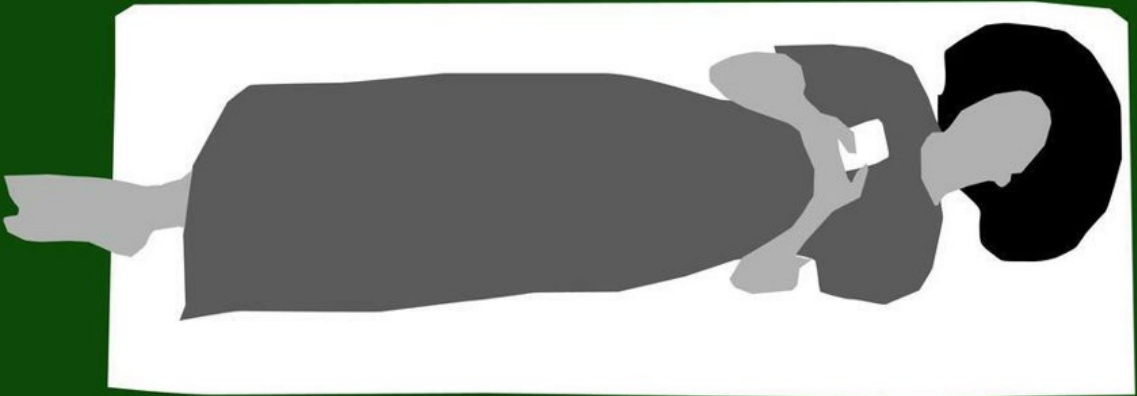
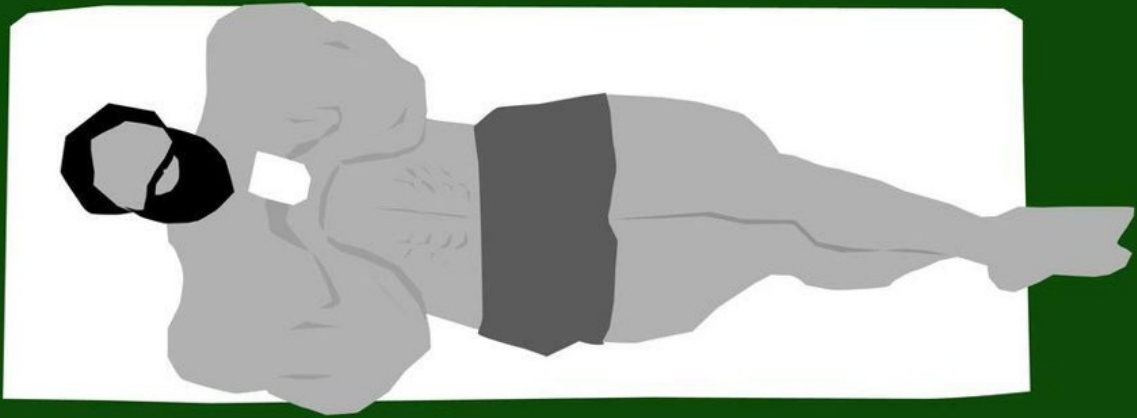


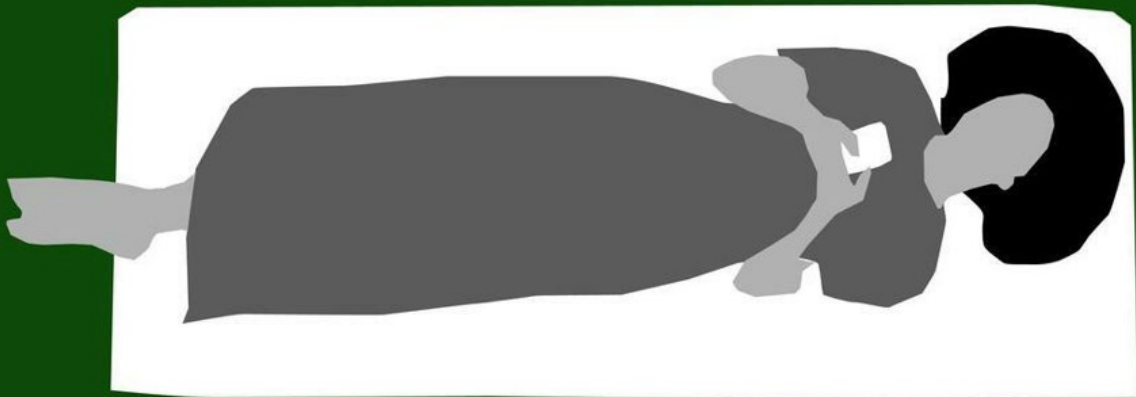
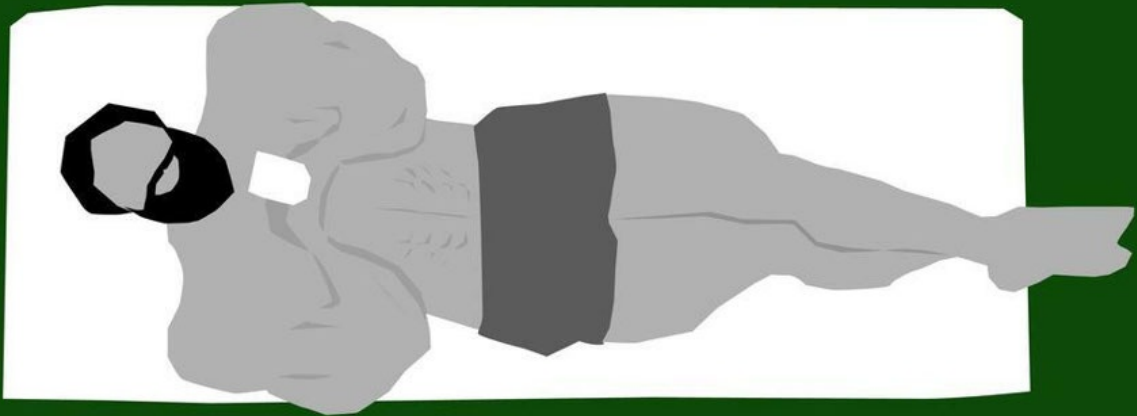
Honesty

Roy Ellison



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Smashwords Edition

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The older woman smiled and handed out the cups of tea to her daughter and her daughter-in-law. The two young women accepted it eagerly and Jood immediately reached for the sugar pincer, dropping two cubes into her cup. She smiled at her in-laws. Seriously, she was blessed with those two. The marriage to Bashir was a bit of a dud, but these two women made up for his lack of energy.

Her mother-in-law, Hijrah, took some honey for her tea and let it flow gently into her cup, while Nadia just blew on her cup, disturbing the little wisp of steam. They looked at each other, then drank. A servant came in and brought the sweets, apologizing for taking so long.

Hijrah did a dismissive gesture:

“When my son’s wife is here, I am in a good mood. Just go. It’s alright!”

The servant bowed and disappeared. As the women drank and enjoyed the sticky sweets, Jood said:

“I probably should have talked less to the matchmaker. I think I gave her the impression that I wanted to marry you!” She chuckled.

Jood blushed. The older woman was charming and funny, while her son was a bit of a bore. At least, he was a very private person, shielding his thoughts and feelings from her intensely.

Nadia rolled her eyes:

“She should at least have spent a little more time with Bashir. Seriously, picking a tomboy like you as a wife for my brother ... I don’t know what she was thinking. He’s such a calm guy, and you ... you’re full of energy.”

Jood made an excusing gesture:

“Hey, I’ve been trying to settle down! I really try. I don’t climb on things anymore, I don’t get into fights, I drive slower ...”

Hijrah grinned:

“I don’t. I just love it when I feel the acceleration!”

Nadia groaned:

“Mom! Bashir is going to get fined again!”

The older woman made a dismissive gesture:

“And he’ll pay. His computer stuff is paying well. Besides, can’t an old widow just have some fun? Right, Jood? Just because my Umar is dead doesn’t mean my life is over, right?”

Jood just shrugged. She perfectly understood the sentiment. Nadia refilled everybody’s cups.

“Still, it’s probably for the best if someone with high energy like you is married

to a boring dude like my brother. Imagine you both being super-energetic.”

Her mother took another sip:

“Your father was just as intense as me.”

“And you spent all your time fighting.”

The older woman gave her an acknowledging shrug.

“But it was fun.” She took another sip. “By the way, what about that Ibrahim guy?”

“Oh no. Please, Mom. I ... not this again.”

“But you’re ...”

“Getting old? Mom, I am not ‘getting old’. I am 27. People in Europe get married much later!”

“So? We don’t do what they do. Their whole ‘look how gay I am!’, ‘I’m changing my gender!’, ‘I don’t care about traditions!’ stuff. You should take one of the suitors. It’s time. While you’re still beautiful!”

“Mom, I ... How many times must I tell you ...”

Jood looked at her sister-in-law. She was tall and thin, with a rather hawkish nose and rather dark skin. While she had a sharp wit and was well-educated, she was no beauty by local standards. She took by her father, and that was a bit of a problem, while Bashir was more similar to his mother: Round, plump, and pleasing to look at. Well, Bashir’s handsomeness suffered a bit from him being a bit short and always looking somewhat nervous, but there was something hidden down below him that could make him quite the looker.

Hijrah wouldn’t have any of it:

“I need some grandchildren, and I need them soon. It was difficult enough to have you two, and since Bashir appears to hesitate ...” She gave an apologizing look to Jood, but the other woman made a vaguely excusing gesture. “... someone will have to do it.”

Suddenly, the whole vibes of the situation changed. Nadia sighed audibly. Then she took another sweet.

“Mother ...”

“Don’t ‘Mother’ me. It is not my fault that ...”

Jood could see Nadia visibly bristle. She raised her hands in apology.

“Can we just ...”

It was already too late. Nadia got up.

“I’m sorry, I just forgot ...”

And she walked away. Jood felt bad. Maybe it really was her fault? If she managed to finally get pregnant, things would be so much easier for everybody! The problem was that, for whatever reason, Bashir seemed uninterested. Sure, he was friendly and mostly caring, but he never appeared to be into actually pursuing their marriage.

She sighed. It was her fault. Whatever the problem was, she should be able to see it.

Pointing at the door, she said:

“I’ll just talk to her ...”

Hijrah sighed:

“Yes, do that.” Then she took another sweet, looking away.

That night, Bashir was fast asleep, breathing deeply and looking completely relaxed. Jood was still awake. At least, they shared the same bed. At first, Bashir had suggested having separate rooms, something about it being more appropriate, but she had insisted. She thought that maybe he would get used to the intimacy.

It hadn’t worked, though she had tried to tease him as much as possible. Lingerie, dirty talk, acting all submissive and eager ... Nothing.

Maybe he thought she was ugly?

But no. He had never felt her feel that way. No signs of disgust, no looking after other women. He just seemed politely disinterested. Not that she would have minded, but sadly, her whole life was supposed to revolve around her being a wife and mother, and this was not working at all.

She rolled around, trying to find a comfortable spot and finally fall asleep. All that hanging around all day, not doing much, wasn't tiring her out anymore. When she had been a teenager, things had been way funnier. Sure, her parents weren't happy that she wasn't behaving properly, but they weren't doing much to stop her either ...

Maybe she should start this again ...

To herself, she whispered:

“You can't do that, girl. It's impossible ...”

That's when she suddenly heard Bashir mumble in his sleep.

“... The arms ... yes ... so big ... yeah ... strong ... mmmmh ... yessss ... I love them ... you're so buff ...”

In the darkness, she wondered what that was about. She sat up carefully, trying to understand. As her eyes got accustomed to the lack of light, she could see that Bashir had quite the hard-on. No, strike that, she had never seen him this erect!

Jood wondered what he was dreaming about. He mumbled some more, than he said:

“Yesss ... Take me ... please ... Yessss ... I want those big ...”

As he said those strange things, she found that she was fully awake. The sleepiness had completely disappeared. She understood that this was the moment she could maybe finally understand what he actually wanted.

She wanted to maybe ask him in his dream state, but she hesitated. What if he woke up and found out that she was trying to do this? He would be furious!

And yet, she wanted to know! She kept watching him, the weird noises he was making only confusing her more and more.

“So big ... so ... strong ... Mmmh ...”

Okay, now she had enough. Maybe ...

She slipped out of the bed, the cool of the floor making her shiver. Stepping over as quickly and as quietly as possible, she took his phone and held it up to his face. At first, it didn't register, but then she managed to unlock it.

Jood felt horrible! What was she doing, invading her husband's privacy? But then again, since he wouldn't say anything and open up, what other choice did she have?

She crept away again and hid the phone under her blanket so he wouldn't be woken by the display's glare. Now she quickly looked through his device. Maybe she could figure out what he was really into?

