

Man Up

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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“Okay, Dean, they’re gone. You can come out now.”

Samantha was embarrassed. To her surprise, she found the situation to be more awkward than threatening. She stared at her husband as he clambered out of the trash bin. It was a sad show. Dean was short and on the soft side, and he was

getting grime and whatever sludge had accumulated in that bin all over his tuxedo. She groaned. If he hadn't run, maybe at least the suit would still be okay.

With a grunt, he dropped to the ground, then struggled to clean his outfit. That didn't work either. She could tell he was frustrated. Well, so was she.

They had gone to the celebration of her last successful project, and it had been a nice evening. Sure, Dean had been as calm as always, barely managing to do the small talk, but they had fun. Normally, Santa Ricarda was a nice, prosperous town. One would feel safe pretty much everywhere, at any time. And yet, as they walked back to their car, three young men had shown up and threatened them. They didn't even have weapons.

They just walked up to them, one of them punched Dean in the gut and the others had shouted for the couple to hand over their money. For a moment, Samantha had thought about resisting them. She had that weird idea that Dean would do something.

The only thing he did was scramble to his feet and run. Apparently, he had picked the grossest garbage bin to hide.

The robbers had hesitated for a moment, then they had her hand them her wallet, her watch and her necklace. And her shoes, which frustrated her the most. The necklace was gold, but it wasn't too valuable, and the wallet was rather empty. They could have taken her phone, but it was old and splintered, so they left it with her.

However, at a little over 6' and size 9 feet, Samantha had a hard time finding

nice shoes that wouldn't make her too tall. She had liked those shoes. And now they were gone.

Grumbling, she took out a packet of tissues from her purse and handed it to Dean who quietly cleaned himself. She took out her phone and quickly locked all her cards.

Only then did the situation wash over her.

They had just been robbed, and Dean had done nothing. Worse, he had shown her what a wimp he was. Samantha rubbed her temples. Why was he so useless?

Okay, now she was unfair. Dean was a loving and caring husband. He always supported her, managed all the stupid things in her life she didn't want to care about and did everything to make her happy. It wasn't his fault that he was all tiny and weak.

The thing was, someone in their household had to be in control. They needed a man of the house.

Dean rolled up the used tissues and sighed:

“Thank you, dear. I'm glad you're safe.” He started to blush. “I'm sorry I couldn't help you.”

“It’s okay. There wasn’t much you could do. Let’s go home.”

He nodded and held out a hand to her. Then he realized it was still grimy and pulled back.

That night, it took Samantha forever to fall asleep. She could tell it was the same for Dean, who was tossing and turning under his blanket. The scene played out in her mind again and again, and although it was clear to her that she couldn’t do a thing about it, she was still trying to come up with a solution. At last, in the wee hours, she made up her mind.

She would start exercising and get in shape. She was forty years old now, and since her college days, she had neglected her training. Now was the time to fix this.

If she got stronger, maybe they would have a real man around ...

Then she chuckled. This sounded ridiculous.

The next day, she did go to the company gym and signed up. She immediately went for a coach that would show her the ropes and got to work. Samantha loved to work with professionals. It made things so much easier.

The young man the company had hired was a buff dude in a tight shirt. She liked the look. Maybe it would be a little much for her, but it could work ...

“Hi, Samantha. My name’s Jackson and I’ll assist you in your training. Before we start: What are your goals?”

She hesitated. Could she really tell other people about this?

“Hello Jackson. Will you keep a secret?” She absolutely didn’t want any of her colleagues to get any strange ideas.

He nodded:

“Of course. My job is personal and my lips are sealed. Besides, it’s guaranteed by my contract.”

“Good. Jackson, my goal is to get buff.”

“Buff? How buff are we talking?”

“Pretty buff. Maybe close to your size?”

This obviously surprised the young man. However, he soon nodded:

“Let’s put it this way: I can’t guarantee it, but if you stick to my advice and you put in the work, I think I can bring you close.”

