

Foursome

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by Roy Ellison

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Thanks to Isle8e2 for the inspiration.

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

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It had started innocently enough. Melanie's husband, John, a big strong hunk of a man had his best friend and colleague over for dinner. Jefferson, a lawyer at the same firm, was equally tall and powerful, also quite charming in his own way.

His wife, Diane, was more of an ice princess. She was an equally accomplished advocate and Melanie immediately found her unpleasant. It took a few bottles of champagne to relax everybody. As the men took out their cigars and enjoyed their whisky, Melanie and Diane stepped outside on the balcony overlooking the city. Diane admired the view and said:

"That's beautiful. I wanted Jefferson to buy us one of these too, I would have paid half, but he insisted on a house in the country."

Melanie was still a little wary, she was afraid that university-educated super-emancipated woman would ridicule her, but she conceded:

"It must be nice, though."

"Certainly. The commute is hell. But on weekends, it's wonderful. You'll have to visit us soon, maybe in autumn. The place is gorgeous when the leaves turn red."

"I'd like that."

Melanie had to revisit her first impression. She had expected Diane to humiliate her and to despise her for her beautiful looks, she was, after all, a former model. But no. Instead, she was friendly and respectful. Melanie brushed her long dark hair to the side with her fingers and said:

"The men sure love their cigars."

Diane smiled:

"They do. If I may be honest, I'm surprised Jefferson hasn't yet suggested a foursome."

Melanie was a little shocked. She hadn't expected her guest to say anything like that.

"He does that?"

"A lot. And if I'm not in, he'll usually just do it anyway."

"Wow. And you put up with that?"

"He has certain qualities: He's charming, he can cook, he's intelligent, ambitious, and he's got a big cock."

The ex-model was growing more and more intrigued. She was used to John's sexual escapades, she had known a lot of coked-up assholes when she worked as a model, but talk like that from a woman like her? Seriously?

"Well, I can't complain about John either."

Diane smiled:

"You know what, I actually expected you to be some kind of bimbo when Jefferson showed me your picture. I'm pleasantly disappointed."

"Me too. You know what, we could do something together."

"That's a wonderful idea. I have my gym day tomorrow. Want to join me?"

Melanie grinned:

"That's a date then!"

They met the next day. It was an upper-class gym complete with full-sized swimming pool, spa area and personal trainers. Melanie expected nothing less. Her own gym provided the same. Somehow, the foursome had failed to materialize yesterday. She was a bit relieved, but also disappointed. Jefferson's dick had been quite tempting. Maybe next time.

Diane led her to the locker rooms. She slipped out of her business outfit. Melanie was surprised again. She herself had a well trained model body. Of course, that was what she was about. She had a pair of big round boobs which she had only recently upgraded to double-ds, a tight waist and a taut butt. She was fit. She had to be. Diane was impressive too. She was quite a bit older, at least fifteen years, but she was well-trained and there was not an inch to pinch. She had small, tight breasts, natural, and a strong, slim body. There was the hint of some abs to be

spotted on her trim waist. With her blonde, short hair, she looked much younger than she was.

Melanie couldn't help but say:

"Wow! You look gorgeous!"

"Thank you. You too."

"No, seriously. You're really toned."

"It's a lot of hard work."

"It sure pays off."

They got out, Melanie in a skimpy workout top and some tight pants, Diane preferring more standard fare.

The pair hit the weights and had to agree that they both liked to train hard. When they were done, they were both exhausted, but the bonding was feeling good. Melanie said:

"How about we go to my gym the day after tomorrow?"

"That's a great idea. I wanted to up my training schedule, so I'll just do it right now."

Within a few weeks, the two women forged a surprisingly strong bond. Melanie took Diane out shopping and had her try exotic and interesting food, Diane insisted on some culture events which Melanie found she could enjoy. All the while, they kept up their training.

Eventually, autumn came. As promised, the two couples met at the mansion. It was a splendid time. The leaves were a firework of colors, the air was crisp and chilly, the blaze in the fireplace was wonderful. Then, after Jefferson had finished serving dinner, he popped the question:

"How about we all get a little more comfortable?"

