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by Roy Ellison

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

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March

“Girl, you look gloomy. What’s going on?”

“Ah, it’s just the same as always. I didn’t get that promotion.”

“Again?”

The other women stared at Louise and made sad faces. It was their monthly meet-up and they tried to support each other while sipping cocktails.

“Yeah. It’s just so annoying. I mean, I practically run the company now. I coordinate the sales and purchases, I handle the accounting, there’s nothing I don’t do and the boss just doesn’t care.”

“What an asshole!”

“Exactly. What is it with these guys?”

“I don’t know. Baumann Woods is a huge company now, we sell wood products all over the globe and the boss still thinks that you can only take decisions if you’re a lumberjack like him!”

“That’s so weird.”

“I know, right? I mean, what should I do?”

Sandra, an executive at a modelling agency, said:

“Maybe you’re dressed the wrong way?”

“What’s wrong with my business suit?”

“It could be too modern. Or not woodsy enough.”

“That’s stupid.”

“It’s just an idea.”

Lana brought more drinks.

“Drop the gloomy outlook and enjoy! This isn’t just for griping, it’s also for celebrating!”

April

“So, did that work out?”

“Nope. They made fun of me.”

“Okay, we need to hear this story and curse them!”

“There isn’t much to say. I just tried to add some elements of lumberjack-itude to my outfits. I tried flannel, I tried big boots, I even tried wooly caps ...”

“And?”

“It was warm, mostly. The boss complained that I was making fun of the business and that it didn’t look professional.”

Sandra was crestfallen:

“Hey, I’m really sorry my advice didn’t help.”

“No problem. It’s just that I now understand that I’m just an outsider in that company. I mean, it’s obvious. They have this big lumberjack convention thing during which they all drive up to the woods and chop at trees. Of course they bond! Of course the boss decides who gets a promotion!”

Lana asked:

“So, why don’t you quit and find another company that’s willing to treat you well?”

“The problem is, I like that job. It’s interesting, I get to take my own decisions and the environment is okay. I would lose by giving that up. All I want is a promotion to finally earn what I’m due.”

Sandra said:

“Shouldn’t you go to that bonding thing, then?”

“And do what? All those guys do is chop wood. I’m useless at that.”

Ally, who had quietly observed the debate, asked:

“Well, I’m talking out of my ass now, but what if you learn to chop that wood?”

May

“Hey, Louise, long time no see!”

Louise plopped herself amidst her friends and got her cocktail. She seemed a bit tired, but also less gloomy than before.

“What happened? You look a little happier.”

“I am. I think Ally here might have struck a chord.”

“I did? Cool. What did you do?”

“Well, I took your advice and tried the lumberjack stuff. I’m not sure this is going to be any use, but I got me some tools and some wood and I tried.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah! I’ve been chopping at wood, sawing through branches and drilling into boards every day for the last month.”

Lana commented:

“That sounds like the weirdest workout ever.”

“It kinda is. It’s really hard, but it gives you a good workout. Let me show you!”

She rolled up the sleeve of her blouse and gave her arm a flex. Indeed, there was

a nice little bump of a biceps.

“Cool. You should promote that as a fitness thing!”

“Nah. I decided I’ll try that again in autumn, when they do their big lumberjack thing. I gotta be ready by then.”

“Ready for what?”

“Ready for everything!”

June

“Hi, girls!”

“Whoa, Louise, you look fit!”

Indeed, Louise had changed her look a little. More than a little, actually. She had dropped the long sleeves for the evening and gone for a red dress that closed in her neck. There was some hooting from the girls: Her arms were getting really toned now. She had visible veins on them, her forearms were bigger too and her shoulders had become rounder and stronger.

“How did you do that?”

“Well, I mostly continued my training, but I also added some weightlifting at the gym.”

Lana nodded:

“Lifting is super-important!”

“I know, right. And it’s paying off. I can saw really quick now and I’m getting damn good with the axe.”

“You’re amazing! I can’t believe you’re going through with this!”

“Oh, I think I’m getting the taste of it. It’s actually pretty cool. I’m climbing trees now just like that and I really like the crafts aspect of it all. I mean, look at this!”