Samantha smiled:

“Very well. Then we should get started, shouldn’t we?”

The young man agreed:

“Let’s get you buffer.”

Dean was looking at her in his usual half-horny way. She had just gotten out of the shower, her body all wet and warm. The last months had been difficult on them, with her being really busy with her projects and him constantly occupied at work. They hadn’t seen much of each other and when they were home Samantha tended to go to sleep after him and wake up earlier.

As a result, he had barely seen her naked in the last months. And now, he was staring at her.

“Did you ... do something?”

She reached for her towel and drew it over her shoulders. The training had done wonders on them. Samantha had really added some bulk there, giving her a strong, tough appearance. She even had to have her outfits altered to make room for them, and she basically looked like a 1980ies boss lady now. Just without the shoulder pads. Her whole body had grown nicely. Her butt was round and hard, her abs had become hard and slightly defined. Her biceps and triceps were big

and strong enough to produce a rather intimidating look. Also, she had trained her grip and was now able to deliver very impressive handshakes.

Overall, Samantha loved the new “her”. People respected her easier now and discussions could be cut short just by tensing her muscles and making it clear that she wouldn’t back down.

“Yes, Dean. I did. I trained. A lot. Do you like it?”

“Oh, you did? Well, it’s ... impressive? You look stronger and tougher.”

“And do you like it?”

She looked down on her husband. He was cute when he was awkward. She wanted to cuddle him, to hold him, to protect him. The only bad thing about him was that he could be so clumsy in what he said.

“It’s ... alright?”

She frowned. Not that she expected him to love it, but this lukewarm reaction annoyed her. Samantha finished drying herself and hung up the towel. Now she stood there all naked and warm. She smiled:

“Come on, give me a hug. We’ve been apart for so long ...”

He relaxed and embraced her. There was still some hesitation to it, but soon, she felt the familiar poke of his cock against her thigh. Ah. So he was into her after all.

Laughing, she dragged him after her and led him to their bed. They got on and she pulled him over her. Now that he was on top, he realized just how much “more” his wife had become. She had always been taller than him, but like this, she was just way more impressive. They started fooling around and soon, he found himself under her. She rode him, her strong body pushing him into the mattress. He liked what was happening, she could tell. Dean came almost immediately. Normally, this would have triggered more embarrassment, but she had an epiphany:

“How about you finish me with your tongue?”

Her husband paused. He wasn't sure about that. When they had been teenagers, they had tried these things, but ...

With a wicked grin, she asked:

“Pretty please ...”

After a bit of hesitation, he obliged, careful to appear as if he was graciously doing this to prove his manly skill.

The moment Samantha sensed his tongue on her clit, she shivered. Wow. This was somehow more intense than before. Dean felt her legs lock around his head and tense. He continued what he was doing, and she increased the pressure. At first, it was okay, even nice. Her thighs felt warm and strong around his head. But as her muscles squeezed harder, he began to feel afraid.

Suddenly, he pulled back. His face was all red and he looked rather shocked.

“What was that?”

Samantha grinned. She probably should have said something soothing, but instead, she replied:

“You were doing a good job. I was showing my appreciation.”

“You squeezed my head!”

She nodded:

“Yes. And I loved it. So do it again!”

He stared at her. There was a pause as he tried to make up his mind. She spread her legs and grinned.

Then, slowly, he got back there.

Invigorated by the success, Samantha increased her training. Jackson was more than impressed by her work. She constantly asked him for advice on her nutrition, her training routines, her supplementation. He was eager to help her and did his best to keep her informed. It turned out to be hard work. As in all things, Samantha never did something halfway. The young man was really forced to do his research. At the same time, she became something of a pet project, and he would send her new ideas and results at ungodly times, causing Dean to grumble when she received a barrage of messages late at night.

She continued to progress quickly, packing on some quality muscle, becoming stronger and tougher. There was little bloat and behind her improving physique, she packed a real punch. As if she wasn't already doing enough, she added some martial arts routines, yoga and even ballet.

