

The image features a stylized illustration of a muscular man's back and legs. The man is shown from the waist down, wearing blue briefs. His skin is a light tan color, and his muscles are rendered with dark brown shading to show definition. The background is a solid light blue. The title 'In the Old Country' is centered over the man's back, and the author's name 'Roy Ellison' is centered below it. At the bottom center, there is a small graphic of a row of seven black, downward-pointing spikes.

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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

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The car wasn't going anywhere. The smell of burning metal and the screaming sound the gearbox was making told John that he was stuck. Stuck in the wilderness of the Old Country. He walked around the car in desperation. What the hell was he supposed to do now? The landscape was as devastated as he remembered. Rocky hills, barren, steppe-like fields. The weather was perfect, but this didn't get him any closer to his next stop. He massaged his temples. He hated his job. His boss, Quentin, had sent him here because he spoke the

language and knew the people. He tried to stop him and set that right, but it was no use. John's parents had left this stupid place and now he remembered why. This had been his last chance to fix his career and he was blowing it right now. He was in his mid-thirties, he had made his first million by the time he was twenty-five years old, he had married a swimsuit model and had earned the disapproval of his parents.

As his father had put it: "There is no point in marrying a woman that can't pull the plow if the oxen get sick." For once, he had been right. Claire had left him, taking Alex and Gabriela with her. It turned out that banging one of her friends while coked up wasn't the best strategy. The money was gone, the debt was still there and the troubles had earned him a serious bump in his career.

He took off his tie and threw it into the back of the car. He had chosen this German monstrosity since his dad had told him that those would last. It lasted him far enough from civilization to strand him here. He tried his cell-phone. No reception. Wonderful.

John sat down on the ancient mile stone and tried to think clearly. Returning to the last home he'd been to was pointless. It was fifty miles away and it was already afternoon. He didn't want to walk in the darkness. The map he had taken with him showed one more house on this road before it lost itself in the mountains. Thirty miles. He could try. Even then, he wasn't sure about the reception he'd get. He'd been sent here to buy up the property. The people were piss-poor, so getting them to sell was easy, but you also had to get it across that they had to leave. Talking to these ancient, half-mummified people and making them sign the contracts wasn't hard, but it didn't feel right. He groaned and got up. Time to get started.

Just as he started to walk, he heard the clip-clop of hooves approaching. He looked around and saw a cart, drawn by a stunted horse or mule. A person was walking besides it, occasionally goading the animal to speed up. John called out:

"Hey, can you help me? My car has broken down."

The person came closer and John couldn't help noticing her massive frame. She climbed the banking and looked at him, pushing her cap back.

"What happened?"

John stared at her. The person was a woman, but not in the way he was used. She wasn't exactly tall, but she had broad shoulders, a wide chest and ridiculously powerful legs. This was emphasized by the very short shorts she wore. They were made of denim and barely covered her well-trained butt. When he finally managed to look into her face, he said:

"I don't know. I think there's something wrong with the gearbox."

She sniffed.

"Smells like it."

"Can you help me? Call a mechanic, maybe?"

"Out here? There's no point. But I can take a look at it."

"Do you know how to fix it?"

"Can't be too difficult. We'll just have to get it to my house."

"How can we do that? I doubt there's a tow-truck anywhere near."

"Calm down, young man." She looked at him from her aged eyes. He noticed that she was actually quite old. Maybe in her fifties, maybe older. It was such a weird contrast between her trained and ripped muscles and her grandmotherly face. She continued: "What's your name anyway?"

"John Pascali."

"Lilly Treska. If you take care of the wagon, I'll get your car home."

"But don't you think it's a little heavy?"

She spit in her hands.

"Pah! Watch this, kid."

He was surprised to be called "kid", but even more when she fixed the steering wheel, released the hand-brake and just got behind the car, stretching and just pushing it along without as much as a strain. He looked at the mule and shouted:

"Go!", which it reluctantly did.