She showed them a few pictures she had taken. It was a simple bench, but decorated with some carvings.

“You did that yourself?”

“Yeah, but it was the third try. The first one was pretty wonky and the second one broke down.”

“That looks cool!”

“You really got yourself a hobby, don’t you?”

July

“Anybody heard anything from Louise?”

The women sat together, wondering what had happened to their friend.

“I haven’t seen anything. She just told me she took three weeks off for some special camp and then she was off the grid.”

“And is she going to be here tonight?”

“I dunno, I hope so.”

“Me too, I wanna hear more of her wood stuff!”

“Hi, girls! Have you been waiting for me?”

She just appeared next to them and dropped her butt on the bench. The women looked at her and stared. It was hot, so they all wore pretty light clothes that kept them cool, but Louise looked downright revealing. She wore a pair of hot pants and a tank top, plus a leather biker jacket. She was also tanned now and her reddish-brown hair had gone really light. She grinned:

“Missed me?”

They couldn't tear their eyes off her physique. Louise was fit now, no, she was muscular. She had some surprisingly big biceps that looked almost mannish, broad shoulders and a slender waist, a tight, muscular butt and some huge, powerful thighs.

“What did you do?”

“I went up north for three weeks and worked at a lumber camp. Did everything. Cut down trees, chopped wood, sawed stuff, everything. We even did a log drive. It's all very artisanal and you pay for the experience, but I loved it!”

“You sure seem to have found your calling.”

“I guess so. I probably have so much work waiting for me, but I really needed that break.”

The others nodded. They almost couldn't believe Louise had been depressed a couple of months ago.

“By the way, I made you this.”

She handed them jewelry made of wood. Each one fit her wearer.

“I hope you like them, I was bored in the evening.”

They agreed. The pieces looked elegant and nice.

August

“God, I hate them all so much!”

Louise was raging.

“What happened?”

“I can't stand those guys anymore! They just keep on screwing with my life and I ... I ... I mean, how dare they?”

“Girl, calm down and have a drink. Please.”

Lana handed her a cocktail and put her hand on Louise’s muscular forearm. She liked the touch. Louise took a long sip and groaned:

“Why can’t I have a regular job at a normal company?”

Sandra asked:

“So, what did they do?”

“They did nothing. That’s exactly the problem. You know how I wanted to join their stupid lumberjack event?”

“Mhm.”

“Well, it turns out I can’t even participate. No chance. No girls allowed. Cos we’re icky or something.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah! I guess they were intimidated, if you ask me. I’m a big woman, I’m strong, I’m tough, I can cut down a tree no problem. So, yes, of course, now that

I'm a threat, I can't go with them. Cos that would be dangerous to their frail male egos!"

"What a bunch of losers!"

Ally said:

"Well, maybe you should just quit ..."

"Me? Quit? Why should I? It's their fucking problem, not mine! I've been busting my ass for this idiot company, so I should damn well get what I deserve ..."

"It's just that this isn't healthy. You're forcing yourself into something that isn't worth it."

"Honestly, Ally, just shut up. You're not helping. Girls, I need your support, no weird suggestions!"

Lana took another sip of her glass and shrugged. Sandra hesitated.

Louise grunted, set down the glass and said:

“So that’s it? Fuck all this. I’m going to show them. I’m going to show you! Fuck!”

And she got up and left.

September

“So, Sandra, have you heard anything of Louise?”

“Nope, I’m sorry. I only saw her once in the street. She was really busy and kinda ignored me.”

“She’s still angry, I guess.”

“Probably. But she’s also still working for those Baumann guys, so I don’t see where she’s going with all this.”

Lana said:

“Maybe we should just drop in on her and apologize. We should just respect her decisions.”

“Even if that decision is stupid?”

“I dunno.”

October

“Girls, I saw Louise!”

“You did? How is she? Could you talk to her?”

Ally shook her head.

“I’m really sorry, I couldn’t. I guess she didn’t want to.”

“That’s bad. What is she like?”

“Seriously? She’s getting huge.”

“What do you mean?”

“Huge as in muscular. She’s turning into the fucking Hulk. I followed her to the gym and slipped inside and I have never, ever seen any woman that big.”