Jackson was in heaven. She grew and grew, becoming even more obsessed with her power and ... manliness.

For now, she kept her fascination hidden, sticking to regular female outfits, although she toned down the feminine looks over time. Her underwear lost its frilliness, the palette of her business suits darkened and became more muted. She also cut her long hair, now preferring a short, dynamic pixie cut. Not only did it fit her new body image better, it also made it easier to wash her hair after a particularly exhausting pumping session.

For Dean, these were strange times. He had grown accustomed to his wife's transformation, but he had expected it to stop eventually. It didn't.

One evening, he watched her as she looked at her reflection in their bedroom mirror. She was now pretty much at bodybuilder level, with broad, rounded shoulders, a tight, hard waist, and strong arms, which she was just flexing leisurely, admiring the thick bumps that appeared on her arms. Her already small breasts had completely disappeared by now, replaced by a pair of rather well-developed pecs. She was still obviously a woman, but she was also undeniably fit. More than that, she was a muscled woman. In a way, losing the soft aspect of her femininity did not feel wrong or anything. Was it a new way of thinking this? She was having a hard time figuring this out. She was definitely not turning into a man, but she was ... no longer just some girl, right?

He smiled awkwardly and asked:

“Do you really like this so much?”

Through the mirror, Samantha looked at him, raising an eyebrow. Slowly, she turned to face him, then replied with her own question:

“Don’t you?”

He hesitated:

“Well ... I ... have to admit, I like how we’re having more sex now, and how you’ve been more dominant and more into it. But your look ... Don’t you think it’s getting too extreme?”

She walked over to him, her large, muscle-packed thighs giving her a swagger. She was easily a middleweight bodybuilder now, especially when taking her height into account. Gone was the stick insect style she sometimes had before. Now, she looked like an amazon. Samantha climbed on the bed, her naked body very close to Dean now, who was sitting there in his pajamas.

“Dean, my love, I’m only now starting to feel even vaguely alright.”

She was now above him, her heavy body bearing down on him. She smiled. There was a gentleness to it, but also an intensity he found hard to deal with. He put his hand on the side of her chest, touching her pec. She could immediately tell that he missed her breasts. They were still there, of course, but they were absolutely tiny now. She had never had much in the way of tits, but this total deprivation was ... strange.

“Do you remember the day when we got robbed?”

He nodded. It was still painful to him.

“On that day, I swore to myself that I would be able to protect us. To be the strong pillar of our relationship. I love this. And I want more.”

She started gyrating her hips against his cock, making him hard in an instant.

“You know what, Dean?”

“What, dear?”

“I think you actually like it. Every time I get even close to you now, you get hard. It wasn’t like that before.”

“Nah. It’s just ... I love you, right?”

She smirked:

“Okay, suit yourself. Deny it all you want, only ... your cock won’t lie.”

She pulled down his pajamas and slipped herself over him, massaging his penis with her strong internal muscles. The poor little man went a deep crimson. His ears were hot to the touch and he mumbled something unintelligible.

Samantha didn’t say anything else. The only thing she knew was that she wanted more.

Jackson hesitated.

“Maybe we shouldn’t talk about those things at the company gym.”

Samantha grinned.

“Why? Do you seriously think anyone here is clean?”

“No, no. It’s just, we have to keep up appearances, right?”

She shrugged her mighty shoulders and replied:

“If you insist. But you wouldn’t believe the amount of coke, meth and Viagra that’s floating around this room right now.”

“Don’t ask, don’t tell. Meet me at The Cage tonight at 10, and I guess I can set you up, okay?”

She nodded.

“I’ll be there.”

She hugged him, her strong arms squeezing even his broad back, then went to get dressed. So far, so good. She just hoped he would really help her. Over the last few months, her growth had continued, but it had eventually turned into a trickle. Now she had to really work her ass off every day, and it didn’t do anything anymore. After a while, she had grown frustrated and decided to “level up” her training. It turned out that just asking for steroids wasn’t the way to go, but tonight, she would get her fix.

