded muscles ...

That’s when I found my place.

With a little hesitation, I opened my mouth and looked her in the eye.

She nodded gracefully and I started to suck her cock. First, I just licked it, but as I felt her head throb, I went in harder and opened wide to give it a good blow.

She laughed and let me play around, but then, she said:

“Oh, stop your messing around!”

Then she took the back of my head and forced her rod down my throat. I obliged, struggling to get it all in.

“Mmf!”

“Fuck ... That feels so good. It’s even better than all the girlies, because I know that you are a big, strong dude ...”

She started fucking my face, and I was happy. Seriously! I was in bliss. Just letting her use me ... It was incredible. I was losing my mind, but she was my anchor now. The only connection to reality.

With long, deep strokes, she fucked my throat, grunting and sighing as she had fun above me. I just looked up to her, saw her giant pecs obscure her face and

did my best to just make her happy.

Then, as she increased her intensity, she just put one mighty hand on the back of my head and started stroking her clit with the other as she continued pounding my face. I put my hands on her butt and tried to sink my fingers into her glutes, but that was pointless too.

When she shot her load, I felt my stomach run over with her cum. I choked, gagged and fought to survive. And still, I felt incredible! I had fallen completely for her and she would rule me.

At last, she pulled out her limp mega-cock and said:

“That was great! You’ve got talent, you know? And we’re going to practice a lot to make you even better ...”

My life changed.

I still go to the gym every day with her. I train hard. Millie wants me to be big and strong. Of course, I can’t hope to reach her size, and even if I did, she would train harder to outdo me again. But she needs me to be tough so I can withstand her love.

When she is at the gym, all the others crawl before her and ask to serve her. Sometimes, she allows me to fuck one of the bimbos. She watches as I do it and jerks off to it. On other days, she fucks me endlessly until we’re both sore. She’s

been talking about getting her dick made even bigger ... To my surprise, I hope she does it. I adore her size!

All in all, Millie is happy. She has become the biggest and best and she's having a great time. She trains hard, she grows bigger and bigger. It's a dream come true for her.

I am happy too. More than happy. I have found my king ...

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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.