The first check was his collection of photographs, but that was completely barren. Okay ... She had plenty of snapshots on her phone, and having nothing was a bit suspicious, right?

She looked around in the rest of his phone. Next, she found some books about bodybuilding and fitness. Okay ... That was to be expected. Bashir was slim and weak, so he probably wanted to be stronger. Fair enough.

She next tried to see what apps he used. This wasn't quite as clear as expected. But she found a community he appeared to post to a lot.

Jood was confused. There was a lot of muscular people talking about bodybuilding. Okay? So ... Bashir was really into this? Hm. Maybe he really liked that? It was a bit unclear. Apparently, he fantasized about strong people ... Maybe bodybuilder women? Crazy! There was some talk about getting fucked with a strap-on ... Whoa!

She saw something crazy!

The young woman was shocked and produced a yelping sound. In panic, she shut off the phone and hid under the blanket. Had she woken him up? Bashir

grumbled in his sleep and opened his eyes.

“What’s going on?”

Desperately trying to keep a calm voice, Jood whispered:

“It’s nothing ... I just had a strange dream ...”

“Oh. Good.”

He rolled back over and seemed to fall asleep again. Her heart beating wildly, Jood waited for him to be quiet again. Then, slowly, she got back out of the bed and returned the phone, the strange image still seared into her mind.

As she tried to sleep too, she found that she couldn’t. This bizarre sight wouldn’t leave her thoughts.

The next morning, Jood registered on this community page. Maybe she could figure this out? She scrolled through the postings, and was surprised by the pictures and videos on it. So many muscular people! The men, the women ... The women looked very strange. To be honest, so did the men. They were all so ... swollen. When they moved, their heavy bodies had this strange swing to it, their steps were heavy, and it constantly seemed as if their muscles were colliding against each other.

The other things were the faces. They looked ... brutish. Like animals. It didn’t matter whether they were men or women ... They all had those big chins, the square jaws, the strange foreheads ... And they were all hairy. The men and the women. Now, Jood had quite a bit of body hair. That was pretty normal for women around here. She had a bush and while she went to the beautician to have her legs shaved and her little moustache removed, it invariably came back. Those people ... They were hairy to an absurd level. Some of them looked like apes ...

Jood seriously wondered what the appeal of all of that insanity was. She knew that some men, husbands of friends of her liked the Western style of women: blond, with big fake tits and sausage lips. Others loved the fat, soft women that tradition preferred.

But this? This was completely insane.

As she read along in their discussions, Jood understood that this was a whole lifestyle. Those men and women seemed to do little else: They ate, they trained, and they had sex. Also, they used a ton of drugs. The people who were their fans were completely mesmerized by this. She even read bizarre stories the followers of these creatures came up with. Invariably, they would end with people becoming absurdly strong and masculine, and there would be so much fucking ...

Maybe that was it? Maybe this was a way she could connect with him. Not the muscles ... but maybe the fantasy? She was pretty sure which one of the user names concealed Bashir's identity. He seemed to talk a lot about getting fucked by a big guy ... To be honest, Jood prayed to the one that she was wrong. She sincerely hoped that this wasn't Bashir. But if it was ...

She would have to try.

A few days later, she received a package with a strap-on. She stared at the black rubber appendage and felt weird. Nervously, she slipped it on and looked at her reflection in the mirror. She was naked and feeling stupid. Jood had tied up her long curly hair into a big bun, and had eschewed her makeup for the day. Did she look masculine? Not really. But she looked bland. Maybe that was already enough?

She gave her rubber cock a bit of a stroke. It felt ... off. Then she gave it a little pat. A slap. Another rub. She chuckled. This was stupid. She shouldn't even think of this. Then she cocked her hips, and trust in the air.

"I have a big cock, Bashir, and I want to put it into your butt!"

She blushed. This was getting dumber by the minute ...

She sighed. But if it helped? Wouldn't that be nice?

Jood checked her phone. It wasn't long now. Bashir would be home any minute.

She quickly got dressed again and stuffed her rubber cock into her panties. It gave her a strange bulge. She chuckled nervously. Then she put on some training pants on top and a simple top. To show some goodwill, she also picked up those pink weights she had purchased at the same time and did a few reps, curling them.

Then she checked herself once more and waited for Bashir to arrive.

The door opened at last, and he stepped inside. He was looking at his phone as he stepped inside his slippers quietly. Jood watched him attentively as he ignored her. At last, she cleared her throat:

“Um, Bashir? Welcome home!”

He looked up distractedly.

“Yeah. Hello.”

He stopped. He didn’t say anything. Instead, he just tried to parse what he was seeing. It was just regular old Jood, but ... something was odd. Something was seriously different.

“Uh. Jood, did you change something?”

Her nervousness slowly draining away, she cocked her hips with a bit of provocation and tried to attract his attention to the plastic cock in her pants. Slowly, it dawned to Bashir that there was something strange in her crotch.

“What’s going on ... down there?”

He pointed at her midsection.

“This? Oh ... this is just something I thought we could try. Something different, maybe to spice up our love-life, right?”

“But ... but that’s a penis ...”

Her anxiety crept back a little. Sure, Jood hadn’t expected him to instantly fall for this and declare his absolute willingness to do this, but she had hoped he’d at least react positively in some way. Instead, he looked completely confused. Maybe all those things she had seen on his phone were fakes? Had he been hacked? Could this be a joke someone had played on him?

No. None of these thoughts made any sense. This was what he wanted, right?

Jood looked at him more carefully. His face showed confusion and disgust, but

there was a flash of concealed horniness for a moment. Still, this was not going the way she had hoped it would. Something was wrong. Something she had missed.

She tried to play along for now.

“Yeah ... It is. But ... it’s plastic, obviously.”

“What makes you think I would be interested in something like this?”

“I don’t know. Maybe ... women’s intuition? Come on, maybe it’s fun!”

“I don’t think I should ...”

“We can just lie together and ... rub one out?”

She tried to pass the whole thing off as a joke, took his hand and pulled him after her into the bedroom. Jood produced an awkward chuckle. Reluctantly, Bashir followed her. She directed him on the bed and started to take off his clothes, revealing his soft, weak body. He was getting a bit chubby lately, and Jood wasn’t sure she really liked that.

Also, she felt extremely weird to take decisions like that. Bashir, though, seemed to submit to her decisions.

That’s when he spotted the pink weights on one of the cupboards. Suddenly, his cock did a little jump and went from tiny to somewhat erect. Actually, she had already noticed it was a bit more tense than normal. Was she doing this right?

With a chuckle, she asked:

“Anything caught your attention, Bashir?”

“What’s with the weights?” The words came out a bit stumbling, as if he was trying to both hold them back and force them out at the same time.

“Oh, those? I bought them to maybe get in a better shape. You know how I used to be fit back when I was a kid? I miss it a little. So I did a bit of pumping ...”

She lifted her arm and gave it a flex. It didn’t do anything, really, how could it,

but Bashir's reaction betrayed his attempt at hiding his interest.

"Erm. And ... are you going to keep this up?"

"I barely started. I ... maybe?", she added as she noticed his sudden horniness.

"You have to be careful. I ... I wouldn't want you to become manly or anything ..."

She barely managed to stop her eyes from twitching at the hypocrisy.

"We'll see about that."

She pulled down her pants, giving him a good view of the strap-on in her underpants. He choked when he saw the rod, which was a bit larger than his. Jood couldn't help grinning.

"Wanna see it?"

He nodded reluctantly. She carefully took off the underpants and he stared at the rubber cock as it straightened up. With a chuckle, Jood gave it a rub. By now, Bashir was pretty hard too.

"Touch it."

It felt good to tell him what to do. Sure, it was strange too, but ... she liked it. Jood thought she could get used to this. He gripped the fake penis and for a moment, she wished it was real. What a bizarre thought?

Suddenly, Bashir recoiled, abandoning her dick and pulling away.

"This is dumb. Don't ... Don't do this again!"

He got up way faster than necessary, and left the bedroom. Jood was left surprised and a little horny. Something was strange here. There was some unspoken issue ... She would have to find out.

The next day, Jood got busy reading up on the art of surveillance. It was a strange thing to do, but she had to figure this out. There was something Bashir wasn't telling her, some elephant in the room he didn't dare to talk about, not

even to his strange bedfellows on the internet. Jood decided that she would find out what it was, and then, she would have to decide how to deal with it.

Also, she kept hanging around in these communities. She was somewhat fascinated by the whole thing. There was one big part about bodybuilding and training and supplementation, but there was also a whole element about manliness. Seriously, she was impressed by what these guys were talking about. There were whole threads on DIY, on arts and crafts, and on dressing in a stylish, manly fashion. And there was plenty of stuff on how to pick up women and having sex the most intense way.

As she read these things and looked at the pictures and videos the guys shared, she slowly fell down that rabbit hole. After a few days, it felt normal. In the beginning, she had been grossed out by the bulging muscles and the thick veins, by the distended jaws of the female bodybuilders, the constant barrage of side-effect-ravaged backs and the weird voices, the whole sweat and grunting and the crazy aggression of it all. Soon enough, though, her mind blunted to it.

She noticed what was happening the first time she saw a bodybuilder in real life. She was at the mall, doing some shopping, when she suddenly twisted her neck as the guy lumbered by. In that moment, she was really happy she wore her veils, because no one could see her reaction. She would have been so embarrassed if someone had seen her get all slack-jawed!

Her mind had been well-trained, though, already. She instantly noticed the man's thick traps, his rounded shoulders with just a hint of splits, his pecs showing a bit of feathering, and his lats that made his upper body swing side-by-side as he walked by.

For a moment, Jood thought about running out of the shop and talking to him, just to ask him how he went about to become like this, but she caught herself. Then she wondered whether she should take a picture with him.

And then, she had the strangest thought.

The guy didn't look as big as she would have wanted.

She felt insane. That man was massive. He was built like an ox, and he was reasonably ripped. His arms were huge!

And yet, faced with the endless parade of online muscle-monsters, he felt ... small? Okay, not small, but still ... normal.

Then she thought of Bashir and realized that she was obviously going crazy. Shaking her head, she returned to her shopping, but as she did, her mind kept going back to this guy. She should have asked him to take a picture, at least.

A few days later, she had finished setting up the surveillance setup at her home. It certainly felt weird to do this, but she had to know. She had also installed a tracking software on Bashir's phone one night, and now, she could monitor their place at all times. She decided that should Bashir ask her what this was all about, she would say something about checking on the servants, but since he never noticed, she was fine with this.

Then, as the trap was set, it was time to lay low and let him walk into it. Jood chuckled at the thought. This was the "hunter mindset" that some of the guys in the community talked about. She did feel a certain thrill ...

To make sure he felt safe, she announced that she was going to visit his mother for a week or so. This way, she was certain he would do whatever he really wanted and show her his desires. As she was finishing up her packing, she heard him whine:

"The sink is clogged again! Tell that Anisa girl to get the repair man!"

"Bashir, she isn't here today. She'll only be here tomorrow for the cleaning."

"Then call her."

"I ... I ... What's the problem?"

"It's the sink. The water won't drain."

"Wait a moment."

She sighed. Then she took off her abaya and opened the cupboard under the sink. She got a bucket, and, in a manner of minutes, she had unscrewed the whole construction, cleaned it, and reassembled it. She checked that everything was nice and tight, then she let the water run. It drained perfectly, and she quickly washed her hands.

Bashir stood next to her, completely transfixed by what had just happened. She smiled at him:

“There. That wasn’t too hard.”

“Where did you learn to do that?”

Suddenly, Jood blushed.

“Uh ... on the ... I ... It was on the internet.” She looked away. “Listen, this is all fine, but I have to go. Have fun!”

She gave him a peck on the cheek and left. Bashir stood there, shocked by what he had just witnessed. In a way, he felt intimidated.

That evening, after the women of the house had gone to sleep, Jood tracked Bashir’s internet use. She could see him relax on the sofa, masturbating, through the cameras. He was looking at bodybuilder pictures of all kinds, and Jood found herself getting aroused too. Without thinking, her hand went between her legs and she started to play with herself. Bashir was definitely into mass monsters. To her shock, she realized that she was into those too ...

In the night, she had a strange dream in which she was checking out masses of bodybuilders in the mall that walked by in hordes as she was hiding in the shop, and then, she suddenly realized that they all had her face? She awoke, confused and aroused.

The next night, Bashir was at it again, and she was watching him. As she saw him scroll through threads of hairy muscle beasts and comment on the pictures, she suddenly had a stupid idea.

“Hey, can I DM you?”

She couldn’t believe what she just did. A moment later, he answered:

“Sure.”

Okay, now she had to commit, right? She touched his contact and wrote:

“Hi! You’re into big muscle people?”

“Yes! You too?”

Jood hesitated. Was she even lying?

“I am.” Then she added: “I’m new to this.”