“Whoa.”

“I even took a video. Wanna see?”

“Of course. Show it!”

The women stared at the movie. Their friend was hard to recognize. Louise was enormous. Her shoulders had been big before, now they were massive. Each one was a ball of flesh the size of a handball. She was lying on a bench, lifting dumbbells, her huge chest swelling with every push of her huge arms. Louise’s neck was thick like a bull’s.

“Wow. Look at those veins. She’s huge.”

“She’s like a giant bodybuilder now.”

“That’s crazy. Why is she doing this?”

“I dunno, she must be juicing.”

“Obviously.”

“Did you get any other pics?”

“I managed to get a few ones before the staff asked me to leave.”

She showed them a few snapshots. Most were rather blurry, but they showed Louise posing in front of the mirror.

“God! Look at her thighs.”

“I like the outfit. It’s really superheroey.”

“She’s a beast!”

“Whoa. What is that?”

Lana pointed at the pose. Louise stood in front of the mirror, flexing her enormous biceps. She was so huge and broad.

“Don’t you think her face has changed?”

“She’s got a bigger jaw, am I right?”

“I guess so.”

“We should really talk to her.”

November

“Tell us, Ally, what did she say?”

“She texted me ‘maybe’, so I guess this is what we get.”

“Did she say anything about the video we sent her?”

The video had been Sandra's idea. They had filmed themselves apologizing, but it had gotten a little out of hand and no one was sure whether it came across as sincere or just crazy.

Lana said:

"I'm still not sure that video was a good idea."

"Hi, girls."

It took them a moment to realize this was Louise. Her voice had changed, as had her look. It seemed deeper, manlier. Also, she was really, really bulky.

She had opted for a cocktail dress that left very little to imagination. That thing had to be custom-made. There was no way she could buy anything off the shelf now. Louise's shoulders were enormous and very broad. They were huge and ripped. The girls could really see every vein and cut. She also had huge arms that weirdly hung from her sides but also kind of rested on her back muscles which were now big enough to be seen from the front. The fabric was taut enough on her stomach that they could all see her huge abs, but they weren't flat. They were really big and plump now and gave her a kind of muscle belly.

"Jeez, Louise ... What did you do to yourself?"

The newcomer grinned and plopped herself on the bench, herself taking up room for three. The women tried to understand her transformation. The weirdest part

was her face that had gone from soft and plump to angular and broad.

“I decided to beat these assholes at their own game. If they want to be manly men, I’m going to outdo them and bust their sad little nuts.”

“But ... This isn’t natural, is it?”

Louise laughed, her deep voice thundering:

“No. How could it be? No woman could ever be this huge. But that’s the price you gotta pay.” She grabbed a glass. “Besides, it feels amazing!”

The trio was a little intimidated by their huge friend.

“So, apology accepted?”

“Of course, girls. We’re good. Actually, I should be sorry for running away. I was just so emotional. It was the ‘roids, of course.”

“But you’re still using them, aren’t you?”

“Sure. I still have some growing to do. They’re going to hold their little event in March and I’m going to break them.”

That's when trouble just randomly hit the place. Some foolish asshole gravitated to the women's table and said:

“Hi, ladies and bodybuilders in drag! I'm looking for someone to hang out with and dance, so who is it going to be? Other than freak-show here ...”

The guy was drunk, of course. He was also on coke, probably. However, Louise didn't care. Her fuse was short, her fists were heavy and ...

Suffice to say, they got banned.

December

“This place sucks.”

“I know, but what can we do? I'm still trying to get them to let us back in. For now, this will have to do.”

“You know, if Louise hadn't lost her temper like that ...”

“If that asshole hadn't fucked around ...”

“I have never seen anybody so angry. Even the bouncer was intimidated. Poor guy.”

“Yeah. Poor guy.”

Ally shook her head:

“He should have tried to deescalate. Just making things worse by acting aggressive was idiotic.”

“You shouldn’t defend her. She wasn’t justified doing this. Just because you’re training with her now doesn’t make it right!”

“That’s not why I’m saying it. It was just dumb, that’s all.”