John agreed immediately. The women hesitated, but eventually nodded. Soon, they were at it all over the place. John and Jefferson clearly knew what they were doing and quickly directed the women. Melanie had to agree that Jefferson's cock was very impressive. It was a little thinner than John's, but a good deal longer. Blowing him was quite the experience. Diane was enjoying a pounding by her husband at the same time. It was incredible to hear as she egged him on. This woman was quite the machine herself.

After a while, it was all over. The men lay there, spent and tired. The women felt strangely unsatisfied. Of course, they had come. Jefferson had proven that he was very skilled with his tongue too, and John had done his best to amaze Diane, but something was missing. They walked downstairs in the cold kitchen.

Melanie said:

"That was something. You're really lucky."

"I can only return the compliment. He's quite the hunk."

"Yeah, I know."

There was a pause. Diane said:

"Actually, I think Jefferson's getting a bit plump."

"I couldn't say."

"No, seriously. I like my men big and muscled. It's a kind of fetish, if you know what I mean."

"I think I understand."

"We should get them to train more."

"Probably. We'll see how that works out."

It didn't. Even trying to broach the subject was met with immediate resistance. They had no time, they were busy, they didn't think this was necessary. They were men enough.

For the women, this was disappointing. They kept up their training appointments religiously and it was paying off. One day, after a particularly hard workout, Melanie found herself oggling Diane's now fully developed six-pack.

"Incredible."

"I know, right? I've really focused my workouts on my midsection and it's finally paying off."

"I like it. Can I touch them? I have to get myself some of these too."

"Only if I get your butt."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, it's gorgeous. So taut. Like a bubble of muscles."

"Whoa."

"Sorry. I just wish Jefferson would still work on his. It's really starting to droop."

"That's sad. With John, it's the same. He's getting plump lately."

They sighed. It was sad to see that their men were getting unattractive.

Still, they continued their meetings and intensified their workouts. John and Jefferson didn't really care and most certainly didn't notice. Within a year, the two women had transformed their bodies further. After a lot of hard training, they were both seriously ripped. They both sported washboard abs, tight buttocks and easily visible biceps. The men liked the look, especially Jefferson seemed amazed by his wife's apparent eternal youth.

However, all was not perfect. They hit a plateau. A long and tiring plateau. There were no gains to be made anymore. It was getting on their nerves. Why couldn't they grow any further? All the hard training seemed to go to waste.

Eventually, Diane said:

"I've been thinking. For two months, I've basically maintained when I wanted to

grow. I hate that."

"Me too."

For Melanie, working out had become an obsession. She had to admit that she had started to project Diane's strong physique on John's increasingly flabby body when they fucked. She really needed something more.

"So I've decided to try some drugs."

"Isn't that unfair?"

"For whom? This isn't a competition."

"That's true."

"I just want to make some progress and I think this is what I need."

"Can I have some too?"

Diane nodded.

"Of course. I wouldn't do it without you."

It was as if the floodgates had been opened. Within weeks, they made tremendous progress. Just watching them grow made them hot. Diane almost immediately went from fitness to light bodybuilder. Melanie found it hard to keep up at first, but once she understood how everything worked, she was in too.

Soon, their bodies were hard and covered in bulging muscles. The outfits they wore in public managed to conceal their transformation mostly, but in bed, things were different. John finally realized what was going on as Melanie was blowing him, fantasizing about Diane's enormously muscled thighs. He asked:

"Say, have you been working out?"

She almost choked on his dick. That was so stupid. How could he not notice?

With Diane, it was the same. She closed her eyes as Jefferson was above her, pounding her snatch. She thought of Melanie's strong shoulders, the striations under her skin. She just barely managed to add her husband's face mentally. Somehow, this almost blocked her orgasm.

Back at the gym, they pumped harder and harder, unwittingly trying to shape themselves into their respective fantasies. The changes, which had been abrupt at first, became gradual. It took them a while to notice that their voices had dropped.

Diane, who already had a deeper voice in the first place, was now a deep alto. Melanie was closing in on her. The other thing were their clits. They had slowly, but steadily become larger. Now, after half a year of hardcore training and steroids, they had turned into little cocks, maybe an inch long. It was odd to see their appendages in the shower. The fact that they were ridiculously sensitive made the situation even more bizarre.

When Jefferson looked at Diane and asked whether she had done anything to her face, it became clear to her that her chin had also grown. Indeed, her jaw had grown a little bigger and it certainly gave her a more rugged, dominant look. In court, people seemed a little more intimidated than previously. That wasn't a bad thing.