“If you need anything, just let me know. I’ve been around for a bit.”

“Cool.”

“Wanna see my favorite bodybuilders?”

“I do!”

Jood was shocked. The pictures Bashir sent her were just an endless parade of huge, muscular, ultra-manly mega-studs. Some had maybe started out as women and then roided themselves to such an extent that they were indistinguishable from men, others were very clearly, well ... men.

Big, burly, hairy, muscular men with huge cocks.

For just a moment, Jood wanted to ask her husband whether he was gay. Then she realized that this would break character, and it also would sound like judging. Also ... well ... it wasn’t as if he was doing anything to dispel the notion. Though she did notice quite a few of these ultra-masculine dudes to actually have a little feminine side to themselves ... The well-groomed hair, the nails, these were people obsessed with their exterior, not crazy mountain men.

That’s when she realized she was furiously masturbating without thinking.

She wanted to be like this ...

The moment she understood that thought, she fought back. That was impossible. It was stupid, it was wrong! She couldn’t do this. She couldn’t feel this!

And yet, there she was.

She breathed deeply, thanked him for the pictures and logged back off.

That night, her dreams were even more confusing. She was in a dark place, surrounded by thick, writhing muscle swelling all around her, enveloped in a

heavy scent of sweat, struggling to free herself.

She awoke completely wrapped in her blanket and feeling very stupid and horny.

The next evening, Bashir wrote first, announcing something wonderful! He had invited someone over to his place for tonight, and he would tell everything about it the next day.

For a moment, Jood wondered what that was about, but then, she just switched on the cameras. She would see it anyway. Now all she had to do was to stay awake and watch.

It turned out not to be difficult at all. The curiosity was enough to keep her awake.

Under her blanket, careful not to give her in-laws any indication of what was happening, Jood watched the phone anxiously. She could tell that Bashir was just as nervous, though he was also very excited. Well, to be honest, so was she ...

He paced the room, his cock tenting his pants, constantly checking his watch. Meanwhile, Jood's excitement mounted just as quickly, and she noticed she was getting quite horny without even knowing what was going on.

After what felt like an eternity, someone appeared to be on the door. Jood felt a sudden pang of jealousy. What was going to happen? Had he invited some prostitute?

Nah. That wouldn't make sense, would it? Unless there were ...

There were.

Bashir had opened the door and now, he guided a big, muscular guy into the living room. It was so obvious that this was a muscleman for hire, and yet, Jood found herself not jealous, but ... fascinated. The guy took off his jacket and revealed a massively yoked upper body. Bashir was over him a moment later, caressing the man, admiring his muscles, kissing them ...

Jood was both furious and horny.

He had lied to her. He was clearly gay, and he was worshipping this man with a

dedication he had never even remotely dedicated to her! And at the same time, she wanted to be this huge guy. She wanted to be this muscleman, this hunk, feeling her husband's hands all over her, craving her, salivating over her enormous build ...

By now, she was masturbating furiously as she watched the show, the giant flexing in turn to display his power, moving from one pose to the next and showing off the size of his muscles. Without thinking, Jood tensed her own arms a bit, feeling her muscles react, even if they were too small and weak to show anything.

Now the two men were getting closer to each other, and Bashir was stripping out of his clothes, presenting his soft, weak body to the strong man he had invited. He looked almost endearing like this. The bodybuilder started to manhandle Bashir, and her husband let himself be subjected to quite the humiliation. He was forced to the ground, the weight of the bulky man pushing him down, and then, to Jood's shock and arousal, she saw her husband getting fucked ...

Jood's mind was blown. She had never seen anything like it, not even imagined it ... And it was turning her on. She suddenly fantasized about being in this position, behind her husband, sinking her penis into him ...

Her penis?

That was insane.

And yet, that thought was right inside her. Her mind was overwhelmed by the idea. She was going crazy, wasn't she? She shivered as her insides contracted around her fingers as she felt hornier than ever before. She had to bite her pillow to stop herself from squealing in delight.

Jood was hot, sweaty, unbelievably horny, and she was enjoying every moment of this.

Maybe it was something she wouldn't have gone for if she hadn't been so aroused, but in that moment, she made her decision. She would become this.

After a very strange night with plenty of very odd dreams that left her sweaty and confused, she logged back in on one of the communities and soon asked around for someone to help her. There was a certain amount of skepticism when

the other members heard of her question:

“I’m a woman and I want to become a big and masculine bodybuilder. How do I get there?”

Then her mailbox was flooded by direct messages. Jood laid in the bed, looking through the endless list. Most were useless horny posts by people who wanted her to send before pictures or asked whether she would like to date or marry them. She just ignored them. Some, however, were a bit more useful and actually asked intelligent questions about her motives, her means and the time she had planned to take.

As she answered those posts, she got more and more information about how to get there. It was pretty fascinating. Apparently, the process would take a while, but since she didn’t want to avoid virilizing side-effects, this would all be pretty simple.

Suddenly, Jood found herself grinning broadly. This was insane, but it would also work ...

She returned home not long after and already found several packages waiting for her. She had one of the servants move them to the room Bashir had suggested as her separate bedroom. Once that was done, she got busy opening the boxes and assembling the training machines in them. As she worked through the various steps, she found herself wondering several times whether she should get some help, but then, she said to herself that she had to do it on her own.

Besides, it wasn’t that Bashir would be much help. He’d probably just get his fingers pinched by some bit. It took her the better part of an afternoon, but then, the whole setup was done. She admired her handiwork, feeling proud.

“You’re getting there, Jood ...”

After a bit of relaxing, she changed into her new workout clothes and admired herself in the big mirror she had bought. At first, she had thought about getting the usual cute style, but as soon as she realized what she was trying to do, she had quickly switched to something more masculine. As a result, she was wearing some wide black shorts, a sports bra and a white tank top, plus a matching black jacket. She chuckled. Those things still looked great on her ...

Then she suddenly had an idea. The guys on the internet were right: She should take some “before”-pictures. Snapping a few, she realized that this outfit was probably not how she would present herself later on. She blushed at the thought, but then, she decided to go for it. She slipped off the jacket and the top, then took off her bra.

She looked at her reflection nervously. She had moderately-sized breasts, nothing massive, but still nice, and because of her rather slim back, she wore D-cup bras. They also had a bit of a hang to them, but Jood tightened her back muscles and lifted them up, straightening herself out. Then she grinned and lifted one arm and flexed. There was maybe a tiny little shape shifting under her skin, but that didn't matter. As the phone took her picture, she imagined just how big her arm would eventually get. The thought made her heart beat faster. She had to focus. After checking the pictures out, she put her clothes back on, feeling a little embarrassed by her decision.

At last, she started her training. This was just a little trial run to get into it, nothing too tough. She just wanted to see how it felt.

Jood finished up after an hour. She was sweaty and feeling rather hot. She had gone through several sets of various exercises and she felt amazing! Tired, of course, but also really alive. It had been so long that she had felt alive, and this was an incredible sensation. She admired her sweaty, pumped body and couldn't stop herself from mock-posing.

To herself, she said:

“Soon ... I'm going to get so strong ...”

Then she giggled happily, did a little jump and headed for the shower.

A few weeks in, Bashir was a bit surprised by the food his wife was eating lately. He had taken some time to notice it. Their servant had cooked for them, and the older woman clearly disapproved of the kind of stuff Jood had picked for herself. Still, Jood was the boss' wife, so she had to comply, even if she found the idea of eating steamed food with vegetables like this completely bizarre. At least, Jood had seen reason and accepted some seasoning. The old woman had rolled her eyes, but what could she do.

The couple sat together in silence. Ever since Jood had returned from her visit,

she stayed a bit at a distance. She wanted to make sure that she would be able to shock him once her progress became obvious.

As they ate, Bashir asked:

“I noticed you are using the spare bedroom now.”

“That’s right, husband. I have set up some equipment in there.”

“Ah. What kind of equipment?”

She let him wait a bit as she continued eating. After a moment, she could tell that he was getting nervous. She wondered why. At last, she answered:

“Oh, just some machines to stay in shape. You can use them too.”

“Do you think I’m out of shape?”

She looked up and smiled:

“I don’t think you’ve ever been in shape.”

“Erm. I’m sorry, but I am still a man. Obviously, I am fit and strong.”

“Ah.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“Of course!”

She chuckled.

“Would you like to arm-wrestle?”

Bashir’s face immediately turned crimson. Then he grinned nervously.

“Well, I wouldn’t want to hurt you ...”

“Let me finish this, then I’ll let you try.”

She returned to her food.

While she ate, she couldn't help noticing that Bashir was getting increasingly anxious. She hid her smile as good as she could. Watching him react to the challenge was amusing. The poor guy. It was clearly turning him on, but he also didn't want to show it. So he tried to pass off his excitement as some vague boredom. It turned out that Bashir wasn't that good an actor. In a way, Jood was a little disappointed. She had expected someone who had fetishes like he had to be able to at least conceal them by concealing his feelings and maybe appear somewhat charming. Well, he clearly couldn't.

She took her time. The longer she took, the more he started to fidget. At last, she decided that it was enough. She put the dishes to the side. The servant would clear them later. Then she smiled at her husband.

"Ready when you are."

She got in position and held up her hand. Suddenly realizing that this was now happening, she could feel Bashir getting nervous. Well, he had brought this upon himself.

He mirrored her position and took her hand. It was surprising how soft it was. Lately, her training had made her palms a bit tougher, even though she used gloves to protect her skin. She tried to find the right angle. Back when she had been a kid, her cousins had occasionally challenged her to games like these, as had her brothers.

"Okay ... Let's do this ..."

Bashir found himself grinning. Then he said:

"Go!"

And he pushed. Jood was surprised for a moment, but then, she held against him and did her best to push back. It was ... hard. But it wasn't impossible. She put her strength into it, locked her legs to the chair, and leaned in. She did know a few things about that game, and she quickly realized that Bashir, well, wasn't as experienced. She could certainly make up for her relatively lower strength.

Though ... Was it really lower? To her surprise, she found herself not only stabilizing his push, but actually countering it. Bashir was clearly as shocked as she was and suddenly had to put some work in. He obviously didn't expect that,

and produced a frustrated groan as she brought his fist beyond the vertical.

Now he scrambled for a solution. She had him halfway down already when he finally managed to focus and push back. The pressure was intense now, and Jood felt her muscles harden with the effort. They both grunted. Gone was the funny little game. This was no longer a joke. Both felt they had something to lose now.

Jood gritted her teeth as Bashir managed to push her back. She could feel her brow get all sweaty, but so was her husband's. The man looked pretty strained already. She took this as a sign that she might win this, and redoubled her efforts.

Again, her hand ended up on top of his. Since the beginning of their struggle, she had dominated this, and Bashir was constantly fighting to avoid defeat. She felt a strange pleasure well up within her. This was incredible! She had never experienced anything like this. She was in control. Sure, it was hard work, but it felt so good ...

She pushed herself even harder and increased the pressure. Bashir was stronger, yes, but he was so horribly out of shape that she could probably beat him on endurance and technique. All she had to do was stick to it ...

Bashir groaned and a big drop of sweat fell on the table from his forehead. Between his teeth, he growled:

“Why are you so strong?”

She tried to find enough energy to answer, but only produced a drawn-out gargle as she put her entire strength into her arm. Jood could feel her arm bulge with effort, and she loved the sensation. This was what it was all about, right? Being strong, being in control, outdoing this weak man ...

These crazy thoughts flooded her mind, and she absolutely loved them. She felt that under all of this effort, she was getting aroused. Was she going crazy? Maybe. But she enjoyed it.

Now Bashir's arm kept hovering above the tabletop. He was barely managing to stop her from just slamming it down. She was winning this.

“Ow! Ow! Ow!” He squealed in sudden pain. “Stop! Stop! Stop it! I ... I've got a cramp!”

He opened his hand and tried to pull it back, which caused her to twist her grip and release him. Furious at the sudden interruption, Jood glared at him:

“What the hell?”

Bashir caressed his arm, looking rather pathetic.

“I ... I have a cramp in my arm. Yeah. Wouldn’t have been fair to continue.”

For a moment, a deep silence fell over the room. Jood looked at him with an expression that suggested massive contempt. Seriously? This was the only way he managed to get out of certain defeat? Pathetic.

Bashir was obviously realizing she had seen right through him, but what could he do? He looked a bit overwhelmed. Then he said:

“Go get the servant so she can clean up the dishes.”

She turned to call her, but he said:

“Just go to the kitchen and tell her.”

She sighed and got up, frustrated with her husband. She walked out with a swirl of her dress, feeling a great tension in herself. As she stepped away, she turned back a bit and snuck a peek at Bashir.

Yeah.

Of course he was hard. What a twerp. He loved this. And he wouldn’t admit it. The thing was, though, she was enjoying this too. Seeing him squirm, trying to save himself from her strength ... And she was only at the beginning. Soon, she would grow really strong, and then, he would suffer.