The others shrugged. Ally was heading in a strange direction. She had always been the thin, timid girl that never said much, but lately, her fitness regime had really brought out her personality. Of course, she was just fit, nowhere as huge as Louise.

Lana asked:

“So, what is our favorite musclehead up to now?”

“She’s growing like crazy. I had no idea any human being could be this big. She’s huge!”

Lana and Sandra shook their heads. Their friend had clearly gone crazy.

“And is she going to show up tonight?”

“Maybe ... She said she doesn’t want to cause more trouble.”

“Good thinking. I wish she had that idea before getting us thrown out!”

Ally frowned:

“Stop it!”

That’s when Louise came in. The two girls stared at her insane body. If she had looked manly before, she was now beyond that. She had a huge chin and angular face, her hair was cut short and she was broad like a barn door. She was also wearing a t-shirt and pants, which made her look even more butch.

With her deep, thundering voice, she said:

“There you are! So, just how shitty is this place?”

“Louise?” Sandra was shocked. “What happened to you?”

“I decided not to get into any more trouble with assholes. Before they insult me, I’ll just go with the look.”

Sandra and Lana stared at the woman’s huge exposed arms.

“Whoa. Just how big are those?”

“Twenty-two inches. Wanna touch?”

She lifted both arms and flexed them. They detonated into masses of veins, striations and mutant flesh. Those arms were huge, but they didn’t look natural or healthy. Sandra put her fingers against them. She couldn’t even dent the muscle.

“Fuck. You’re huge!”

“I know. I’m the biggest at the gym now. I’m like the goddamn Hulk!”

Sandra groaned:

“You know, if you were a guy, I’d have to fuck you ...”

Louise laughed:

“You know I’m more into men, but I won’t stop you!”

With these words, she pulled her up and added:

“We’ll be back in a moment.”

They disappeared to the toilets.

January

Sandra and Lana were lying in bed, grinning. After Sandra’s tales of her weird sex at that club, Lana had wanted to try that too. Not only was Louise’s clitoris as large as a small penis now, she could also really use her muscles to please her. They were now friends with benefits and the threesome was enjoying the insanity they were living now. Louise’s newest acquisition was a giant tripleheader-dildo that she used to fuck both of her girlfriends at the same time. It was the size of a horse-cock and somehow fit her giant physique.

Louise returned from the bathroom. She was glistening from the hot shower she had just taken. Her body was huge and hairy now, her breasts having long since disappeared into her gigantic pecs. She rubbed her muscular belly, running her

fingers over her swollen eight-pack.

The musclewoman waddled to the bed, her enormous thighs rubbing against each other. She looked at the two women on her bed and said:

“Okay, girls, time to get dress. I gotta get pumped up.”

“But we’re still horny!”

Lana rolled over to her and caught her index-sized clit. She stroked it gently and gave it a lick as it grew erect.

Louise grinned:

“Sorry. I gotta keep my schedule. Besides, Ally’s waiting.”

Sandra groaned:

“But if we have to watch you train, we’re going to get all wet and horny and then, it’s going to be awkward ...”

“A deal’s a deal. But maybe I can fuck you when we’re back!”

“You always say that ...”

February

“I miss her so much.”

“Me too.”

Lana and Sandra were sitting at their usual place with Ally.

“Come on, girls, she’s only been gone for two weeks and she’s coming back home soon. Stop your moping!”

“You can say that because you’re not with her.”

“Hey! I’m still her friend and she is my training partner. I miss her too, but in another way.”

The two other women exchanged dreamy looks. They were fantasizing about Louise’s body again. She had sent them a few pictures from lumber camp and they were shocking, but also extremely sexy. Lana and Sandra took out their phones, looked at them again and sighed.

Ally rolled her eyes. Sandra said:

“You haven’t even looked at the pictures yet ...”

“Okay, fine, show me what you got!”

Sandra handed her the phone. Ally blushed. It was a picture of Louise’s giant, hairy chest, her tennis ball-sized abs bulging in two columns of power. Her obliques were so defined you could cut yourself on them and she looked like a gay icon from the seventies. The next picture was worse. It was her huge right arm, its absurdly massive biceps fully flexed and her triceps just as enormous. Her arms were now way beyond those twenty-two inches.

