

Discovery

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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All characters in this book are at least 18 years old.

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There are few words that men dread as much as these:

“I have checked your browser history ...”

Here I am, sitting on the sofa, playing video games on the big screen and suddenly feeling my life flashing before my eyes. I have been living alone for too long and obviously stopped paying attention. So, of course, that came to bite me in the ass. I switch off the game and turn to my girlfriend. She is amazing: rather tall, slim, nice breasts, cute butt, long brown hair, beautiful. And she's intelligent too. I hit the jackpot with her, but as they say, you should quit while you are ahead. No more fetishy porn if you struck it rich!

To my shame, I didn't, still sticking to my old online haunts and jerking off to the same crazy shit as before. And now, she found out. I feel my cheeks heat up, but I try to make an innocent face.

“Yes ...”

“You are one sick fuck.”

Oh no. Oh no. No, no, no. This can't be happening! This is super bad. I fucked up big time now!

“Listen, Rylie, I don't ... I didn't ...”

She walks over to me and puts her finger on my lips.

“Shhh ...”

Slowly, a grin appears on her lips.

“I like it.”

I blurt out:

“What the fuck?”

“Yeah. Of course, I was shocked at first, but then I thought about how it would feel ... And I kinda warmed to the idea.”

I swallow. I know she is open to ideas in the bedroom, but this? No way. She is making fun of me, isn't she? I'm not sure of how to react. Without thinking, I squawk:

“Seriously?”

“Definitely. I even went to a friend of mine who claims she is a witch. I told her about this fantasy, and guess what? She made this little beauty for me!”

She reaches into her shirt's cleavage and pulls out a tiny vial. There is a greenish liquid in it. It looks odd. More like vegetable soup than anything else. The little glass container makes a weird impression. She holds it up and says:

“She told me that this potion will transform me. Can you believe it?”

I feel my cock swell in my shorts. Oh fuck. I grab a pillow and put it over my crotch. She laughs:

“Okay ... I didn't expect you to react so quickly!”

She steps forward and slips her foot under the pillow, between my legs. I can feel her toes against my cock. It gets harder quick. She licks her lips.

“I am surprised and impressed. Just thinking of this made you hard? Wow. Wow. I love it.”

She rubs my cock some more, then says:

“So, if that thing actually worked, what would you do?”

“I would ... I don't know ... I would do anything for you.”

“Anything?”

“Anything.”

“Cool. I like that. Well, there goes nothing.”

Without much explanation, she pops off the tiny cork and empties the vial. She immediately retches.

“Yuck. That stuff tastes gross. I don’t know what I expected, but ... Blargh.”

I stare at her as she gags a little, then she adds:

“Whoa. That was something ... Now we wait ...”

“Okay ...”

She shivers. Suddenly, she sighs.

“Ooh ...”

“What’s going on? Are you okay?”

She moans:

“Aah ... This feels amazing ... I think it is ... working. Can you see anything yet? I ... I feel like a power flowing through me ... Like a kind of energy ... Ooh ...”

She gasps, and now, I am very, very hard. She looks at me through half-closed eyes and grins. My cock is so hard now, it's lifting the pillow. She takes a deep breath and sighs happily.

“Why don't you take away that pillow ...”

I reluctantly do it, revealing the tent of my shorts. She grins. Then she continues:

“I can feel something deep inside of me. It's so strange ... As if I'm going to change any moment ... There's a kind of ... I don't know how to put it.”

She runs her hand down her body, then into her crotch, pushing down the folds of her dress. Then, she touches her arms, caressing them and examining them with a kind of horny curiosity.

“Do you notice it? It's there, I can feel it ...”

I stare at her bronzed skin, wondering whether my mind is playing tricks on me or whether there's really something happening? Is it just me, or is her arm getting thicker?

She sees me, all horny and hard and comes very close now, looking me deep in the eyes. She breathes in sharply, biting her lip.

“Wow ... This is ...”