Over the next few months, Bashir stayed out of her way. He was rather busy, or at least, he claimed to be. She did notice, though, that he kept hovering around her, trying to catch glimpses of what she was doing. It was strange. On the one hand, he kept her at arm’s length in bed and in daily life, on the other hand, he clearly wanted to check her out.

Well, she decided to give him just enough of a view to allow him to get horny.

Teasing him amused her. It was another way in which she could be in control of this fool.

Also, she herself was getting increasingly turned on. After laying some foundations and learning the ropes of working out, she ordered the kind of drugs she would need to kickstart her transformation. As Jood assembled all the vials of drugs, she started to realize what she was going to do. She hesitated. The dozen or so substances would change her. She had seen the other women online. She had heard their voices, seen their faces, admired their physiques. They looked like freaks. Completely insane. Self-destructive, but willing to rebuild themselves into what they wanted to be.

And she would be one of them. One of the insane people who defied God's creation by turning themselves into something different than intended ...

She took a deep breath.

Should she really do this? It was just so crazy ...

She thought about her situation. She could still stop. She could go back to being a foolish little wife in a loveless marriage. She could do what God, society, her family, everybody intended ... or she could be the man she knew her husband wanted to be with. And the manly creature she realized she wanted to be ...

Well, society be damned. She would do it.

She took the prepared the first set of injections, then proceeded to pump all that stuff into her body, ready to turn herself into a blasphemous monstrosity. And she would enjoy every moment of it!

A few days later, she noticed the first side-effects. It had started pretty small, with her skin feeling a bit dry, but soon enough, she had a massive acne outbreak on her back. That was annoying, but she had one of the servants help her clean it up. The woman carefully popped all her zits, disinfected the little spots and did her best not to look too disgusted.

There was another thing too. She started to smell. It was discreet at first, but two weeks in, her clothes started to reek. It was amazingly bad. She smelled like a young man in the middle of puberty. It was eye-watering, and it was everywhere. In her clothes, in her bed, in the shower, in every room ... When she went out

shopping, she tried to cover up the smell with some intense perfume, but that seemed to only make things worse. At home, though, she just let it all out.

Bashir's reaction was surprising. He ... seemed to like it?

He didn't want to show it, but ... he was closer to her now than ever before. Jood was impressed. Maybe this was part of the trick?

After a particularly intense workout, Jood was admiring herself in the mirror. Her body was glistening with sweat, and the air in the room was smelling pretty awful. She lifted her arm and flexed it, watching her biceps swell up. The daily workouts had really changed her physique, and seeing as she pumped hard every day, hitting her limits and trying to push them, the drugs she was shooting were doing their work. Seriously, she was starting to look pretty incredible. She grabbed a measuring tape and wrapped it around her arm. With a grin, she tightened the muscle even more. It reacted accordingly, stretching the tape a bit. She relaxed it, flexed it again and again, until it looked reasonably pumped. Ten and a half inches ... That was nice. Also, it was hard! There was zero flab on her arm anymore.

She could feel the muscle shift under her skin.

"Fuck ... This looks great ... I can't wait it to get bigger!"

She cleared her throat. That was another side-effect. Her voice had gotten pretty rough lately. There was a kind of constant scratchiness in her throat, and her voice had a bit of a squawk to it. It was kinda bizarre, and sometimes, it would jump up and down like a teenage boy's. She did her best to hide this, lowering her voice, or trying to speak in shorter sentences so she could catch herself before somebody noticed.

Then again, she could see Bashir tense up every time she missed the moment. She had no idea whether he understood what was going on, but he couldn't be so dense as to not see that something was happening. Seriously, her husband was gravitating around her lately. He would casually check her out, something he had never done before.

On the one hand, it was a bit annoying because he would linger close to her and say nothing, but on the other hand, it was proof that what she was doing was working.

She took her phone and snapped some more pictures of her current body. Then she compared them to her “before”-picture. The change was a bit subtle still, but it was there. Her body had become leaner and tougher, and her legs, butt and arms had tightened up and showed slight signs of muscle. Also, her breasts had shrunk a bit, but that was to be expected, and also part of the process.

To be honest, she enjoyed this. It just felt great to become stronger and to be in control of her body.

That’s when she noticed a surprisingly thick black hair sprouting from her chest. It was maybe half an inch long, and it was starting to curl gently. She stared at it. A few months ago, she would immediately have plucked it and felt annoyed about it, but now, she just touched it, feeling its springiness.

A smile spread on her face. She thought of all the big, hairy dudes on the community and imagined her chest covered in a thick fur ... Okay. That was too much, wasn’t it? She couldn’t just become a hairy beast, right? She ... she had to stop somewhere ... Then she thought about the man that had fucked Bashir’s ass.

Yeah.

She felt a bizarre tension in her pussy. Putting the phone away, she reached between her legs and caressed her lips.

“Mmmh ...”

It felt great. Much more intense than before. She sighed. Wow. She felt her fingers get wet. Incredible. She wondered what it would feel like to have a cock ... Wouldn’t that be great? A big, thick monster dangling between her legs ...

She chuckled nervously. That was insane. She couldn’t think like this. At the same time, that was the trip she was on, wasn’t she? That was where she was heading. She bit her lip as she found a nice spot and rubbed it.

She wondered how this would work ... But there were people in the community that suggested that there was some kind of treatment to actually get a cock ... She would have to check this out.

Bashir was in the shower, cleaning himself after a long masturbation session. He had discovered a new contact online, and the guy was amazing! He was huge

and hairy and so dominant ... It felt incredible to chat with him. Okay, he hadn't actually seen any pictures, and as always, there was the risk that this was just another person pretending to actually be some big horny dude, but ... he wanted to believe. Besides, the guy was absolutely authentic. Talking about his workouts, describing his drug regimen, and writing about his fantasies ... The guy was still growing, and he already suggested he was pretty massive.

Bashir tried to push him for some pictures, but so far, the guy had resisted. Well, it wasn't that much of a problem. He could imagine him well enough ...

As the warm water washed away the cum stuck to his sparse pubic hair, Bashir groaned.

Again.

Something kept clogging the drain. He hated it when that happened, and it got more frequent lately. The water wouldn't run off correctly and he would stand in half an inch of tepid water with some droplets of his cum floating in it.

Yuck.

He opened the drain cover and started poking at whatever was stuck in there. Then he pulled out a bunch of curly pubic hairs. Not his. He wondered where those came from.

Was one of the male servants using this shower? He hoped not! Maybe it was one of the women? He never even looked at them. Maybe they were hairy under their modest clothes? It was confusing.

As he yanked the clump out, he noticed that there was this thick, manly smell attached to it.

Now he was really confused. This didn't make sense at all!

Jood stared at her crotch. It looked crazy. There was this massive bush of hair now, since she never shaved down there, and the drugs she was shooting had made it all sprout in all direction. She literally had a line of hair going upwards all the way to her bellybutton. Her legs had also become hairier lately, and while there was still this thought that this was inappropriate for a woman, what she was seeing was challenging that idea.

There, poking out amidst the hair was a small penis. It was really tiny, with its cockhead barely as big as the tip of her pinky, but ... it was there.

The drug she had received was working. It was strange, but apparently, it was real. As explained, she had injected it into her clitoris, and then, over the course of a few days, her tiny spot had changed. It had begun to swell and grow, then it had absorbed her urethra, and then, it had transformed into a very small cock.

That was what she was looking at now. It was really small, but ... it was a cock. She touched it gently with her increasingly gnarled fingers. This sent a shiver through her body.

Oh wow ...

The tiny appendage swelled up a little and started to rise. She sighed. It worked! It actually worked! Jood was elated. She kept playing with it, every touch sending little flashes of arousal through her body. Then she looked at herself in her home gym mirror. The last few months had continued her change, though she still looked mostly female.

There was a bit of a sharpness to her face and her chin looked a bit bigger, but she was still herself. The rest of her body had improved more, though. She looked more like a crossfitter now, her arms having gained a good inch of girth, her shoulders having grown wider, and her trunk having become more solid.

Jood kept playing with her tiny cock, and it started to twitch now. It was getting really hard now. She shivered with delight. Sure, it was still small, but if she kept treating it, it would soon get as large as Bashir's. And then, she would make it bigger. And bigger! She couldn't wait ...

She had been chatting with him in her male persona for a while now, teasing him and making him submit to her. When she was ready, they would meet "in person", and then, she would overwhelm him!

The thought was enough to send her over the edge and she came like this for the first time, shooting a tiny droplet of cum out of her little dick. It hit the mirror and slid down slowly. Jood felt incredible. This was going to be amazing!

Nadia hugged and kissed her cheeks:

“It’s so nice of you to come over for a while!”

Jood did her best to deal with her sister-in-law’s enthusiasm. The tall, slim woman was very happy to see her and was rather handsy. As she held Jood in her arms, she suddenly stopped.

“Erm. Jood, has something happened? You feel ... weird?”

The broad-shouldered woman smiled awkwardly:

“Not much ... I ... I have been working out.”

“Working out? Why? What a strange idea.”

“Weeeeell ... I kinda felt like it? It was a thing I thought would feel nice, and ... it does.”

“Okay? Now that’s a strange idea.”

Nadia patted Jood’s arms through the fabric.

“Whoa. That’s pretty solid. Feels hard. Strong.”

“I ... I may have worked out more than I probably should ...”

Her sister-in-law eyed her carefully.

“Okay? What does that mean? Are you turning into one of these fitness women I keep seeing on social media?”

Jood blushed.

“Um ... No. No, I don’t think so.”

“Too bad. I gotta admit, I kinda like the look.”

The musclewoman gave her sister-in-law a curious look. Nadia just laughed it off:

“Forget I said anything.” Then she grinned. “Or not. You can always show me what you managed to do.”

“Let’s not, okay?”

“Yeah, yeah. Sure. Suit yourself.”

Jood smiled and felt a bit awkward, but then, she said:

“Anyway, thank you for having me here.”

“You’re always welcome. I know how annoying my brother can be.”

“That’s not it.”

“Still annoying.”

As Nadia accompanied her sister-in-law to her room, she couldn’t help noticing that there was something off with her body odor. Jood was using some heavy perfume, but there was a smell underneath it all. Weird. Really, she was looking off. The gait, the frame, her face ... There were just a lot of things that seemed different.

For a moment, Nadia wanted to ask her, but then, she got nervous and decided against it. She didn’t want to insult her. And if it was important, she would tell her herself, right?

As soon as Jood was alone in the room, she had to get out of her clothes! They were feeling so restrictive lately. It was obvious, after all, her body had become much larger lately, and her proportions had changed, challenging the standards of couture. Even the flowy, traditional outfits with their wide cuts felt restricting on her athletic physique.

She breathed in relief as she was finally free. Jood looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. She looked incredible. Just seeing her muscles made her horny ... and hard. She felt her tiny penis rise amidst the bush. It was still small, even though it had grown a little further. It was maybe an inch long now, and it was getting thicker with every injection. Thicker and longer. She wondered how big it would end up being ...

Seriously, if she could choose, she wanted it to be gigantic. As long as her forearm, and as thick. A real monster. Something to really make a mark. A real monster.

The thought made her build up a drop of pre-cum.

Her hand went to her tiny penis and she started rubbing it. It felt so good. There was this delightful tension to it. She masturbated a dozen times a day lately, often edging for an hour or so, trying to get the most intense orgasms. To be honest, it felt as if she spent her days only doing three things anymore: eating, training and rubbing her cock.

And it didn't even feel wrong.

The tension in her body increased. The idea that she could get caught only turned her on even more. She moaned, trying to stay quiet. It just felt great.

She would stay here for a bit to give Bashir some space. He would probably get himself fucked by another big, hairy muscledude, and she was looking forward to watching. Also, she kept chatting with him anyway, and she could tell that he was getting obsessed with her.

To be perfectly honest, it just felt great to incite such a passion in her normally quiet husband. He had even composed a poem for her! Getting her fictional body hair compared to a deep forest and her cock to a wellspring had felt rather strange, but she had to admit that Bashir had a talent for this.

The thought of having him worship her brought her so close to the edge ...

Nadia walked in.

She didn't think about it. It was probably just stupid. She should have paid attention and maybe have knocked, but they had known each other for so long, and they usually had nothing to hide from each other. She knew that she could just pop in without warning and it was okay. After all, they were like sisters, weren't they?

The moment she was inside, she knew she had screwed up.

The sheets and the blanket she was carrying dropped to the floor. Her jaw dropped too. She would have fallen down as well if Jood hadn't turned around quickly and caught her. The catch was rather clumsy, and she grabbed Nadia's hand, which meant that Nadia didn't really fall to the ground, but didn't stay on her feet either. Instead, she ended up suspended a little over the floor, while also

looking really stupid. At the same time, she realized that Jood was clearly strong enough to hold her like this without much effort.