As John walked next to her, occasionally encouraging the beast to move on, he got a good look at her butt. He had to admit that he knew what he liked and he could only say that this woman, old as she might be, had the perkier ass he had ever seen. He could see her glutes moving under the skin as she pushed on. It was beautiful to see her hamstrings and calves work in unison to get his car to its resting place and he could feel his pants getting tight. After a while, he realized she wasn't going to tire anywhere soon, so he just had to ask:

"I'm sorry, but you just don't look like the other women in this place. Why?"

She pushed on, breaking into a sweat as the road began to wind uphill and replied:

"That's because I'm not like the others. You see, my father died when I was a kid and I was an only child. My mother had to do something to keep our house and fields, so she invoked the Old Law. I went to the village square and I swore to the assembly of the elders that I would never marry, so they declared me a man for all purposes. I inherited the farm and I had a seat on the council. After my death, my cousin's kid is going to inherit."

He stared at her in disbelief and asked:

"What kind of law is that?"

"It's the Old Law, very traditional. The law of the land. It's always been this way and back then, they thought it would always be this way too."

She strained as she gave the car another big push to get it out of a pothole. Her miniscule pants almost disappeared amidst her super-tight glutes.

"However, the world changed and so did the customs. But I decided to stay on my path."

"Hence the muscles."

"Sure. You've got to get respect. I'll explain right away, we're almost there."

They went around a bend and Lilly pushed the car to a rather old-fashioned house. It wasn't in a bad shape, just ancient. She stopped the car in front of it and stretched. Only then did he realise that she was muscular all over. She rolled her round, built shoulders and tried to loosen her back. Without a hint of shame, she took off her shirt and squeezed the sweat from it, revealing her well-trained abs and her broad pectorals. She noticed his surprise and said:

"Sorry, I don't get a lot of visitors here. What do you say: let's take a bath and then I'll fix the car."

"Perfect, thank you."

"The bath is in the back, I'll be there in a minute."

John took his suitcase as he saw her walk away and wondered what was going to happen next.

Ten minutes later, he sat in a steaming hot tub, the evening sun setting in the west and started to relax. He was naked, smiling blissfully as he leaned back against the wood. Lilly arrived moments later, undressing and climbing in without even a hint of shame. She said:

"Do you like it?"

"Oh yes. This feels wonderful."

"There's a hot spring nearby. I built a pipe to provide me with that water. It's great for relaxing."

The hot water dampened his erection a little. This was a woman his father would have loved him to marry. He began to understand why. There was a certain appeal to her brashness, her strength and the calm with which she just lived her life. He asked:

"So about the muscles?"

"Ah, yes. Growing up on the farm did wonders for my strength and stamina, after all, we were poor and could hardly afford oxen, let alone a tractor. But when the modern world came, I was introduced to bodybuilding. They showed 80ies action movies at the cinema and I decided I wanted this kind of body. I wasn't alone. A lot of young men wanted this too, so they set up a gym. After all, I was one of the guys. However, after a while, I stopped going. The new life was changing me back into a woman and I was getting uncomfortable with the men. I bought my own equipment and stayed at the farm. I order my supplements by mail and do my training whenever I can."

While she was talking, John's erection returned. She smiled when she noticed it:

"So you like your women muscular?"

"Well... I wasn't aware of it by now."

"Fine." She grinned and lifted her strong arm, flexing her biceps. "You'll get used to it, I guess."

She sank her hand in the water and touched his thigh ever so slightly. His cock throbbed.

"Not bad. Wait a second before you get out." She clambered out and dried herself off. "I guess you'll stay here for the night, I'll fix the car in the morning."

John nodded and struggled to get his cock to slacken again.

After a quiet dinner, she set his bed quickly, carrying a large bedframe down from the attic and laying a mattress on it. Meanwhile, she questioned him on his life and trip. For some reason, he didn't mention his actual task of buying her property. Instead, he dodged the question and switched the subject. The only lighting available was a single light bulb powered by a small generator next to the outhouse, so by the time the bed was ready, it was dark. She said:

"Toilet is outside, be careful where you step. Here's a flashlight. Have a good night."