“God, you’re a bunch of perverts ...”

“Hey! If you want to judge, give me my phone back!”

The third picture was absurd. It was a straight photograph of Louise’s exposed cunt, complete with erect clitoris on top and so thoroughly wrapped in curly red hair it looked savage.

“Yes, perverts.”

Ally returned the phone. She liked being fit, but Louise's excesses were too much for her. Thankfully, March would come soon and once she had shown her boss that she was made of the right stuff, she'd either get fired or promoted. Either way, normalcy would return. Maybe.

March

The three friends were anxious. They were awaiting Louise's return. They had only seen her briefly before she left for that meeting. When they asked how the hell she had managed to hide her incredible transformation from her boss, she mumbled something about telecommuting and him not being very attentive. Seeing as that man was a weirdo macho asshole, it was perfectly possible.

Anyway, the champagne was cool, the party hats were ready and Ally had the "Lumberjack Song" by Monty Python ready on her phone.

And then, she walked in. She was a force of nature. A behemoth. A monster, maybe. The bouncer looked emaciated next to her giant bulk. The young woman marched in, her broad shoulders swaying and her entire upper body swinging. People made room for her just so they wouldn't be crushed. When she saw her friends, she lifted an absurdly muscular arm and gave them a friendly wave.

"Hi!"

Her voice was like rumbling granite. Or like a jackhammer. It was frightening.

Louise walked to the others and they scrambled to make room for her. Sandra opened the champagne.

“Do we celebrate?”

“We do. I beat them all!”

“Tell us everything.”

“Okay. So I showed up pretty much uninvited, but they were so impressed by my bulk, they just let me join in. They also took a while to get who I was. When they did, they were doubly shocked. Before they could go on and think about it, I asked: ‘Who wants to chop some wood?’ and they were all for it. I guess they still couldn’t believe I was me.”

“Girl, no one would believe you are you unless you told them. You’re so huge ...”

“Definitely. So we get to work. I show off my axe-work. I chop hard, I chop quick, I’m precise. All those other guys do well, I do better. That’s because they’re weak and I’m strong.”

Sandra nodded ecstatically:

“Obviously. You’re the strongest.”

“Damn straight. Next, we saw. No chance. Those guys stare at me as I drive the saw through the wood. There’s sawdust everywhere, my big-ass muscles are pumping, and perfect. They’re all standing there, their mouths open. I got them.”

“That must have been amazing ...”

“I know. I wish there was a movie of that. But that wasn’t enough. They were still mucking about, so I say: ‘No problem, I’ll show you what I’m made of.’ And I climb up that tree, like a monkey. Their staring so hard, their eyes are popping out of their sockets and there’s nothing they can do. Up in the tree, I wrap my legs around the trunk and I start cutting off the branches. I’m not even sweating and they’re still trying to get what I’m doing.”

“You’re a fucking beast!”

“Yes. So when I’m done, I get back down and they stare at my huge muscles. They’re all pumped up like no tomorrow and I grin and say: ‘Now watch, you bunch of weaklings!’ and I wrap my arms around that tree and I give it a good squeeze and a hard push. They couldn’t believe it. Man, I couldn’t believe it. My muscles were hurting like crazy because this was so hard. But then, crack, I broke down that tree. Knocked it over like a stick. And I say: ‘Bam! That’s how it’s done!’ and the boss says: ‘What the fuck are you?’ I look at him, I walk up to him. I’m shorter than him, but I’m almost twice as broad and I say: ‘I’m your new boss, weakling.’”

“And ...”

“I got fired on the spot. Turns out the trick wasn’t strength, it was sucking up to that asshole. But I took it in stride and I’m going to find me a new job. There’s plenty of opportunities for crazy fuckers like me.”

Ally rolled her eyes and mumbled:

“I’m not sure about that ...”

But Sandra and Lana agreed heartily and said:

“We’ll find something, but first, we have to check out your big-ass body. It’s been a month since you fucked us hard!”

Louise produced a deep, hearty laugh and replied:

“Sure, girls. I’ve been looking forward to this forever!”

###

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](mailto:El_Roy_1999@gmx.de). Rates upon request.