The muscular woman asked:

“Are you okay? What happened?”

Nadia, still awkwardly dangling from Jood’s hand, stared at her and asked:

“What happened to you?”

Jood switched her position and lifted Nadia up, cradling her in her arms. Her sister-in-law was taller than her, but she was also really light. Or at least, she felt that way.

Nadia was in a bit of a shock, unable to process what was happening to her.

Jood quickly carried her over to the bed and laid her on the mattress gently.

She got her a cup of tea and said:

“Thank God you weren’t carrying anything that would break!”

Nadia, still overwhelmed by the naked, muscular person next to her, just nodded. She felt completely stunned, but at the same time, she was absolutely fascinated by Jood’s look. She sipped the tea, her heartbeat slowing down again. Then she asked:

“Why ... why do you look like this?”

Jood felt a bit embarrassed for a moment, but then, she just smiled:

“I feel great.”

“Okay ...” Nadia’s eyes scanned her all over, taking in her heavy muscles, the big arms, the wide shoulders, all the hair ... and then, her eyes got stuck on Jood’s penis, which had decided to become erect again. “And what’s that?” Nadia’s voice sounded close to hysteria, but also excited and confused. It was a whole confusion of feelings and Jood could sense that she was starting to feel hornier again.

“That’s my penis.”

“Your penis? What? You don’t have a penis!”

Jood grinned:

“Are you sure? Want to take a closer look?”

Nadia stared at her crotch. It was weird, and it did make her slightly uncomfortable after a while. Then Nadia extended a finger and touched it. Jood shivered as her sister-in-law poked it.

“It feels real.”

“That’s because it is real.”

“But how?”

“Don’t ask. Some special drug I got on the internet.”

“So you didn’t always have it?”

“No. It’s new.”

“Okay.”

Jood could tell that Nadia’s mind was settling in on the insanity. Then she looked up at her:

“Why is it so small?”

That question took her muscular sister-in-law by surprise:

“Well ... I’m still working on it.”

“Working on it? What do you mean?”

“I’m making it grow. It just takes time.”

“Ah.”

“And it works?”

“Yeah. It does. And it’ll get bigger.”

“And did you ever, you know, fuck someone with it?”

Suddenly, Jood blushed. Why was Nadia like this?”

“No, not yet! I mean, you’re the first person I told about it.”

“Wow.”

That’s when Jood had a stupid idea:

“Wanna try it out?”

Nadia stared at her.

“Try it out? As in ... we ... we have sex?”

“Yeah.” Jood realized how dumb this sounded. Nadia smiled, though:

“You certainly seem better than all the idiots Mom tried to marry me with.”

Jood felt her heart leap.

The two women landed on the bed, with Jood on top. Nadia felt the weight of her sister-in-law on her, the warmth and strength pushing her in the mattress. Her hands went all over her muscular body, taking in the rounded shapes of her physique, the heavy hardness that covered her frame. Jood’s intense smell invaded her and she ran her strong, rough hands over Nadia’s slim body. They kissed. It was a strange sensation, but a welcome one. Another kiss. Another. Longer ... more intense. Nadia spread her legs. Jood rubbed her cock against her lover’s clitoris, which caused Nadia to gasp. She knew she wouldn’t be able to penetrate her fully yet, but maybe this was second best. Besides, Nadia was getting turned on by Jood’s muscles alone.

There was this sensation of getting worshipped as Nadia clawed at Jood’s broad back, her fingernails digging into her flesh.

Nadia didn’t even say anything, and neither did Jood. The only thing she

managed was a kind of animal growl as she started to gyrate her hips. The warmth of Nadia's pussy, the submission of her mind, the kisses, the caresses, the scratches ...

Jood was getting overwhelmed by her sister-in-law's adoration. It was just too good ...

It ended quickly. At some level, Jood wanted to hold back, but at the same time, her body ached for this, and she gave in. It didn't take long for her to cum, just as Nadia gave in to her completely.

As she shot her load clumsily over Nadia's crotch, Jood felt a great tiredness wash over her, and she slumped on top of the other woman, breathing deeply. She felt Nadia's slim chest rise and fall under her, and she felt great ...

The next day, Nadia got a complete weight set delivered to their house. It was set up discreetly in a spot that her mother never went to, and which was also ignored by the servants. Once it was ready, she took Jood's hand and led her all the way there, then presented it with a big "ta-daaa!"-gesture.

"This is so you can always train when you're here ... and I can watch you!"

Jood grinned. Then she looked at her sister-in-law, then she hugged her tight. Nadia produced a squealing sound as the muscular woman squeezed the air out of her, but it felt amazing to be under her control like this.

"Thank you so much, Sis! Thank you for understanding ... and for supporting me." She released the flustered and blushing thin woman from her powerful arms and kissed her. "Of course you can watch ... You can even join me a bit, if you want ..."

Nadia coughed and said:

"No, no ... It's okay ... Just let me look at you while you train ... and maybe ..."

"What?"

"Could I maybe give you the injections? I want to see you get bigger ... everywhere ..."

Jood stared at her sister-in-law and raised an eyebrow.

“Wow, you’re even kinkier than your brother.”

“Nah.” She thought for a moment. “Though ... maybe? I don’t know. We’ll have to check.”

Soon after, Jood presented her tiny cock to Nadia, who carefully disinfected its skin and then injected the next dose of the drug. Jood gasped as the chemicals entered her body, and she felt a surge of energy and horniness.

“Wow ...”

Nadia grinned, knelt down between her legs, and gave her cock’s head a little kiss. Then she added:

“This is so he grows nice and big ...”

“I’ll do my best.”

Then Jood started pumping iron. Nadia watched her as she worked through her sets, groaning, sweating, gritting her teeth, pushing herself further and further. The effect was astonishing. Jood seemed to glow with the effort, her muscles pulsed from the strain, and her cock was hard and erect. Nadia was sure it was already bigger ... Seeing her sister-in-law pump herself up like this turned her on immensely, so she sat down on one of the benches and began to masturbate right in front of her. Seeing this was enough to push Jood even further. She was turning on her husband’s sister, and she was pretty sure she was going to do the same to Bashir. That fuck was going to fall over his feet just to be with her ...

She grunted as she pumped even harder, feeling the bite of the weights in her hands.

Eventually, she finished her workout. Nadia, who had been edging all the time, was shaking with horniness. Jood really tried to hold back long enough, to maybe wipe off the sweat and maybe take a short break, but it was all too tempting. She grabbed Nadia, shoved her on the floor, and fucked her hard. The thin woman was completely overwhelmed by the intense smell, the glow of her muscles, and the absolute power of Jood’s pumped muscles.

When it was over, Nadia was lying there, breathing heavily, her body trembling, her hands caressing Jood's lats and admiring their growing bulk. She kissed her again and again, then asked:

"Just how big are you now?"

The musclemethod woman chuckled and said:

"You can measure me, if you want to."

"Oh, I would very much love that ..."

A moment later, she wrapped a tape around Jood's thick, pumped arms and said:

"Thirteen inches ... That's a lot!"

Jood herself was impressed. Through her hard work, she had gained more than two inches of muscle in close to no time. Hard work ... and hard drugs. If she upped her dosages, she would grow even faster, wouldn't she?

She grinned as Nadia measured her chest next. Her breasts had mostly deflated, but ... it was still 36 inches, the same size as before, only now, it was muscle. Hard, pumped muscle. As the other woman tried to adjust the tape, she flexed her pecs some more and let them jump. Nadia giggled as she let the tape slip for a moment. Jood kissed her again, without holding back. As she felt her sister-in-law's hands over her hard physique, she was losing her inhibitions.

"You ... Jood, be careful, I'm trying to ... your waist ..."

"Yes, yes ..."

"I got it ... Twenty-six inches. And those muscles ..." She knocked against them with her knuckle. "Hard as rock."

"Exactly ..."

"This is so good ..."

"Do my hips next."

"Okay, I got it ..." Jood felt the tape getting wrapped around her hard ass, and

Nadia's hands ended up just above her already erect cock. "Erm ... Twenty-nine inches ... That's ... that's big ..."

"Yeah ..." Jood had to focus with Nadia's hands being so close to her cock. It was bigger, yes ... She would definitely have to up the dosage. "I have to clean this place up, but ... but we have to get to my room fast."

"Just leave it like this. I'll take care of it later."

"Thank you!"

Laughing, she picked her up and carried her away to the room.

A few days later, Bashir told his muscular online friend about the coming visit of, as he put it, "a massive stud to pound me hard". Reading this instantly turned Jood on incredibly. She would watch it live and masturbate as he would get fucked.

In the evening, after dinner and a bit of relaxation with the in-laws, she retreated to her room, excited for the show. She got out of her clothes, and admired her increasingly muscular body. Seriously, Jood was starting to look quite astonishing.

Manly, too.

The drugs were definitely having an effect, and in the twilight of the bedroom, she could be mistaken for a very fit young man. There was still a bit of a softness to her face which made her appear younger than she was, but her physique was quite astonishing. Also, there were a few hairs growing around her nipples now, and her bush was slowly spreading, just as her arms and legs were getting increasingly hairy.

She might not be anywhere close to the guys Bashir invited, but she was becoming herself more and more. She grinned and amused herself with a few flexes, using the lighting to appear bulkier and more impressive. Then, as she noticed that things were happening on the phone, she got on the mattress and started watching.

Soon enough, Bashir let another bulky, hairy dude in, and admired his physique. From where the camera was hidden, Jood could see his cock rise. Her own

appendage followed suit. She shivered as she watched her husband guiding his “guest” to his bedroom and then, they started their thing.

Her eyes ached from not blinking. She saw the big, bulky guy push Bashir down on the mattress and stuff his cock into his face. Jood imagined herself in this position. The thought made her cock produce a thick drop of pre-cum.

Just as things got intense, there was a knock on the door.

Panicking, Jood turned off the phone and threw a blanket over her hard body to hide her muscles and her erection. Then she walked over to the door and asked:

“Who is it?”

“It’s me, Nadia ... Can I come in?”

“I ... I ... Um. I’m just ... in the middle of something ...”

“Look, I’m horny ... So if you are ... you know ... I could be with you ...”

“It’s ... maybe not the right time ...”

“Come on ...”

Jood had to be quick now if she didn’t want to miss the show.

“Okay, whatever, come on in, but ... don’t say a word.”

“Sure! As long as I can ...”

“Shhh!”

She let her in.

Jood got back on the bed and stared at the screen, her cock getting rigid. Next to her, Nadia cuddled against her strong body and suddenly breathed:

“Wait ... is that ...”

“Shhh. Let me watch.”

“But that’s my ...”

“Quiet ... I’m enjoying this.”

Nadia watched in growing shock as the burly man pushed Bashir down and started fucking him, which caused her brother to squeal happily while Jood rubbed her cock furiously. She glanced over at her sister-in-law, overwhelmed by her horniness. She wanted to look away, to ignore what was going on, but it was absolutely impossible to drag her eyes away from the screen. Just seeing this man fuck her brother like a jackhammer shocked her.

And at the same time, she was getting turned on by Jood’s tremendous hardness. Her sister-in-law gasped as the man rammed his cock down Bashir’s butt. Nadia’s mind struggled to process this, but she also realized that she wanted to get fucked by her. She slipped downwards, losing sight of the show on the screen, and gently pushed Jood’s hand aside. Then she wrapped her lips around her cock and began to suck on it. Careful at first, but when she felt that Jood appreciated this, she began to go at it harder, pulling her sister-in-law’s small dick deeper into her warm, wet mouth. She twirled her tongue around it, Jood’s pubic hair tickling her nose.

Between licks and sucks, she looked up at Jood, who was still transfixed by the show. From down here, her body looked even more intense. She could see the rows of abs, and, far above, the twin mounds of her pecs. Nadia imagined what a fully built up Jood would look like. The thought made her shiver with horniness.

She kept on playing with Jood’s cock, then she asked:

“You would be as big as this guy and fuck Bashir like that?”

At first, Jood wanted to shush her again, but just as she started, Nadia gave her cock a wonderful suck and lick, and that turned her “Shhh ...” into a “Shhhhaaaa ...” and she sent a load of cum into Nadia’s mouth just as the guy on the phone pumped his semen into Bashir’s ass.

Nadia grinned at the situation, but kept on stimulating her lover. As Jood managed to calm down, she answered:

“Yes. Yes ... I want to get bigger than that guy, even. I want to get huge and strong, and I want him to crave me. I want him to completely submit to my big

muscles, my big cock, my everything.”

Nadia stared at her sister-in-law. There was a sparkle of insanity in her eyes, but ... that was something she really wanted.

“Would you want me to be with you too?”

