

# Growing into Herself

by Roy Ellison



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Smashwords Edition

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

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It was expected of men like him. Not that being gay was seen as a problem, but Desmond was straight, as far as he was concerned. He just hadn't had either the time or the opportunity to meet women interesting enough for him. He had

studied mathematics and engineering, evolving from a zit-ridden nerd into an efficient CEO of his own company within a few years. Gone were the metal band t-shirts and the grubby clothes. In a world of superficial idiots, being well-dressed was necessary if you wanted to be listened to. He had understood that very well. As a result, he joined a gym, worked out just enough to look good in a suit (that didn't take much) and got a stylish haircut that made him look both professional and responsible. The changes produced an appropriate effect soon enough and the money was pouring in. A series of clever investments on his part and he had a small fortune. So far, so good.

But then, people started asking: Where's your wife? His parents didn't care, they had long since accepted that their son had other interests, but his business partners really preferred their relations to be "normal". He had tried some professional companions, and that had worked quite well, but it didn't fulfil him in any way. It was just something he had to do. He didn't put his heart in it. There was just something ... amiss.

All this changed when he met Alexandra. It was on a party because of some award he received. Usually, most women he met on such occasions just tried to flirt with him awkwardly, sometimes trying to lure him in with some faked knowledge or even trivia questions. Alexandra was different. At first, he didn't realize it. Like many single women at such parties, she was tall, six feet plus some heels, thin and busty. She had long brown hair, perfect make-up and a very tight, yet stylish black dress.

She approached him without hesitation and asked:

"So you're the birthday kid?"

"It's just an award."

"I know. I'm pretty sure you don't care about this, do you?"

"Actually, you're right. I'm just here so people can make certain I'm one of them."

"And are you?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

She smiled. It was a very nice, earnest smile. Of course, her teeth were Hollywood-perfect and her lips were perfectly made-up.

"Maybe we should find out."

"What do you mean?" Desmond was confused.

"I'll be honest. I've been stalking you for a while now. And if there's one thing I've noticed, it's that you're looking for something and you don't know what."

He nodded slowly. She was right.

"Alexandra."

She held out her hand. He took her and she came a little closer.

"I've learned that exploration is easier if you're with a partner."

They got married a month later. For Alexandra, this was her big break. She was smart herself, having focused on administration and economics, but also creating a network of contacts for her to use. She was pretty certain Desmond was hiding some desire and she would help him figure it out. The funny part for her was that she was quite flexible in such things. She had used her college years to try out pretty much everything, threesomes, BDSM, sex in exotic locations and getting fucked into almost every orifice. She didn't mind. Far from it. What actually turned her on was turning someone on. And the kinkier, the better. To herself, she stated she had a fetishism-fetishism.

Of course, this wasn't something she made public. Instead, she stayed discreet and did her best not to pressure Desmond into anything. She'd just suggest some things and let him try those out. It turned out that that didn't work. Somehow, he was a mystery to her. He worked a lot, travelling all over the world to make his business work. She accompanied him eagerly and while he was expanding his company, she had the chance to see the sights and enjoy life. Still, she felt as if she was abusing his trust in some way. After all, what did he gain from this?

She was his arm-candy at official occasions and made a wonderful hostess to his invitees, camouflaging his inability to make them comfortable. But still, he was a mystery. She decided to find out, even if it meant baiting him. She started letting various books and movies lie around and gauged his interest. She asked him. Nothing. She even installed some spyware on his computer to find out what he was looking at. No results whatsoever. Of course, that didn't mean much. As a

computer nerd, he probably could have fed her with any data he wanted.

In the end, it was a coincidence that broke the spell. They had been invited by a Mongolian tycoon. They were at his ranch or whatever it was, actually just a bunch of tents. The great outdoors were wonderful. They went hunting, something which she didn't mind. Her father had insisted early on that she was able to defend herself and she did shoot quite well. Desmond saw her skin the poor beast, her face an icon of concentration.

Later that evening, they lay in the tent. It was large and comfortable. Suddenly, he asked:

"Say, could you use less make-up?"

She smiled:

"Right now? I was absolutely made-under today."

"No. I mean yes. I mean ... Maybe always?"

"Why?"

"I don't know. It just ... looks better."

"How come?"

"I don't know. It's less ... girly."