For Melanie, the transformation was a little disconcerting, but she did what she could by carefully contouring. Besides, her body was now a mass of powerful muscle, complete with fifteen-inch biceps and a broad chest that supported her very obvious fake tits. John was clearly aware of this now and he was trying to keep his distance. For her, his slob body being away from her was fine.

"Be careful, you're going to cut me."

They were sitting in the bath together and Diane was shaving Melanie's back. The former model's broad shoulders and tight waist created a he-man taper. Just removing all the hair from her back was incredibly time-consuming. Melanie asked:

"Shouldn't we just get laser treatments, just like in the face?"

"We could, but then I wouldn't get to sit behind you and shave you, would I?"

"And you enjoy this?"

"More than you think."

When she was done, they clumsily switched places. Their bodies were now big enough to compete in the heavyweight division. Melanie had had her implants removed. They had started to look ridiculous on her. They had also shaved their heads and resorted to wigs. The ex-model insisted on thorough styling and a tailor-made wardrobe that allowed them to look and feel feminine in public. In private, it was a different affair. They were wildly in love with each other's bodies and true friends of each other's souls.

The men had become estranged after a while. When they used a massive double-headed dildo to fuck each other, they thought of their husbands somehow. And yet, there they were, having turned themselves into each other's ideals.

After their bath, they both got out and carefully helped each other to dry themselves. Their bodies were now so massive they just couldn't reach some parts on their own. Melanie went to fix their food, wearing nothing more than an apron. Meanwhile, Diane answered the phone. She nodded, then replied and hung up.

She walked up to her friend and gently kissed Melanie's bull-neck. The other woman moaned immediately as her older friend's muscle-packed chest touched her own gargantuan back.

"I have great news."

"Tell me ..."

Diane suddenly licked Melanie's bald head.

The little stubbles pricked her tongue.

"I found a solution to our problem."

A while later, the pair was getting prepped for surgery. It was a revolutionary technique, only available in Iran, of all things. Still, this was worth the trip. As the two gargantuan women drifted into unconsciousness, they smiled. They would finally fulfil their ideal.

After weeks of healing, it was time. Melanie bit her lips as Diane carefully removed the bandages. This hadn't been very comfortable. The long abstinence, the complications with their hygiene, the missed workouts, all this was highly annoying. And yet, it might pay off.

"There ..." Diane was finally done. She carefully released the last bit of bandage. Melanie craned her head to see over her bulging pecs. Wow. There it was. The surgery was a tremendous success. The surgeon had transformed her inch-long clit into a gigantic, thick she-cock. The thing was easily twelve inches long and six inches around. It was big and thick and it hung over her pussy. She said:

"Now you."

With utmost care, she liberated Diane's own she-dick. Once again, the surgeon had produced a marvel. At ten inches, it was shorter than hers, but it was even thicker, spreading her pussy lips apart wide.

"Whoa. It's so ... big."

"I think it's even bigger than Jefferson's."

"I wanna try it."

Before Diane could say something, Melanie had engulfed her appendage. It felt wonderful to have her soft lips on her member. Her amazement knew no bounds when it started to rise. She hadn't believed it would work, but when it did, it was shocking, but also soothing. Soon, her massive femdick was proudly erect and throbbing. Melanie was having a hard time deep-throating her, but she was doing her best.

Diane gasped as she came. She pulled the muscular goddess to the floor and brought her into a sixty-nine position. Alternately licking each other's cunts and clits, the pair rode through orgasm after orgasm. Their muscular bodies seemed to fuse into a confusing mess of fibers, striations and veins.

Eventually, Melanie was on top of her friend, pounding her cunt hard while also

masturbating Diane's cock feverishly.

The fucking thundered through the entire apartment. Carefully directing their she-cocks into each other's pussies, they managed to fuck each other at the same time, their heavy, over-muscled bodies thumping on the ground.

Somewhere along the way, their husbands had disappeared. As they lay on the floor of the balcony, gazing at the stars above, they kissed. Diane caressed Melanie's incredible chest and said:

"You're all I ever need."

The other woman sighed and smiled:

"I never would have believed it, but that's how it is. I love you."

She touched Diane's overloaded thigh, making her femdick shiver.

"Me too."

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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.