Jood grinned at her and pulled her up with her strong muscles, then kissed her on the mouth, the taste of her cum on Nadia’s lips:

“Of course ... I would love to!”

Jood returned home a while later. Nadia had gone shopping with her, so she was now wearing a much larger set of clothes. The new dress accommodated her broad shoulders and hid the increasing girth of her chest. To be perfectly honest, her proportions had changed in such a way that she no longer looked or moved in a very womanly fashion. Instead, her ass had tightened up, and though she kept a slim waist, her whole look was more triangular than hourglassy. If someone just watched her walk, judging just by her silhouette, she would be taken for a man easily.

Also, Nadia, who was very much obsessed with Jood’s growing penis, had insisted on increasing the drug dosage, causing her cock to grow larger quickly. It was a bit painful, and she found the drug to cause a very uncomfortable stinging sensation, but Nadia made sure to kiss away the hurt.

Having her now three-inch cock shift between her increasingly muscular thighs had further changed her gait. She swayed a bit as she walked, and there was a lot of power in her step. Seriously, Jood felt increasingly manly just from her steps.

Right now, she got inside their house and looked around for Bashir. She checked the living room and the courtyard first, but when she didn’t find him, she called out for him.

“Hey, husband! I’m back!”

Her voice ... well, it had dropped quite a bit. It had become rather raspy, maybe somewhat squeaky too. It had this strange tone. While she had stayed with Nadia, she had preferred not to shout and make too much noise, especially since she didn’t want to confuse or annoy Hijrah, but this was her home, and she was

allowed to be as noisy as she wanted:

“Bashir! Come here! I’m home!”

It took him a while to finally show up. He came running, his belly wobbling a bit. He looked ... scruffy.

“Here I am! Don’t ... don’t shout like that!” He looked at her. “Is there something going on with you? Your voice sounds ... weird.”

She raised an eyebrow. Then she moved in and hugged him gently, kissing him. It was supposed to be the devoted wife coming home to her husband. It turned out to feel very different. Spending time with Nadia had seriously upended her perception of her self, and now, she found herself kissing him rather roughly and intensely. There was a bit of dominance in this, and Bashir obviously struggled to deal with it.

“What’s going on?”

“Nothing.”

She smiled at him. Seeing him unbalanced like this ... It was nice.

“So, husband, what have you been up to?”

He felt more comfortable like this, pulled himself away from her, and seemed to strike a bit of a pose.

“Can’t you see?”

Jood narrowed her eyes. Was there anything different?

“You grew out your beard?”

“A bit, yes, but ... don’t you see it?”

She really tried, but there was nothing different about him, or was it? She hadn’t seen him in real life for weeks, but she had been spying on him and his activities, so she had to think about what he had been like when she left, so maybe the difference was there?

Finding nothing, she said:

“New outfit?”

He rolled his eyes:

“Oh wife, you should get your eyes checked!” He raised an arm and flexed. It looked the same as before. “I have been working out!”

“You have?” Jood tried not to sound too surprised. It was right. On their chats, he had suggested something like that, but he had been vague about it. Jood hadn’t. She had posted her schedule to impress him.

“Yes! I have! I have started using your fitness stuff in the back. One of the male servants must have used it too, because the machines were all set to rather heavy weights ... We will have to have a stern talk with them. They can’t use these things without permission!”

Jood did her best not to say anything. She managed a non-committal smile.

“That’s good! Now I see it ... You’ve been making some progress!”

“I know. It was hard work. This fitness stuff is so complicated! I don’t want to bore you with the details, wife, but ... nutrition is very important. It’s almost as important as the workouts. Also, proper rest! I’ve been reading up on all this!”

The muscular woman bit her lip.

“Yes. That sounds smart.”

“I know. If you want, we can now work out together.”

Jood nodded vaguely.

“Maybe. I wouldn’t want to disturb you.”

To be honest, Jood was surprised. This was the friendliest interaction she ever had with him.

He smiled:

“I see, but you can watch me, if you want!”

She nodded:

“Okay, we can try that. But first, let me put away my things, okay?”

She joined him at her home gym soon enough. The place was a bit messy, and she disapproved of this. Still, she watched him prepare. Bashir was wearing a tracksuit. He did a few stretches and did indeed warm up correctly, then he said:

“I’ll be doing some bench presses now.”

She just let him do his thing, setting up a hundred-pound bar and getting under it. Then he started pumping reps. To Jood, this was nice, but it wasn’t impressive at all. She used double easily. At the end of his first set, he started to wobble. Suddenly, he lost control of the bar. Without thinking, Jood got her hands under it and caught the bar, stabilized, and quickly curled it up to set it in the rests.

Bashir stared at her from below.

Once he caught his breath and recovered from the shock, he said:

“Thank you ... I ... I must have overdone it.”

“Yeah.”

“You ... you did well.”

“Mhm. It must have been the surprise that allowed me to move such a weight.”

“Yes. Yes. That must have been it.”

He chuckled nervously.

“Anyway. That’s what I’ve been working on. Serious weights.”

She nodded comfortingly.

“Very well, husband. Now ... I’ll clean this up, and you can relax.”

She ushered him out, locked the door, and quickly set up everything so she could

pump some serious iron.

Jood managed to continue her workouts, even if she had to skirt around Bashir's rather clumsy attempts at getting fit. It was so weird to see him struggle both with the actual weights and the discipline to actually get somewhere. He was inconsistent in his training, constantly skipping sessions, and his diet was all over the place. While she did her best to stick to her protein-rich food, carefully fueling her transformation, he would make big noises about eating better, and would then snack constantly or just join his friends in some idiotic feast.

Obviously, he had no results to show, while Jood packed on pound after pound of muscle, while also keeping a constant stream of drugs flowing into her system. The effects were astonishing. Her whole body was blooming into a true stud's, her arms packing on hard, well-sculpted muscle while her shoulders spread, her neck turned truly athletic, and her chest gained a manly shape that was close to impossible to conceal now. She did her best by using shapers which she hid under her clothes, but she really started to look more like a barrel with a dress on. Honestly, Jood sensed it was time to come clean. Not that Jood paid much attention to her looks, but ... he would notice eventually, wouldn't he?

Meanwhile, she was busy augmenting her cock. She kept injecting an increasingly intense drug cocktail, and her penis reacted accordingly, getting longer and thicker. Having to keep that thing secret from Bashir was also a bit difficult. After all, her pubic hair was getting everywhere, and since she was now pissing standing up, there would occasionally be splatters ... as well as recurring drops of cum that she missed when she masturbated.

Bashir kept assuming that it was one of the servants who did this, but one day, she would be found out. She had to prepare for the day when she would have to reveal it all.

Right now, though, she was just relaxing on her bed, listening to podcasts about manliness while rubbing her increasingly large dick. That thing was now close to five inches fully erect, and she just loved playing with it. It was such a nice and intense feeling ... She ran her fingers down to its base, pushing through the thick bush that had formed there and then went back all the way up, feeling the tension build within her.

While the podcaster was going on about being big and manly, and stoic and

tough, she took a picture of her hand rubbing her cock and sent it to Nadia. Then she waited for an answer. Usually Nadia would reply quickly, mostly with some horny answer or even a picture of her fingers in her pussy. Lately, Jood's online sex-life had gotten quite intense. She would share pictures and videos with Nadia, and would chat endlessly with Bashir about ... pretty much anything. It was weird. Her in real life husband was a taciturn, completely withdrawn weirdo that never talked about anything personal, but online Bashir was surprisingly funny and open. Of course, he was under the impression that he was talking to a hard, hairy manly dude, and not to his wife or some other ... woman ...

“What is this? Who are you? Why are you sending this to my daughter?”

Jood was surprised by the reply. She put away the podcast and stared at the screen, her cock standing unrubbed in the air.

What was going on?

Hesitatingly, she asked:

“This is not Nadia?”

The answer came very slowly. Waiting for the typing to end felt like an eternity. Then it arrived:

“No, this is her mother! Why are you sending this picture? This is unacceptable.”

Jood didn't know what to answer. Hijrah had somehow gotten her hands on Nadia's phone and had seen those pictures. Happily, the older woman was not really tech-savvy and tended to get confused about all these apps. Jood decided to work around this:

“Hijrah? This is Jood! My phone was hacked. Is everything okay?”

“Oh. I understand. I was just looking at Nadia's phone, and she got a picture of a big hairy ... penis. This is disgusting.”

“I know. The internet. It's a bad place.”

“Definitely. Young people shouldn't be on it.”

A moment later, Jood received another message:

“This is Nadia. What the fuck? Mom’s looking at me all weird.”

“Sorry about that. I didn’t know she had access to your phone.”

“I should probably change the unlock code. She’s so nosy lately. Please be careful with the stuff you’re sending me. Ask before you post something.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t want to get you into trouble ...”

“It’s fine. Quick thinking, girl. Though ... now she’s talking about your cock. I think she likes it. Though she really tries to act as if she doesn’t. Man, old people ...”

“Seriously? Are all people in your family into big hairy dudes with massive dicks?”

Nadia answered with a blushing emoji.

The whole exchange had ended up turning Jood on even more. Somehow, the thought of fucking Hijrah ... it was insane, but ... why not?

Time flew as Jood’s life was filled with constant pushing of her body against and beyond its limits. The effect was amazing. Her muscles were swelling all over her body, and to be honest, no one could take her silhouette as feminine anymore. When she did appear in public, she would wear the widest covers imaginable, draping shawls over her shoulders to conceal her shape, and also hiding her face completely.

It just had changed too much. Not only had it grown much harder and more angular, with her chin becoming very hard and manly, but there was also the hair issue. All over her cheeks and jaw, there were hundreds of little black hairs sprouting, and even if she shaved them off in the morning, they would be back in the evening. Not long or anything, just ... there. They gave her face a kind of shadow, and while some of the older, less vain women tended to leave their bits of facial hair on, Jood couldn’t have that. So she shaved before going out.

The first tries were tough and bloody until she figured out how to do it correctly. Also, she had to conceal her shaving equipment so Bashir wouldn’t suspect

anything. She also did her best to wipe away any of the little hairs that she shaved off, but more than once, she would see her husband stand at the bathroom sink, wondering where those had come from. He himself didn't have that much beard growth, and only had to shave once a week, his cheeks staying smooth and rosy for days on end.

Not so with new, transformed Jood.

At first, she was a bit taken aback by her new problem, but then, she started to enjoy it a lot, admiring her increasingly masculine face from all angles. Just looking at herself like that made her cock tense.

That piece had also developed nicely, reaching seven inches, and ending up quite thick. She just hoped it would keep growing. By now, she really wanted to turn it into a massive trunk of a cock. Also, she really wanted to show her transformed body to Bashir now, online at least. He was starting to get itchy about it, and she had sent him a few pictures of her thick bush with the base of her cock visible, but without much in the way of scale, as well as a peek at her abs, but she really wanted to blow him away with a massive shot of her huge body. She just needed the muscles to match.

Happily, Bashir was leaving on some trip (she suspected what would happen on it), and that meant that she could invite Nadia to stay with her, returning the favor. She couldn't wait to have fun with her sister-in-law, and she felt that she was ready to go out as a man with her ...

She had already prepared Nadia's guest bedroom, though she assumed that she wouldn't spend much time in there. Unless they needed a change of scenery.

Then came the knock on the door, and a servant went to open it. Jood went with them immediately to welcome her sister-in-law. Just as she came into view of the door, she saw Nadia's tall, veiled figure, immediately followed by a second, smaller one.

Oh no.

It was Hijrah.

There was a moment of hesitation. Jood did what she could to drape a shawl over her shoulders to minimize her frame a bit, but she could feel the old

woman's eyes on her from behind her veil. Nadia made awkward movements in Jood's direction that were probably meant to explain what had happened, but in the end, there was nothing anybody could do now.

Hijrah took off her veil, walked up to Jood, leaving her daughter behind, and hugged and kissed her. Then she glared at her.

"You're prickly, Daughter."

"Erm ..."

"Why are you prickly?"

"I can explain ..."

Hijrah pulled off her glove and ran her fingers down Jood's cheek.

"That feels like my husband used to feel when he was young. Back when he thought it would look better to be Western ..."

"Look, Mother, this is ... I didn't know you were coming ..."

The little woman's expression was inscrutable.

"Do you all think that I am stupid? Sometimes, I get the impression that you all believe that I have gone daft. You, Nadia, Bashir ... Just because I am old doesn't mean I am dumb. Or that I don't have eyes in my head!"

Nadia had recovered enough to speak:

"I ... I don't know what the issue is, but ... Jood ... could we talk about this on a cup of tea?"

She really tried to act as if she knew nothing about this. The old woman wouldn't have anything of it.