He had half expected her to offer him to join her in her bed, but he was disappointed. Instead he lay down and instantly fell asleep.

He awoke early in the morning from dreamless sleep. According to his phone, it was six o'clock in the morning. The sun was already up, but still quite low. He stood up, slowly remembering where he was. He heard grunts and clanks from outside. Scratching his stubble, he walked through the door into a small courtyard. Lilly was there on a bench, working her legs and butt. She grimaced as she extended her legs, moving a large set of weights away from her. She finished her set and shook her head as she relaxed.

"Up already? I already did most of my chores for this morning."

"I'm sorry, I was really tired."

"I was all calm from pushing the car. It was a good workout."

He shrugged.

"Sorry."

"Don't worry. It's time for breakfast."

After that (she devoured a dozen egg-whites), she said:

"Let's take a look at the car, shall we?"

He nodded, they went outside and she opened the hood. The stink was overpowering. She waved it off and said:

"Yep, that's the gearbox alright."

"Can you fix it?"

"I'll have to take a look."

"So how are you going to do this?"

"Is there a car-jack for this?"

John checked, but found nothing. No first-aid kit, no breakdown-triangle, no car-jack. Welcome to the Old Country. She said:

"We'll have to find another way."

She put on some working gloves, picked up two big blocks of concrete with steel rings in them and set them up in front of the car. The effortlessness was impressive. Then, she stood in front of the car, bent her knees and grabbed its underside. As John watched, she strained, her muscles flexing and straining against the car's weight. Slowly, she managed to lift it up, setting it on her forearms. Then, stepping backwards, she pulled the car to her, getting its wheels above the two feet high blocks. Then she set it down carefully.

"That's one half. Now it gets tricky."

John stared at her. Her strength was, well, ridiculous. She was sweating, yes, but she didn't seem strained.

"Can I help you?"

"You'll have to."

With these words, she grabbed a pair of large steel canisters and told him to set them under the rear wheels once she was ready. The young man struggled, but she said:

"Just tip them over, it'll work."

Then, she walked to the rear of the now inclined car.

"Ready?"

Once again she crouched, lower this time to get below the car's frame. Her muscular butt almost touched the ground as she grunted, struggling. Finally, with a roar, she lifted it up, lunging forward and setting it on the canisters John pushed in the way. She grinned and said:

"Fine. Let's look at that gearbox."

She disappeared under the car and said:

"That looks bad. I'll need your help to get the box out. Get my tools."

Minutes later, she held the gearbox above her while John loosened the screws that held it. Finally, it came down, but she held it with her massive arms and started moving away from the car using only her back muscles, legs and butt. He asked whether he could help her, but she just clenched her teeth and finally lowered the car-part on her flexed abdominals before changing the angle of attack and setting it down in front of her.

"You know how much simpler this would be if I just had a proper garage?"

She spent the rest of the morning disassembling the gearbox and finding the broken part. She told him that she'd probably be able to produce a replacement part by filing down a part of an old engine she had in the shed, but that it would take all day. As a result, she had John fill in for her at the farm work. By the time the evening came, he was crushed. She smiled at him and showed him the new gear.

"I'll replace it tomorrow in the morning and you'll be off if you want to."

The younger man took the hint and replied:

"Can I help you in any way?"

"Ah, that's an excellent question. As a matter of fact, the roof needs fixing, there's some digging to do and I have a lot of little tasks to do. You can repay me if you want."

John decided it was as good a moment as any to bring up the reason why he came here.

"Lilly, there's something I have to tell you."

"What?"

"I came here for a reason. My company sent me to this place to buy the land from the various farmers. So before you do all that, wouldn't you rather consider selling? I'm sure I can offer you a good price and you'd be free to pursue your true interests."

She looked at him with a certain curiosity.

"Tell me, what do you think my true interests are?"

"Well, bodybuilding, I'd say."