Later that night, Samantha packed her things and got ready to leave when Dean showed up.

“Where are you going?”

“Oh, just checking on some things.”

“Some things?”

“You’ll understand later.”

He frowned.

“What? Samantha ... What are you trying to do? Why do you hide things from me?”

“It’s better if you don’t know.”

Without waiting for his reply, she left. She was wearing a tight shirt over her muscular torso, and some capri pants that also looked quite tense on her massive thighs. As she passed a shop, she looked at her reflection. It was strange. Her short blond hair, the tan, the big muscles ... She was obviously a woman, but from her neck down, she did look amazingly buff. The training and the skin treatments Jackson had suggested had made her look a little younger and more relaxed. In a way, she looked a bit like a buff young man. A very buff teenager, if

you will. Of course, her blue eyes still suggested experience, but she wondered what it all meant for her.

The Cage turned out to be a rather small gym entirely populated by grunting musclemen. The few women that trained here were even more muscular than her and looked quite intimidating. Samantha glanced at them. They had square jaws, rough skin and deep voices. Two of them had gargantuan breasts that were obviously fake. The others had enormous, deep pecs with hard cuts all over. Watching them laugh and jock around made her nervous. Did she really want this?

She steeled herself as she found Jackson, who quickly introduced her to Miller. This guy was even larger than most here, and he was exuding a strong musk that almost made her faint. His body was covered in hard, taut muscles. He grinned sleazily at her and said:

“So you want to get bigger?”

She nodded.

“Definitely. I’m tired of this plateau.”

“Good idea. I like people with ambition. You know the stuff I’m selling?”

“Jackson told me a few things. Give me the best you got!”

The man laughed and once she showed him the rolls of cash, handed her a box.

“Have fun. And if you need anything else, you’re welcome to come here. Also, if those pansy corporate weights get too light for you, join us!”

Then he said goodbye. The transaction was finished. On the way out, Jackson explained to her how to use the stuff. When she left, one of the women walked past her and grinned:

“Nice physique, girl. I wouldn’t mind fucking you.”

She stared at the woman, who was wiggling her hard, ripped ass in her direction. What the heck?

The next day, Samantha unpacked the first syringe and vial and prepared her thigh. This stuff better be potent. Buying it had put quite a dent into her spending cash. Nothing that would hurt her in her daily life, but combined with the tons of food she was devouring now and the supplements she took, the leftover money that usually funded vacations and little luxuries was gone.

In the end, it was a sacrifice she was willing to make. She looked away, not too much into needles and shot herself up. The injection hurt a bit and she massaged the place a bit until it faded. Then she discarded the syringe and left for the gym.

Jackson gave her a conspiratorial grin.

“So you’re trying it?”

“Yup. For now, it doesn’t feel too different.”

“Just give it a little time to work.”

As she trained, Samantha realized just how different she looked. It was only a recent change, but ... Those other people, the overweight women on the treadmills, the trim managers and their complicated machines, the junior executive ladies and their little pink weights ... They all seemed ridiculous to her now.

Samantha had changed. She remembered the other gym. The people there were freaks. Most of them were probably crazy. And yet, they seemed more relatable to her. She wondered whether she should try that other gym ...

For the moment, though, she had to make this work, so she walked over to the leg press, slotted it up to her preferred level and got to work. There was a lot to do.

Eventually, she reached the end of her cycle. It had been tough on her. On the one hand, she had made some serious gains. On the other hand, her personality had somehow started to shift. Or maybe it hadn’t, and she had instead started just behaving the way she had always wanted ...