He was really relieved to be able to say this. Somehow, he couldn't really bring himself to like all that flimsy stuff. She looked at him for a moment and saw his happiness.

"Okay. I'm in. From now on, less make-up. Except on official occasions."

And then, they fucked. Desperately. Happily. It was really great. Alexandra was all surprised. Who'd have thought?

From then on, she did what she could to get this to work. At home, she eschewed all beauty products. Desmond loved it. For her, it was a bit strange. It had become so normal for her that she couldn't help being surprised by her own look over the first weeks. It was a nice change of pace.

After a while, the novelty wore off. Desmond was still happy, but he had gotten used to it. However, he was thinking a lot about his desires and she noticed that he wanted to say something.

They were on the West Coast then, at the private beach of a friend whose wife was an authentic California blonde, complete with big boobs and a trim, athletic body. Of course, she wore a red swimsuit. Desmond and Alexandra were lying on the deckchairs, watching Ellie, the hostess, and her friends play volleyball.

Alexandra said:

"You're trying to tell me something."

"Is it that obvious?"

"As obvious as Ellie's fake tits."

"Oh."

"Don't worry. Just tell me. I really wanna know."

"Okay ... There goes nothing."

He didn't say anything at first. She looked at him expectantly.

"This isn't easy for me."

"It's okay. Take your time."

He waited. Ellie dove for the ball and managed to lob it back over the net. There

were cheers.

"Would you ... Would you join a gym for me?"

"Desmond, I've been going to the gym for years. Three times a week."

"Really?"

"How do you think I got this figure?"

"Oh."

"Come on, tell me. What is it you want?"

"Well ... I'd love it if you were ... more muscular."

"I see. Yeah, why not?"

Alexandra did as he asked. Soon, she had results to show. She was getting stronger and tougher. Where she had been slim and fit, she was now getting muscular. Within a few months, she had moved up to fitness competitor level. She still carefully watched her diet and took great care of herself. Of course, when Desmond was around, she went all natural. He loved it and she had to

admit that she also enjoyed the look. Somehow, she was turning into some kind of farm girl. She teased him about wearing daisy dukes, but that didn't turn him on too much.

She still had to be attentive to his desires. It worked better when she just dressed in dungarees and a t-shirt. Slowly, she began to understand. When he laid next to her, touching her muscles and caressing them carefully, admiring their hardness, it dawned to her. It was queer. Not gay, but still confusing.

The thought shocked her.

Once he'd gone to sleep, she stayed awake and thought about all this. She lifted her arms. They were toned and strong now. Different from before. What should she do? Should she go all in? If she helped him fulfill his fantasy, it'd turn her on, but what if she lost herself on the way?

She didn't have an answer right now.

For Desmond, it was the same. He was lying there, pretending to be asleep, while his mind was racing. His wife was now muscled and strong. Stronger than any woman he'd ever met. It turned him on, but it wasn't the muscle. There was something else, lurking at the edge of his consciousness ... He didn't dare admit this and risk alienating her and himself at the same time. After all, there were things better left unsaid, even in his mind.

Was he gay? He was quite certain he wasn't. But still, the girlishness turned him off. He thought of her muscles and her soft, yet natural face. Wow. She was quite the woman. Like a valkyrie. Tall, strong, beautiful, without any weakness of this

culture that made people weak and pointless. Was it this?

He didn't dare say it.

After this night, Alexandra relegated her final decision to a later moment. She focused on the now. Muscle was attractive, so muscle she'd have. They had just moved to Shanghai for a few months and the people at the gym were really confused by her look. The local patrons completely lost their focus as she trained her tall, powerful body. The expats were vaguely aware of what she was doing and put it down to culture shock.

It all went on well until they heard some kid on the street ask "Why does that man have long hair?" as they walked by. Alexandra had picked up a few smatterings of Chinese and deduced the meaning. She looked over to Desmond who had studied Mandarin and Cantonese in college. He looked at her and she noticed his erection.

"Seriously?", she asked him.

He blushed.

They barely managed to rent a hotel room closeby before Desmond was about to come. She sat on top of him, riding him hard. His cock was hard as steel. She had never experienced anything like that and neither did he. Every time she brought this up again, he was erect. It was incredible. In the end, despite all her cardio and strength training, he managed to exhaust her.