"It's not wrong, dear, but I have to say no. This is the Old Country and I am old too. I was born here, in this house, I was raised here. I went through a lot to keep it for me and my family. Honestly, I wouldn't give it up for anything in the world. Sorry. You'll have to help me fix the roof."

She smiled gently and he suddenly realized that she was indeed an older woman. She gave him the same look his grandmother had given him when he had told her that he would leave the Old Country with his parent to get rich.

He shrugged.

"You can think about it."

"I will, dear."

She mussed his hair and stepped outside to wash. He wanted to tell her that she was going to have to sell. The company he worked for wouldn't take no as an answer.

The next days were a blur of work for John. She'd wake him early, make him feed chicken, fix fences, repair the roof and dig trenches. Every evening, he was so tired he just collapsed. The work was full of thrills. Climbing on a swaying ladder, handling animals and driving a cart next to a gaping precipice made him regret the comfortable life at his desk. The worst was a young, raging bull that escaped its enclosure and attacked him. The beast charged at him and would have ground him into smithereens if she hadn't stepped in. He had never seen

anything like it. The creature ran at him, its head low, its horns pointing at him. Just as it was about to crush him, she stepped in, grabbed it by its horns and stepped back, taking its momentum. She forced it down slowly, making the snorting beast calm down. When she finally threw it down, he could feel his father beam with pride. She led the now docile beast back into the corral, swatting its backsides. She grinned and said:

"You're not the only one to be horny."

She was right, of course. Although he was completely busted in the evening, this woman was turning him on. He enjoyed their communal baths, he loved her shamelessness, her unknowing flexes, her discipline and, he had to admit, her rock-hard little butt which she showcased in her tight cut-offs. Still, she was adamant. He slept in the living room and dreamt of her, but she stayed far from him. Although he was aware that he could leave any moment, he just wanted to stay, maybe forever. He knew that he should drive off soon, after all, the company would send its enforcers soon. She knew she wouldn't yield, but he also knew they wouldn't take a "no" as an answer.

He tried to convince her to leave, maybe to go with him, but she just laughed and told him to get back to work.

The next morning, she told him that it was time to repair the car, but that she would also have to neuter the bull first. After all, the beast was unlikely to stop attacking and would end up being a problem anyway. Although John felt highly uncomfortable with cutting off another male's balls, he assisted her as she constrained the beast, stunning it with the blow of a hammer to the head and laying it on its side. With a few expert cuts, the bull was no more. She smiled at him as he helped her close the wound. By the time the animal came to, they were back at the house, washing its blood from their hands. She dried them off and said:

"You know, having a man in the house isn't all that bad."

"You think so?"

"Yes. From what you told me, you don't really have anyone waiting for you. What would you think of just staying here?"

"As your husband?"

She laughed:

"Of course not. I still have my vows. But..." She inched a little closer. "You could be my partner. We're far from everything and I am way beyond the age of having kids, so I wouldn't mind a little company."

He blinked. Was this some kind of proposal? She went on:

"I couldn't help noticing that my muscles turn you on." She flexed her arms effortlessly. "Every time I bent down, you stared at my butt. Don't deny it."

She got up. John's eyes were glued to her tight, flexed glutes, their hourglass shape mesmerizing him.

"Should I take that as a yes?"

The young man was unsure. The idea of fucking this muscle goddess made him rock hard, but giving up his life for a farm in the Old Country seemed ridiculous. If he managed to do this right, he'd have the chance to fix his career. On the other hand, he lusted after her. He might love her. He was unsure. She noticed his struggle and smiled at him, the crows' feet around her eyes giving her an amusing expression.

"Don't think too hard about it. Let's fix the car."

While Lilly was working, John fixed up some lunch. She had quickly explained to him that she was fine working on her own, claiming that it helped her concentrate. He was just cutting up some vegetables when he heard some voices outside. Taking the knife with him, he walked to the front window and saw that a group of men had arrived. Lilly was talking to them while she was lying below the propped-up car. He could just hear the last bit of conversation. She said:

"... too bad for you, but as I told the young man, I'm not selling. So leave."