Her muscles had grown pretty much all over, her body having packed on the

pounds easily. After a month of serious roiding, she had put on six pounds of muscle, which was pretty much unheard of. Apparently, the stuff Jackson had found for her was extremely potent. Just looking at herself in the mirror made her hot. Her shoulders were way broad for a woman's now. They were rounded and hard, with some impressive clefts in them that further reinforced their mass. Her breasts had dwindled completely, with just some little fluff under her nipples left. Her pecs were quite thick now and formed a rather impressive shadow on her abs. Those had grown too, quickly turning into nice little bricks. Sure, there was still a long way to go, but she now had what was quite obviously a sixpack. The lowest row led directly to a rather muscular crotch and a pair of thighs that were frankly stunning.

Her calves were equally impressive now, hard, sharp and powerful. Also, she had managed to get them to the size of her arms, or the other way round.

Samantha could no longer contain the swagger. Now, wherever she walked, she went with the confidence of someone who spent at least two hours a day at the gym. People were impressed and she commanded quite a bit of respect.

The thing was, however, that this progress had come at a price. The first thing was that she had to get new clothes. This was a small sacrifice to make, but as she picked them, she found herself facing a conundrum: The shop she visited did everything it could to make her buy some rather flimsy, girly outfits. Lots of stretchy material, pinks, greys and so many pastels ...

She groaned. Why would a woman that put so much work into growing her body want to dress like a bimbo? The shop assistant wasn't much help either.

“People are buying this. I'm sorry I can't help you. This is literally all we have.”

Samantha dismissed her and walked over to the men's section. Maybe this would help ...

Moments later, in the changing booth, she had an epiphany.

So many pockets!

No wonder the men were always relaxed with their outfits. They had so much space in them! She was wearing a light blue button-down shirt now, and combined it with a pair of tan cargo-style pants. The shirt was rather tight on her buff chest, but it looked amazing! She made a few tentative movements and found herself unrestricted. Nice!

Maybe she should take the plunge ...

She tried a few more combinations, then bought them all. It had been a while since she shopped like that. Samantha kept the first outfit right on and left, thanking the rather nonplussed assistant. Outside, she felt a little nervous for a bit. She had never worn men's clothes in public before. Maybe she had borrowed one of Dean's giant band shirts he had bought years ago, but that was always in private. And here she was, wearing real pants with a belt and a shirt.

People didn't care. Maybe some checked her out because of her V-taper, but in the end, she could relax. She wondered what Dean would say.

“Well ... Yeah. I dunno.”

Samantha frowned. She hadn't expected him to be completely ecstatic, but this was so lukewarm, it was almost insulting.

“That's all you have to say?”

“Uh. Hey, if you feel alright this way ...”

“I do.”

“Good, then.”

There was a pause. At last, he said:

“Okay. So what about dinner?”

She raised an eyebrow.

“What about dinner?”

“Well, it’s our anniversary and usually, you cook something.”

She chuckled.

“Ah. Well, how about we switch it around this year. You cook.”

“Oh come on. You know I can’t do that. Besides, with your special diet and stuff ...”

She laughed:

“No problem, I was just messing with you. But you could help me, and maybe you could learn a thing or two.”

He agreed, doing his best to take it easy.

A little later, they were both busy preparing everything. Samantha explained:

“Now open the jar and get out the pickles. Cut them into striped and put them in the bowl with the onions.”

Dean took the jar and tried to unscrew the lid. It didn’t move. He tried again. Still nothing. He sighed:

“Wait, let me get a knife ...”

Samantha held out a hand.

“Let me try.”

She took the jar, limbered up her fingers and gripped the lid. Then she turned it and with a pop!, it was open. He stared at her. Her arms were bulging against the sleeves of her shirt. There was a pause.

Then she said:

“That’s because you loosened it.”

He blushed and produced a flurry of nods and “mhms”.

Their dinner turned out to be very nice. Relaxed, almost. The thing was, as they cleaned up afterwards, Dean managed to slip on a slice of vegetable that had fallen on the kitchen floor. He caught himself, but hurt his ankle in the process. It was obviously not bad, but he ended up limping to the couch.

Samantha checked it carefully. After all this training, she had grown accustomed to little injuries. It was going to be okay. She cooled it and then said:

“You shouldn’t put too much weight on it. Do you need help getting to the bedroom?”