My eyes are very open now. I stare at her, my mouth hanging open. She is right there in front of me and this is happening, isn't it? This isn't just some weird lucid dream. She really found my secret stash and she loves it ... More than that, she somehow went all in ... How is that even possible? I gotta be dreaming!

She lifts her arm now, so close to me. The smell of my pre-cum hits my nose. Fuck. I haven't been this horny since my teens. She runs her fingers over her upper arm, looking for her biceps.

“What would happen if I flex that? Can you imagine it?”

I have to focus so I don't start shaking. I am so incredibly aroused now. It's almost too much. My brain is steaming ... I just hope she ...

“Want to touch it?”

My hand shoots up, making her pull back for a second, but she lets me touch her arm and I feel for something which might be there ...

That's when she giggles:

“Gotcha! Wow. You are so fucking horny, dear. I am impressed.”

Wait. What's going on? Is this a joke? Candid camera? I feel my head go crimson. My boner collapses. No. No. Please ...

She frowns.

“Hey ... Where did it go?”

I mumble:

“Was it just a joke?”

She looks a little disappointed, almost crestfallen.

“Yeah. Sorry. I mean, seriously. A magic potion? Did you believe that?”

“For a moment. Yeah. You sold it really well.”

There's a weird pause now. As if something broke. The magic is gone. I don't know how to deal with this right now. She lifts her dress a bit and sits on my lap, caressing my cheek.

“Sorry. I didn't want to make this even more awkward. I may have been a little angry about the stuff on your computer, but ...”

Just as I want to apologize, she gasps.

“Oh.”

Confused, I ask:

“What is it? Are you okay?”

“Oh God ... There's something ... happening ... I feel like ...”

“Ha ha. Very funny. Come on, give it a rest.”

“No, no, this is for real. There's this ... warmth. I can feel it. It's ... incredible.”

I half-expect her to laugh at me right away, but she doesn't. Instead, she takes deep breath after deep breath. It's clear she's trying to get through something

here. Is she feeling alright? I can't tell.

“I ... can't explain ... what's going on here, but ... it feels so good ...”

She groans and closes her eyes as she leans back. Believe it or not, but did she just get heavier? This is impossible, right? You can't just get heavier out of nowhere, can you? I stare at her and she is right there, breathing deeply. I can see her chest rise and fall, her breasts pushing against the fabric of her dress. God, she looks so incredible ... I feel weird. A moment ago, I was extremely horny when I imagined her transformation, and now, it's her turn. Why?

I feel very confused by this.

“The ... heat ... It's running through my body ... I ... Oh ... Oh ...”

She puts her hands on her tits and squeezes them. I should be confused, but now, I'm mostly turned on. She sinks her fingers into the fabric, her breasts getting pushed up. Or are they? Do they look bigger? Is this even possible? I stare at her, but I also get harder and harder. Oh fuck. This is incredible.

She licks her lips, sighing deeply.

“Wow ... This is amazing ... I feel so ... strong. How does this even work?”

I sit just me, or are her shoulders getting bigger? I am confused, but I like what

I'm seeing. She squeezes her tits harder and they are overflowing her bra, spilling out of her dress' cleavage. She pulls it down, the straps barely going over her expanding shoulders now. Is this for real? I can see her tanned muscles now, and she's nowhere little. Instead, her traps are rising out of nowhere, growing bigger and bigger. In no time, she just went from thin but fit to, well, just fit. More than that, really. She's getting athletic as I watch, and there's no sign of her stopping!

"Oh God ... I ... This power ... It's in me ... Now ..."

She moans lustfully, then bends forward, pushing me deep into the sofa. God, she's heavy! And in a very good way ... I stare at her spreading back muscles and feel her soft, heavy breasts rest on my chest. Fuck. I am so incredibly hard now!

"Girl ... I don't know how, but you are incredible."

"I know ... It just feels so ... good. I ... It's like a dream come true ..."

"Oh yes. It is. It so is."

Suddenly, I realize that her thighs have grown thicker and harder too. I feel that my legs are getting forced together by their bulk. I struggle to get my hand down there to free my cock and balls, but she just puts her arm in the way and grins:

"Hey ... Not yet ..."