Once this was finally over, she sat on the bed next to him and smiled. He was still trying to recover from this satori. At last, she said:

"I think we now finally know what turns you on."

"I'm afraid so."

"Why are you afraid?"

"You probably think I'm crazy now."

"Not really. Everyone of us has their dirty little secret. This is yours and who am I to judge."

"Seriously? You're okay with that?"

She nodded.

"What's even more, I'm willing to go along with it. It will be our little project."

He hesitated:

"A project ..."

"Yes. Whenever you think I reach a point to go further, you tell me. And then, I'll go for it."

"Whoa. You would do that for me?"

"No. I'll do that for us. The thought turns me on."

He was hard again.

When they left China for Russia, her look had changed dramatically. She had switched to hardcore bodybuilding and it showed. Her arms were now packed with bulging muscles, her shoulders had expanded and her chest was now wide and hard as steel. Her abs were like cobblestones and her glutes were two boulders. The dieting and the training had cost her both her period and her boobs, which had slowly receded until becoming completely minimal. She was contemplating having what little breast tissue she still had removed, but hesitated.

When she was topless, she could be easily mistaken for a young man with long hair. She had yet to cut her hair, but she could tell that Desmond was tempted. Alexandra easily moved the furniture around as they set up everything. Her strength was more than impressive now. As she showed off, Desmond was having a hard time controlling himself. She grinned as she lifted a big box of books and easily carried it through the apartment.

She set it down and began taking the books out.

"Have you seen the movers look at me?"

"Yeah. They were really having a hard time getting their heads around this."

"It's funny, since their country's basically known for producing female athletes that are so full of hormones you can't tell who they really are ..."

Her voice drifted off as Desmond sighed.

She started to grin. He shook his head in panic:

"No, please. It's nothing."

"Oh, is it?"

She pulled open his fly and extricated his throbbing cock. She gave it a good lick, then engulfed it, swallowing it until her lips touched the base of his shaft. He looked down on her in panic, seeing her broad shoulders flex as she deep-throated him. She released him and looked up at him:

"Now imagine me, juiced up like a beast. Not normal big, but huge. Bigger than a normal man. So masculine that guys switch sidewalks when they see me."

He shot his load all over her face.

"I take that as a yes."

Getting all those weird drugs turned out to be quite simple. Money opened a lot of doors and finding a doctor to manage this wasn't too hard. The effects were impressive. Her normal muscle growth had been fast, this was faster. Her muscles seemed to explode. Even with her tall frame, she was awfully big. She still dressed up for special occasions, but it was getting harder and harder to appear female. After a while, shawls no longer concealed her bull neck and her outrageous shoulders. They tried a fatsuit once, but Alexandra hated it.

Besides, the situation was getting out of hand. Her voice had become deeper, her jaws had grown and there was a lot of hair now. She had her face lasered, actually having a five o'clock shadow annoyed her, but for the rest of her body, it was a much bigger project. In the end, she had Desmond shave her. It was a weird experience, but for him, it was a major turn on. Just returning a little femininity to her made him so horny, he found it hard to concentrate. When he was done, she looked at herself in the mirror and was amazed.

She had a massive v-taper now, her shoulders easily twice as broad as her waist. She flared her lats. They were like a cobra hood now. She did her abs next. Her eight-pack was mind-boggling. She was really shredded now. All those veins, she was like a living map now. She lifted her arm and flexed her massive biceps and triceps. The mass of her limb was shocking. She did a most muscular pose.

"I love that one. Look at me!"

Desmond gasped for air. She gloated:

"Yeah. I'm a beast!"

Her phone beeped. They had to get ready for the evening. It was a big reception, some big contract in the air. Alexandra had Desmond dry the small part of her back she couldn't reach anymore and asked:

"So, we do it?"

Desmond nodded. The idea was completely insane.

A little later, the couple climbed out of their limo, wearing matching tuxedos. The tailor had been hard-pressed to make hers work. It did its best to conceal her outrageous body. She had tied her hair into a fancy ponytail, but that was the only concession to her femininity. She grinned. It felt so weird going to such an event wearing so much fabric. Also, flats were a good thing. No wonder men liked these receptions more than women.