“Nah, it’s going to be fine.”

In the end, it wasn’t. When she saw how clumsily he moved, she just took him, cradled him and lifted her husband up, easily carrying him to the bed. At first, he was embarrassed, but then he snuggled against her and smiled.

Maybe he could accept this after all.

From that day on, Samantha stopped going to the company gym. Instead, she set up her base at The Cage and there, she embarked on her journey to hugeness. Jackson still hung out with her, and she really pushed him to try and keep up with her. He wouldn’t, preferring to stay at a more manageable level. Samantha wasn’t holding back anymore, though. The moment she was cleared to start another cycle, she was on it.

Her body ballooned with muscle. It was an amazing sight, if you were into this. She packed on the pounds, getting bigger by the week. She was eating like a horse, seven, eight meals a day, so much protein ... Every day, she would work out for two or three hours, pumping like crazy.

She reduced her hours at the company, though she managed to get a significant pay hike the moment she walked into her boss’ office and asked for it. Her raspy, rough voice, the whole presence of her bulky body, it really made it easy for the

guy to give in.

After half a year, she had to have her shirts tailored. Her shoulders were so broad now and her waist so narrow, it was pretty much the only option if she didn't want to look like a slob.

Overall, she looked quite masculine now. Standing ramrod straight at 6'1", her jaw had grown larger and harder. Her hairline had receded a little, but that was okay with her. The increased hair growth was a little annoying, though. She stopped shaving her privates and her pit hair, but she insisted on shaving her chest and her face. If she didn't, she'd sport a five-o'clock shadow eventually, and that was a no-go for her.

It was impressive, though. When she met people that didn't know her face to face, they would usually struggle with sorting her in a category. Her mannerisms were still solidly female and her voice had that soft pitch, as were the features of her face. Then again, she had the body of a Greek god. People hesitated.

To her surprise, Dean grew accustomed to her change. In a way, it relaxed him. He had always struggled with the many manly duties, such as fixing things and bargaining with craftsmen. Once it was clear that Samantha wanted to do this, he didn't protest much. Instead, he took over kitchen duties easily and made sure their place was spic and span. To her surprise, he got really into this and was draconic when faced with her sloppiness.

In bed, things had started to heat up.

With every new cycle, Samantha's libido got fired up further and she would fuck

him relentlessly, riding him until he couldn't take it anymore. Once he was sore and exhausted, she would grab him, set him between her gargantuan legs and let him lick her until she climaxed. Her clitoris had grown longer and thicker from all the hormones, and it was a nice little cocklet now, maybe two inches long and as thick as her thumb. He would lick it and suck on it, proving himself to be quite skilled at it. Samantha had to be careful not to crush him in the process. This game would go on until his tongue was as raw as his cock.

Then she would cuddle against him, her heavy muscles resting on his narrow chest. Dean had started his own workout routine to keep up with her, focusing on his stamina. The resulting weight-loss had left him looking even smaller, but wirier. The contrast between them was impressive. The giant tanned blonde holding her pale tiny husband in her arms ... It was a sight to behold.

After a particularly intense lovemaking session, Dean found himself snuggled into her armpit, his hand on her heavy pec. That thing was enormous now, inches thick and so large it sort of spilled over her chest. He remembered her breasts and sighed. It was still a little odd to feel this hardness. And yet, he felt protected and happy next to her.

She noticed his sigh and asked, her voice deep and rough:

“Are you okay?”

“I guess I am. I was just thinking.”

“What about?”

He blushed. At that point, being embarrassed by anything was probably a waste of time, but saying things out loud like that was still tough.

“Your boobs.”

“Still miss them?”

“A little.”

“Yeah, sorry. I’m not going to get implants.”

“I wasn’t suggesting ...”

“It’s okay. But I got something you might like.”

“Okay ...”