"I have seen everything. I know that Bashir is a perverted little man. I always knew. I thought he would change with you, maybe ... Or that your tomboyish ways would please him. I would have liked a more womanly wife for him, but I also knew what he really wanted. Also, I thought maybe he would come around

and become the kind of man a woman would want. He didn't, but you did!"

There was a moment of stunned silence among the others. Jood and Nadia exchanged nervous glances. At last, Nadia asked:

"You mean ... you knew that Bashir is gay?"

"I'm surprised that you didn't notice it? It's not much of a shame. He wasn't into any little boys, just those hairy men he always gawked at. A mother notices such things." The old woman pushed her fists into her haunches, looking sharp and resolute now. "Remember when we had the builders at our house, and they spent a month walking around shirtless and getting dirt everywhere?"

Nadia agreed slowly. Her mother was right ... Both her and Bashir had constantly checked them out, until her mother forbade it to her, citing impure thoughts and getting her back to the women's quarters. Bashir, though ...

Jood finally managed to speak, no longer hiding her deep voice. It felt strange to be honest like this, and it did sound even deeper and more intense like this.

"Mother ... You're right. I ... I did change ... into something of a man. Bashir doesn't know yet, but ... I will show him."

"Oh, so he doesn't suspect it? Now I understand why you thought I was stupid. Well, it doesn't run in the family like that. You're thinking of my late husband. Dumb as a rock, but ... good in bed."

Nadia squealed:

"Mom! Stop! This is disgusting!"

The little old woman didn't hold back:

"What's disgusting is coming to visit your brother's house to get fucked by your sister-in-law!"

"I didn't mean to ..." Nadia looked down, blushing. "Okay ... I did ... Yeah."

"There." Hijrah nodded at Jood: "Now you can get us a cup of tea each."

A little later, the three women were sitting together in the salon, enjoying some tea. Actually, only Hijrah enjoyed it. Both Jood and Nadia looked amazingly awkward. The old woman sipped her beverage and kept smirking in the steam.

Eventually, she set down the cup and looked firmly at Jood.

“Alright. The tea is excellent. Now I would like to have the details.”

“The details? But ...”

“Shhh. We have played around for long enough. You are my son’s wife, my son wants a big, manly man with hair all over, and I’m sure you’re heading there. So, as your mother-in-law, I want to hear, and I want to see. Your voice sounds like hoarse camel driver and your face looks like a horse’s. Now let me see whether you’ll please my son.”

Nadia was completely shocked, struggling to figure out whether to start apologizing for her mother’s behavior. At the same time, her description of Jood wasn’t off.

The musclemwoman, meanwhile, wasn’t as shocked by the old woman’s way of talking. In a way, that was what she had been going for, right?

So, without further ado, she got up, threw off her shawl, then worked her body out of her robe, revealing the full extent of her transformation. Hijrah produced a shocked gasp. Clearly, she had expected something ... but nothing like this.

“You ... you are huge ...”

Instead of an answer, Jood raised her arms. She was topless now. Bras were pointless now, with her pecs having completely obliterated her breasts in the process, and each of the muscles bigger than her tits had been together anyway.

She gave both women an intense look, a confident smile on her face, and then, she hit a double biceps pose.

The spectators stared. Jood had really pushed herself and managed to get her arms just past seventeen inches. She pumped them a little more, causing both Nadia and Hijrah to gasp. Neither had ever seen muscles like these. She was pretty ripped and veiny, and those blocks jutted out absurdly. Then Jood

chuckled, leaned forward, and spread her lats. Her chest expanded to forty-eight inches of hard, rather hairy muscle.

Hijrah couldn't tear her eyes off her daughter-in-law's physique. Jood turned sideways, pushed her arm down, and showed off her thick triceps, then ran one gnarled hand down her blocky abs

She grinned:

"I think you both like what you're seeing ..."

Nadia was blushing up to her ears, while Hijrah was basically salivating. Now Jood reached down to her shorts and gave her crotch a rub with her flat hand, causing her cock to tent it. Hijrah whispered a confused "Oh no, she doesn't ...", and then, Jood turned around and showed them her hard ass, tightening it into an X-pack of muscle. She peeked over her rounded shoulder and said:

"Anyone of you wants to see what's in there?"

She felt completely crazy when she said that. It was absurd for a woman to say something like this ... and unacceptable for a man. Every rule of decency forbade things way more harmless than this. And yet, she heard one of the women get up, get close to her, and reach around her hard, muscle-packed midsection, then into her underpants.

The touch was enough to make her cock twitch even harder. Dainty, elegant hands examined the girth of her cock, rubbed it, made it tighten and swell.

Now it was Jood's turn to gasp. Those hands were pretty skilled, and she was getting even hornier, feeling them explore her cock, her balls, running through her thick bush ...

"Wow ... This is great ... Nadia ..."

From the sofa, she heard a nervous chuckle.

Oh.

She turned around and looked down at her mother-in-law, whose expression was completely enraptured.

“I’m sorry, Jood ... I couldn’t resist.”

To her surprise, Jood’s cock didn’t go down at all. She didn’t even feel bad about what was happening. She really wanted this.

Looking at Nadia, she asked:

“Would you mind?”

“Would I mind what?”

Instead of an answer, Jood scooped up her mother-in-law and said:

“Come along!”

Hijrah shivered in those mighty arms and cuddled against Jood’s giant chest. Nadia, still struggling with what was happening, followed her, trying to formulate some thought that could allow her to understand this.

“But ... Jood ... she’s ... she’s my mom ... you ... you can’t ... just ...”

They entered Jood’s bedroom as a strange group, with Nadia trailing behind the pair, looking increasingly flustered. Jood let Hijrah down on the mattress, and the old woman pulled on her hand, dragging her on the bed. Not that the tiny old woman would have had any chance to force her muscular daughter-in-law, but Jood offered no resistance. Just the opposite, actually.

Her strong hands caressed the old woman’s body through her clothes, feeling her softness under the fabric. Then, the old woman carefully hiked up her dress. She was pleasantly plump under her clothes. Nadia stared. She had rarely seen her mother naked, and never in the presence of others, the least of which would be a huge, hairy creature such as Jood, whose cock was rigid now.

She wanted to intervene, to tell them to stop this madness, but ... she also wanted to watch.

Now Hijrah exposed her crotch, and she was quite surprised when Jood got down on her.

“Oooh ...” The little stings of her raspy cheeks made her spread her legs even

further, and when Jood's tongue touched her hairy sex, the old woman squealed in surprised delight. "This is ... amazing ... I didn't ... this is ... wow ..."

Without thinking, she wrapped her legs around Jood's head as the muscular beast that was her daughter-in-law made her drip.

Moments later, Hijrah was struggling not to cum, her hands grasping the sheets.

Jood sensed what was happening and stopped, adding a final lick and twirl to her clit, but then, she pulled back, causing the old woman to give her a nervous look. A nervous and hungry look.

Nadia gasped as Jood crawled upwards a bit, and then, she sank her cock into Hijrah's pussy. The old woman squealed with delight as her daughter-in-law entered her. Up until now, Jood had done her best to control herself, but through the moist warmth, she was overwhelmed, and she began to fuck her hard.

Hijrah moaned loudly, egging her daughter-in-law on as she pounded her with long, intense strokes. Jood found her rhythm, and it felt great. The old woman's reaction was incredible, and she could sense a massive orgasm build up inside her.

"Ya Allah! This is ... so ... so ... good ..."

Hijrah rolled her eyes and her tongue lolled out, her expression looking absolutely insane. This was the same woman that had always looked at the world with a grumpy expression and had always expected the worst, and now, she was screaming with lust, getting pounded by this absurd, mutated muscle-person ...

To her own horror, Nadia realized she had been playing with herself. She really didn't want to do this, but her body seemed to have a mind of its own. She pulled her hand away reluctantly and scolded herself for this.

That's when Hijrah came.

Her old, small, weak mother produced a drawn-out squeal of lust, then collapsed on the mattress as Jood shot her load, her big, hairy muscles tensing all over.

Nadia felt an orgasm wash over her, just from watching this.

Jood slowly pulled out, her mother-in-law relaxing under her. Then she grinned and asked:

“You liked that?”

Hijrah took a deep breath:

“I have never felt anything like this ...” She smiled at Nadia, her face red. “Your father ... he was not like this. Never.”

Nadia really didn’t know what to say to this. It felt so absurd to be in this situation ...

Her mother caught her breath and added:

“I’m hot like this ... I ... I will take off my clothes ...”

Jood rolled on the mattress sideways, her cock still semi-hard and replied:

“Do what makes you happy ...”

The old woman got out of her dress and took off her bra, revealing an aged, but nicely rounded body. Her soft breasts rested on her belly and she propped herself up on Jood’s pillow, taking deep breaths and enjoying the afterglow.

Nadia was still as confused and overwhelmed as before. What could she do? She ... she couldn’t just fuck with Jood in front of her mother. That was insane! And yet, she did feel horny ... How should she deal with this?

Jood caressed her mother-in-law’s belly and played with her breasts, amusing herself and exploring her body. She was still somewhat aware of Nadia, but she also found herself enticed by the old woman. Somehow, her previous roughness made her more attractive now ...

At some point, Nadia just left the room, and the two other women got busy again.

As she sat on the sofa, looking at her phone, she heard her mother’s screams of lust as they started over. She was happy for her, maybe, but ... it also felt so absurd. She would have to talk to them about this, and soon. This was crazy!

Eventually, Jood came back out of the room. Her big body was glowing, her sweat-soaked hair was stuck to her thick muscles, and she stood behind the couch. Nadia turned her head to face her and asked with an expression of disgust:

“So ... you had fun?”

Jood looked very smug:

“Absolutely. Your mother is resting. She hasn’t had this in years.”

Her strong hands caressed Nadia’s shoulders. The other woman found the pressure to be quite nice, but she still found this all outrageous.

“You really slept with her ...”

“Several times. Yes.”

“Wow ... This feels so wrong ...”

Jood’s hand slipped into her dress, finding her small breast and cupping it. The muscled woman felt Nadia’s nipple harden.

“Don’t worry. I still want you. I ... maybe these are my changes talking ... but I think I have enough lust for all of you ...”

Nadia saw the naked muscle-dude’s cock rise, throbbing hard, and a drop of pre-cum forming at its head. The slim woman looked at Jood from below, her expression one of amusement. Then she commented:

“Then I’m relieved. I really wondered how a big, muscly dude like you would manage to please two women ...”

Jood grinned, then gasped when Nadia opened her mouth and started sucking on her cock. Hijrah’s and Nadia’s stay would be quite intense ...

“Do another one! I know you can! And another one! And one more! Don’t stop! Don’t! More! Come on! Jood! Don’t you dare stop now!”

Jood was grunting as she worked through one rep after the other, her arm

muscles hurting already, but Hijrah was pitiless. The old woman was standing right next to her, small, yet full of energy, and she was getting her to pump her muscles hard.

At some point after days of fucking, she had decided that she wanted Jood to be as big and strong as possible. Jood had happily complied, increasing her dosages, but Hijrah had also insisted to make her pump harder! This meant more reps, heavier weights, and no slacking off! Not that Jood had ever slacked much, but the old woman was adamant: Everything had to be done perfectly!

“And ... one last one to top it off ... Good. Good ...”

Jood racked the bar and took a deep breath. Her face was red and shiny, and her muscles were absurdly pumped, with thick veins snaking over her eighteen-inch arms. She chuckled:

“Wow ... You won’t slow down, will you?”

“No. This is too important. Also, I love to see you struggle ...”

Her daughter-in-law lifted her arm and flexed it hard. She looked massive. Also, “she” was starting to do a lot of heavy lifting here ... Nadia and Hijrah had insisted she stopped shaving her face, and her beard was developing rapidly. She already sported a thin moustache, and her cheeks were sporting quite a few curly hairs supported by a base of black. She scratched her hairy chin and said:

“Yeah ... I guess I lost my womanliness at this point, right?”

Hijrah nodded and reached for her daughter-in-law’s crotch. The extra boost of drugs had made her cock even longer and thicker, and it was a bit over eight inches now.

“I think Bashir is going to love this.”

“So do you.”

“And Nadia. Jood, you’re making us all very happy.”

“You are such a pervert, you know?”

Hijrah chuckled:

“You are probably right ...”

Her hand stroked the hairy guy’s member, causing it to stir.

“How about you help me, Jood, before you clean all of this up?”

Jood didn’t need much encouragement and quickly lifted the old woman up, dropping her shorts to get her cock some freedom, then planted her on it right where she stood. Jood was strong enough now to just use her mother-in-law as a fucktoy while she was standing, and Hijrah was all for it, hiking up her robe for easier access.

She had also started some mild exercising to keep up with her muscular daughter-in-law’s energy, and she really enjoyed the soft changes this brought. Having such a hunk in her life was amazing ...