“I was just trying to ...”

“No.”

Her gaze is very firm and I can see the glow of lust in her eyes. She gyrates her hips and rubs her crotch against my trapped cock. No fair! This is both incredibly arousing and uncomfortable. I plead:

“Please ... Let me ...”

She comes very close to me now. I can feel the mass of her huge tits on me. They must be as big as her head now! And they have to be perky because I can feel her nipples through the fabric ...

“Nah. Put your hands on my ass!”

I do as I am told. She loves her butt. This has always been what she considered her best part, and I got a lot of squeezing in. Well, no more. That ass is now rock-hard. I can literally feel the striations develop under my fingers. I struggle to grope at it, but it gets bigger and harder by the minute. I look up towards her and whisper:

“That’s ... incredible.”

She smiles and licks her lips, flexing her butt. I feel that my fingers get forced apart by it. I am shocked, but in a very good way. The best way. She grinds hard against me now, rubbing her crotch against my cock. It's getting downright painful now. I beg her:

“Please, just let me get my dick out ...”

“Nah. I'm having way too much fun. I never thought it could feel this good. You may be a pervert, but you have an excellent taste in kink!”

“Thank you, but ... please!”

I am so hard now, it's getting unbearable. My shorts are soaked with my pre-cum now. She squeezes herself against me, her massive tits coming up to her chin. I feel her strong arms against mine as she embraces me. I feel that she's forcing the air out of me. I grin, madly.

This is how I die. Squeezed to death by my suddenly muscular ultra-buxom girlfriend.

What a way to go.

I feel that my vision is going black when she suddenly releases me.

Somehow, I am on the floor now. I focus, then see her towering above me. She is

still wearing that dress, but it is now tightly stretched over an absurdly muscular body. I can even see the shape of her abs through the fabric. Also, is it just me or is that dress now way shorter than before? I mean, she basically had to pull it down to make way for her newly-grown giant breasts, so there's that. Also, her bra is stretched over them like it's going to explode any moment. Her nipples have already escaped, so it's just barely covering the lower half of these tremendous mega-boobs. I look down and see her amazonian legs bulge. Wow. Those are huge. They're easily heavyweight bodybuilder level! If she walks, that's going to chafe. They're also incredibly defined. That can't be real. I must have died and gone to some crazy heaven.

She smiles at me and says:

“Are you awake again?”

“What happened?”

“You passed out. For maybe a minute or so.”

“Okay ...”

“But you looked really happy.”

I nod, vaguely.

“I can’t believe what happened.”

“Neither can I, but I love it. I mean, look at these muscles! Aren’t they amazing?”

She flexes her arms and thick balls of concentrated, hard muscles emerge. Wow. I stare at her, my mouth gaping. She grins and runs her fingers over them.

“And there’s more! Watch this!”

She takes a deep breath. Her chest spreads some more and her dress creaks. Then, she bows forward, forcing her back apart. Just watching the enormous mass that’s barely covered by the fabric makes my cock drip and shake.

“Gnnn ... Aaah! Oh ... Yeah!”

With a crack, the dress is torn apart, the seams tearing open and the poor thing getting shredded by her massive, unstoppable body. Her bra breaks at the same time, her huge tits just barely registering the lack of support. She tears off the scraps and admires herself, running her hands over her hips and giving them a wiggle.

“Wow! I gotta admit, as fantasies go, this is a wonderful one.”

She’s now standing there in her panties, which look tiny faced with her muscle-

packed waist and her gigantic thighs. Aroused, she slips her hand into them and rubs herself, breathing deeply.

“Ooh ... That is nice ... You know, I was skeptical at first, but this is so good ...”

She drops the panties by pulling them over her ultra-ripped, rounded super-ass, then working them down her bulging, muscle-packed thighs. It's quite difficult for her and even as she gets past the knees, the little thing gets stuck on her calves.

She grins and says:

“I can see why it's clinging to me. Have you ever seen calves like these? They're even bigger than in your pictures!”