She rolled over and came to rest on top of him, supporting herself with her mighty muscles. Then she slipped downwards and gave his cock a lick. It shivered and hardened. She raised an eyebrow and went a little further up, setting his half-erect dick between her pecs. Then she grinned and flexed them. She could see Dean’s eyes open wide. He hadn’t expected anything like this. With a lusty smirk, she rubbed his cock with her massive pecs, controlling them

easily to give him a kind of hand-job sans hands.

“Oh God ... Samantha ... What ... Wow ... Wooow!”

He came almost immediately. Once he had calmed down, she got back up, resting at his side and wiping off the last droplets of cum from her chest.

“What do you think? Still miss my boobs?”

Dean was still stunned from that display of power, but eventually, he managed to produce a “It’s okay ...” that trailed off into a happy moan.

The thing was, her life was changing ever faster now. More and more often, she would find women hitting on her. Men too, but she drew a line at that. She was married to Dean, and he would be the only man in her life. The women, though ... Most of them didn’t know she was a woman down there and were simply attracted to her hyper-virile body.

Having to fend off their advances was getting tiresome. And yet, Samantha didn’t feel it to be honest if she couldn’t satisfy them. She did fuck her new secretary, fingering her to a bombastic orgasm while the young woman worshipped her massive pecs. And she did lick her new counterpart from HR until she begged her to stop when that girl showed up to find out how someone as massive as her could be a woman called Samantha.

But she missed something.

In the end, she went to see Miller again. She was a regular customer with him, getting ever more potent gear from him, so he greeted her with a rather impressive hug. Watching the two muscleheads embrace was deeply confusing. Then he asked:

“Sam, my girl, what can I do for you?”

She was already in her workout gear, one of those massive tanktops they sold at specialty shops, and some wide shorts.

“Miller, I need something special.”

“Girl, special is my middle name.” He laughed. “Actually, it’s Maria, but don’t tell anyone. My mom’s a catholic.”

“Whatever. The thing is ... I think I need a ... a dick.”

He chuckled:

“I got one right here.”

She met his sleezy grin with a smirk:

“That’s not what I mean. I want to have a penis. A real one.”

He nodded slowly.

“Uh ... Okay. That’s a tall order. Listen, I might have someone who could help you with this. I’ll have to talk to him and see what I can do. Can I get back to you?”

“Sure. You know where to find me. Oh, and I’d also like my usual.”

He smiled and went to get her gear.

A month later as she was brutalizing her enormous pecs under a bar overloaded with weights, Miller showed up. Without a word, he dropped a box into her bag and walked away. She acted as if nothing happened and finished her set.

On the way home, she almost flew. She was way too excited and she didn’t pay attention to her surroundings. As she passed a dark alley, some guys walked out and checked on her. The moment they saw her enormous muscles, the ripped arms and the huge shoulders, they quickly retreated again. She hadn’t even noticed them.

At home, she unpacked the box. There were more vials in them and a notice to take one injection to her clit every day. Everything looked super-sketchy. Then again, did she really care?

Without hesitation, she took out the first vial and shot herself up. That stuff burnt like hell, worse than anything she had ever felt. She let out a pained roar. Samantha was really glad Dean wasn't around for the next month, having been sent to some other department to assist in an audit.

Once the pain ebbed down, she felt incredibly tired. She actually collapsed directly on the sofa.

The next morning, she woke up in the wee hours, taking a moment to understand where she was and what had happened. Then she looked at her crotch. It was a little difficult because of her massive pecs, and she had to go to the bedroom mirror to get a good look.

There, between her legs, was a small bulge. Apparently, her clit had grown a good inch and had somehow fused with her urethra. It looked strange and bulgy. She ran her hand over it and shivered. Nice ...

If that really worked, she wondered how big she would get ...

Then she really had to pee. Watching the stream surge from her weird ... thing was strangely satisfying. No wonder the boys loved it.

Alright. If that was the way to go, she would!

Over the next weeks, she continued the treatment. To her absolute fascination, it

worked wonders. Every morning, when she awoke, she would find that it had grown again. It got longer, it got thicker, and it got more sensitive. It was amazing.