The group's boss snorted and asked:

"Is that your final word?"

"Exactly."

"You couldn't believe how right you are."

John wanted to shout a warning, but he was too late. The brutish man gave the car a push and sent it tumbling down on the lying woman. The car fell, its front wheel landing right on Lilly's midsection. The other spectators were a little shocked, but the boss just laughed and said:

"There you are. Let's find a heir and get him to sell."

He turned to walk off, when they heard a straining voice.

"You're a bit fast, aren't you, young man?"

He spun around and stared at the fallen car. Only then did he realize that the woman was still alive. Even more so, she held the car's weight up with only her stomach. His eyes went wide. The elderly woman flexed her rock-hard abs and put her hands under the frame, then pushed it up. The car lifted slowly and she extracted herself from under it. She stood up, the prints of the tire still on her bare midriff. Lilly looked at them with disdain and challenged them:

"Who do you think you are? No means no!"

The boss grinned and ran at her and slammed his fist into her stomach. His face twisted as he realized that he might just as well have hit a brick wall. She frowned and asked:

"If a car couldn't break me, what gave you the idea your fist would?"

He attacked again, hammering punch after punch at her, but she just stood there, flexing the body part he was aiming at to counter his blows. As he lost his speed, she looked at the others and said:

"I know you, don't I? You were my training partners at the gym a few years ago."

One of them nodded shyly. He said:

"It's you, isn't it? You've stayed in shape."

"I'm in better shape than ever before. So, what do you think you are doing? Forcing old women out of their homes?"

The grown men looked sheepishly at each other. This was awkward.

However, their leader did not yet have enough. He grabbed a two by four that was lying around and swung at her. Lilly ducked, punching him in his armpit. He yelped, but attacked again. She dodged him, but did not manage to counter his blow. He sent another swing at her, but she just flexed her abs and caught the blow. As he tried to pull away, she twisted his arm and broke it with a crack. Then, she lifted him up with one hand and threw him at the others. With a disdainful look, she spat out:

"Go away and never bother me again. I am very disappointed with you."

They grabbed the yowling man and ran off.

John stood by the door, the knife in his hand and said:

"I'd like to stay. Please."

She turned to him, smiling. Her stomach was covered in bruises and cuts, but she still stood straight.

"You're welcome."

A few days later, she was fully recovered. John had helped her take care of the farm while she was resting. In these days, she understood that having him around would definitely make things easier. He had taken a few days to get everything administrative organized, but in the end, this was the Old Country and most things could be fixed with a bit of generosity. They sat outside on the veranda, watching the sunset. She said:

"I want to thank you for your help. Having a few days off after several decades is a good thing."

"I would have preferred to help you during your fight. Maybe you wouldn't have been hurt."

"I barely felt it."

"Still..."

She hesitated, then said:

"There's something else you'll have to help me with."

"What is it?"

"Well, it may seem odd, but I am still a virgin. I hope you'll be gentle."

He stared at her dumbfounded.

"Of course."

"But don't worry, I'm a fast learner."

With these words, she pulled him to her and kissed him gently at first, then deeper and more passionately. He laid his hands on her broad lats and caressed them. She grabbed his butt and smiled.

"Let's get naked."

Seconds later, they were at it. She was gasping as he fingered and licked her, he grunted as she sat on top of him, grinding his cock with her powerful muscles. She did learn quickly, climbing on him as a reverse cowgirl and fucking him simply by flexing her ridiculously over trained glutes. Between gasps and orgasms, she told him:

"I'm going to work those harder from now on. Get them hard to get you hard."

His cock was instantly rigid. She rolled off him, lifted him up and had him pound her from above, all the while fingering her clit. This beast of a woman was making up for all the lost years. In the early morning hours, he was sore all over. She licked his dick and made him come in her hand, grinning at him and saying:

"I missed this without even knowing it. I might love you."

"I do."

###

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.