She turns sideways and gives them a squeeze. I stare at the display. Somewhere along that transformation, her shame must have gone overboard, because she is completely ecstatic about this! She even gets on her tiptoes once the stupid underwear is finally gone, forcing her calves out even further.

I finally manage to say something:

“You look incredible.”

“I know. I feel like it too!”

She stands up again and I can't help noticing the easiness with which she keeps a perfectly straight posture. She is model perfect, the elegant pose making her appear even taller and more imposing!

As she examines her muscles some more, I try to get out of my clothes. Enough! I can't stand that tease anymore! She's gotta ...

“What are you trying to do?”

I struggle with my clothes, having a hard time undressing with my horniness making me shiver. I fumble with my shirt, so she crouches down, grabs it by the collar and with a simple, quick pull, tears it open. I try to protest, but she pulls again, ripping up the fabric and quickly reducing it to shreds. I stare at her, she grins and flexes her arms:

“There. Better?”

“Much better. Amazing!”

“Yeah. I have to say, being this strong turns me on. I never would have believed it!”

She watches as I get out of my shorts, my cock rock-hard and erect. She smiles:

“The best bit is I don’t even have to do anything to get you all ready!”

“You didn’t have to do much before either.”

She nonchalantly pushes her humungous tits together and says:

“I know, but this is just too easy. God, they’re so big, and I barely even feel their weight. I love, love, love those back muscles!”

She spreads her wings, slowly getting to know every bit of her transformed body. Then, she gets down to me and hovers just above my body, her huge tits resting on my chest while the rest of her body seems suspended by the pure strength of her muscles.

She stays up on one arm, then goes for my cock. It feels incredibly intense. Her tits are blocking my view, as are her huge shoulders, but I can feel the warmth of her body and the closeness of her mighty muscles.

She grabs hold of me and I am now very, very hard. Oh God ... Just feeling those strong fingers on my skin ... I swallow.

“Holy crap ... This is ... too much.”

She licks her lips and says:

“Oh, is it?”

She gives my cock a little squeeze and I instantly panic, but she just smiles, relaxes her grip and starts fondling my cock and my balls for a bit. Every time I am about to shoot my load, she stops, grinning mischievously. After a bit, I am having a hard time staying in control. With a smile, she gets on top of me, leaning back and giving me a good look of her astonishing tits and abs.

What a sight! I barely manage not to splat everything with my cum.

She edges back, then sinks her pussy on my cock. She gasps:

“This is ... nice ... Wow ... I think it never was that big, was it?”

I just nod, my mind short-circuiting. She’s incredible. I can feel the strength of her cunt’s muscles on my cock as she slowly starts riding me. This is bad ... I don’t want to disappoint her!

She just smiles and says:

“Relax. I can understand that you need to cum. I know just how much I turn you on. I mean, I turn myself on too ...”

Okay. That's fine with me.

I just let it go. It feels like a shiver running all over my body. I spasm, I shake against her mighty thighs, and I feel I black out.

I wake up on the bed. This is weird. I look around, and suddenly see her right next to me. She smiles, all huge and happy, there's a kind of glow to her.

“Awake?”

“Yeah ... I'm sorry, but ... what happened?”

“Oh, I guess you overdid it, or something? You'll have to be careful. I can't have you fall unconscious all the time now, can I?”

“Well, you are breathtaking.”

“I know. Still, you have to be careful.”

She rolls over to me, her massive muscles showing a symphony of strength. She lies on her forearms now, her humungous breasts squeezed between them, her enormous shoulders and neck framing her face.

“I have to confess, when you blacked out, I had to finish myself on my own. I just needed that ...”

“I totally understand.”

“So, are you ready for round two?”

She licks her lips.

“Sure! I ...”

I instantly realize that I am hard again. She chuckles.

“If I’d known this, I would have done this a while ago!”

“Really?”

“Nah. It would have been just too weird. But now that this is a thing, I gotta say, I love it. I just carried you over here like that. You were light as a feather. I’ll have to check just how strong I really am now.”

“Wait. Is this permanent?”