Soon, she had to get some new underwear. Her previous underpants no longer offered enough space for her thing. She hesitated to call it a penis. It had a kind of cockhead, but no foreskin. Also, it was way veinier and sensitive than any she had seen. When she looked at her reflection in the bedroom, her now six inches packed into a speedo, she couldn't help grinning. She was truly turning into a man's man now!

The drug had another weird effect. Somehow, she had grown a little taller too, ebbing off at 6'3". Combined with her 265 pounds of ripped, shredded muscle, she was astonishing!

The only bad thing was that she was getting seriously horny. To remedy the situation, she'd go on discreet dates or just hook up with random girls at clubs. They were all very impressed by her sensitive ways, her perfect body, and that nice thick cock ... In no time, she was a kind of cult figure on the local club circuit. When she came in, the girls would zero in on her. Once or twice, there even was a catfight. She watched, amused.

Eventually, the month was over and Dean was supposed to come back. She had topped up her cock one final time, the final vial now gone. It was a good foot long and almost ten inches around. Walking with that thing had been a bit of a challenge at first, and she had once again been forced to buy new clothes. Even so, it was hard to conceal that monster. It was pretty much always visible under the fabric of her pants.

She had just pumped up her muscles some more, and now she waited for him.

Samantha had done her best to keep the place clean, but it definitely needed Dean's attention. She did prepare a nice dinner, though.

At last, she heard his car stop outside. She got up, checked herself once more and went for the door. He just got out of the car and smiled at her.

“Hi! Could you help me with the luggage?”

“Sure.”

She walked down to the car, opened the trunk and got all the bags and suitcases out, then carried them up all at once.

“Never make two trips, huh?”

She smiled:

“You know me.”

“I do, dear.”

He held the door for her and she put down everything.

Then, before he could do anything, even get out of his shoes, she swept him off his feet and carried him upstairs to their bedroom.

“Wee!”

It was as if he was flying. Once up there, she lowered him on the mattress gently and ripped open his shirt, the buttons flying everywhere. She kissed his narrow chest, going down, down, to his pants. Another pull, and the leather belt tore up, something which did surprise him. Then she sank her hand into his pants and fondled his balls. He was already rock hard. Giggling, he said:

“Wow! You really missed me!”

“I did. And I’ve got a surprise for you!”

He was a tad intimidated by the announcement, but also obviously horny.

“Okay ... What is it?”

“Close your eyes.”

He did. She took his hand and led it to her thigh, where her cock was waiting.

“Ooh ... What’s that? Is that ... Sam ... What is that thing?”

“Guess.”

“It feels like a cock.”

“Uh huh.”

“A cock? You? But how?”

“Hm. It’s ... I don’t know how it worked, but ... it’s there.”

“And it’s real?”

“Yup.”

“Wow.”

She had half-expected him to be unhappy. To be shocked. To be disgusted.

To her surprise, he said:

“Interesting.”

He gave it a gentle rub and it twitched in response. She breathed in sharply.

“Wait, be careful ... It’s ... wow ... I gotta get it out first ...”

She struggled to get her pants down, her thighs and thick glutes making the procedure more difficult than expected.

Then it was free and sprang to attention.

Dean opened his eyes and looked at the monster in front of him.

“Wow.”

“Definitely.”

And then, to her complete astonishment, he opened his mouth and sucked on it.

She stared at her man who was licking her cock, circling it with his tongue, sliding it in and out of his lips and stroking it from below.

Samantha basically came in an instant.

Her load splashed over Dean's chest, soaking what remained of his outfit and making him grin stupidly. It took her a bit to recover and she had to ask:

“But ... how?”

“Maybe ... maybe I found out I liked this? We can do more, if you want ...”

He wiggled his butt.

“Dean, I don't deserve you.”

“Neither do I, but I love you all the same, dear.”

They kissed. They embraced. It was a little sticky. It was messy. And it felt right.

####

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.