Their hosts were confused, but managed to accept what was going on once they heard her voice. They put it down to Western arrogance and/or decadence. Also, Alexandra was able to dispel any doubts by just being wonderful and charming.

The evening went extremely well.

As they returned to their apartment, Alexandra practically ripped Desmond's clothes from his body before throwing him on the bed. He climbed on top of her

and fucked her like a jackhammer. She was so incredibly turned on she felt she was losing her mind.

The Russian episode had been an eye-opener. They moved again, this time to New England. Desmond had really worked his ass off to make the company succeed and he had finally decided to sell it. After all, it was time to try something new. For Alexandra, that was pretty perfect. She was thinking of settling down a little, maybe have children. All this needed careful preparations, especially given her current situation. In the meantime, they were doing their best to integrate into their new environment.

Alexandra had now cut her hair and further upped her training. She was now a true mountain of muscle. After finishing her training session, her traps threatened to swallow her head. She had developed her chest into a true wall of rock-hard flesh. The fact that she was also ripped as hell made a kind of twin pec-fan appear.

She had a separate room set up for her gym, preferring the privacy of her home to public attention. She also insisted on Desmond hitting the weights. It felt odd for her to be so much bigger than him. For Desmond, the situation was amazing. He'd watch Alexandra take care of the chores with her muscle-covered body, often wearing little to nothing. It was a game, but one that made him really horny.

He had recently discovered another guilty pleasure other than shaving her. All those steroids had given her a massive clit, like a little cock. When he felt like it, he'd give it a lick or suck her off. Recently, she had it pierced, making it even bigger and more sensitive. He had felt obliged to do the same to his cock and he was definitely enjoying it.

Somehow, he was aware that their home was turning into a freakshow, but since they both enjoyed it, there was no harm done.

The neighbors were still more than a little confused. They barely managed to accept that two men, Desmond and Alex, lived in their neighborhood. That the bigger, stronger and more muscular one might actually be a woman was a bit much for them. Alexandra decided not to challenge them on that.

As soon as they were out of the house, the pair would fuck each other's brains out, usually amidst the dirty dishes.

Years later, when the kids had finished college and started their own families, the pair had long settled to a more regular lifestyle. They were sitting on their couch. They were now both in their sixties and there wasn't much of their crazy episode left. The only thing that remained was a slightly larger clit between Alexandra's legs. She sighed. Life was getting way too ordinary. She asked:

"Say, do we still have any duties now?"

He turned to her:

"Did I forget to bring out the trash again?"

"No, that's not what I meant. Do we have any big things to do now?"

"We just have to be nice grandparents when the kids come to visit."

"Doesn't sound like much. We could do what we want, couldn't we?"

She noticed that his cock was hardening. He asked:

"You wouldn't?"

"I totally would. This time for real."

A year later, Desmond was nervous. Alexandra had been away for a month, she was due to return today. He had to admit that this was a good time for him. Over the last year, he had really built his body and was now quite strong and powerful himself. He was more muscular and ripped than he had ever been. Complete with his full beard and shaved head, he was one of these muscle-grandpas people posted on the internet.

Still, he was nothing next to Alexandra.

He heard her key in the lock and got up. She came in, wearing a shirt and jacket that would befit a college professor. A very muscular college professor. She had her hair cut short and there was something different about her jaw again.

She smiled and said:

"It's good to be home."

He embraced her, their muscular bodies colliding like tectonic plates. He kissed her gently. They frenched for a moment, but soon, her hands opened his fly while he fumbled at her shirt's buttons. She pushed him back mockingly and said:

"Let me do this the comic book way."

She grabbed her shirt and ripped it open, buttons flying everywhere. He stared at her hard, muscular chest. The last vestiges of her tits had gone. Instead, he gazed upon the most powerful and most gigantic pecs he had ever seen. She flexed them, making her muscles grow even more.

"Not bad, huh?"

"Incredible."

She pulled off the rest of her clothes and they fucked harder than ever before. Their muscular bodies hammered away at each other like machines. Even though her clit was still smaller than his cock, she was now able to make it come erect and find a place for it.

At last, Alexandra collapsed on top of her husband's back and groaned:

"That was wonderful."

"Yeah. I missed all of this."

"But from now on, that's what we're going to do."

"By the way, I had some outfits made for us. Wanna go on a ball?"

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