Bashir was very excited. His online friend and crush had finally sent him some clearer pictures, and they were gorgeous! He had taken in the guy’s huge muscles, his hairy chest, his thick cock, everything, and just thinking about him turned him on even worse. It was great! He had proclaimed himself to be the guy’s eternal love-slave, willing to do anything for him. Such a perfect man!

The only sad part about his life was that he obviously couldn’t be together with him. Maybe they could meet up on occasion and he could show him his love, but there was no chance they would be able to live together.

It was a shame, really. The guy was just so understanding and sensitive, while still incredibly confident and powerful. And he was sexy. Fuck ... Just thinking about him made Bashir’s cock throb.

It was sad, really. He had to go back home to his wife. Such a bore. Such a sad creature. And he was stuck with her forever.

But what could he do? Jood was ... okay. At least, she let him have his fun. It was interesting, though, how she had changed over time. She had certainly become more confident and tough on him. He hoped he wouldn’t end up getting henpecked.

As he got out of the taxi, he chuckled. On the one hand, he had just confessed his willingness to serve a big, hunky muscledude, while on the other one, he despised being ruled over by his wife. Strange how it all hinged on the person being sexy ...

A servant opened the door to the house and Bashir looked around. He had expected his wife to come to greet him, but she was probably in the back.

Well then.

He quickly washed up and went to the living room, telling one of the servants to go and fetch her. It was a bit annoying that she didn't even pretend anymore that she was interested in their marriage.

Moments later, he heard heavy footsteps. Now he was confused. What was going on? Had she put on weight? How?

He turned to face her and prepared for whatever she had come up with.

Nothing had prepared him for this revelation.

Jood stepped into the room, wearing some wide, comfortable pants and nothing else.

She ... no.

He grinned. His beard had grown nicely, as long as a hand, as it should be, his long black hair was cascading down his huge shoulders while still giving Bashir a good look of his majestic traps and his athletic neck. His chest was enormous, with heavy pecs and covered in a thick fur, with just his nipples poking through the dark hair, pointing downwards because of the sheer size of his muscles. His arms hung lazily by his side, each muscle pumped hard and thick, veins visible, and separations well-defined. His belly was packed to the brim with muscle, eight blocks perfectly pumped, his adonis belt guiding Bashir's eyes to his crotch.

The muscleman grinned at his husband and chuckled:

"Hello, Bashir."

The little man couldn't believe his eyes. His cock, though trusted them instantly and jumped and became erect faster than anyone could see.

"What? Who? How are you here?"

"I guess I have a little confession to make, husband."

"Wait ..."

Jood could tell that Bashir's mind was processing the situation, recognizing the similarity of the tone of his voice, the gait, the face ...

"How is this possible? Is this you, Jood?"

"And if it is?"

"Then ... then ... then ..."

The muscleman could see that his husband was desperately trying to figure this out. He walked towards him, swinging his upper body and radiating a kind of power and unstoppable strength that blew the little man's mind. At this point, Jood towered over his husband, and his confidence was such that it felt somewhat amusing to see the little guy shiver with lust and confusion.

"Then what? Do you crave me?"

"I ... I do ... This is ... impossible ... It must be a dream!"

"It's not."

Jood set his hand on Bashir's shoulder, letting him feel the heaviness of his body and the strength of his grip. The smaller man squealed in horniness and even a little pain, but Jood decided that it was worthwhile to make him understand that this was real.

Bashir shivered:

"How did you know?"

"It wasn't exactly hard to figure out, husband. And your mother was right: She picked me because I was already quite the tomboy. Turns out, I always had it in

me ...”

“But ... How did you do it?”

“Oh, it took some time, but ... let’s be honest, Bashir ... You didn’t pay that much attention. At least to old Jood. To new Jood, you’ve been very attentive.”

“Wait ... So that was you?”

“Yeah. And I rather liked the insightful, open, gentle Bashir more than the rough, abrasive one.”

“So you love me?”

“I do. But I would prefer you to be like you were online from now on.”

“I will! I will! I ... I’m sorry. I was struggling ...”

Jood smiled, and pulled him closer, then just lifted him up in a big hug. The little man was shocked by this unstoppable force, but quickly reacted by returning the hug and cuddling against Jood’s massive neck.

“I get you, Bashir. I hope things will be better now.”

“I’m sure they will ...”

Which was when Jood’s cock stirred against Bashir’s crotch. His mind was still busy trying to process the insanity that had happened, and while he had somewhat managed to accept that his scrawny wife had turned into a gigantic alpha male, he was definitely unable to deal with what was happening now.

“What?”

Jood chuckled and said:

“Did you expect me to half-ass this? No, my little husband, it’s time I showed you how it’s done!”

Without being encumbered in the least by Bashir’s weight, Jood headed for the bedroom. He had his big hands under the little man’s butt, and just carried him, looking effortless. Bashir shivered with lust, his mind feeling increasingly lost.

In the bedroom, the hulking muscleman carefully set his husband down on the mattress.

“Take off your clothes.”

“Okay! Right away!”

Jood had never seen Bashir move so quickly. The little man basically jumped out of his clothes and waited for him, naked and horny. Then Jood dropped his pants. Bashir’s eyes went wide as his former wife’s mighty cock rose in front of him, the thing as long as his forearm and as thick as his fist. Nadia and Hijrah had insisted that Jood really overloaded it. After all, they knew of Bashir’s tastes, and they themselves also, well, shared them.

Bashir shivered. His jaw dropped as he saw the massive veiny monster, its head pulsating.

He barely managed to hold back before he tried to get to it, stumbling over on all fours, but Jood held him back.

“Wait. First, I want you to get a good look of my body. You’re rushing! We have all the time in the world ...”

Bashir struggled to stop himself, but he also realized that the hulking man would be able to stop him anyway. Instead, he knelt on the mattress before Jood and started to explore his former wife’s body, his hands roaming his vast muscles, his finger pushing through his thick hair, taking in the big man’s intense smell ...

As he touched Jood, his own cock grew increasingly hard, producing a large drop of pre-cum. Sure, Bashir’s dick was much smaller than the monster Jood had grown, but it was diamond-hard from his arousal, and the smaller man could barely control himself.

He reached around Jood’s back, ran his hands over the massive, jutting bulges of his back muscles, before reaching his hard ass and trying desperately to sink his fingers into the steel shape it formed.

Bashir was in heaven. Sure, he had found men to worship, and he had admired their bodies, but Jood was different on all the levels. Not only was he larger, stronger, manlier, more intense than any other, but he also knew him intimately

in many ways. They had shared a clumsy home life together, but they had also fantasized about each other online, they had dreamed of being together for so long in their twisted way ...

It felt as if he was discovering something anew that he had always known, like a diamond that was revealing new facets as it turned in his hands.

Jood looked down on the small man in front of him, and he found his attention to be endearing. Hijrah and Nadia were different in their ways. Hijrah was demanding and hungry, craving a satisfaction she had never received, Nadia was less eager and more willing to play and resist, to turn him on and then let him wait ... Nadia also appealed to Jood's feminine side in her strange way, while Bashir was pure submission.

The little man craved him like a man dying of thirst in the desert. Jood felt him rub his small body against his dick and as he worshipped his master, the titan allowed him to please.

“Lick it. I know you want it.”

His tiny husband nodded eagerly and whispered:

“Thank you, Jood ...”

Then the titan felt the touch of Bashir's tongue on his rod and gasped. The little man might be a pathetic idiot sometimes, but he knew what he was doing.

“Ya Allah ... this is great ... go on ...”

Jood had to focus to control his knees. The intensity of the sensation was such that he was about to drop down. He felt Bashir's lips cover his cock with kisses, give it little licks, rub it, caress it, fondle his heavy balls, then suck on his dickhead. Jood struggled not to just grab the little man and fuck him hard.

Then he thought “Why am I even holding back?”.

With a grunt, he grabbed his husband and lifted him up. The short man squealed in surprise, and found himself at eye-level with his former wife, staring in those dark, intense eyes and feeling Jood's force. The huge man's hairy arms barely strained holding him like this, and his heavily built, bearded face looked almost

ogre-like. Bashir could still see some vestiges of Jood's old looks, but the ultra-masculinity really covered it well.

The huge man grinned and threw him on the bed, then flipped him on his face.

"Get on all fours."

Bashir instantly complied. His cock, already rock-hard began dripping pre-cum on the mattress.

A moment later, he felt the squelch of lube going into his butt, and Jood's mighty finger massaging it until it was nice and loose. Then the giant came from behind, his huge body bearing down on Bashir. The little man squealed in horniness, pain and fear as Jood shoved his monster down his ass, his heavy body slamming into him. Then he receded like a mighty tide, ready to crush everything before him.

Bashir was overwhelmed with lust and terror, burying his face into the mattress as the huge man spitted him into the ass, his huge muscles pumping.

"This is so good ..."

He gasped for air as Jood's cock rammed deep into him again and again, causing his tiny cock to explode on the mattress over and over again.

"I love you! I love you so much! I want to be your slave! Please!"

He screamed with lust as Jood pistonned his giant dong into his ass, his heavy muscles bearing down on the little man.

"Split me in half! Please ... Please!"

Jood grunted happily and hammered away, his heavy muscles working hard to keep the pace, the little man's tight ass making it harder and harder not to cum, but then, he could no longer hold back and pumped his cum into Bashir's insides.

The little man squealed as he felt himself get stuffed with Jood's seed and collapsed on the mattress, but the giant wasn't done with him yet.

Reaching under his armpits, Jood hoisted him up in the air, then, using his control of his cock and his hips, he began fucking him while standing. Bashir was suspended helpless, his cock still blasting out drops of cum all over the room while the giant shlong slipped deep into him.

Jood slammed him against the wall, his muscles closing around Bashir's small body.

"Jooooood ..."

Then the hulking muscleman came again, and again, and again ...

Finally, they were done. The room was soaked in cum, Bashir was a red, sticky mess, his belly distended by the absurd amount of cum Jood had pumped into him, and the big man himself was plastered with cum, his body hair itching and smarting as the semen dried.

And yet, the little man was cuddling against his master, breathing shallow and feeling incredibly happy. Jood's giant cock was lying draped over his huge thigh, still dripping more cum onto Bashir's weak body.

The tiny man sighed and whispered:

"I have no idea how you did it, but I love you ... I love this. This is the most beautiful moment in my life ..."

"It feels great."

Jood's voice was a deep, powerful rumble. Still, there was her original intonation hidden in it, and he quite liked the little guy after all. He sank his big, rough hand into Bashir's hair and mussed it, chuckling.

"Jood ..."

"Yes?"

"Will you forgive me for not loving you at first?"

"I don't care. You did love me as soon as you saw past my looks, and now that they match, I think we can ignore what happened before. Besides, this is so

much more me than I used to be. If I had known, I'd have done this years ago."

"You would have?"

Jood chuckled and lifted her arm, then flexed her absurdly large biceps.

"Sure. This is awesome!"

Bashir shivered with lust.

"Wow ... I'm so glad I got you to ..."

The giant laughed:

"Hey, keep calm, you little fuck. You did very little except acting like a jerk. You came around, that's nice, but don't push your luck!"

"Okay, okay ..."

"Now, I think it's time for you to get cleaned up and then to wash me. There's parts of my back I can't reach anymore ..."

The mention of his size made Bashir shake with lust.

A year later, Bashir was busy. Busy planning, busy cleaning, busy organizing things. At some point, Jood had decided to keep him as a kind of slave, and Bashir was very happy about this. Well, maybe not exactly happy, but serving the huge muscleman made him glad, and the frequent sex was amazing!

Also, Jood was getting bigger and bigger, with his muscles starting to look absolutely crazy lately. He had turned into an ogre-like beast, with his big beard, his long hair, the gigantic shoulders and a barrel chest that looked absolutely insane. Also, the constant hormone-bombardment had turned his face much more masculine, even more than any man Bashir had ever seen.

The size spread all over him, and it also included his giant cock, which was both very long and absurdly thick. His balls were each as large as a baseball, and he seemed to be able to just cum like a hose without warning.

He definitely needed more people than just Bashir to keep that cock drained, and

well, both Nadia and Hijrah had previously been so nice as to assist.

However, now, they were both pregnant, and massively so. The look was strange. Bashir visited them in the women's quarters to help them, and it was impressive to see how his mother had changed. She had kept up her workouts, and had built a strong, surprisingly agile physique for someone her age. The hormone treatments that had caused her pregnancy had also improved her skin and she looked ... astonishing. Maybe not youthful ... but somewhat ageless?

Nadia had remained her usual slim, rough self, but now that Jood had impregnated her, she had developed a large, round belly which looked out of place, especially next to her very fit mother.

Still, the two of them were happy mothers-to-be, and seeing Bashir work was just as nice. The young man had finally found his place.

At the feet of people more powerful than him.

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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.