“I guess. And if it’s not, I’ll have to get more of that stuff. I love being this big! I might also get other potions, you know? Just to try some things ...”

“Wow. You’re like a dream come true ...”

She grins.

“That’s nice to hear. Now, let’s see for a second serving!”

With these words, she quickly scrambles down towards my cock, getting between my legs. Surprised, I yelp, but she just takes those two giant tits and squeezes them against my dick.

“What do you think? That’s quite the sight, huh?”

I nod. My dick is literally disappearing between those warm, soft globes of flesh. Then, she does something with her pecs and I don’t know how, but there’s some weird movement inside those boobs and ...

Wow. That is amazing.

She grins.

“Ha! This feels great!”

She starts rubbing my cock hard and I am instantly on the verge of cumming again.

“Whoa. Oh God ... This feels ... awesome ...”

She squeezes her tits even tighter and I start to shudder. She mock-frowns:

“Hey, don’t go passing out again!”

I answer with a drawn-out howl. Shit. This is too good.

She laughs, seeing my cum well up between her massive tits.

“Okay ... Nice!”

I drop on the mattress again, feeling weightless. She gets up, her huge muscles all full and glowing. Her weight causes the mattress to shift, slowly pulling me towards her like a black hole. I moan:

“I’ll have to return some of that, won’t I?”

She smirks and nods.

I get on my knees and look up to her. I can barely see her face with those colossal jugs. I can, however, see her pussy, so I give it a tentative lick. She sighs happily.

“Yes ... That’s a good plan ...”

I do it again, lingering, exploring her lips, touching her clit, running my hands over the deeply grooved masses of her thighs, then moving upwards to her ripped abs before finding my way to her sculpted rear.

Soon, she’s breathing in sharply, and her hands appear on the back of my head. I gulp. Then she pushes me in. I grunt as I feel the pressure of her muscles on my skull. Wow. Her thighs open a little, and I can feel their incredible power radiate around my head. This is going to be very ... tense.

Still, no time like the present! I lick her, making her cunt quiver. This is great! I can hear her muffled moans above me, the pressure of her thighs shifting as I get to the more tense, sensitive parts. She’s having fun, and honestly, so am I ... Caught in her muscular prison, I feel happy and free. She holds me tight, keeps me safe and ... the honesty is exhilarating. I can be myself now, no more hiding my fetishes.

I have found the perfect woman for me.

Suddenly, I feel her muscles tighten. She starts to spasm and there is a thundering groan flooding my demented, compressed mind. She's cumming ...

Her cunt gushes with her juices, almost flooding my mouth and I lick on, swallowing what she gives me. Then, suddenly, she pulls me away. I see her throbbing clit in front of me, aching for more. She looks down on me, craning her neck to get a glance over her tits, then she grabs me by the throat and lifts me up. I didn't expect that. As I go up and up, suspended by her unreal strength, I look down on her, hanging from her hand, her packed arm muscles tensing.

"Wow ... I loved this ..."

I stare at her, completely enraptured. My feet are dangling in the air, my toes only barely brushing against the crumpled sheets.

She grins:

"I can't believe I can do this! I gotta be stronger than anybody!"

I try to nod, but that is not an option right now. Instead, I gargle:

“Oh yes ...”

“I want to try something else.”

With surprising ease, she flips me around. Literally. I end up hanging upside down, with her massive muscles holding me tight, easily suspended above the mattress. There is no shaking, no insecurity. I want to say something, but that’s when she closes her lips around my cock. She sucks at it and it feels ... good. There’s a sense of weightlessness and complete security to my situation. I admit, I feel a little lightheaded now, but only in the best way.

Seeing that she is working on my cock, I return the favor, getting close to her pussy and licking her.

Yeah.

Wow.

I must have lost consciousness again. Here I am, lying cradled in her arms, happy, her big tits squeezed against me. She looks at me, grinning.

“We’re going to have to be more careful. This can’t be healthy.”

I embrace her and kiss her.

“Maybe your friend should prepare a potion for me too.”

“Oh yes. Just you wait for my fantasies ...”

She kisses me softly, then reaches for my 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.